Y.M.C.A.
*National College Library*




*Acc. No.* _____ *Class No.* _____

JANUARY 15th To June 25th 1915

# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 1. Vol. 1. JANUARY 15, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



## £1 per week for Life, commencing at age 60

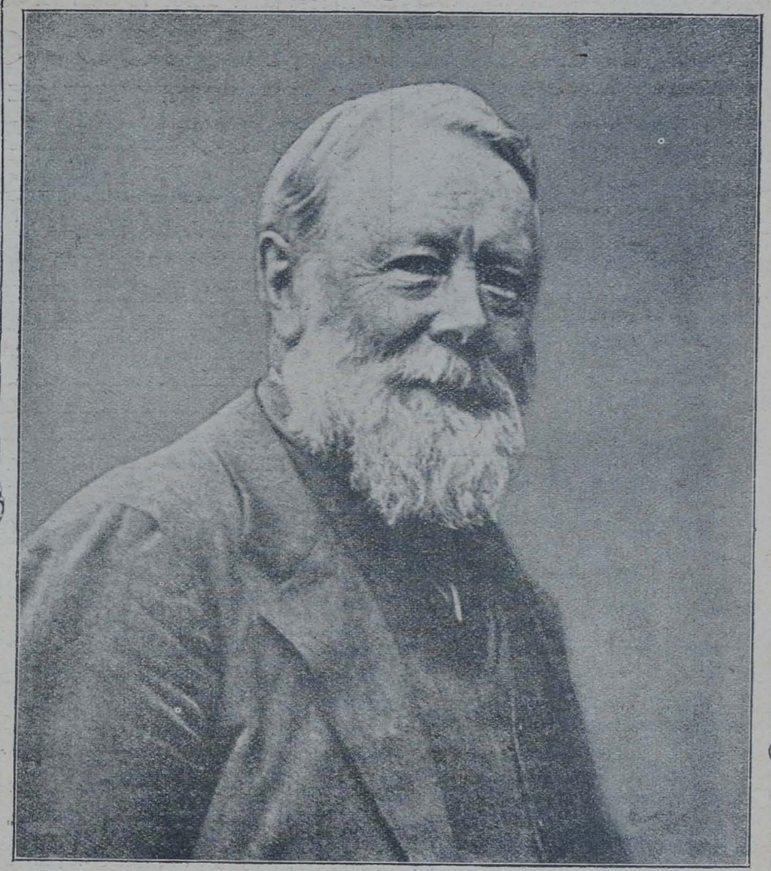
**—or earlier if you like.**

The only sure and satisfactory way of "saving up," and so provide for the evening of life, is to deposit a certain small amount of your income each year with a first-class Company, with the object of obtaining at a later period either a lump sum down or a pension for life. Most young men can afford a few pounds yearly. A very profitable use of this surplus is the purchase of a "Sun Life of Canada" Annuity to commence at, say, age 60. As an example, a man of 25 has only to deposit £6 16s. 3d. per annum to obtain a pension of £1 a week for life, commencing when he reaches the age of 60. Such a small sum would scarcely be felt by any reader of this Journal, but £1 a week for life would be to most a very welcome pension. In no other way can a man make so sure of spending the evening of his life if not in comfort, at least with sufficient to provide for the necessaries of life.

Of course, the pension can be greater by depositing a larger amount, or it may commence earlier. It is simply a matter of arrangement.

In recommending this form of profitable "saving-up" to the younger readers of this journal, The Sun Life of Canada would like also to draw attention to the Annuities purchasable by a lump sum down. A man of 55 can obtain from The Sun Life of Canada a life income equivalent to 8½% on his money by purchasing an Annuity, an older man would receive more, a younger man would receive less; again, the amount of the pension is simply a matter of arrangement.

The Sun Life of Canada has assets of £12,000,000, an income of £1,000,000 and a surplus of well over £1,000,000. Strict and regular Government supervision provides additional testimony to the soundness of this Company. The Sun Life of Canada's terms for Annuities are the best obtainable from any first-class Institution. Write to-day for full information. State your age, give all the particulars you can, and the Manager will have pleasure in making a specific offer for your consideration. Your correspondence will be treated with the utmost confidence. Address your communication personally to J. F. Junkin (Manager), Sun Life of Canada, 116, Canada House, Norfolk St., W.C.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD KINNAIRD, K.T.

Few men are better known in London than the popular President of the Y.M.C.A., of whom a brightly-written pen portrait is given in the first number of "Y. M." "A great Scottish nobleman," was Lord Rosebery's recent description of Lord Kinnaird. He is that, and something more—a great Christian gentleman, and the friend of all young men. Although sixty-seven years of age, his heart is still young, and his sympathies are with the young men, whose interests he makes his own.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


THE SURGICAL ASSUAGEMENTS OF WAR. A striking contribution from the pen of Sir Alexander Russell Simpson ... ... ... ... ... ... 5

Short Story: HIS FATHER'S HONOUR. By W. Scott King ... ... ... 7

THE Y.M.C.A. WITHIN SOUND OF THE GUNS. A specially written description of the work on the Continent ... ... ... ... ... ... 9

"DOWNHEARTED? NO!" Words and music of a new patriotic song. By Robert Harkness ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 10

BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 1.—On Beginning Again ... ... ... ... 15

FROM ERRAND BOY TO COLLEGE PRINCIPAL. Principal Fairbairn's life as an inspiration to young men. By J. Kennedy Maclean ... ... ... 18

Headquarters

# Pocket Testament League.

47, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

PRESIDENT: J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A.

## To Evangelise the British Army.

In less than Three months on Salisbury Plain alone more than

## 10,000 SOLDIERS

joined the POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE, and more than

## 3,000 Declared their acceptance of Christ as their Saviour

Mr. HENRY J. LANE, one of the Leaders of the Work of Grace on the Plain, says:—

*"From what I have seen on Salisbury Plain during the past few weeks, it is my firm conviction that if we had a sufficient supply of LEAGUE TESTAMENTS to put into the hands of earnest workers, THE WHOLE OF THE BRITISH ARMY COULD BE EVANGELISED."*

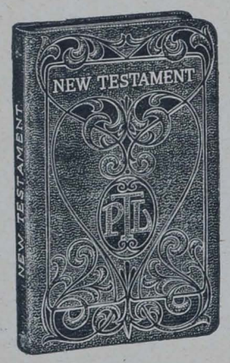


Mr. HENRY J. LANE and one of the Canadian Contingent on Salisbury Plain.

Large numbers of earnest Workers in Y.M.C.A. Camps, and other places, are asking for League Testaments to use in winning the soldiers and sailors to Christ. Will you help us to supply them, and will you pray for God's blessing upon the work? To aid in evangelising the Army and Navy with the Word of God.

## 100,000 LEAGUE TESTAMENTS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

Do you not wish to have a share, however small it may be, in this great harvesting of souls?




The Waterproof League Testament that is being presented to the Soldiers and Sailors.

THIS IS THE LEAGUE TESTAMENT

*And these are some of its helpful features.*

1. Khaki and Blue Waterproof Covers.
2. Weight only 2¾ ounces.
3. Large clear type in small compass.
4. Printed on India Paper by Oxford Press.
5. Contains 15 Coloured Pictures of Palestine.
6. Membership Card of Pocket Testament League.
7. Three pages showing the Way of Salvation.
8. Two Prayers by Bishop Taylor-Smith.
9. Two Hymns, Words and Music.
10. Decision Card for accepting Christ.

**Every Donor of 10/- will receive a Specimen Testament**

Please let your earnest, prayerful consideration be given to this urgent call. Ponder over the matter as in the sight of God, and we have no doubt that you will joyfully *BEAR YOUR SHARE.* Send stamped envelope for free "Prayer Circle" Cards, and help us to pray through to VICTORY for the salvation of our soldiers and sailors. All Gifts may be sent to

Miss WAKEFIELD MacGILL, Hon. Sec., Pocket Testament League,
47, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.; or to the Office of Y.M.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 1. Vol. 1. JANUARY 15, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## OUR OUTLOOK.

THE issue of the *Y.M.* marks a new stage in the development of Association work. The extensive field, now so thoroughly occupied by our workers, demands for its correct record and interpretation much fuller publicity than has hitherto been possible. It is hoped and believed that the new paper will enable us to keep pace with the wonderful progress now taking place. The new outreach of the Association is not the result of a mushroom development from which the Association might easily recede, but is the natural evolution of a policy that has been gradually developing during twenty years. In that period Y.M.C.A. leaders have been digging deep and broad foundations for the Association's work in the life of the nation. Our supreme opportunity came in the moment of national crisis. It was found that the Association was so strongly entrenched, and its machinery so far perfected, that it was possible to mobilise our forces rapidly for the carrying out of a national programme to meet immediate needs. More than 700 centres have been opened in Great Britain. The overseas contingents were cared for at Canada, Australia, and India before leaving home. They were in many cases accompanied by Association workers on their transports, and everywhere they were welcomed on arrival at their destination by the Association flag.

***

AN interesting record of the work taking place in France appears in another part of this number. The main bases of the British Expeditionary Force have already been occupied, and the army of Association workers there, which is being rapidly reinforced, will follow with zest and eagerness the fortunes of the troops, providing every possible facility for their comfort and moral and spiritual well-being. This Empire service makes a story infinitely worth telling. Appended is a series of paragraphs from the report of Mr. A. K. Yapp to the meeting of the National Executive held last Friday. No one could have listened unmoved to the reports of several of our leaders. It has been our policy, until now, to report on the work, leaving out names of places and workers; this for obvious reasons. It will now be possible to present fuller stories in our weekly issue, and to do justice to particular areas and special achievements:—

One of the 3rd Beds, who has returned from the front wounded, said that in the summer, when stationed around —— Tent, the night previous to going to the front, they attended the Y.M.C.A. sing-song. At the close, the leader asked if they would like to have a farewell hymn, out of respect to the men who were leaving next day. "God be with you" was clamoured for, and following this, the men shouted for "The Roll Call" for the last time, which was lustily sung. The man went on to say that it was sung next day in the billets, and they sang it marching through France, and again in the trenches before the dreadful battle, after which only five of that company answered the roll call. He said he should never forget that night in the Y.M.C.A. tent as long as he lived.

Our friends of the Indian National Council have tackled their work for our English Territorials with characteristic thoroughness. From Bombay comes the report that a special booklet has been issued for distribution amongst the men, giving particulars as to the conditions of life in India, the kind of stations to which they were going, &c. After distribution of this booklet, which was fairly fought for, the workers were able to appeal to the men to uphold the best traditions of English life during their stay in India. A special news sheet was printed, and letters were carried ashore from the transports and posted; English money was changed into Indian at its face value; and many striking testimonies were borne to the value of our work not only in India, but in England. One officer said to Mr. Cranna: "You Y.M.C.A. people are marvellous, and I do not know what we should have done without you in the camps at home."



Major Frank Young, R.A., Hon. Secretary of the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, now on active service for King and Country.

A number of Association secretaries have been killed in battle, including Mr. E. Deckey, formerly secretary of the French International Committee and of the Paris Y.M.C.A., Mr. Haussman, secretary at Stuttgart, and Mr. Ritter, secretary of the Junior Department at Stuttgart. An interesting story is told concerning Mr. Ritter, who, when he was wounded, asked the ambulance men, who were about to bear him from the field of battle, to take a badly wounded comrade first. The bearers, however, did not return, and poor Ritter, who had the love of Christ, had handed drink to many wounded French and Germans, shot in both knees, remained unattended for two days and two nights, and when found was completely exhausted. He was removed to the hospital at Bruchaal, where an attack of dysentery hastened the end.

The president of the Hamburg Association, Mr. Otto Stockhausen, has also fallen.

Of course, Association work in Belgium is completely disorganised. The Y.M.C.A. in Brussels alone has been able to continue a part of its work. It organised a hospital with fifty beds, but by order of the Germans it had to be closed.

In East Prussia more than ninety of the 111 Associations have suffered through the war. In Rheims the Association building has been completely destroyed by the bombardment, while at Munster, in Alsace, the Association building has suffered from German and French shells.

Mr. Schaef, general secretary at Petrograd, and Mr. Walter Gottsched, secretary in Alsace-Lorraine, have been detained in Switzerland since the commencement of the war.

It is pleasing to know that at Stuttgart the splendid Y.M.C.A. premises have been transformed into hospitals, and the German and French wounded are attended with Christian love. Daily devotional meetings are conducted in the French language for the French prisoners.

The Association in Switzerland has organised premises in 450 centres for reading, writing, &c.

***

WE are under obligation to the Press of the whole Empire, which we readily and wholeheartedly acknowledge. Full accounts and hearty approval have been given. But it is the business of the public Press to report, not to place emphasis, necessarily, where we would like emphasis to be placed. We owe it to the generous public, which has so heartily supported our work, to the workers who are engaged in it, and to the work itself to see that, in our own organ, the work is presented, as it is done, in carefully balanced records fitting the different

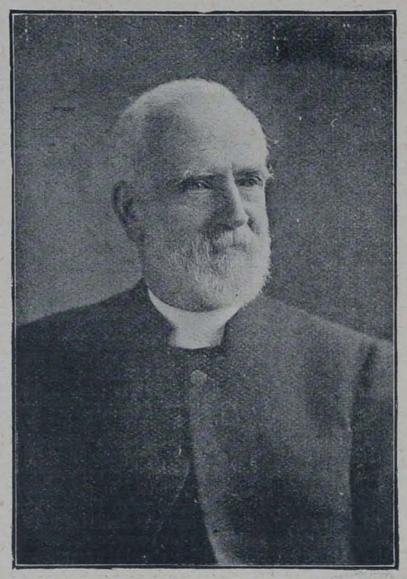
phases of the service being rendered into their proportionate places, and giving due weight to each. This can now be done.

***

THERE is another aspect of the matter. A work making so broad and general an appeal will be, necessarily, misunderstood and misinterpreted. We are not sensitive about criticism. We are not above it. We are not perfect people, nor are we doing perfect work. We claim that this special service which has opened out to us is one urgently needed; that our workers are animated by no other motive than to become the servants of others for His sake; and that the work has been amazingly successful. Thousands of soldiers are going out to battle with a new vision of duty because of the Association's work and influence; many thousands, who might easily have gone wrong, have been cared for socially, and restrained from evil courses through the presence of the Association men and machinery; the Y.M.C.A. has been true to its founder, to its history, to its opportunity. In more than 700 centres the work is being accomplished. It would be foolish to argue that there has been no failure, no breakdown. We admit as much. But the weak points have been rapidly reinforced, the mistakes have been remedied, and, surveying the whole field, the results are simply wonderful. The *Y.M.* will give a platform for an official interpretation of our plans, policies, and programmes. We shall not hesitate, should need arise, to deal with unfair criticism.

***

THERE is room in Great Britain for a vigorous, young man's paper. It is not the intention of the editorial board to make the *Y.M.* a mere report of Y.M.C.A. affairs. It is a new arm, reaching out to influence and help men. It is a new method of approach for the Y.M.C.A. to them. The world of a young man's interest will be covered. Appeals will be made to both heart and brain, and the physical side of life will not be neglected. We shall lay the leaders of spiritual and intellectual life under tribute. Articles such as those presented in this number will be constantly provided. This is not the moment to give too large a space to mere athletics. The place of Britain's athletes, just now, is where they can best serve the nation's needs. We do not say where that is. For hundreds of thousands it is undoubtedly in the fighting ranks of the British Army. For others it is, in the same



**The Late Rev. W. H. Newitt, who for Thirty Years was Secretary of Manchester Y.M.C.A.**

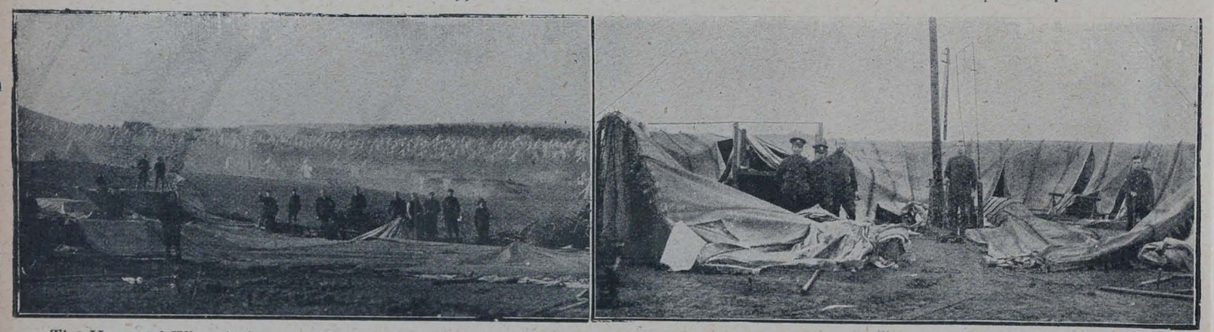
degree, the forge, the warehouse, the office, the home, the Church. For recreation, *per se*, there is but little time just now. When things return to the normal we shall give due attention to the physical life of young men. The *Y.M.* is a deliberate and serious attempt to give young men each week a moral and intellectual stimulant, and we rejoice in all the prospects we have of a successful future.

***

DURING the weeks and years that are to come the *Y.M.* hopes to have an honourable share in building up the nation's young manhood. In these days of stress and trial new visions have come to all of us, and it will be our duty to translate these visions into practical realities. *Y.M.* will succeed in its mission if those for whom it is published will realise that mutual help is necessary, and that as the paper has a mission to help them, so have they an opportunity to assist it. We invite them to regard *Y.M.* as their own weekly organ, and to write to it in honesty and sincerity. We shall be pleased to know how the paper is helping them, and if it fails to make an appeal to them, we shall not be in the least offended if they write and say so, provided, of course, that such criticism is constructive, and is intended to strengthen what they may regard as weak points. Letters from the men at the front and from the men in the military camps throughout the country will be especially welcome. In as far as these are of general interest they will be published. We also invite the secretaries of the Association to send us items of news, not only about their work in the camps, but also with reference to the more prosaic, though not less useful, work at the home centres. Those responsible for the editorial side of *Y.M.* aim at making every page of the paper bright and helpful, and this can only be rendered possible if all interested in the movement and associated with it take a personal interest in its welfare.

***

ABOUT the contents of future issues it is not necessary to speak in detail. We have not succeeded, in spite of all our efforts, in finding a place in this issue for all the material we had prepared, but we do not fear for the reception of No. 1, and we are confident enough to believe that all who read its pages will not only order the future issues for themselves, but will at the same time interest their friends and acquaintances in it. Thus by mutual aid and encouragement we shall go on to that success for which we all pray and work. In next week's issue we hope to print special messages from the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, and from the Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, a prime favourite with young men, and the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. We shall also begin next week a series of "Lessons from Leaders' Lives," written specially for *Y.M.* by one of London's distinguished editors, while in the same issue we shall print another new patriotic song from the gifted pen of Mr. Robert Harkness. Future issues will contain short stories by Mr. Joseph Hocking and Mr. A. St. John Adcock. As we have said, it will be the aim of *Y.M.* to provide a weekly newspaper indispensable to the young life of this country, while interesting and stimulating to both sexes and to all ages; and as we start on our voyage to-day we carry with us the good wishes of a vast multitude of friends. We appreciate the kind messages that have already been sent to us; we shall endeavour to live up to our own ideals, and if we succeed in doing that there will be no reason to fear the verdict passed upon our efforts.



**The Havoc of Winter's Stormy Blast: Striking Pictures Illustrating the Destruction Caused to Y.M.C.A. Tents during the Recent Gales.**



# THE SURGICAL ASSUAGEMENTS OF WAR.

## *An Important Article Demonstrating the Great Blessing of Chloroform to the Wounded, an Alleviating Ministry which may fitly be Described as the "Angel on the Battlefield."*

By SIR ALEXANDER R. SIMPSON, M.D., D.Sc., LL.D.

*[Mr. Newland-Pedley, the eminent dental-surgeon of Guy's Hospital, writing home from the front recently, said that men on the field would rather face "Jack Johnsons" than a dentist without an anæsthetic. In this article Sir Alexander Simpson, who is a nephew of the late Sir James Young Simpson, tells of the great boon that was given to the wounded through the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of chloroform.]*

WHEN a soldier in the days of old fell stricken on the battlefield, he found himself in the hands of a friend who caused him more pain than all his foes.

There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which Death may lower.

In the tension of the strife the warrior must often have "received but recked not of a wound," or have been hit, he hardly knew how or where, with shot or shell, till he found himself behind the battle rush, faint from loss of blood, or helpless with broken bones. Excitement gone, he had to face his solitary fate, and wondered fearingly what was to befall him at the surgeon's hand. When Ambrose Paré in 1536 came for the first time as a young surgeon to deal with the wounded, he found his seniors pouring boiling oil into the gunshot wounds. If a soldier had to lose a limb, then after the knife had cut its way through the quivering flesh and the saw sent shudders through all the frame as it scraped its way through the living bone, more prolonged suffering had yet to follow. To arrest the flow of blood from the opened arteries red-hot irons were applied or boiling pitch or corroding chemicals. All this took up time that must have seemed to the helpless sufferer to last for ages. "The horrors of the patient and his ungovernable cries," says John Bell, "the hurry of the operator and assistants, the sparkling of the irons and the hissing of the blood against them must have made terrible scenes, and surgery must in those days have been a horrid trade." Paré showed that the wounds healed more easily under a simple dressing than under torturing applications, and that the blood-loss could be more safely controlled by tying the bleeding vessels than by the use of cauteries and caustics, and earned for himself the honourable title of "The Father of Modern Surgery." Still, for generations the handlings of the surgeon were the dread of the wounded. There were not only the sufferings of the immediate operations, but after the limb was lopped off and the wound was dressed, there were days, often weeks, of pain from the daily dressings; wound fever was almost inevitable and was often fatal; at the best there was long convalescence and debility from exhausting drains upon the system. Many expedients were adopted with the view of lessening the suffering of the operating table and securing the more rapid healing of wounds, whether from the enemy's weapon or the surgeon's knife.

The fear of the surgeon's manipulations and the shrinking from the sharpness of his knife began to be dispelled when, near the middle of last century, the profession learned to banish temporary pain by the use of anæsthetics. Sir Humphrey Davy had found that a degree of insensibility could be produced by the inhalation of Nitrous oxide, and suggested that it might be applied for the relief of short surgical operations. In the course of the century a professor of chemistry in his class lecture on this vapour might offer some of his students an opportunity of experiencing the effects of what was called "Laughing Gas." I have seen one of them under the influence of it attack a table with his fists, and come to himself astonished to see his knuckles skinned and bleeding. In 1844 Dr. Horace Wells, a dentist in Hertford, Connecticut, saw some such exhibition at an entertainment by an itinerant lecturer, and conceived the idea of testing the use of the gas in his own department. He had the courage to put himself to sleep with it and submit to the extraction by a brother dentist of a troublesome tooth. Awaking to find the tooth gone during his unconsciousness, he said: "This is a new era in dentistry." Dr. Thomas Green Morton, who had been his assistant, was led to make experiments in the same direction with sulphuric Ether, and in October, 1846, he kept a patient asleep in the Boston Surgical Theatre while Dr. Warren removed a tumour from the patient's neck. In the following February James Young Simpson, Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh, ventured in a carefully selected case to make use of ether to relieve those travail pangs that stand for the classic expression of the extreme of human suffering. After some months of inquiry and experiment on himself and his assistants, he found in November, 1847, in Chloroform an anæsthetic which has proved the most serviceable, not only for the accoucheur in the lying-in room, but for the surgeon on the battlefield and the family doctor in his daily round of busy practice, while nitrous oxide keeps its place in the dentist's chamber, and ether gives greatest safety in a surgical home or hospital where operations can be carried out more leisurely and with the needful assistance. Neither the profession nor the public were at once prepared to welcome the employment of anæsthetics. Objections were raised on the score of religion, of morals, and of possible dangers. Ere humanity could reap the benefit of the discoveries a hard battle had to be fought against ignorance, apathy, and prejudice, and after it had been won, Sir William Ferguson felt free to say: "It was at least fortunate for anæsthesia that Simpson took it up." He did more than any other to secure for practitioners the right to offer, and for patients to claim, the freedom from pain that induction of anæsthesia affords.

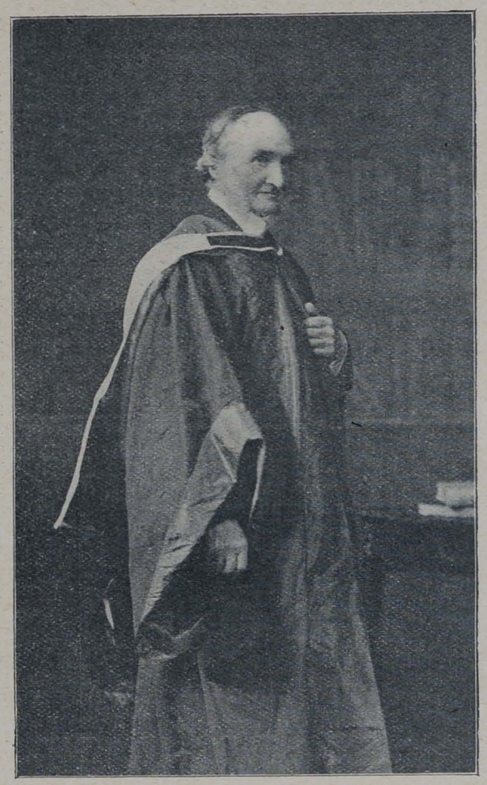


*Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.*

**Sir Alexander Russell Simpson.**

Then in the fifties Louis Pasteur, a French chemist, began to make his epoch-making discoveries as to the influence of microscopic organisms in producing fermentations in fluids, and inaugurated the microbial era in medicine by showing that special diseases were caused by special micro-organisms. And soon Joseph Lister rose up to apply the discoveries of Pasteur and fresh discoveries of his own to the treatment of wounds, and became the father of a new surgery such as Paré did not dream of. For he initiated the antiseptic and aseptic system that takes away the risk of infection from wounds by keeping away or destroying the heretofore unknown ubiquitous germs that had through the ages hindered the kindly healing of raw surfaces, and kept up long exhausting suppurations where they did not cause more immediately dangerous septic fever and death. The result is that not only can the surgeon take in hand, say, to amputate a limb without giving his patient pain, but he can hold out to him the almost certain hope of a sound and rapid recovery that will be undisturbed by the frequent manipulations and dressings required by the earlier systems of treatment. Painless operations and painless convalescence have banished the fear the wounded soldier used to have of the friendly surgeon.

In this story of discovery and deliverance

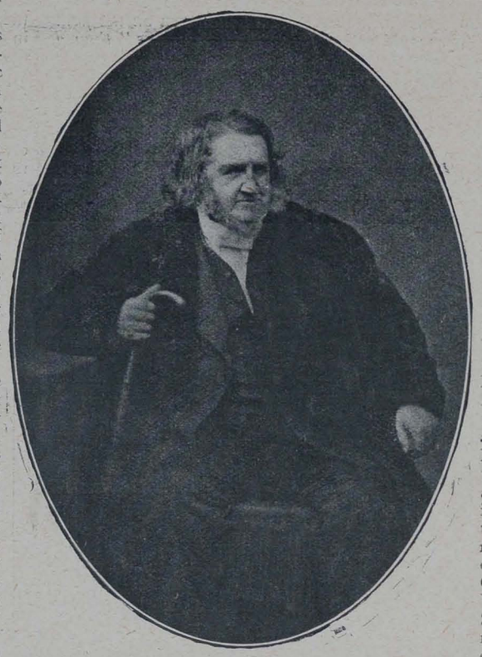
*The Surgical Assuagements of War—Con.*

from suffering no German name appears. Paré and Pasteur are of those French whom the Germans jauntily set out in August to subdue ; Simpson and Lister are of those British whose place in the sun exasperates the German Emperor, while the American pioneers are of the same stock and speak the same English tongue whose currency in all the world-encircling channels of commerce is the despair of the German trader. German genius, strong in organisation, is weak in invention. The outstanding contribution that Germany made to scientific discovery embodied in the Copernican system came from a member of the race regarding which Professor Eucken said to Dr. Gulick of Japan on July 30 last: "For the Slav himself it is needful that he be thoroughly thrashed and taught to keep his place." Now, Nicholas Koppernigk was the son of a Polish Slav, and when he published his demonstration of the circling of the earth round the sun whilst revolving on its own axis, Luther, greatest of all the gifted sons of Germany, denounced him as an arrogant fool for contradicting the Bible, and Melancthon thought he should be dealt with by the civil magistrate.

It is of more importance for the members of the Y.M.C.A. to note that the four I have just named, whether French or British, were all Christian men. Ambrose Paré was a Huguenot, and was only saved from death on the massacre night of St. Bartholomew by the direct interposition of Charles IX., who hid him in his own cabinet, and said, "It was not right that a man should die who could save so many lives." He more than once in his writings uses an expression that frequent quotation has made familiar, as when he relates how he undertook the case of a wounded man in the following of the Duke of Rohan so nearly dead that the Duke proposed to bury him. "I did the office," says Paré, "of a Physician, Apothecary, Surgeon, and Cook. *I dressed him* even to the end of his cure, and *God healed him.*"

Louis Pasteur had no place in the ranks of the materialists. Addressing students of the Edinburgh University, he said he always loved youths, for youth was the period of enthusiasm. Enthusiasm, he went on to explain, was a word which told of the Divine in us, so that Lord Reay in a sentence of special thanks to him, said, "You have snatched from Nature the secrets which she kept only too carefully, if not with malice. We salute you as one of the benefactors of humanity, all the more because we know that you admit the existence of secrets in the spiritual order which have been revealed to us by what you have just spoken of as the work of God in us."

I remember Lord Lister's first appearance in Edinburgh. I was dresser under Professor Syme when the young London surgeon came to see something of Edinburgh



The late Sir James Young Simpson.

surgery before putting his plate on a door in the Metropolis, and when the hospital visit was over the Professor gave his new friend to my guidance to be shown the University and the College of Surgeons' Museum. He wore the collarless swallow-tail coat of a member of the Society of Friends, and through a long life afterwards as a member of the Church of England he continued to manifest some of the finest traits of the eminently spiritual Christian community to which he owed his upbringing. In 1887, when as Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow he was making his early experiments in treating compound fractures with carbolised putty in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, I, being in practice in the same city, had him to see with me a surgical case in which I required his counsel. He explained to me the theory of the germ origin of wound infection on which he was working, narrated some of his marvellous results, and added,

"You know, Simpson, I believe this thing will make a revolution in surgery, though I happen to be the person who is beginning it." It was spoken with characteristic modesty, and in a tone as if he felt himself an instrument in the hand of the Highest.

Then as to Sir James Y. Simpson, who died on May 6, 1870, after a protracted illness, some of his sayings have taken a frequent place in current evangelistic literature. Let me give these two. I came from Glasgow to see him on April 14, and among other things mentioned that a well-known citizen whom I was attending in a serious illness had said, in speaking of the prospect beyond the grave, "It is all darkness there." "Oh, tell him," said Sir James, "that it's all *light* there; the darkness is only here." On the 18th he inquired about A. B., a young friend who was dying and was still troubled with doubts about his acceptance with God. He bade me say to him that they were drawing near the other world; that to be saved he must look out, away from himself; that he must think it's not any more A. B., but Jesus Christ that is everything ; and that he might reckon that he saw Christ bearing his sins on Calvary as surely as if he could see the Crucifixion outside of his own window. When Sir David Brewster died, in 1868, Sir James, having been asked to move the resolution of regret in the Royal Society of Edinburgh, told how he had seen that "Archpriest of Science" passing fearlessly through the shadow of Death sustained and gladdened by the all-simple and all-sufficient faith of a very child."

No young man needs confirmation for his faith from the testimony of the intellectually gifted among men, if so be that he have tasted that the Lord is gracious. Still, such testimony may steady him when he hears a Nietzschean decrying Christianity as a religion for weaklings, or when vapouring voices proclaim in the name of science—but it is nescience—that what with men is impossible is also impossible with God. The fools!

## LORD KINNAIRD,

**President of the Y.M.C.A.**

**A Pen Portrait.**

"A GREAT Scottish nobleman" was Lord Rosebery's recent description of Lord Kinnaird. He was presiding at the banquet on St. Andrew's Day of the Royal Scottish Corporation, and on either side of him sat Lord Kinnaird and Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Both had lost their eldest sons and heirs in the first months of the war—"gallant lads, whom I knew well," added Lord Rosebery. It was characteristic of our president that he put aside his own personal feelings at such a time to attend a Scottish gathering in the cause of charity. Lord Kinnaird could echo the words of a distinguished man who in the hour of bereavement said, "I am going to turn my private sorrow into public service."

President of the Football Association and president of the Y.M.C.A.—those two among many other offices which Lord Kinnaird fills reflect his deep lifelong interest in young men. "One of the lasting memories of my life," said a keen sportsman, "is seeing Arthur Kinnaird stand on his head with delight in front of the pavilion after his side had won a football match." That was in Lord Kinnaird's boyhood, but the "ruling passion" for football has never waned. At the Cup Tie matches, no matter what the weather is like, he will be there, watching keenly every moment's play. His own record as a splendid player is known to every footballer.

He is sixty-seven years *young!* Brisk and businesslike, as befits a great banker and director of companies; blithe with the good health of a very busy man, and young in his sympathies with all young men. Surely an ideal man for president of the Y.M.C.A.

Here is a little characteristic incident—one that could be multiplied a thousand times. It was at a reception, several years ago, in old Exeter Hall to new members of the Y.M.C.A. One young fellow was the shyest of mortals, and was wishing he had never come into this crowd of strangers, of whom he knew not a single soul. Suddenly a short, cheery man begins talking to him as if he had known him all his life. The young fellow finds his tongue, tells of his home in the country, the City office to which he has come—in a word, opens his heart as he never expected to open it to a stranger. While they talk, the older man grips his arm with a kindly touch. It was that friendly grip that ended all the sense of shyness and loneliness. Will you be surprised to hear it was the beginning of many years of enthusiastic membership of the Y.M.C.A. for that young man? And will you be surprised to hear it was Lord Kinnaird who "broke the ice" that evening?

"Great Scottish nobleman"—yes, but still more a great Christian gentleman. And I think Lord Kinnaird would be prouder still to be known as the friend of all young men.

X. Y. Z.



# HIS FATHER'S HONOUR.

**By W. SCOTT KING,**

**Author of "God's Englishman," "The Price of Victory," "The Master of Dunholme," &c., &c.**

*Specially written for the first number of "Y.M."*

IT was one of Manchester's all too characteristic mornings, and a black mist shrouded the chimney-tops as Bertram Molinby peered through his bathroom window. He made no exclamation, however, for he was not of the sort that complains of things that cannot he altered. And yet it was not indifference; rather was it because the business of his calling absorbed him. If to some young fellows he knew being head of a department in a wholesale house meant money-making and promotion and a career, and ultimately the honour of being seen on 'Change as a veritable "Manchester man," to Bertram being head of a department meant almost a religion. Unemotional and quite unsentimental, he yet possessed a sort of inborn respect for his daily work, and both his Lancashire breed and the force of habit lent additional vigour to his feeling.



THE NEW ARMY TO THE FRONT.

**A topical cartoon from "Punch," reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of that popular weekly.**

"Selling cotton goods is as good as healing folks' complaints or as giving lectures or talking in law courts," he had been heard to say more than once, which remark was taken by some people for conceit, and by others for a belief of the young business youth that trade was as honourable as a profession.

He sprang out of the icy water with every nerve tingling, but the spectacle of his strong limbs, as he vigorously rubbed them, brought no idea to his mind that he would be an unworthy steward of them by carrying them down in an hour's time to Manchester city rather than to a military training camp.

"Good morning, aunt," he said cheerfully, as he entered the gaslit breakfast room; "not a very glorious morning, is it?"

The tall, gentle-faced woman who sat behind the polished coffee-pot looked up, but no smile answered her nephew's.

"I pity the dear fellows in the trenches," was her only rejoinder.

"So do I, and, in a way, everybody else who has to get wet to-day doing their duty," he replied.

The woman's mild grey eyes showed a sudden hint of fire.

"Yes, *they* know what duty is, God bless them," she said passionately.

Bertram put down his cup and laughed pleasantly; these broad hints from his aunt were becoming a little too broad.

"Look here, aunty," he said, bending his face in her direction, a healthy smile parting his firm lips, "tell me, tell me honestly, don't you think a fellow is serving his country when he is honestly trying to sell cotton goods to the best advantage for his employers just as much as if he were shooting down her enemies or mounting guard over a broken-down provision motor in Flanders? If everybody fought, who would keep Manchester going? You forget that!"

"I don't forget your father," came the sharp retort.

The smile left the young man's lips, and a shade of something like annoyance passed over his frank expression.

"My father did what he believed to be his duty," he answered coldly, "and if all you tell me of him is true, or even half of it, he would be glad that his son was doing the same."

Then, rising from the table and setting back his chair against the wall, he added:

"I'm not at all sure you are correct in thinking he would have wished me to enlist; some soldiers would give the opposite advice to those who came after them."

"What do you mean by not being at all sure?" Miss Sandifoot had risen behind her coffee-pot, her usually calm face flushed with unwonted colour.

"Exactly what I say," replied her nephew, with added finality. "I am getting a little tired of this constant dragging of my father's dead body over my path. Let it lie on the Indian frontier where you say it fell, and please credit his son with as much courage and as much sense of duty as an Anglo-Indian cavalryman."

"I'm ashamed of you, Bertram, utterly ashamed. Fancy calling your father an Anglo-Indian cavalryman! But there! It's after eight, and you'll be late in your trench—I mean warehouse."

This final attempt at sarcasm on the part of his aunt drove the young man not only out of the room, but drove away all irritation from his face and mind.

"After all, Aunt Alice is a decent sort," he thought as he ran for his car, and though he reflected that a third of his earnings went to her pocket, another third to his distant and little-known mother's, in Scotland, and but a third into his own, after all, she had brought him up, and was the sister of that dead cavalryman father in the Indian grave.

"I've a very good mind to enlist, just to please her," he thought as he climbed the stairs to the upper deck of the car.

Next to him in the atmosphere of tobacco was a typical specimen of the city's merchant men—muscular, somewhat carelessly attired; self-contained—and on jerking his "Good morning" to him—for they were frequently fellow-travellers on this tram route—Bertram remembered how a Yankee buyer had once remarked to him, "You men of Lancashire are the Americans of Great Britain—simple, cheery, unfashionable, cocksure—the salt of the earth, in a word."

"Things looking a bit healthier," remarked his friend as Bertram seated himself beside him; "they're getting all the men they want, Kitchener says. That means I shan't let our Richard go now—no need."

Was that so? No. Bertram Molinby was not comforted—he had never been afraid, or even really reluctant. He had merely felt that it was not his duty. And yet this news gave him a certain satisfaction. If he went, he would go for proper reasons, not to please anyone; no, not even that courageous dead father.

"I'm glad to hear that," he replied, shortly, "for if they were really in want of men, I had half thought of going myself."

His friend put down his paper, and laid his hand on Bertram's knee.

"Don't be a fool, Molinby," he said; "Manchester'll want you one of these fine days."

On arriving at the warehouse, Bertram found everybody talking war, as usual, and each eager to get an audience for his "latest," whether that were the latest "absolute fact, old man; I was told it by the brother of an officer," or the most recent joke about "Kaiser Bill," or parody of "Tipperary." As the firm had also contributed some twenty-eight members of its staff to the fighting forces, rumour of their names being among the "killed" were now daily current. Neither was grim humour absent, for youth will be youth.

"Did you hear how old Cresswell worked the patriotic wheeze, Molinby, and so shunted that young scapegrace of a son of his off the domestic hearth? Playing the game a bit low down, though, to waive off

## FROM ANY YOUNG MAN NOT ALLOWED TO GO.

They tell me that I serve my land by staying
Better. I do not know, for all day long
I hear far voices clear and they are saying,
"I died for you, who would not come, though strong
Like us, but unlike us your careful counsel weighing.

For them it may be there is no returning,
Death their reward, and my unaltered shame.
I thus grow old, while these again are learning
Youth and the first unconquerable flame
Holy, like dawn, grey dawn to sunrise burning.

Though youth be good, yet these must lose its meaning
Having so short a spell, while I remain
My patient sheaves of prudent honour gleaning.
But these they have no joy nor life again.
The earth is on them, and the winds of winter keening.

HUMBERT, in the *Westminster Gazette.*



Some of the men among whom the Y.M.C.A. is at work in this country and on the Continent.

*"His Father's Honour"—(continued.)*

inconvenient prodigals with a Union Jack, don't you think?"

Meanwhile, Bertram went about his work, his mind as busy as his hands. But one phrase of the morning's gossip kept recurring—"Worked off the patriotic wheeze." Was Aunt Alice, by any chance, seeking to rid herself of further responsibility for him by pleading the nation's need? It was an unpleasant idea, and the young warehouseman rejected it again and again, but only to be assailed by it afresh.

At lunch, in the neighbouring restaurant, he took a sheltered corner, determined to face the thing out, and at once he found himself confronted, not by Aunt Alice, but by the shadowy vision of that early soldier father. By the memory of that face he was being adjured to offer his strong young energies to his country. Did that shadowy vision call him, or was he being made the victim of mere domestic sentiment?

Bertram Molinby was not a mental wobbler. To think was to act with him, and after tea he presented himself at the manager's office window, and asked for two days' leave of absence.

"I want to run up to Stirling to consult my mother about my enlisting," he explained.

"As you please," was the quiet reply he received, "but I should think twice before I decided. The papers say we are getting all we can deal with, and you might go far in cotton, Molinby, if you stuck to it. However, do as you please."

"It's not as I please, sir," said the young fellow, quietly, "but they are worrying me rather about my duty to my father's memory. He was a soldier in India, and though I was only a kiddie when he went, they say I ought to keep up the honour of his name."

The manager shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see much in that," he said drily. "War isn't sentiment; it's just business, and if it's your business not to go, I shouldn't. Good night. See you back Friday, then?"

After his second cup of tea had been handed to him, Bertram informed his aunt of his intention of going to Scotland, and as he put it to his mother in the quiet home in Stirling the following day, "Aunt Alice jumped as if a German shell had burst in her sugar-basin."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Bertie—you must be mad."

"That's curious, aunt, after trying to sarcasm me into the ranks for a whole month. But I'm going anyhow. I want to know exactly how much this argument about my father's memory really amounts to; it may be worth a lot, of course, or it may be, as we say down at the warehouse, just sloppy."

His aunt came round the tea-table and stood at her nephew's side, laying one hand half-caressingly on his hair.

"Have I been a good foster-mother to you, Bertie, all these years?" she asked with suppressed emotion.

"Of course you have." Bertram hated a scene.

"Would you repay me—just a wee bit—if it were in your power?"

"By enlisting you mean?

Aunt Alice bent her head low and kissed his forehead.

"No, but by not going to Stirling, Bertie."

Young Molinby heaved a big sigh of perplexity. This was confusion worse confounded. To enlist, or not to enlist? Was ever Hamlet in more doleful uncertainty.

After a few moments' pause he looked up in his aunt's face.

"I'll think it over, aunt," he said. For the remainder of the evening, as he sat by the fire with the evening paper upside-down before his eyes, he turned the matter over and over again, while from behind her half-finished woollen knitted helmet his aunt stole furtive, anxious glances towards him.

He kissed her "good night" at ten o'clock, saying nothing, but a clear purpose was in his mind. By half-past ten the house was still, and throwing off the bedclothes, Bertram stealthily put his stockinged feet to the floor, revealing himself fully dressed. Punctually at the stroke of midnight the Midland express for Edinburgh moved out of the Central station, carrying with it a young warehouseman with a career in front of him, in quest of authentic tidings of a soldier-father's courage.

"Why does Aunt Alice want me to enlist and yet not want me to ask my mother if I may?" Bertram Molinby propounded his problem to himself all night as the express bounded towards the Tweed. "My mother has never known anything much of me—there were the others, and so I was fixed up with her sister-in-law; I can't see she could object. What a queer little mystery! And all about a simple thing like fighting for your country."

So he fell asleep.

He was in the south-bound train *en route* for the cotton capital twelve hours later—*and he knew*. In the darkness and amid the rattle of the couplings as the train passed the points he could hear again and again those agonised tones, those choking words: "The books were all wrong—hundreds of pounds it amounted to, and there was no chance of concealment any longer. They never tried to find where he was, and his regiment was drafted to India very soon. I only heard from the authorities that he was dead; perhaps he would feel that his disgrace was atoned for if you did. I can't say, my son, but perhaps——"

On reaching Manchester he gripped his bag and with a light step and very calm face made his way to the recruiting office of "The Pals' Brigade." Then he caught the car at St. Ann's-square for home.

She was standing with her back towards the door, her grey-brown head bent over the fire as he entered with his cheery "Well, aunt, I'm back."

As she made no movement he went close behind her and wound his arms round her now convulsed body.

"Won't you speak to Private Molinby, of the Pals' Brigade?" he asked, in half-humorous, half-tender tones.

She turned her face up to his.

"Why?"

A moment's hesitation, for eloquence was foreign to his nature. Then they came, those so simple and deep words:

"My father's honour," he said.

Then stepping proudly back a pace on the faded hearthrug where he had played as a child, he brought his right hand up sharply to his forehead in his first salute.

### A DESIRABLE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

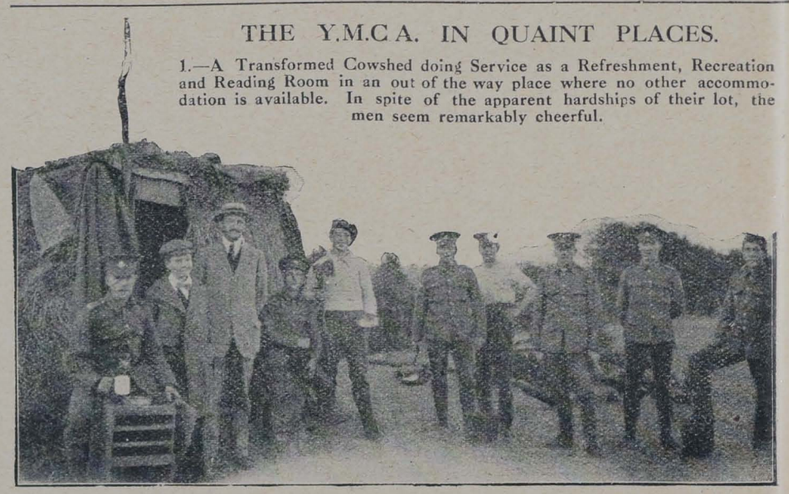
"I was surprised when I heard you had settled at Beech Hill," said one young medical man to the other, "for I've always heard it spoken of as such a healthy suburb."

"My dear chap," said his friend, "it is a healthy suburb, but it is also the stronghold of football; every family has its motor-car, and there never was such a place for giving children's parties. I am doing splendidly, thank you."

Small Boy (during his evening lessons at home, to his father): "Papa, where is the source of the Volga?" Father: "I don't know." Boy: "You don't know! And to think that to-morrow I may be punished for your ignorance."

## THE Y.M.C.A. IN QUAINT PLACES.

**1.—A Transformed Cowshed doing Service as a Refreshment, Recreation and Reading Room in an out of the way place where no other accommodation is available. In spite of the apparent hardships of their lot, the men seem remarkably cheerful.**





# THE Y.M.C.A. WITHIN SOUND OF THE GUNS.

## *An Impression of the Association's Work in Northern France, Described after a Personal Visit of Inspection to the Centres of Activity.*

LEAVING England by the Boulogne boat on the day before Christmas Day, I saw on board many evidences of the kindnesses shown by those at home to the British troops in France. An unusually large supply of letters and parcels was unloaded from the train to the boat. Hampers containing Christmas cheer addressed to well-known officers were on deck. Christmas was in the air, and yet we were leaving the Homeland, and wondering what kind of Christmas spirit would be found on French soil. The best evidence of the season—for the time being, at least—was found on the quay at Boulogne, where numbers of officers and men were waiting for the English passengers to clear off, so that they could get on the boat, *en route* to Folkestone and Christmas at home.

Not, however, until Christmas Day did I really appreciate how the soldiers look for the usual recognition of the festive occasion. In the British hospitals I visited many preparations were made for a pleasant celebration. It cheered one immensely to hear sick and wounded soldiers joining in the choruses of well-known songs, and to see the men in bed taking their share—even if limited—in the programme prepared by medical staff and nurses.

When I joined the large and happy party organised by the Y.M.C.A. at one of the convalescent camps, I realised more completely the significance of Christmas. These soldiers, who had all been sent down from the front either through sickness or wounds, were supplied with a Christmas tea by the generosity of friends, and, with the officer commanding in the chair, an entertainment followed. How the men enjoyed the songs and recitations! They seemed to forget that they were on French soil, and the separation from wives, families, and friends. The songs of home brought the ties of friendship back to them, and every now and then a hush went over the hall. This was more eloquent than words of the feelings that were stirring them. Some of the workers sang, and the leader took the men through one of the choruses in the Y.M.C.A. Song Book, "One man went to mow a meadow." Good-humoured fun and hearty appreciation characterised the whole gathering. When the time came to sing the National Anthem, we were all sorry that Christmas Day, 1914, had winged its flight. Yet happy as the evening had proved, I do not suppose that there was one of us who did not hope and pray that there might not be any cause for the next Christmas to be spent away from home.

At another convalescent camp a more or less similar programme was carried through, and the officer in command made a neat speech in recognition of the work of the Y.M.C.A.

I may say here that the Y.M.C.A. workers have received much kindness and assistance from the officers in command. In the construction of Queen Mary's Hut, for instance, every consideration has been exhibited. Materials were carted free of charge, and other important and valuable concessions made, which have proved of the greatest service. When I left Boulogne the hut was nearly ready. It will enable a fine bit of service to be rendered to the transport men, who, I believe, are all old hands from the Port of London Authority, and are now serving in uniform. They have enlisted for the war, but are not ordinary soldiers, being really civilians in khaki. The hut is in a strategic spot, and will serve some of the troops as well as the men just indicated.

Going to one of the convalescent camps on Saturday, where several Indian marquees are placed at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A., I found that some of the men had decorated the canvas centre with many Christmas greetings and with streamers of festoons. The stories that these men had to tell of the early days around Ypres were deeply interesting. One was a lance-corporal in the London Scottish, and another a trooper in the Northumberland Imperial Yeomanry. How they escaped from perpetual bombardment, from shrapnel, and from the smart sniper is a marvel to themselves. One of them had kept a diary from the time he landed at Ostend in October until he went into hospital for gastritis at the end of November. This I was permitted to read, and seldom have I seen a more eloquent tale in its simple narrative of heroic deeds.



**The Type of "Hut" erected, and being erected, for the comfort and convenience of the Troops in England and France.**

The work by the Y.M.C.A. in the Indian Hospitals is exceptionally interesting. Those who are in charge can speak Hindustani, and are able to render many kindnesses to these brave Eastern fighters. They cannot naturally undertake Christian teaching, but they are able to exemplify the Christian spirit, and the lesson will not be lost on wounded and sick Indians, who have come so many thousands of miles to the assistance of the Empire. After all, Christian England is only paying some of the debt it owes to them.

On Boxing Day I visited one of the Indian hospitals, accompanied by a Y.M.C.A. worker acquainted with Hindustani, and by means of his assistance learnt the nature of their conversation. They talked of many things, but if the King and Queen could have listened to this series of interviews, they would have appreciated to an extent impossible by a Royal visit the intense satisfaction with which the Indians received their Christmas presents. These were all within reach, and many of the patients brought them out for closer inspection. To the Indians was given a box of spices and sweetmeats dear to their palate. One of the Indian wounded was not content until we had each taken a small portion from his box, and only then would he close it. The card of greetings and the Royal photographs were also much prized. My companion told them that England was proud of their doings in the firing line, and if it were at all possible for them to pass through London before returning home, a magnificent reception would be accorded them.

Those who know the Eastern character are aware how these gifts will be treasured. They will be carried home to the villages in the hills and to the bazaars in the towns as mementoes of an experience that neither they nor we ever thought could be attained. The regard of England for her coloured races from the great Indian Dependency fighting in the campaign acted like a cordial on these sons of the Empire, who at times must feel deeply the removal from the parental environment. This feeling was expressed by one who came up to my companion to ask him to write a letter home to his father. To the Indian the father is the head of the household, and despite the fact that he himself possesses a wife, he sends the news to the father, who in turn communicates it to those entitled to receive it. He desired that his parent should be informed of his health and general conditions. By the way, this man was a hospital orderly, and he could state that he was quite well, and that no worry need be expressed because of the cold weather, for the soldiers had been supplied with warm clothing. There was other news of a more or less similar character. This letter was written in English, and when it arrives at its destination in India will probably be read to the proper recipient by the postman or schoolmaster, as well as to a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

In other centres the Y.M.C.A. is at the beginning of inspiriting work for the British soldier. Thousands of men are constantly visiting these places, and when one remembers the conditions of life in the trenches, the strange surroundings in which our men are placed and the need of Christian activities, it is evident that the Association agencies are God-sent.

CHARLES T. BATEMAN.

Tommy: "Daddy, what's a pessimist?"

Tommy's Daddy: "A pessimist, my boy, is a man who believes the whole world's liver is out of order because his own is."

"To know how to wait," says De Maistre, "is the secret of success." Cyrus Field was ten years in laying the Atlantic cable. The first time he tried to lower it the great rope snapped in mid-ocean, and when they grappled it and brought it to the surface, it slipped away from them and was gone. Not until he had tried thirty times was the tireless patience of the projector rewarded. In life's school one of the hardest lessons is to learn to wait patiently.

An excellent "Active Service Diary" has been prepared by Mr. A. K. Yapp for the special benefit of camp workers. In addition to the ample diary space, many capital hints are given to workers concerning the work in the huts. Nothing has been overlooked in this little compilation, and workers will receive expert guidance in the matter of finance, games, spiritual work, business management, &c., from its pages. It can be obtained from the National Council, 13, Russell-square.

## THE SONG THE SOLDIERS LOVE TO SING.

**"Downhearted? No!" and How It Came to be Written.**

NOTHING has been more remarkable since the war broke out than the splendid spirit and enthusiasm of our soldiers. Even under the most depressing conditions they are happy and buoyant—to the joy of their friends and the astonishment of their enemies. They sing on the march, they sing under fire, they sing in the trenches, and they sing in the hospital. In fact, they sing everywhere.

The spirit is admirably expressed in the song which we publish on this page. It is from the pen of Mr. Robert Harkness, who has put more Gospel hymns to music than any other living man. In both words and music Mr. Harkness has shown an almost uncanny insight into the feelings of the troops for whom he has written, and wherever the song has been sung the men have taken to it with remarkable heartiness.

The way in which Mr. Harkness came to write the song makes an interesting story. He was returning to his home in Surrey one evening, and while waiting for a train connection at East Croydon a trainful of recruits came into the station. Immediately the men began to shout "Are we downhearted?" the response was remarkable. Mr. Harkness saw immediately the possibility of making this phrase the central point of a song. On his way in the train to his station, Woldingham, he sketched out the words and music.

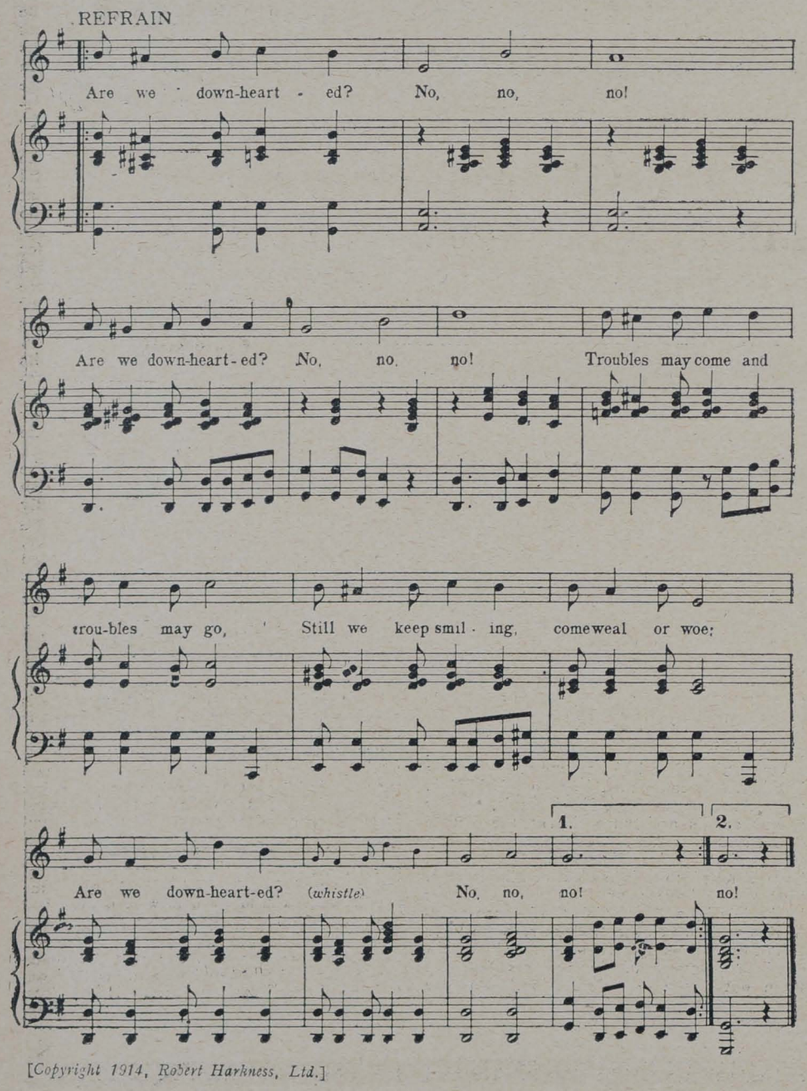
The writing of the song is not the outcome of a mere passing thought; it is the result of many years' close study of the popular tendencies in melody and rhythm. After journeying several times round the world and gaining a knowledge of the musical tastes and propensities of the masses, Mr.




Harkness has been able to write this song which is destined to become a patriotic song of the whole Empire.

A special Y.M.C.A. edition of the song has been published, for the song has already been sung in many of the tents, and has "caught on." The price of the song (Y.M.C.A. edition), words and music, is 6d. net, post free 7d., and it may be had at the "huts," from the publishers, Messrs. Robert Harkness, Limited, Cathedral House, 8, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., or from the publishers of *Y.M.*, 47, Paternoster-row, E.C. The words are as follows:—

*Words and Music by ROBERT HARKNESS.*




[*Copyright 1914, Robert Harkness, Ltd.*]

### DOWNHEARTED? NO!

I.

Fighting for right, for the cause that is true,
Fighting the foe, our great duty to do.
What though the victories be many or few,
Are we downhearted? No!
Soon shall we come with conqueror's shout,
Leaving the issue no longer in doubt,
Having completed the enemy's rout.
Are we downhearted? No! No! No!

Chorus:

Are we downhearted? No! No! No!
Are we downhearted? No! No! No!
Troubles may come and troubles may go,
Still we keep smiling, come weal or woe,
Are we downhearted? No! No! No!

II.

Why should we fear when troubles assail?
All will be well, the right must prevail.
Set is our purpose, never to fail!
Are we downhearted? No!
Courage is needed the victory to gain,
Courage alone can the spirit sustain!
Without it life must ever be vain!
Are we downhearted? No! No! No!

III.

Sometimes the clouds hang heavy and low,
Nor can we see each step as we go;
No silver lining the cloud doth bestow,
Are we downhearted? No!
Bravely we march in the battle of life,
Fierce is the conflict, the turmoil and strife;
Fraught with such peril, danger so rife,
Are we downhearted? No! No! No!




# The SCRIPTURE GIFT MISSION

desires help to enable it to circulate amongst our Brave fighting Men on Sea and Land

## KHAKI TESTAMENTS IN WATERPROOF BINDINGS

and GOSPELS in Strong CARTRIDGE COVERS.

**£2:5:0 will provide**

**100 TESTAMENTS or 1,000 GOSPELS.**

SPECIMEN COPIES: Testaments **7d.**, or Gospels **1½d.**, post free.

The Y.M.C.A. has kindly undertaken the distribution of Gospels in their Recreation Huts.

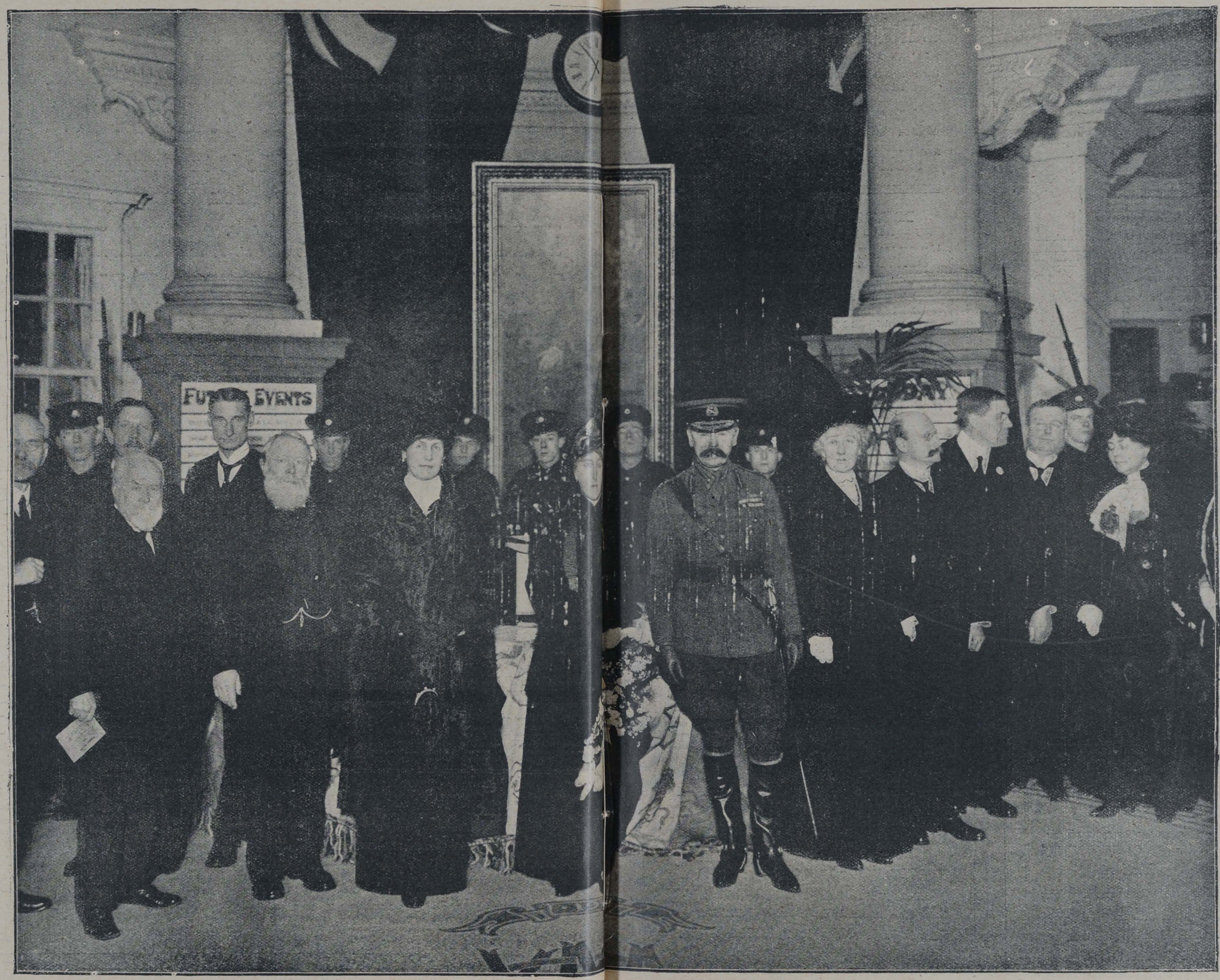
These all contain INSPIRING MESSAGES from LORD ROBERTS to Soldiers and ADMIRAL JELLICOE to Sailors.

**☛ OFFICERS AND MEN ARE PLEADING FOR THEM FROM THE FRONT FOR DISTRIBUTION ☚**

## WILL YOU PLEASE HELP US?

CONTRIBUTIONS may be sent to the Chairman, Rev. Preb. H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE, or, the Secretary, FRANCIS G. BRADING, 15, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

# AN HISTORIC OCCASION AT THE LONDON CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.: PRINCESS VICTORIA OPENING THE NEW LONDON HUT FOR THE MEN OF THE SERVICES.



# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK




**The Food-Drink**
**that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM** as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/- The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—**
**DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**

# KEMP'S
## CAKES & BISCUITS
## COMMAND THE PREFERENCE.

Camp Leaders and Secretaries cannot do better than obtain their supplies from us.

**BEST QUALITY AND QUICK DELIVERY.**

*Price List on Application.*

**GEORGE KEMP, LTD.**
**BREWERY ROAD, LONDON.**

## Matches have Stood the Test

of time, and are always SIMPLE, SAFE, and RELIABLE. They do not spoil the cigar, cigarette or tobacco

## OUR SAILORS & SOLDIERS

are urgent in their requests for matches to be included with other comforts.

BRYANT & MAY, LIMITED
have produced an excellent

## "SERVICE" MATCH BOX COVER

which protects box, matches and striking surface, from damp and rough usage. Specially designed to take the boxes supplied to the Expeditionary Force. Obtainable everywhere in various metals.

BRYANT & MAY'S

## "RED SERVICE" MATCH TIN

containing one dozen boxes of their Special Safety Matches as sent by their Majesties The King and Queen, to the Expeditionary Force, also one Service Match Box Cover, is specially packed in accordance with the Post Office regulations, for sending by Parcel Post to the Expeditionary Force. Obtainable everywhere.

## THE £1:1:0 GIFT CASE

of BRYANT & MAY'S Special Safety Matches containing 1008 boxes, i.e., one for every man in a Battalion—is packed and tin lined in accordance with the requirements of the War Office. Sent carriage free to the Expeditionary Force, and with the name of sender enclosed, for One Guinea.

May be ordered through all Stores, Grocers, and Tobacconists or direct from the makers,

## BRYANT & MAY, LTD.,

*Match Manufacturers, by appointment to H.M. The King.*

**Fairfield Works, Bow, LONDON, E.**




*1.—On Beginning Again.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

I AM fifteen days late, but I will fall back on the old proverb, "Better late than never," and wish my comrades a happy New Year. I do not think there is an irony in such a good, old-fashioned greeting, for we are not down-hearted. We are fighting a great battle for liberty, and such a conviction more than compensates for the inconveniences that are incidental to a time of war.

The last verse of the "Marseillaise" would make a very good New Year's card, and so I give it here as a kind of "kick-off" for 1915:—

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheathe:
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

It is a curious thing that most men get a bit serious as an old year passes. And it is something more than curious that so many men turn out for a Watch-night service on New Year's Eve. It is arresting, because it seems to suggest that a man has forgotten all about his soul for 364 days, and has suddenly awakened to the fact that he is more than a hungry body and a restless mind. Personally, I do not care much for such services, but I usually find myself going every year; and I have been struck with the curious types of people who attend. I have often wondered why men do go to church on the last night of the year. I suppose it is that they feel there is such a thing as beginning again, and I doubt not that many good resolutions are made in such a service.

### Every Day a New Year's Day, and the Hope which that Thought Inspires.

Well, let us talk together about beginning again. I am very glad that this is January 15 rather than December 31, because I have no use for a calendar. I do not think a new year begins on January 1, nor do I think that we should wish each other a happy New Year on one night of the year only: I like the idea that *every* day is a New Year's Day.

Do you remember the hopeful words of a great poet?—

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain;
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

So I am not late, although the calendar would have it so. *This* is New Year's Day; and this is the day to begin again.

Of course, it may be argued that there is no need to begin again. I know a good many men quite excellent in their way, who seem perfectly satisfied with themselves. They are past-masters in the art of moral jugglery. I know some men who are for ever sitting in judgment on their comrades who themselves are about as big as a small umbrella. I think the man who is most cordially disliked is the man who is perfectly satisfied with himself. He may have more reason to be satisfied with himself than most men; but the very fact that he *is* satisfied is the proverbial fly in the ointment.

I am taking for granted that we are commonsense enough to agree that beginning again is an absolute necessity. I am assuming that we feel we have made a good many "howlers" in life, and have too often taken the wrong road. Most of us are pretty sure that we might have done better. A young friend of mine came to me a few months ago with a rather rueful face. He had been offered the half-share of a very profitable business, but he was unable to find the necessary amount of money. "Now, if I had not been such a fool," he said, "I could have gone in for it easily; but I have 'blown' my savings in stupid ways of life, and, of course, I haven't got the money to put into the business." And so, like a wise man, he began again, and to-day he is abroad with the colours.

### What Beginning Again Means, and Some of the Things It may Mean to You.

It is a rare art, this beginning again; sometimes it means going back to the simple pleasures of life which we imagine we have outgrown. It sometimes means writing a letter home to the old people, cheering their hearts and stimulating their pride. For the hero of the hour, depend upon it, is not Kitchener, not French, not Joffre; the hero of the hour is "my son," and to hear the dear old lady talk, you might think that the whole Empire depended on the bravery of this lad. And yet we all like it. We have all got a sneaking regard for mother, and it may be that the first task of beginning again will be to write regularly to the parent who watches every post so eagerly. For more years than I can remember I have written to my old mother every week, and it is one of the purest pleasures of life. And if I know anything at all of the comrades to whom I now write, I think I can hear them say in jolly chorus: "And so say all of us."

Then I think we have often to begin again in the matter of good habits. Every man I know likes to think he has a grim lower jaw, and likes everybody to think he is a strong man with a will of iron. As a man once said to me when speaking of people who were opposing him: "You know, if I get my back against the wall, I'm a devil to fight." Well, let us hope he is. But we want more than affectation, either of protruding chin or bombastic speech. If we are the victims of a habit that is really bad, the only thing to do is to give it up and begin again. This is the reason why I have no use for a calendar. Every day is a fresh beginning, and every day is New Year's Day; so if we are defeated again and again, we can always *begin* again and again. "I have tried so often," said a youngster to me the other day. "Well," I replied, "you have yet to try again, and if you fail again, *try* again." We were made for battle, and if we are hard put to it to-day, there is no reason why we should not win to-morrow.

I am confident it is rather a good thing to begin again in the very place where we have failed. I think it was Brownlow North who was not content until he had gone back to the city where he had once lived an unclean life, and declared from a pulpit the great change that had taken place. And we all know the story of Dr. Johnson's repentance. He began again in the very place where he had failed, although it must have meant many bitter hours for him. There is something great and heroic in the genius of taking pains, especially when we have failed time and time again. Newman, that master of purest English, was always beginning again in his writing. "I am quite worn out with correcting," he says. "I write, I write again: I write a third time. I then take the third: I literally fill the paper with corrections, so that another person could not read it. I then write it out fair for the printer. I put it by; I take it up. I begin to correct again: it will not do. Alterations multiply: whole pages are re-written; little lines sneak in and crawl about: the whole page is disfigured. I write again: I cannot count how many times this process is repeated."

### Life Like the Writing of a Book, and How We can Play the Man.

Life, after all, is like the writing of a book. Let us not be afraid to begin again. The writing may be very irregular, and the blots may be very many; but let us begin again. And when we are out of conceit with ourselves and are thoroughly tired of the burden which seems too much for us, let us turn to One who is not ashamed to call us His brethren, and let us ask Him to help us to play the man in the struggle of life. And so, here is a word of good cheer for every day of every year:—

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
God lends His arm to all who say, "I can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But he may rise and be again a man.

## THE MAN WITH AN ALTERNATIVE.

**A Message for the Times and a Helpful Challenge to Young Men.**

**By LORD KINNAIRD, K.T.**

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace . . . but if not be it known unto thee, O king, we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.—Daniel iii. 17, 18.

DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW WORKERS,—My New Year's motto and message will reach you amid scenes of national strife and individual sadness, which deepen my feelings of responsibility both in the selection of a text and the thoughts I may attach to it.

The fascinating story of Daniel iii. is, briefly, this: Three men of God are challenged by His foes—the odds are seemingly all against them. King Nebuchadnezzar, his court and army, versus Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego and the unseen God—and remember, God always counts more than all else concerned. The king has uttered the impious challenge, "Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hand?" The challenge is instantly taken up, as it always should be by the children of God. "Our personal, living, triumphant God is able." This answer, handed down through the ages, gives for all time the Christian's standpoint, "Our God is able."

Have you this starting-point of Christian experience? "God is able," no matter what the trial of courage or faith may be, to carry you right through. I suppose we all have this as an article of belief, but that is quite a different thing from it being a fact of *experience*. To know that at any pinch of your life "God is able to deliver" is to enjoy the assurance that all heaven's forces are your allies if it be God's will to employ them for your deliverance. The eyes of our young men need to be opened that they may know that "they that be with us are more than they that be with them" (2 Kings vi. 16).

I have rejoiced greatly at the forward exploits of our Association in seizing opportunities for the Master's glory, one of the most remarkable of which is the development of the Y.M.C.A. tents at the great centres where our troops are gathered. Eternity alone can show what a blessing these have been to our brave soldiers. The effort demanded a large sum of money and elaborate organisation, but prayer led us to action, and although we did not see how all was to be provided, yet we knew "God is able," and in a few months we were led into a work which has proved really wonderful.

This brings me to my central and vital thought, which I will call the Christian alternative, "but if not." How significant these little words! If I called verse 17 The Christian's Standpoint, I think verse 18 becomes The Christian's Standby. These three men knew God had the power to deliver, but it was not for them to dictate its use.

One thing, they were quite determined. "We will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image." They said, in fact, "But if not, we will still believe in our true and living God; we are quite content to go into the burning, fiery furnace if He bid us or allows us; we will trust even if we cannot understand."

This blessed alternative is the want of many to-day. I cannot say what your burning, fiery furnace may be as you read these words or carry the message into future days, but I feel that all life has its furnaces, and for some of us they are heated "seven times hotter." Our refuge is to be thrown back upon the infinite resource and love of our Father, whose "express image" (Hebrews i. 3) we have seen in the Saviour.

## THE Y.M.C.A. WITH THE COLOURS.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at work.*

This evening (Friday) the annual gathering at Middlesbrough Association will take the form of a dinner at Hinton's Café, when the Mayor is expected to take part.

***

Mr. W. Newby Robson, M.A., LL.D., Sunderland, son of the late Mr. Frederick Robson, of Stockton-on-Tees, has consented to become a co-treasurer of the North-Eastern District Union of the Y.M.C.A.

***

An accession of a goodly number of youths under eighteen have joined the Ambleside Y.M.C.A. with the advent of the winter season.

***

The collection at St. Andrew's Church, Hebburn (Presbyterian), of £1 14s. for Y.M.C.A. camp work has gratified local Y.M.C.A. members.

***

A cheque for £6 has been received from the Rev T. Wilkinson Riddle's church at Wood Green, London, towards the special War Fund of the National Council.

***

General and Lady Wilma Lawson and Mr. J. A. Corcoran, of the War Office, were present at the Christmas Day festivities at the White City, and expressed their warmest appreciation of all that had been done for the men. All present were keenly disappointed that, owing to indisposition, Sir Reginald and Lady Braide, who had arranged to pay a visit, were unable to do so.

***

The Newcastle Y.M.C.A. has been busy helping the new recruits for Kitchener's Army. Hundreds of them came into the city before adequate provision had been made by the authorities for their feeding and housing. Many of these enlisted in the Artillery, and were drawn from the Midland and Yorkshire towns, reaching Newcastle with practically only the clothes they stood up in. Over 100 were given sleeping room in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium; parties of 40, 50, 70, &c., were quartered in church-rooms and school-rooms through the agency of the Association, while many private friends of the Association took in batches of three and four to their own homes. Very warm expressions of gratitude have been received from the men for the timely help thus given. It has been very interesting to note the high type of man thus assisted. In one case a public school boy slept the night, before he came across the Association, on Newcastle's pavements.

***

Mr. Geo. Church, who went down with the *Formidable*, was one of the finest types of Y.M.C.A. men I have known, says a correspondent. "He was especially interested in our work among the men of H.M. Forces. He was a true Christian and sportsman. Quiet and unassuming, he commanded respect from all who knew him."

***

About 8,000 men of the Royal Naval Reserve are now quartered at the Crystal Palace. Of these, about two-thirds were allowed home for a short Christmas leave. The others were left to spend the day at the Palace.

Thanks to the exertions of Mr. H. S. Smart, of the Young Men's Christian Association, says the *Daily Chronicle*, and his band of helpers, they had a very happy and enjoyable time. A continuous programme of amusements was provided for them throughout the day after Divine service in the morning.

There were sports and carol singing, followed by dinner in the mess-room, at which all the conventional Christmas dishes figured in profusion on the bill of fare. From 2 until 4.30 there was a free cinema show in the theatre, and from 5 until 6 o'clock the Crystal Palace band gave a selection of music.

In the evening there were more sports and games, the men being supplied with coffee through the generosity of a number of friends.

It is expected that the number of men at the Crystal Palace will shortly be increased to 10,000, and Mr. Smart makes an appeal for increased help in providing amusements of a healthy kind for them. He has set up a billiard room, with three full-sized tables, and he makes an appeal for three more tables on loan. He also wants the loan of two roll-topped desks.

***

The Rev. W. H. Newitt, of whom a portrait appears on an earlier page, was for twenty-five years the secretary of Manchester Association. He passed away last week at the age of eighty-one, leaving a splendid record of service for God and young men behind him.

***

The Association building at Rheims has been completely destroyed by the bombardment.

***

Speaking at the opening ceremony of one of our new huts, a distinguished member of the Episcopal bench said that he had never known the Bishops so unanimous about anything as they are to-day about the value of the Young Men's Christian Association in their various dioceses.

***

Miss Oates, sister of the hero of the Antarctic Expedition, hopes to go to France as an honorary worker within a few days.

***

Among a great many Church collections three are specially significant: those forwarded from Canterbury and St. Paul's Cathedrals and from Westminster Abbey.

***

Regretting his inability to attend the function which marked the opening of the Tottenham Court-road Association for the use of the troops, Lord Kitchener expressed his appreciation of the good work which the Associations have been doing among the troops both at home and abroad, and wished our efforts every success.

***

The new building in Norton Barracks has been named the "Moore Ede" hut, associating it with the Dean of Worcester, who has taken the keenest interest in the work from the beginning.

***

The Y.M.C.A. headquarters at Queenborough, Kent, is patronised now more than ever by the troops billeted in the borough. This fact, however, only increases the delight of the officials, and makes them all the more eager to find shelter and amusement for the men. The more the merrier is certainly their motto. It has been found necessary to enlarge the building, and the Contracting Company are now giving up the whole of the shed to the Y.M.C.A. Additional recreation is now available at this "rest," thanks to gifts from sympathisers, of books, magazines, and in one case a bagatelle board. This latter comes from Mr. Geo. Bennett, of Herne Hill. Last Saturday week the troops stationed at Queenborough were entertained by the townspeople through a committee representing the churches and organisations of the borough. The committee, of which the vicar was chairman, has been kept busy for three weeks past making the necessary preparations, the result of which was seen during the midday meal of the men, when a large supply of Christmas puddings was served to them. The following had been appointed a visiting committee to the Potteries, viz.:—Rev. J. Castle, Mrs. Castle, Mrs. J. Rogerson, Mr. W. C. T. Weekes, and Mr. F. J. Goudge, of the Y.M.C.A., joint secretaries. The visitors were met by Lieut. Pearce, who conducted them to the dining hall, where dinner was served. At the Tile Works the visitors were as follows:—Rev. C. A. Winder, Mesdames Banks, Wilde, and Brightman, with Mr. Hancock and Mr. C. A. Kemp, of the Y.M.C.A. The Rev. J. Castle and Rev. C. A. Winder respectively wished the men the season's greetings, and further reminded them of the concerts following.



# PERSONAL TRIBUTES FROM FAMOUS MEN.

*Impressions and Greetings from Bishop Taylor Smith, Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll, Sir Owen Seaman, and Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey.*



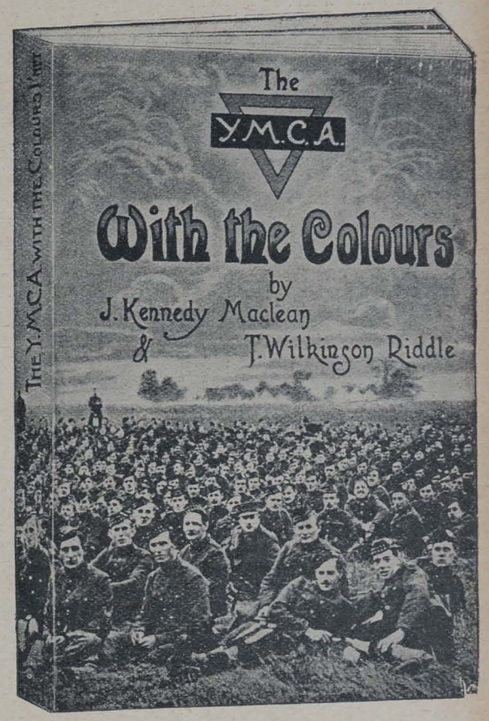
Bishop Taylor Smith, C.V.O., D.D., Chaplain-General to H.M. Forces, from whom a special message to Y.M. appears on this page. Our picture is reproduced from a recent photograph by Mr. Reginald Haines.

## A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

**In which is described the Y.M.C.A. work among the troops.**

IN the testimony on page 18, Bishop Taylor Smith pays a valuable tribute to the Y.M.C.A. work among the troops. It is this work which is graphically described in "The Y.M.C.A. with the Colours." The authors, during recent months, have visited many of the military camps in various parts of the country, and with ready pen they tell what is being done for the comfort, the convenience, and the spiritual welfare of the men under training.

All our leading newspapers, including *The Times*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, the *Daily Graphic*, the *Spectator*, and the *Westminster Gazette*, have spoken in the warmest terms of the volume. It is the best book for sending home. The price is 1s. net, and copies may be obtained from the Y.M.C.A. "huts," or from the publishers, Messrs. Marshall Brothers (Limited), 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.




A reduced facsimile of the beautiful cover of "The Y.M.C.A. with the Colours."

## THE MOST IMPRESSIVE FACT OF THE WAR.

I.—By SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.,

**Editor of "The British Weekly," &c., and the Foremost Literary Critic of Our Times.**

WHAT has impressed me most during the present war is the deep underlying unity of the nation and the Empire. I have always believed in that unity, notwithstanding many appearances to the contrary, which have completely misled our opponents. But I did not think to see it so soon and so gloriously confirmed. I cannot but think that, difficult as the process of reconstruction will be, it will be made much easier by this demonstrated fact.

May I say also how much pleased I have been to see this sudden start into visible life and power of the Y.M.C.A. It is quite clear that after the war the Y.M.C.A. will make a new appeal to young men.

II.—By J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

**Editor of the "Spectator."**

I SHOULD like to wish every possible success to the *Y.M.*, which is to become the new weekly organ of the Y.M.C.A. My interest in the military side of the Y.M.C.A. work did not begin with the present war. When-



Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, Editor of the "Spectator."

ever I have been in our military camps or out on manœuvres with troops, I have always noticed the admirable work done by your Association. The soldier has no better friend than the Y.M.C.A., and your work, though in essence of a deeply religious character, has never been injured by what I may term as religious patronage, an influence which the British soldier is very quick to resent.

You ask me what incident has struck me most in the war. I confess I never had a harder question put to me. Gallant and self-sacrificing deeds of all kinds have been so common, and crowd in upon one so thickly, that one is appalled at the thought of making a selection. Emerson said finely of the men in all great movements who often do the noblest work without the slightest recognition, "For the press of knights not every brow can receive the laurel." It may well be that it is to one of these unlaurelled knights that the greatest honour is due.

Taken as a whole, I think what has struck me most in the war has been the chivalrous and knightly character of our soldiers, privates quite as much as officers. Not only have they, in Hamlet's words, gone to their graves like beds, but there has been a nobility and a majesty in the way they have fought which has raised the heart and

touched the soul of every man and woman capable of being touched. Perhaps the noblest tribute we can pay them is to say the whole country feels sure, splendidly disciplined as they are, that if they received an order to give a town up to military execution, as Louvain was given up, or if they were told to shoot a hundred hostages in cold blood, or if they were asked to drive women and children in front of them on the march, they would disobey orders. We know what they would do, and we know what they would not do.

That the Y.M.C.A. has had no small influence in making them the splendid fighters they are, war worthy men, as our ancestors might have said, is my firm belief.

I have not, you see, answered your question, but I have given you what I hope you will think are good reasons for not answering it.

## APPRECIATION OF THE Y.M.C.A.

**I.—By BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH, C.V.O., D.D., Chaplain-General of H.M. Forces.**

THE work of the Y.M.C.A. is, to my mind, one of the most outstanding features of this war. Their efforts, along with other agencies working for the highest welfare of the Army, have shown a true catholic spirit, and made it easier for our soldiers to live a noble, true, and clean life.

May God's blessing follow their increasing influence throughout the New Year!

**II.—By SIR OWEN SEAMAN, Editor of "Punch."**

THE country owes a great deal to the Y.M.C.A. for its admirable work in the camps; and I should like to offer you the sincerest of good wishes for the success of your new paper.

## FROM ERRAND BOY TO COLLEGE PRINCIPAL.

*The Inspiring Story of a Poor Lad's Triumphs Over Early Disadvantages and Difficulties.*

By J. KENNEDY MACLEAN.

THERE are many fallacies in existence concerning young people, one of the most prevalent of which is that unless a lad reveals his quality at an early age he is doomed to a life of sterility and disappointment. The infant must be a prodigy if he is to avoid failure. But experience does little to support such a theory. The top boy at school rarely goes through life with banners flying, and it is not always the case that the lad who is denied the honours of the class-room treads the weary way to the end. Some develop early, and then a frost comes and nips the sprouting genius in the bud; others have their intellect stirred a little later, and not infrequently their late development has the quality of permanency.

In this connection I think of Edison, who was such a dullard during his early years at school that his teacher gave up hope of teaching him anything, and it was only his mother's encouragement that stirred him on to greater effort. I think, too, of Marcus Dods, who for long years was a "stickit minister"—a man without a church. Up and down the country he trudged, preaching in one vacant church after another, pursuing an apparently fruitless quest. Nobody seemed to want him, but he believed in himself, and he held on. Then one day he "arrived," and the name of Professor Marcus Dods is honoured in the Scottish churches and far beyond them.

The man of whom I write began badly, if I may put it in that form. His romantic story, published a few weeks ago, is told in "The Life of Andrew Martin Fairbairn" (By Dr. W. B. Selbie. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. net), and it is a story that every young man ought to read, for it demonstrates the fact that a poor beginning does not necessarily mean a bad finish, and it proves anew that to the young man who is willing to work hard the door to the highest position stands open. Fairbairn, as everybody knows, was the first Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, a man of vast learning, honoured throughout the Church of Christ at home and abroad, a theologian of the first rank, and a teacher who inspired young men with his own lofty ideals.

And yet this man began life under a tremendous handicap. Born in a humble home at Inverkeithing, in Fife, in 1838, he began his school life when six years old, and completed it four years later. "His father was poor, and had suffered losses, so that the upbringing of the children was of the strictest, and the boys had to earn their own living at an early age. It would appear, too, that Andrew was not very diligent at school. He was fond of horses, and would be running after them when he should have been better employed. His mother used to threaten that she would take him from school and put him to work if he did not mend his ways. In any case, before he was ten years old he became an errand boy in the shop of George Brydone and Co., in Edinburgh. . . . He also served for a time in the shop of one Peter Henderson, North Bridge, Edinburgh, and later on he worked in Tod's flour mill at Leith, where his father was employed. He seems to have been apprenticed to the mason whose duty it was to keep the mill-stones ground. When he went to college, one of the things which the students noticed about him was that his hands were covered with purple spots, caused by the flying chips of stone."

This was not a promising start, but young Fairbairn was not content to remain a humble and poorly-paid workman. He had visions of better things. And so he gave what time he could spare to the continuation of his education, "always assisted and encouraged by his mother. From Edinburgh itself he drank in all the inspiration which the splendid old city has to give. He came to know it thoroughly, and to love the traditions and romances which gather round its sacred spots. Its book shops were an especial delight, and at a very early age the boy began to acquire his life-long habit of omnivorous reading. Walter Scott especially was an education to him. Though his parents forbade novel reading, an exception was made in favour of Scott, who was regarded as more historian than novelist."

The books of a man's youth rarely fail to make an impression on his mind, and though in later years he may build up an extensive library, the first purchases are a memory cherished above all others. The room in which I write is crowded with books, and while among them are volumes that I treasure, the books bought with coppers hardly earned remain first favourites. They bring back the flavour of the past when imagination was just beginning to open, and to picture the future in rosy hues; they recall the days when the mystery of the future filled the thoughts by night as well as by day, and when the "beautiful castle in Spain" seemed to be had for the asking. These were the days when Aladdin's Lamp burned brightly, and when the fire of hope was always aglow.

Fairbairn loved to tell the story of his first purchase. "Finding himself one day with fourpence in his pocket, saved up from the daily pennies given to him for his lunch, he strolled into an auction room. There Robertson's 'History of Greece' was cried. He bid his fourpence, and as there was no other offer, the book was knocked down to him. He kept it till the day of his death, and it became the beginning of his fine and carefully selected library. His mother viewed her son's propensity for general reading with no little concern. There was 'no telling what the laddie might become if he read everything that fell in his way.' But she had the good sense to direct rather than restrict him, and to trust to his own better instincts and to the atmosphere of a godly home to keep him out of mischief."

The day came when the young man entered the university, and took his place alongside of other men bent on self-advancement. Even then he gave little indication of the rare intellectual gifts that distinguished him in later years, for he does not seem to have been in any way an exceptional student, and the only prize he obtained was that in the Moral Philosophy class at the university.

Of Principal Fairbairn's successful and useful career I do not mean to write. It is sufficient for my purpose to say that when his powers did develop, he came swiftly to the front. First at Bathgate and afterwards at Aberdeen, his preaching drew crowded congregations, and when, in 1877, he crossed the border, and became Principal of Airedale College, Bradford, he brought the vigour of a strong personality into the Free Church life of England. It was, of course, at Oxford that he did his greatest work, and with Mansfield College his name will always be associated.

From such a life it is not necessary to draw a moral. Fairbairn's wonderful gifts would never have developed without hard and continuous and determined effort. He worked hard, and he conquered. For him there was no easy path to success. It was a struggle all the way. He had no influence to help him on. He was just a poor boy, who had to fight his own battles, and he fought on till he won.

It is just one more illustration of the fact which young men are so apt to overlook—that there is no royal road to success. That is what Fairbairn's life story teaches us, and that is why I ask young men to read it.

If you enjoyed the article on page 20

**By Rev. A. ALEXANDER**

you will surely enjoy his recent book. It is

**MOST SUGGESTIVE AND HELPFUL**

**THE GLORY IN THE GREY.**

Forty-two Talks on Every-Day Life and Religion. By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D. **3/6.** Post free.

**LIFE OF FAITH:**—"One of the most beautiful volumes of meditations published this season. Preachers will thank God for it; quiet folk around the hearth will rejoice in its serene glory; and multitudes all over the land will bless God for a great and inspiring book."

**GLASGOW HERALD:**—**"This is a book of hope, a tonic for the dejected and dispirited.** The author has very successfully concentrated his attention on his task, that of drawing out the elements of glory, of purpose, from the grey experiences of life. Obviously **the man who can do this has a peculiarly suitable message for the present day;** this one could scarcely be sent out more opportunely. **This book is sure of success."**

*Please write for our NEW CATALOGUE, 48 pp., post free.*

**London: H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., RACQUET COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.**



## AT THE SIGN OF THE TRIANGLE.

**A Familiar Badge in All Parts of the Empire.**

By A. K. YAPP.

A TRIANGLE painted red standing on its apex, and with the letters "Y.M.C.A." printed across it, has become, since the war began, almost as effective a passport to the military centres of England as the letters O.H.M.S. or the Red Cross. At the beginning of the war that sign was practically unknown, but now it is almost universally recognised.

Letters sent home from the big base camps of the Expeditionary Force almost all bear the imprint of the triangle. A number of motor-cars in France bear the same device, and are thereby safeguarded against being commandeered. Wonderfully complete motor restaurants are being sent to the front, and they, too, will bear the imprint of the triangle.

On Salisbury Plain, where more than twenty huts are being opened up for the use of the troops, the triangle is very much in evidence. At Aldershot it already points out the Masonic Hall buildings and a number of rooms of various kinds, in addition to the new recreation huts that are in course of erection. In one case it is the "Jolly Farmer" public-house that has been taken over and brought under the sign of the triangle. At the White City Bostock's old menagerie has been brought under the same sign. At the Crystal Palace four large courts have been fitted up for the use of the Naval Brigade. In some cases it has been fixed to the walls of cowhouses or farm buildings, and in others it floats proudly on a banner over the Town Hall or municipal buildings.

**What the Triangle Stands For.**

The red triangle is familiar, not only in England, but in all parts of the Empire. It has also become familiar in the base camps of Northern France, and men of the British Expeditionary Force, seeing it, know they will be welcomed in marquees, recreation buildings, the theatre, picture palace, chapel, and various other buildings that have been fitted up for their use by the Y.M.C.A.

What, then, is the special significance of the triangle, and what does it stand for in camp?

In the first place, it stands for Christianity in its broadest and most definite sense.

In the second place, it stands for unity in the truest and widest meaning of the word. Among those serving under the sign of the triangle since the beginning of the war have been men and women of every shade of belief, and politicians of every party.

Then again, the triangle typifies the aims of the Association as they find expression in its work in camp and training centre, for the Y.M.C.A. seeks to cater for the all-round needs of men. On the sides of the triangle might be written the words "Spirit, Mind, and Body." It caters for the physical needs of men by providing them with wholesome recreation and alluring them from things that are evil, and by keeping our soldiers and sailors fit for active service.

The educational programme of the Y.M.C.A. in camp is gradually being developed, and tens of thousands of men have passed through its elementary classes in French and German. Educational lectures have proved popular, and classes in various subjects arranged according to the needs and possibility of the individual centre.

Above all, the Y.M.C.A. stands for what is highest and noblest in life. To use a common expression, the Association never seeks to thrust religion down a man's throat, but the religious motive is never absent. In public meeting and through the personal influence of workers, the Christian faith is exemplified and proclaimed.

In these, and many other ways, the Y.M.C.A. seeks, under the sign of the triangle, to carry the programme of Christianity to the men of the Army and Navy, in the hope that each man may be led to consecrate himself, spirit, mind, and body, to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The red triangle stands, moreover, for the Christian virtues of love, joy, and peace, not in theory merely, but in practice, for not only is this work for the Empire, but it is world-wide. Our quarrel is not with Germans as individuals, but with German militarism, which every Englishman believes to be a serious menace to the freedom of Europe. We believe it is in accordance with the mind of the Master that the sign of the triangle is even to be found in the camps of the German prisoners in England.

## IN THE SCOTTISH CAMPS.

**A Brief Summary of What is Being Done North of the Tweed.**

THE Christmas and New Year season has seen the transference of all the work of the Scottish National Council into winter quarters. Substantial and comfortable huts have been built on the lines suggested by the military authorities, and special attention has been paid to the heating and lighting arrangements to make the huts comfortable and attractive. Many of them are lit with electricity, a number with ordinary coal gas, and some with special acetylene plant. Greenock Corporation is putting in the gas and water supply free of charge to the second hut at Fort Matilda. Everywhere the authorities have made it as easy as possible for the Association to erect and equip the new huts.

The hut at Cambusbarron was opened on December 30 by General Erskine, commanding the Lowland Division, who spoke in warm appreciation of the great and useful work the Y.M.C.A. is doing not only in Scotland but at the front. They were grateful to the Association for providing such places in camp.

At Wormit, on the Firth of Tay defences, the hut was opened on Hogmanay, and on New Year's day the men were entertained to dinner through the kindness of local friends.

At Cupar the hut was opened on January 1, where dinner was also given to the men in honour of the occasion and of the season.

The hut at Annsmuir was entered on the same day, the work up to the present being carried on in one of the huts kindly lent by the authorities. Here the committee had to decline a request for the use of the new hut for a function at which intoxicating liquors were to be supplied to the troops, and the secretary in charge has since received numerous expressions of appreciation of the attitude adopted by the committee. Instead of endangering the good relationships existing between the authorities and the committee it has had the other effect. The Association has won the respect of both officers and men by its strong stand in this matter.

Since the outbreak of war the Association at Aberdeen has done splendid work in throwing open the Institute for the recreation of the troops quartered in the town. The Lord Provost expressed heartiest approval of all the Association is doing at the opening of a hut at Balnagask on January 4 for the use of the men of the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders and Garrison Artillery stationed there.

The work was carried on in the marquee at Maryhill Barracks until this marquee was wrecked in a recent storm. The Association there is now housed in a comfortable hut, the gift of Mrs. Hunter Craig, in memory of her late husband, a prominent religious leader in Glasgow. The chaplain to the troops stationed at Maryhill stated recently that one of the officers had told him that, as the direct result of the Y.M.C.A. work in the Barracks, misdemeanours among the men had decreased by two-thirds.

At Windygates the Association is quartered in part of an old distillery where the men are billeted. The Association entertained the non-commissioned officers and men to tea on Hogmanay, when over 500 were present. Miss Balfour, of Ingleby, Kirkcaldy, with other lady friends, laid the tables and served the men, and afterwards gave a concert. Here on Christmas Day the officers vied with each other in urgent invitations to the Y.M.C.A. officials to dine with them. The presence of the Y.M.C.A. officials at the officers' mess led to a majority of the officers present taking teetotal drinks.

At Windygates a very real spiritual work has been going on, and a corner of the distillery has been set apart for quiet prayer and conference.

At Nigg, where one hut is in operation and another is on the point of completion, the manager has been requested to start a mid-week service for Christians, and a number of the soldiers in camp have promised to attend.

Addressing the men's meeting at Wishaw Y.M.C.A. on Sunday, January 3, Mr. J. W. Moody, soldier evangelist, who has been attached to the Y.M.C.A. at Shippey Island for the last five months, said that he was now converted wholly to the Y.M.C.A. He had always had a high regard for it because of much of the work it did, but he had thought there were some things in connection with it they would do better without. Now, after seeing the work among the troops, he had changed his opinion entirely. He thanked God for the Y.M.C.A.

The Scottish National Council has decided to proceed at once with the erection of the Sailors' Institute at Invergordon, which was projected in the spring of last year. The Admiralty have promised a substantial grant in aid, provided the erection is speedily made and the building ready within a limited period.

**For Special Work in France.**

The Scottish Council is co-operating with the English Council in the work among the troops in France and Egypt, and has contributed a number of the workers to man and conduct the institutes. Among the contingent that have gone to France from Scotland are the Rev. G. Douglas Reith, M.A., B.D., son of the Moderator of the United Free Church Assembly, and the Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt, M.A., Edinburgh, a well-known minister in the Church of Scotland, and the author of several volumes of highly appreciated poetry. Among those who have gone to Egypt are Mr. Andrew Bell, general secretary Glasgow United Y.M.C.A., and Mr. Andrew Stewart, evangelist.

## FROM THE TENTS.

DOWN at Hatfield the men had a great treat the other evening. Thanks to Mr. A. C. Clauson, K.C., and Mrs. Clauson, a concert party—"all stars"—came to the tent, which was quite filled. There were singers from the Royal Opera, like Miss Gertrude Lonsdale and Mr. Albert Archdeacon, and that charming Australian vocalist, Miss Esta d'Argo, and the violinist to the King of Spain, Señor Gomez. No wonder the audience encored and cheered, for it was a brilliant success.

At Purfleet one of the workers has a fine Bible, in which he has induced many notable visitors to the tent to write. The Bishop of Stepney and many others have inscribed their names with suitable mottoes, and the Bible will be an extra valuable possession, recalling days of storm, sunshine, and solid success.

At Northampton the tent is on the old racecourse. There was the deepest, blackest mud you could wish (or not wish) to fathom. Near the stove a man had written neatly "Royal Box," and a little group of chums made this their nightly rendezvous.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

### God's Orchestra.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr.

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey.")

THE Editor has asked me to talk to you, very briefly, in this corner of the *Y.M.* during the next week or two, and I am proud to obey him. It *will* be talk, too, I promise you—nothing at all so magnificent as a sermon. I shall try to imagine myself before a company of young fellows, and I shall speak as straight as if I were looking you all in the eyes.

What do you think of this for a band:—"David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps and on psalteries and on timbrels and on cornets and on cymbals" (2 Sam. vi. 5)? Plenty of variety there! Each man, I suppose, played on that great day the instrument he knew, and the grand psalm of thanksgiving floated up to Heaven in a harmony which was rich by reason of all these different tones and colours blended in one act of praise.

Yes, and God's Orchestra, and the great company of those who are seeking to serve Him and glorify His Name, is just as varied as that. You and I are both in it, I hope, though we probably play different instruments. Preaching is my business; yours, perhaps, is done in an office or a workshop or in camp. But I want to tell you that once you have dedicated yourself to God through Jesus Christ our Lord, neither priest nor prophet is more truly serving Him than you, no matter what your daily calling be. God has many other kinds of servants, you know—and He needs many other kinds—besides evangelists. His orchestra is not a flute band. The artist, the teacher, the physician, the business man—these are God's helpers, too, because they are Man's.

Parker once said that the Church has always been too fond of "brick-making," seeking to run everybody into one uniform mould. And I am afraid there is some truth in that. But it won't do. And the Church must learn to claim and recognise as God's servant everyone who, in whatsoever sphere, is doing the thing he can do, with love to God and man in his heart.

It is not for you and me to gauge the relative value of the different instruments in God's Orchestra. Personally, I don't like cymbals, and I should put them low down on my list. But not long ago I heard a band play a piece unknown to me, in which at one point the cymbals entered with splendid distinction. And I am quite sure that, should I hear that piece again with the cymbal part left out, I should greatly miss that solitary effective clash, and the total impression would be spoiled.

That is just what Browning has dared to suggest is true of God our Father in Heaven. When the boy Theocrite, who had praised His Name every day, disappeared from his humble workshop, and an angel took his place, God said, as He listened to the mighty anthem of the thanksgiving of all the worlds, "I miss my little human praise." It is so beautiful, so like our Father, that it must be true! He misses the very humblest service when it is withheld. So don't let us attempt to determine precedence in service at all, but let us each be sure that we are serving Him with such talents as He has given us. God's Orchestra has a great variety of instruments in it, and He needs and prizes the very least of them. It is your sufficient honour and mine that we may add one note to the mighty harmony of Creation's praise. Do you, as your service of God, what He has called you to do, wherever or whatever that be, and you are adding one other link to those by which

". . . The whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 15.**—Psalm xv. 1-5. *He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not* (verse 4). There is a great temptation to give less than we promise when we find that the cost is heavier than we thought. At such a moment it is well to remember how Christ pledged Himself to His own hurt on our behalf and fulfilled His pledge to the uttermost.

**Saturday, 16.**—Psalm xvi. 1-11. *My Lord* (verse 2). Can we say in the spirit of this Psalm that we have accepted Christ as "my Lord," "my inheritance," my defence "at my right hand"? Notice the results: a glad heart and a happy confidence as to the future, whether in life or death. For the prophecy of Christ contained in verse 10 see Acts ii. 25-31.

**Sunday, 17.**—Psalm xvii. 1-15. *By the word of Thy lips I have kept me* (verse 4). There is need of strength, greater than our own, if we are to be kept from the paths of that worst "destroyer," sin. David here testifies to the value of God's Word as a defence, and our Lord shows it to us in operation in His own battle with the Devil, where He resisted the attacks of the Tempter with the use of what is "written" in Scripture (Luke iv. 4, 8, 12).

**Monday, 18.**—Psalm xviii. 1-15. *The Lord . . . my deliverer* (verse 2). The title tells us that this Psalm expresses David's gratitude to God for His many deliverances. In verse 6 he describes his cry to God when distressed by the enemy. God was very real to him, and


# THE LAMP that is USED by the Y.M.C.A.,



By The WAR OFFICE & The ADMIRALTY,
The RED CROSS SOCIETIES,
MILITARY CONTRACTORS, &c., &c., &c.,
IS THE

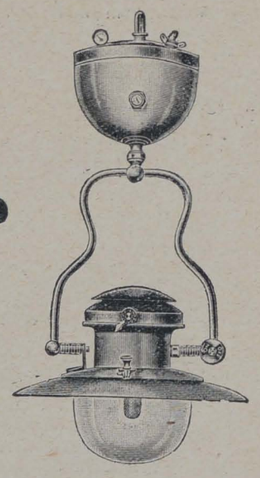
**BLANCHARD (British Made)**

## INCANDESCENT OIL LAMP

BECAUSE OF ITS

**EFFICIENCY, RELIABILITY AND ECONOMY.**

NO PIPING. CAN BE REMOVED NO SMOKE.
NO WIRING. WHILST ALIGHT. NO SMELL.
NO DANGER.



Model 1133.—100 c.p. As used by the WAR OFFICE.

Model 1307.—300 c.p. As used by the Y.M.C.A.

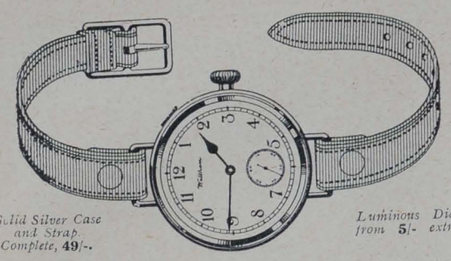
*Write for Catalogues and Price Lists to—*

**BLANCHARD LAMPS (BRITISH), LIMITED,**
**151, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**

Telephone: 2973 City. Telegraphic Address: "Farringter, Smith, London."







*Solid Silver Case and Strap Complete,* **49/-**. *Luminous Dials from* **5/-** *extra.*

## A Waltham you'll be proud of

for many years to come. Whether you are riding, marching, or fighting, this is the watch to rely upon. It is made by the most famous watchmakers in the world—the Waltham Watch Co., whose name on a watch is a guarantee of excellent time-keeping and long service. For a small extra charge a luminous dial may be fitted to this wristlet watch and you can then read the time on the darkest night. No need to strike a match, for the figures and hands can be plainly seen.

## Waltham Watches

*Sold by all reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers.*

Large illustrated Watch Book Free. You will be interested in this Book about Watches. Not only does it give valuable advice on the care of watches, but it fully describes and illustrates all grades and styles of Waltham Watches. Post free to any address.

WALTHAM WATCH CO. (Dept. 64), 125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

## What the Soldier said!



A Lance-corporal in the Royal Fusiliers wrote to his brother recently:—"Can you send me a Fountain Pen? The pens here are no good. Whenever I want to write there are four or five of our fellows buzzing round the ink-well."—He got a Waterman's Ideal. "SAFETY" Type—(as illustrated).

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



IF *you* have a soldier or sailor friend serving his country, make his heart glad by the gift of a Waterman's Ideal. Send him the "SAFETY" Type.

There are imitations, so be *sure* it is a genuine Waterman's Ideal. No use giving him one that will get out of order after a few weeks' wear. The "Safety" Type is Ideal for Soldiers, Sailors, Sportsmen. Ladies and Travellers, as it can be carried in any position without the slightest fear of leakage. Every Waterman's Ideal is guaranteed, and there are nibs to suit all hands (exchanged gratis if not right).

*Ask your Stationer or Jeweller to show you the various styles. Book of Free from:*

L. G. SLOAN, "The Pen Corner" Kingsway, London
L. E. WATERMAN Co.—New York: 173, Broadway. Montreal: 107, Notre Dame-st., W.

## If you are Training in Camp,

ASK FOR

## JACOB & CO.'S

**1d. GINGERBREAD,**

**1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,**

**½d. MACAROONS,**

AND

**1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS**

You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.**

## RED WHITE & BLUE

**For Breakfast & after Dinner**

**In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.**



## HOME'S—— Winter Camp Drinks

GINGER CORDIAL,
GINGER MINT,
PEPPERMINT.

*For full particulars apply to*

G. Y. HOME & CO., Redcross St, BRISTOL.

*Pioneers of LEMON SYRUP and all Fruit Cordials.*

consequently prayer became a very real transaction with God.

**Tuesday, 19.**—Psalm xviii. 16-30. *They were too strong for me* (verse 17). But not too strong for God. We are constantly tempted to estimate our prospects of success by the measure of our own resources, instead of by God's offer to us in Christ. "How much do you count me for?" said Napoleon to his frightened soldiers. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 19).

**Wednesday, 20.**—Psalm xviii. 31-50. *Thy gentleness hath made me great* (verse 35). God's battle has to be fought in God's way and with God's means. Gentleness is not of great account in the world's battles, but with it Christ won the only successful life-battle that history has to record. Christ may be said to be the example of the true *gentleman*.

**Thursday, 21.**—Luke i. 1-17. *He shall be great in the sight of the Lord* (verse 15). One great decision that confronts youth is whether to seek to be great in the eyes of men or of the Lord. The two aims are absolutely opposed to one another, although God may choose to grant both. Think over Phil. i. 7, 8. He "made Himself of no reputation." "He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

---

The following is an extract from a letter by the late Captain Norman Leslie, of the Rifle Brigade:—"Try and not worry too much about the war, anyway. Units, individuals, cannot count. Remember, we are writing a new page of history. Future generations cannot be allowed to read the decline of the British Empire and attribute it to us. We live our little lives and die. To some are given chances of proving themselves men, and to others no chance comes. Whatever our individual faults, virtues, or qualities may be it matters not, but when we are up against big things let us forget individuals, and let us act as one great British unit, united and fearless. It is better far to go out with honour than survive with shame."


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

*Telegraphic Address: "Manhood (Westcent), London."*
*Telephone: 6402 Central.*

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, INCORPORATED.

(FOR ENGLAND, WALES & IRELAND).

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD, K.T.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS, Esq.
Treasurer: R. L. BARCLAY, Esq.
Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

*HEADQUARTERS:*
"George Williams House,"
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matter should be addressed.*

*Contributions are invited. The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, articles of general interest, and photographs of current events, whether relating to purely Y.M.C.A. matters or to more general topics. All accepted contributions and photographs will be paid for.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*



BY ROYAL APPOINTMENTS



IN THREE REIGNS.

ALL THAT CAN BE SAID ABOUT THE QUALITY, HIGH-CLASS APPEARANCE AND PERFECT FRESHNESS OF

**CARR'S BISCUITS**

WILL NOT CONVINCE YOU AS MUCH AS THE BISCUITS THEMSELVES. WHY NOT TRY

**"GINGER RUFFLES."** With the rich full flavour of old-fashioned gingerbread.

**"TABLE WATER."** The nicest of all water biscuits.

**"TIPPERARY."** The latest and most appropriate biscuit, popular at home and with the troops.

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LTD., CARLISLE, ENG.

**H.M. GOVT.**

have bought from time to time over

**4,000 OLIVER TYPEWRITERS**

For Military and other purposes—
A fact significant of "OLIVER" excellence.

*Booklet No. 149 gives particulars of the NEW MODELS.*




OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,
75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, E.C.





# A SAFE AND BENEFICIAL 6% INVESTMENT.

## SUPPORT A WORK OF GREAT PUBLIC UTILITY.

## Important Women Workers Housing Scheme

# THE LADY WORKERS' HOMES, Ltd.

**CAPITAL, £50,000.** Present Issue, 37,000 Preference Shares of £1 each.

*The names of the gentlemen composing the Board of The Lady Workers' Homes, Ltd., are as follows:—*

**Councillor A. DAVIS,** Chairman
(Originator of the London Housing Society, Ltd.).

**HENRY MILLS, J.P., L.C.C.** (Ex-Mayor of Islington).

**RALPH DAVIS** (Director, Social Service E. E. Co., Ltd.).

**HENRY RICHARD TAYLOR, J.P., L.C.C.** (Ex-Mayor of Camberwell).

Surveyors: **ROBINS & HINE,** 5, Waterloo Place, S.W.
Bankers: **LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LTD.** (King's Cross Branch), 7, Caledonian Road, London, N.
Solicitors: **ROOKS, SPIERS, WALES & WARD,** 16, King Street, Cheapside, E.C.
Auditors: **BALL, BAKER, CORNISH & CO.,** Chartered Accountants, 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C.
Secretary and Registered Offices: **J. H. HARVEY,** 116, Judd Street, W.C.
Assistant Secretary: **Miss DOROTHY J. ROBERTS.**

**This Company has been formed for the purpose of providing healthy homes and small flats for the large and ever-increasing number of women workers of gentle birth who, from force of circumstances (now greatly intensified), are compelled to earn their own livelihood.**

**To demonstrate the urgent need of such homes the Directors desire to announce that sufficient applications for accommodation have already been received to more than fill the proposed new premises, and feeling assured of the immediate success of the undertaking earnestly appeal to the Public to co-operate with them in furthering this scheme of great public utility.**

**The scale of charges will be fixed as low as possible so as to afford a clear 6 per cent. interest on the capital invested.**

The Company has already secured a very large and commodious mansion, being No. 1, ABBEY-ROAD, **ST. JOHN'S WOOD,** N.W., occupied for some years past by the late Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A. The area of the house, with its well-wooded grounds, is about one acre, and the position offers considerable advantages, being in close proximity to Regent's Park and within easy reach of the City and West End. The mansion will be retained in its entirety so as to preserve as far as possible the amenities of the property. It is proposed to build an extension which will supply, approximately, 120 additional bedrooms with central heating, together with bathrooms, lavatories, &c., and also 26 self-contained flats with every modern improvement.

It is proposed to establish a Restaurant for the supply of meals to the tenants at popular prices, and the Directors attach considerable importance to this part of the scheme, the intention being that it should be carried out in a thoroughly efficient manner and on a self-supporting basis only.

An exceptional opportunity having presented itself, the Directors feel that by developing this scheme they will supply the want so beautifully defined in the following words:—

**THE PRAYER OF THE LONELY WOMAN IN THE CITY.**

**All day I have looked at the multitude, and no eye met mine in understanding, no life touched mine in help, no hand clasped mine in fellowship. In a thousand companions I have felt no companionship. A myriad hearts go by, but none stop to beat in time with my heart. I am hungry for friendship, starved for human cheer. I come to Thee, here solitary in my little room in its pitiful stillness, and I come not with vain request for things; I do not ask Thee for spiritual ecstasies; I come for comradeship, to feel that some One is living on with me, though in silence. Some people are so rich in fellowship; their days are feasts of friends. O God, I ask but the crumbs of human feeling that fall from their table. Thou who guidest souls through the chartless sea of life, steer some woman's soul my way, bring me the cheering convoy of honest men, and let little children find me. Keep me warm and human that they may know me when they find me. Keep me wise and prudent that no pirate in the seas of love may deceive me. Infinite, great Spirit, reveal Thyself to me as a Friend and the Maker of Friends.**

## SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

**The Times.**—"These little Flats are the kind of thing the woman worker has dreamed of, but never hoped to see at the price."

**Hampstead Advertiser.**—"A splendid scheme. The project is one that should succeed, for it is one that will benefit the large and ever-increasing number of women workers of gentle birth who will appreciate an environment corresponding to that with which they are familiar, and which is so difficult to obtain under ordinary circumstances."

**Church Family News.**—"One has only to watch the steady stream of life emerging from our railway stations, morning by morning, to realise what a large proportion of the passengers are women of varying ages hurrying off to their respective professions. . . . We recommend the matter to our readers' attention. They can be absolutely confident that the scheme is as sound in organization as in finance."

**The Guardian.**—"Such a combination of social centre, club, and business enterprise is unique, and in providing an agreeable and sane environment for girls and women who have not too much money to spend, the Company will be helping in the most commendable manner to solve one of the most difficult of London problems. We feel every confidence in the enterprise."

**The Record.**—"We observe with much satisfaction that an attempt is at last to be made to supply lady workers with 'Homes' (a truly happy word). . . . The scheme strikes us as a very praiseworthy one. It offers exceptional advantages to the investing public, and shareholders will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are strengthening a much needed branch of social service."

**Pall Mall Gazette.**—"The Delayed Ideal. Women have long been waiting for Flats such as these, and their confidence in the success of the idea is assured when they learn that it is being worked by the men who have so successfully provided dwellings for the working classes in congested districts of London."

**The Company will have the active co-operation, as Chairman, of Councillor A. DAVIS, who is well known as the originator of the London Housing Society, Limited, which has proved so remarkably successful in providing dwellings for the working classes in congested districts of London.**

Official prospectus and further particulars can be obtained on application to:—
Miss D. J. ROBERTS,
THE LADY WORKERS' HOMES, LTD.,
116, JUDD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

# SAFE AND BENEFICIAL 6% INVESTMENT.

# More letters showing OXO's value at the Front

**The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement in the great war. It is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion, either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.**

**OXO aids and increases nutrition; it stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is exactly suited to the needs of our men at the front, and in training, as well as for general use in the home.**



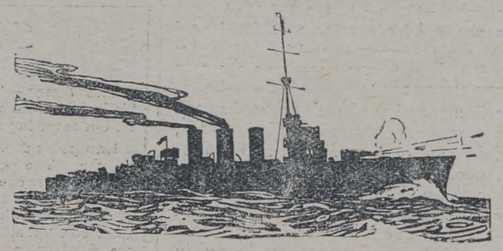
A gentleman has kindly sent us a letter from his son in the Army Service Corps in which he says:—

I must tell you how delighted I was to get the OXO. It is great. You should have seen us preparing it. We made a wood fire by the roadside, and boiled the water in an empty petrol can—enough for three of us. The OXO was made in my dixie can, in which we soaked some biscuits. We then placed the can on the fire to boil; all the time it was raining hard, but we were repaid by the satisfaction we got for our efforts.

I shall be very pleased to get some more when you are sending again, as a good cup of OXO before we turn in at night considerably warms us up.

From the Chief Petty Officers' Mess on one of H.M. Battleships.

Enclosed please find postal orders to the value of 30s. Will you please forward OXO as before to that value. You will perhaps notice that this is an increase in last order, which is a sure sign that OXO gets right there.



From an A.B. on H.M.S. "Landrail."

Allow me to express my thanks for the OXO. In my opinion there is no better gift anyone could make to our bluejackets especially at a time like this, and when the nights (and days) are so nippy as they are at present.

Personally I think OXO is worth its weight in gold.

**OXO is made in a moment and, with bread or a few biscuits, sustains for hours**

OXO

COMMITTEES INTERESTED IN RED CROSS, V.A.D., AND GENERAL HOSPITALS CAN OBTAIN SPECIAL QUOTATIONS FOR **OXO** AND **HOSPITAL OXO** FROM THEIR LOCAL TRADESMEN


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—*January 15, 1915.*

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 2. Vol. 1. JANUARY 22, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



PALMER

(ORIGINATORS OF THE SIX-RIBBED TREAD)

TYRES

represent lower cost per thousand miles than any other tyre, and mean more comfortable riding and freedom from punctures throughout their long life.

**STANDARD.**

Cover - - - - 11/3
Tube - - - - 5/-

**SPECIAL.**

Cover - - - - 17/3
Tube - - - - 7/9

**THE PALMER TYRE, LIMITED,**

**119, 121, 123, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.**

Cycle and Motor Cycle Tyre and Repair Department: 103, St. John St., Clerkenwell, LONDON, E.C.




THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, P.C., M.P.
As soldier, war-correspondent, author, and statesman, the career of the First Lord of the Admiralty makes an irresistible appeal to young men, and we are privileged to publish a special greeting from his pen, which appears on page 32. The picture which appears above is from a recent photograph by Mr. Reginald Haines.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


WITH OUR ARMIES IN THE MAKING: A Tour of the Military Camps in Fifeshire ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 29

A YOUNG MAN'S MAN: A chatty illustrated article on the Bishop of London 31

Short Story: A SHIRKER CAUGHT. By Paul Selbey ... ... ... ... 33

THE Y.M.C.A.'S ACTIVITIES IN WAR TIME. Illustrated ... ... ... 36

BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 2.—"I swore he should never be mutton" ... 39

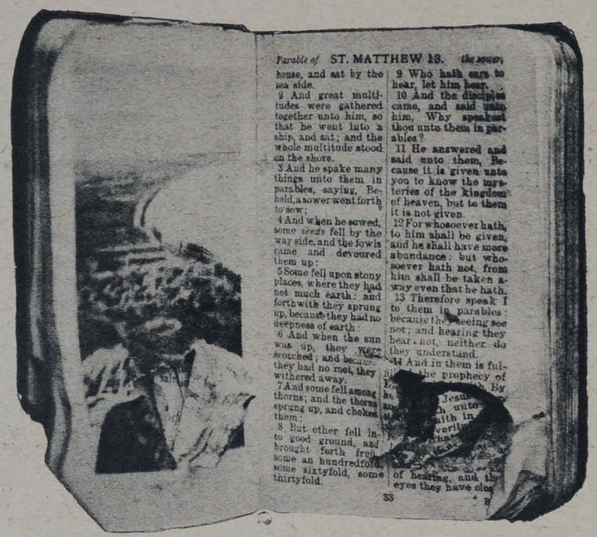
THE Y.M.C.A. IN OTHER LANDS. With Illustrations ... ... ... ... 41

Headquarters

# Pocket Testament League.

47, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

PRESIDENT: REV. J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A.




The life of Pte. A. G. Perkins was saved by the League Testament he was carrying in his breast pocket. A shrapnel bullet went right through it.

**In addition to the work undertaken by the Pocket Testament League in giving God's Word to the soldiers and sailors, Mr. George T. B. Davis, the International Sec. is conducting**

**A LEAGUE CAMPAIGN**

**in the**

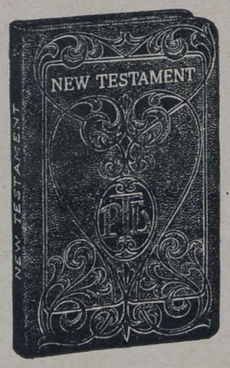
**SCOTTISH MILITARY CAMPS.**

**Please pray earnestly for this special effort.**

**Large numbers of earnest Workers in Y.M.C.A. Camps, and other places, are asking for League Testaments to use in winning the soldiers and sailors to Christ. To aid in evangelising the Army and Navy with the Word of God**

## 100,000 LEAGUE TESTAMENTS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

Do you not wish to have a share, however small it may be, in this great harvesting of souls?




The Waterproof League Testament that is being presented to the Soldiers and Sailors.

**THIS IS THE LEAGUE TESTAMENT**

*And these are some of its helpful features.*

1. Khaki and Blue Waterproof Covers.
2. Weight only 2¾ ounces.
3. Large clear type in small compass.
4. Printed on India Paper by Oxford Press.
5. Contains 15 Coloured Pictures of Palestine.
6. Membership Card of Pocket Testament League.
7. Three pages showing the Way of Salvation.
8. Two Prayers by Bishop Taylor-Smith.
9. Two Hymns, Words and Music.
10. Decision Card for accepting Christ.

**Every Donor of 10/- will receive a Specimen Testament**

Please let your earnest, prayerful consideration be given to this urgent call. Ponder over the matter as in the sight of God, and we have no doubt that you will joyfully ***BEAR YOUR SHARE.*** Send stamped envelope for free "Prayer Circle" Cards, and help us to pray through to VICTORY for the salvation of our soldiers and sailors. All Gifts may be sent to

**Miss WAKEFIELD MacGILL, Hon. Sec., Pocket Testament League, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.; or to the Office of Y.M.**



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 2. Vol. 1. JANUARY 22, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## OUR OUTLOOK.

THE welcome given to the *Y.M.* has been cordial in the extreme. We think it right to say that the paper has been successfully launched, and we have every reason to anticipate continued prosperity. It would be easy to fill this entire number with the congratulations and good wishes which have been expressed on all sides. We thank all our friends, and promise that nothing shall be wanting on our part to deserve their good wishes and continued support. We trust every subscriber will seek to interest some friend and secure additional subscribers. The advertising revenue, which is essential to the paper's well-being, depends on circulation, and every additional subscriber is a new guarantee of the paper's future.

***

MANY of our friends have been good enough to say that this is the very paper for which the Y.M.C.A. has been waiting for many years, and one writes:—

> In 1906 I attended the honorary secretaries' conference at Weston-super-Mare. I well remember at one of the sessions advocating the great and imperative need of a weekly paper for Y.M.C.A. men. To-day I have it before me, with the smiling face of our beloved president on the cover. May it prove a great success; may its circulation be large and powerful; may its revenue cause the officials no worry; may it help to fulfil the aims and objects of Y.M.C.A. work, viz., winning young men for Christ! Wishing it every success.

We reciprocate these and all the other good wishes expressed to us, and we may say with all confidence that no effort will be lacking on our part to make the paper all that it ought to be.

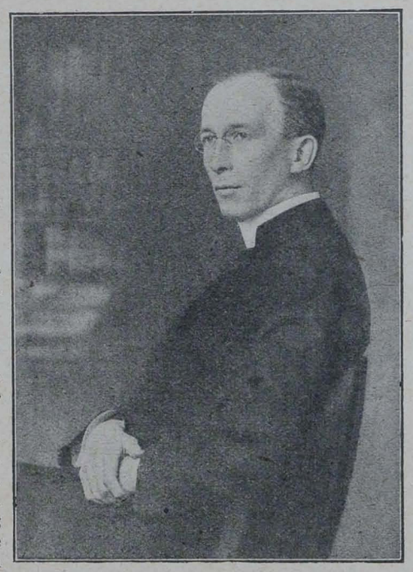
***

WHILE the work being done in the home countries is of equal importance, the work in France, in Egypt, and in India presents itself to the imagination with special attractiveness. Sixty men are now serving for us in six centres in Northern France. Three additional buildings are to be opened there during the coming week, and fifteen more men are preparing to join the working force. Mr. Oliver McCowen, who was home for two days last week, brought a most impressive report of the field, its opportunities, and its responsibilities; and of the Association's achievement. The sign of the triangle is rapidly becoming a familiar friend to the British soldier, and whether he is on the way to the front or coming back from the front for rest and recreation, he delights to see it.

THREE workers left London during the week for Egypt. There they will be privileged to serve the needs of the Australian and New Zealand contingents. A small party is likely to proceed to India to join forces with our workers there. Everywhere the call is for workers, and it is a fact worth recording that the workers do not fail. We are nowhere overburdened with workers, but, in the good providence of God, the necessary men are forthcoming. Any man reading this note, who is looking for his chance and is ready for real work on broad Christian lines, should write to Mr. Basil Hewer, at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C. Any man who wants to represent us abroad must be prepared to serve his apprenticeship in the home field.

***

A YOUNG Territorial, writing home from France, says that "he has flung mud in his time at the Y.M.C.A., but now he hopes that his friends will take off their hats to it when they see the title." That is very pleasant reading. As our American cousins would say, it is "up to us." Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll has expressed the hope that after the war the Association will take an entirely new place in the national life. We echo that hope. But again we say, it is "up to us." The readiness of the movement to meet the opportunity which will come to it when peace is declared depends on the present. Our first responsibility is to bring the work we are now engaged in to its highest power and efficiency. There is no need to emphasise that proposition. The most heartening thing that we notice is the growing efficiency of the work everywhere. Every mail demonstrates it. A well-balanced programme is being carried out, with first things kept first, and other things in their proper place. But some of us are anxious about our subsequent responsibilities. We must be as ready with our peace programme as we were with the war programme. Our difficulties in this matter are many. Nearly all our experienced leaders are away from home, living through long days of crowded hours, and with few chances of giving attention to anything except the nearest task. What a chance for our committeemen! What an opportunity for young men who have sufficient reason for remaining at home!



The Rev. Archibald Alexander, M.A., B.D., author of a striking new book, "The Glory in the Grey," and a regular contributor to "Y. M."

***

IF we might be permitted to offer suggestions, these would be under three heads. 1. An adequate Association programme should be in force everywhere. The nucleus of workers who remain should be kept together in fellowship and service. Older men who have not attended much at the rooms in recent years might well put in an evening a week, and take up definite responsibility for some agency that languishes for lack of a leader. The rooms should be kept in perfectly efficient order, and furnished with men. 2. The clergy and ministers, many of whom are prevented from leaving their charges for either the front or for camp, can be increasingly brought into service. For Bible-class work and devotional meetings, and for personal work, many of them are ready to undertake additional responsibilities just now. 3. Everywhere we should be doing our best to keep the national life steady. The temper of the nation has been admirable. During the days of the great retreat the quiet confidence at home matched the steady bravery of the troops in France. All right-thinking people desire to see the same self-control exercised when victories are announced, as please God, they will be. The Churches, and such organisations as our own, must work to this end. Perhaps the supreme test

for Great Britain will be when peace comes. Are we big enough to turn from fighting to industry without hysteria? It will largely depend on the Churches, the Press, and such organisations as ours. If we are not to be found wanting in that day, we must translate our Christian faith into living deed, and bring the restraints of faith to bear, through every Christian life, upon the nation.

***

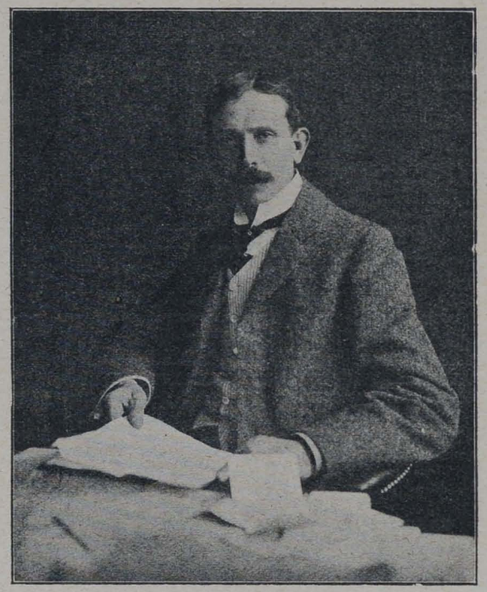
WE direct attention to the very interesting letter in the columns of the *Church Times* of last week, urging High Churchmen to take their places in the ranks of Association workers. Both the proposal and the publication of it signify much. It means that the Association's inter-denominational position is becoming increasingly clear to many good people who have hitherto misunderstood it. The great stumbling-block with many has been the idea of the Association as an undenominational institution. This it has never been. Full membership of the Association is only open to members who are communicants in good standing in some Christian denomination. Association leaders have always recognised, and insisted on, the Church as the spiritual home of men. Again, we have been accused of trying to gloss over and cover up the very real and vital differences that exist between the Churches. That is no part of our programme. We do desire a better understanding between members of different bodies. We do deeply yearn for the day when they will meet without suspicion, frankly recognising and freely acknowledging their differences, and yet reaching out hands of friendship one to another, and uniting to do many pieces of social and moral service in the community that can never be done by them separately, and are not likely to be done, except by those who name the Name. The workers who are side by side in the camps just now illustrate the position. Students from Mirfield and from Kelham meet with young Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and with men from colleges belonging to the Church of England of a quite different type. None of them forfeit their convictions. There is no temptation so to do. They are all the better for the meeting. Three months' work amidst a great crowd of men is a valuable extra session to the student course. Men are likely to go back to their studies stronger in heart, mind, and faith, and yet more tolerant, and able to meet again in the years to come, not as strangers, distant and suspicious one of another, but as friends who have come to an understanding on the questions on which they differ, or, as Hugh Price Hughes used to say, as men who "agree in everything except in their opinions." To us the Association's position is unassailable.

***

THE picture which is published on page 36 of the new motor restaurant for use in Northern France and *en route* to Berlin will interest all our readers. Wherever permitted, we hope to provide similar ones. This one is due to the generosity of a lady who has already provided a building for France and one for England. If you are interested in this new development of the work, write to 13, Russell-square for full information.

***

MEMBERS on active service are invited to write to *Y.M.* We cannot promise to publish all letters received, but we will certainly give room to all matters of general interest. We should like to have pictures of Association men who give their lives for Britain. We should be glad to publish pictures of all our men in the ranks, but that would be impossible. We hope to complete a picture gallery and record of the men who not only offer their lives, but lay them down.



**Mr. A. G. Gardiner, Editor of "The Daily News and Leader," whose message to "Y.M." appears on this page.**

## SIR JOHN JELLICOE'S FAVOURITE HYMN.

SOON after the appointment of Admiral Sir J. R. Jellicoe to the supreme command of the Grand Fleet his aged father, a captain in the merchant service, passed away. By Sir John Jellicoe's special wish, the hymn "O God, our help in ages past" was sung at the funeral.

## OUR FUTURE NUMBERS.

IN future numbers of the *Y.M.* we shall publish a striking article by President Woodrow Wilson, who for many years has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Y.M.C.A.; a specially-written article on "The Fallacies of Alcohol," by Dr. C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c., one of the greatest living authorities on the scientific side of the subject; a chatty article on "Teeth: Their Care and Preservation," by a London dental surgeon; together with short stories from such eminent and widely-read authors as W. Pett Ridge, Joseph Hocking, and A. St. John Adcock.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### I.—FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER.

FORTY years ago, long before amateur photography had become the rage, Lord Kitchener mastered the whole art of the camera. It was just like his thoroughness, and it had a marked effect on his career.

When the authorities of the Palestine Exploration Fund were seeking an expert, they heard of Lieut. Kitchener, R.E. He was twenty-four, and rather tired of the monotony of Army life at home. The fact that he could photograph exceedingly well was one of the deciding points that settled his joining in the survey of Palestine.

That is one instance out of many in which Lord Kitchener has always been a little ahead of other men in his knowledge. In Palestine he learned Arabic, and many years later, in Egyptian campaigns and the Governorship of Suakim, the value of that acquaintance with Arabic was of priceless value to him.

You and I must always be ahead of to-day's requirements, and then we shall be ready for to-morrow's calls.

## A HUNDRED THOUSAND BOOKS.

### The Splendid Response to the Appeal on Behalf of the Camp Reading Rooms.

A FEW weeks ago Mrs. E. Alec Tweedie, whose fascinating books have won her a large circle of friends she has never met, offered to appeal to the public for books and furniture for the Association centres. The Press unanimously co-operated in the publication of the letter, and the public made a most remarkable response. Accompanied by sixteen friends, Mrs. Alec Tweedie spent morning after morning in unpacking the gifts, repacking and despatching them to all parts of Great Britain and to the bases in Northern France. Nearly fifty cases of books and games have found their way to the front, and six hundred cases have been eagerly received and used in the home camps.

In addition, we have received a large number of pianos, ranging from Bechstein grands to portable cottage pianos, two pianolas, a score of gramophones and phonographs, very many records, and a host of bagatelle boards and other games.

The council chamber at headquarters has rarely given evidence of such activity, and Mrs. Alec Tweedie is to be heartily congratulated and warmly thanked. While she is busy with good work both her sons are on active service.

## THE MOST IMPRESSIVE FACT OF THE WAR.

### By A. G. GARDINER, Editor of "The Daily News and Leader."

YOU ask me what incident of the war has impressed me most. It is the remarkable demonstration which took place between the men on both sides at Christmas. This incident showed the falsity of the vast tragedy which has been brought upon the world, not because the men who die have any cause of quarrel, but because they are the pawns in the game played by a few ambitious rulers and adventurers. If the men who exchanged greetings on Christmas Day will take the lesson to heart, they will discover the profound truth that the enemy of democracy is not without, but within.



# WITH OUR ARMIES IN THE MAKING.

*A Tour of Scottish Military Camps in which the Y.M.C.A. is Proving a Successful Ally to his Majesty's Forces.*

"IT'S a long, long way to Tipperary," sing the men in khaki, and it's a long, long way from London to Fifeshire. But when the invitation came to me to accompany several of the leading members of the Scottish National Council on a tour of inspection round some of the military camps in the county of Fife, I accepted with pleasure, for it was my first opportunity to see the work in Scotland which the Y.M.C.A. is so splendidly carrying on. And lest there should be any misconception, I may explain at the outset that the Associations north of the Tweed have their own National Council, with offices in Edinburgh, and that this body is not only controlling all the work in Scotland, but is also co-operating with the National Council in London in promoting and maintaining the work on the Continent and in Egypt.

The recruiting statistics recently published are proof of the intense loyalty of the Scotsman. In Scotland, as in England, military camps have been established in many places, and wherever men in training are to be found, there also the Y.M.C.A. is ministering to their social and spiritual needs. In no fewer than fifty centres the Association has its work and its workers, while fourteen institutes have been specially erected, and several others are in course of construction. An "institute" in Scotland is the same thing as a "hut" in England, and, on the whole, I think the former is the better title. These institutes are strongly built of wood, and, after a personal inspection of their comforts, I can testify to their usefulness. Refreshments are supplied, of course, steaming tea and coffee being always on hand; facilities are provided for writing and for games, while the sing-songs, so much beloved by the soldiers in the making, are a feature of the nightly entertainment, which always ends with family worship.

I have said that there are 50 centres of work in Scotland. Three new institutes were opened last week—at Maryhill (Glasgow), Rumgally, of which I shall have more to say presently, and Fort Matilda, on the Clyde, at Greenock. North and south, east and west



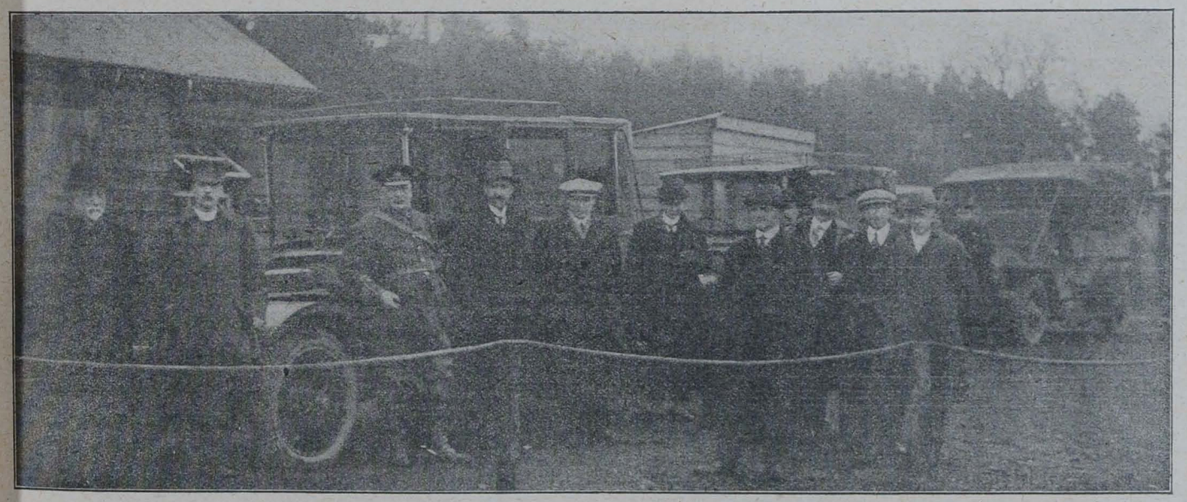
**Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, Chairman of the Scottish National Council of the Y.M.C.A.**

are included in the Association's operations. At Nigg, for example, right upon the shores of the North Sea, several thousand men are stationed. They are ten miles from the nearest town. There the Y.M.C.A. has two large and commodious institutes. Another institute is situated on the strongly fortified centre of Inchkeith, and in other places equally remote and equally needy the Association is providing wholesome opportunities for rest and recreation.

Last Thursday morning, having travelled all night from London, and having reached Edinburgh just in time to catch my connection, I joined at Thornton Junction the party in whose company I was to make a tour of the Fifeshire camps. The party consisted of Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, Glasgow, chairman of the Scottish National Council; Mr. David Dreghorn, Glasgow, a member of the World's Committee of the Y.M.C.A.; Mr. Alex. Forrester Paton, Alloa, joint convener of the Camp Committee; Mr. James Mackenzie, Edinburgh, secretary of the Scottish Council; and Mr. B. D. Kaye, organising secretary.

Two of Mr. Forrester Paton's large motor-cars awaited us at the station, and if the day was dull and threatening, with occasional showers and heavy roads, the conditions, as far as we were concerned, were comfortable enough, and the enthusiasm of the party more than atoned for the dreariness of the weather. It is fortunate for the movement in Scotland that it possesses such men as those whose names I have given. Sir Andrew Pettigrew is one of the most influential of Glasgow's business men, and yet he finds time to devote to the affairs of the Y.M.C.A. As far as I can recall our conversation, it was altogether about what is being done for Kitchener's Army and the Territorials, from the standpoint of the Y.M.C.A., and one would have thought, to listen to him, that he had no other interests in life. Mr. Forrester Paton's enthusiasm is not less marked. Throughout the day he sat at the steering wheel of one of his cars, and looked as if he enjoyed nothing better than being in the place of service. It was an inspiration to be in such company and to catch some of the infectious enthusiasm.

At Methil we had our first point of contact with the work among the troops. This little town, now one of the most important coaling ports on the East Coast, is of recent growth, and there, to meet the spiritual wants of the many German seamen frequenting the place



**The article on this page describes a motor tour through the Fifeshire military camps, undertaken, on Thursday last, by the officials of the Scottish National Council of the Y.M.C.A. The above illustration, reproduced by permission of the *Glasgow Herald*, shows the party at one of the halting stages. Another picture appears in the centre of the paper.**

before the war, a German mission-house had been erected, with a German pastor as superintendent. But when the grim tragedy of war fell upon the country, the mission-house was suddenly closed; the pastor was interned as an alien, and it seemed as if "Ichabod" would have to be written on the walls of the deserted chapel. But, fortunately, the authorities perceived its possibilities, and, fitting it up as a club-room for the troops, they handed it over to the control of the Y.M.C.A. Which thing is a parable, for it illustrates the confidence which is everywhere to-day being reposed in the Association, which, in Scotland, as farther south, has at last come into its kingdom.

### Helping the King's Forces.

We had only a little while to spend at Methil, for there were other centres to visit. Our next call was at Windygates, where we found many of the men billeted in a large disused brewery, with the Y.M.C.A. again in evidence as a branch of the Forces. Then on to Cupar, the county town, where, at the Royal Hotel, we had luncheon with Brigadier-General F. Lee, Officer Commanding the Lowland Mounted Brigade, and other officers, including Colonel Connal, T.D., Colonel Lord Dunglass, Colonel Wright, R.A.M.C., Lieut.-Colonel Ward, Colonel J. D. Boswell, Staff-Captain Baird, and Captain the Rev. W. H. Harrowes, M.A. Sitting between the two last-mentioned officers, I was delighted to hear not only of the splendid work of the Y.M.C.A., but also of the many ways in which the people of Cupar are seeking to minister to the troops within their gates. Captain Harrowes told me, for example, that a certain minister had in the course of one week provided no fewer than forty baths for the men of the King's Forces—a luxury highly appreciated by those fortunate enough to obtain it, for the town is badly equipped in this direction, and private enterprise requires to make up for the lack of public provision.

One or two brief speeches followed the luncheon. Sir Andrew Pettigrew, who presided, outlined the policy and achievements of the Association; General Lee bore the highest possible tribute to the value of the service rendered by the Y.M.C.A., and Captain Harrowes also added a few words of appreciation. That function ended, we paid a visit to the splendid new institute just opened in Cupar, and then, re-entering our cars, proceeded to Annsmuir, five miles distant from the county town. There another new institute has just been inaugurated. Before it was erected, the Yeomanry stationed in the neighbourhood had nowhere to spend their leisure hours, and I was told that their appreciation of what is now being done in their interests has been almost pathetic in its genuine sincerity. To reach the building we had to cross oceans of mud, which brought vividly home to us some of the discomforts under which the troops labour and the necessity for such arrangements as the Y.M.C.A. has been able to make.

### On the Banks of the Tay.

From Annsmuir we had a pleasant run to Wormit—a pretty little place overlooking the Tay, just where the famous bridge begins to stretch across the river to Dundee. The institute at Wormit is one of the most attractive I have seen anywhere, and much of the homely feeling which pervades it is doubtless due to the fact that ladies are responsible for the catering arrangements. Before the Y.M.C.A. entered the field the local ladies opened some rooms for the men, and as soon as the institute was ready they transferred their services to the new building. As we enjoyed the kind hospitality of the ladies I listened to their appreciation of the troops in their midst, many of whom are from Ireland, and it was easy to gather that the men who are stationed at Wormit have been fortunate above the average.

A further run of nine miles brought us to Rumgally, where Sir Andrew Pettigrew formally opened the fine new institute, Colonel Connal presiding and expressing his appreciation of the service rendered by the Y.M.C.A. Again, to reach the building, we had to wade through mud and dodge barbed wire as best we could in the darkness, and then as we sat amid the comforts of the institute and listened to the wind howling outside, we realised, in some measure, what such a place must mean to men shut out from all the associations with which in civilian life they are so accustomed.

Of the spiritual side of all this work I have little space to write, but many things were told me that made my heart sing for joy. The men in charge of the institutes are all keen soul-winners, and they are witnessing triumphs of grace.

An hour or two later I crossed the Forth Bridge by train, and from the window of the darkened carriage looked down on the great searchlights sweeping the waters for signs of the enemy, and lighting up the river with a brightness like that of the sun. And as I watched the waves breaking on the shore, shining and sparkling in the fierce glare of the powerful lamps, it seemed to me that these far-spreading lights were symbolic of the Y.M.C.A.

For the Association, too, is illuminating the darkness and shedding its gracious radiance where it is needed.

J. KENNEDY MACLEAN.

## TO THE LADS!

O SONS of Britain! valiant, true,
Who nobly serve at Duty's call!
A Nation's heart goes out to you,
A people's pray'rs ascend for all.

O mothers' sons with hearts so brave!
Alert and keen to play a part,
And take your place on field or wave!
For you with pride beats Empire's heart.

To you engaged in struggle dire,
So long drawn out in trenches drear,
Lit up by warfare's raging fire,
While ghastly death is ever near!

To you on gory battlefields,
'Mid cannon's roar and bursting shell!
Where Death his sharp-set sickle wields
And plenteous harvest reaps too well!

To you who serve with watchful fleet,
On treach'rous seas your vigils keep,
All eager there the foe to meet,
And then "to action" swiftly leap!

Into your hands doth Britain yield
Her rightful cause, her Empire's fate!
And countless hearts for you a shield
By yearning pray'er would fain create.

To you who at the base await
The word to move on battle line,
Or serve right well at Empire's gate
As Duty's call doth there assign!

To you at home who guard our shore,
Or now in camp, on training ground,
With keenest zest prepare for war,
And soon efficient will be found!

To one and all, so valiant, true,
Who nobly serve at Duty's call,
A Nation's heart goes out to you,
A people's pray'rs ascend for all!

FRANK H. HUMBY.

## THE BUSY SUBALTERN.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Author of "The Card," &c.)

I RECKON that I came close to a realisation of war when I made the acquaintance of a certain youth from Australia. He was a subaltern of engineers in a Territorial Field Company, and had reached the age of nineteen. Under his sole charge were some forty men, in the main older than himself. It is true that he possessed a Commanding Officer, but that C.O. seemed always to be a long way off, and in reality amounted to nothing but a signature on O.H.M.S. telegrams. The subaltern had to conduct sapping operations, and he did conduct them. But these purely professional activities were only a trifling part of his work.

He had to make arrangements with landowners, buy stores, compose legends for notice-boards, and order the boards, get crossed cheques cashed on Sundays, borrow motor-cars, instruct engine-drivers about putting brakes on, and placate angry ladies in the night-time. And he had to keep his men alive—see to their billets, their boots, their muscles, their teeth. He had to parade them in the morning dusk, and punish them if they were late. He had to choose among them for recommended promotions. He had to see the parson about the church service. Horses and carts were also under his dominion, besides many tools and unmentionable commodities. He talked incessantly at every meal and throughout every evening about "my men" and their needs, and if it was not his men it was his sapping operations. He thought aloud, and his thoughts took the form of lectures on military engineering and the physical, moral, and spiritual hygiene of forty male human beings. His dream was to be pontooning at the front in the middle of winter. And when he got his chance of pontooning on an English river, his face showed that the gates of heaven were opening. He led a very worrying existence, and few things worried him so much as the composition of private letters, because he could not think what to say. He would sit and sigh over an empty sheet of notepaper as over a calamity. But nothing whatever prevented him from sleeping soundly all night and every night.

## BULLETS THAT HIT.

EVERY farthing that any of us spend in sin Satan will swindle us out of.

***

The old-fashioned idea of Sunday was that it was a bit of eternity, but the newer notion is that it is a weekly Bank Holiday. The old Puritan Sunday was infinitely better, and it helped to make England.

***

Gossip may be defined as putting two and two together and making it five.

***

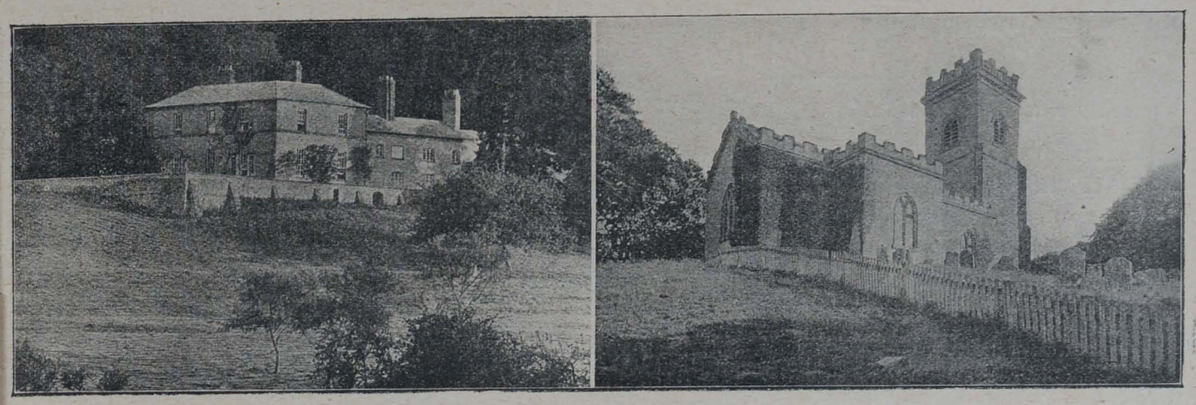
Perhaps Germany's mightiest feat is this: For forty years the Government has held a great sum in gold intact at Spandau. Only an iron-willed Kaiser, backed by a million bayonets, could have kept a modern Government's hands off that money so long.

***

We have had many troubles, but the worst have been those that never happened. If only we could let the morrow be anxious for itself!

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, in a letter to his brother at Southampton, says:—"We spent our Christmas Day waiting for the Germans, who did not appear. But we managed to find time for Church and for three celebrations of Holy Communion, although the whole time we were cleared for action and all the men were at their guns."





Stanford Rectory, in Worcestershire, the birthplace of the Bishop of London, and Stanford Church, which he attended as a boy, and of which his father was Rector for the long period of forty-six years.

# A YOUNG MAN'S MAN AND A WARM FRIEND OF THE Y.M.C.A.

*A Chatty Article on the Bishop of London, whose Birthday Falls Due in a Few Days.*

MANY happy returns of the day to the Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington-Ingram, D.D., LL.D., who was born at Stanford Rectory, Worcestershire, on January 26, 1858.

The Bishop is essentially a young man's man and a warm friend of the Y.M.C.A.

He favours healthy sport at the proper time and place. "What sport makes a man," he avers, "is the thing that counts, and what the sportsman has got to remember is this, sport can help him as much morally and spiritually as it can physically."

The Bishop's career is well known. In his East-End days he would frequently play football with the young men of Bethnal Green. He would turn out in regulation costume, and usually played on one of the "wings." On Saturday afternoons, too, he would ride at the head of an East-End cycle club of which he was president, composed for the most part of working men.

It is thought that the Bishop would never have gained his wonderful hold over the young men of the East-End if he had refrained from taking part in their games and recreations.

His lordship can both make and take a joke. The writer was once at a reception the Bishop was holding in a church schoolroom. On one side of the entrance door stood his lordship, and on the other side the vicar of the parish, the latter announcing the names of the guests as they arrived, the Bishop, of course, shaking hands with them. "Mr. Sherlock," announced the vicar. Instantly the Bishop gripped his hand. "No relation, I presume?" said he, much to the amusement of all within earshot.

Though unmarried, the Bishop dearly loves children. He used to visit the poor homes in Bethnal Green, and sometimes, when there was a baby present, he would take the little one in his arms, kiss it, and, with fond look, venture the fairly safe remark, "This is *indeed* a baby," much to the gratification of the proud mother.

Some time ago now the Bishop was having tea with four choir-boys. The writer took the liberty of asking one of them how he liked the Bishop. "Oh! he is a jolly chap," said the boy; "told us all sorts of stories." On suggesting that one of the stories might be repeated, the boy appeared to have only a hazy idea of the story uppermost in his mind. At any rate, it had to do with an unfortunate snake which had accidentally swallowed a 3 ft. tape measure, and, as a consequence, had *died by inches*. The Bishop when he reads these lines will recall the story as one of his own.

One more story about the Bishop, which has the merit of truth. Somehow or other, when a little boy, the Bishop did not quite "hit it" with the nursery governess. No sooner had he left his home for further and deeper scholastic studies than he decided to get a little of his own back, so to speak. At this time the nearest postal telegraph office to Stanford was that of Worcester, twelve miles distant. Porterage at the rate of 1s. per mile was charged for the delivery of telegrams outside the immediate radius of the city—a fact well known to young Winnington-Ingram. An idea shot into the boy's head. He would send a telegram to his nursery governess. He did so. The telegram was duly delivered to the governess, and a charge of 12s. demanded from her by the messenger. The governess, of course, paid the money, and, tearing open the envelope with a certain amount of trepidation, found, to her surprise, that it was a quite unimportant and jocular telegram from her former precocious pupil, to whom she had said good-bye some days previously with a secretly glad heart!



The Bishop in Khaki.

The gentleman who signs himself "A. F. London" is no lover of grandiloquent words and phrases. He was rather loth to adopt the motor, and when it was suggested to him that he would be able to get about his diocese much more rapidly by using petrol instead of horseflesh, his reply was, "Oh, but I love horses; they're such jolly beasts; I like to watch their movements as I drive along." The Bishop has been known to say, "When I 'took on' the diocese of London," and, when speaking to an intimate friend, he once said he was "knackered" with hard work. That he is a downright hard worker everybody knows.

Though decidedly on the cheerful and optimistic side, the Bishop is intensely earnest, intensely sympathetic. He has been described as the keenest-living and the most loving-hearted man in all the metropolis. When asked if he was not appalled by the intolerable anguish, suffering, and selfishness of his mighty see, he replied, with evident seriousness, "If I allowed myself to think about it in the lump, I should go mad. But I don't. I just take pieces of it here and there, and go on fighting in the Strength that never fails."

Having regard to his multifarious duties, one can understand his lordship being a little forgetful sometimes. Once, when preaching in a North London church, he took what is commonly known as his "mortar-board" into the pulpit, but forgot at the close of the discourse to carry it back with him to the chancel. There was the mortar-board reposing in the pulpit in solemn state. When the procession was being formed for the recessional hymn, the Bishop was seen to whisper to the vicar, and sure enough the vicar, at the nearest point to the pulpit, left the procession, nimbly ascended the pulpit stairs, captured the cap, restored it to the Bishop, and rejoined the procession. It was all very neatly done. As chaplain to a London regiment, his lordship has formed a very high opinion of the Y.M.C.A. work in camp.

C. H. C.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

### Not "Well Guessed," but "Well Done."

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr.

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey.")

I HAD better confess frankly that I have stolen the title of our talk from Mr. Augustine Birrell. But if this avowal leads some of you to invest sixpence in a paper-cover edition of "Obiter Dicta" and read the essay on Truth-hunting, I shall willingly accept all the other consequences of the theft. There is one paragraph in that splendid chapter which is worth getting by heart, and in it there is this sentence, which you might almost frame: "The verdict to be striven for is not 'Well guessed,' but 'Well done.'" I commend that trumpet-call to every young fellow whose favourite words are "mystery," "darkness," and "problem." "We know in part," said the great Apostle, and it is true—only in part, for there may be a great deal in the realm of religion of which we are not, perhaps, very sure. But some of us would be not only much happier, but vastly more useful and agreeable members of society if we would only recognise that, in spite of all the mystery and darkness, there are a tolerable number of duties which we have light enough to do.

It is such a mistake to let the mysteries connected with our faith hinder us from making practical use of it, when we don't worry in the least over other and as deep mysteries in other directions. You are holding on by the soles of your feet to a planet which is rushing through space at incredible speed, but you never lose any sleep over that, I take it. You cannot explain what causes the electric bulb by your fireplace to glow so cheerfully, and neither can anyone else, but you read your evening paper by its light just as comfortably as if you could! You pluck a flower from the crannied wall, like Tennyson, and, no matter how good a botanist you are, you cannot explain it, root and all, and all in all, any more than he could, yet you enjoy its colour or its fragrance, all the same. The number of common ordinary wonders that all the wisdom of science cannot fathom is simply legion. Yet we live, and do our work, and find our happiness on that level, notwithstanding. They don't hinder us living, in an ordinary sense. Why should spiritual life and Christian discipleship be any more impossible because there are mysteries there?

The conception which modern science gives to us of God becomes more and more awesome and paralysing as knowledge advances. One gets lost trying to think of it. We cannot attain unto it. But in one Face supremely among all the sons of men have I beheld the glory of God, and something tells me that I can reach my best, and reach God, only through Him. Am I to refuse Christ's call because there are so many things in the Church's doctrines about Him which perplex me? It is not so that I act in daily life. I draw near to a fire when I need warmth, though I cannot explain the radiation of heat. Why, when I feel my need of Christ, should the mystery about Him keep me aloof?

I need Him, and He wants me. So much, at least, is perfectly clear. Notwithstanding all my problems, I can act on that and settle that matter definitely, once for all. I can go to Him and volunteer to-day, "sign on" as a soldier of His. I am a poor "guesser" but at least I can do what He wants me to do. And, for the rest—the many difficulties that I have, the things I don't understand—I can leave them mysteries, knowing that here, as on the lower plane, they cannot hinder full and happy and useful living. "I know," Lyman Abbott once said, "that I am not in a completed temple. I am only in a temple that is building. What the temple will be like when it is finished I do not know, but I can take my tool and do my little part in the carving, and leave the rest to God." Yes, we can do that—take our tools and do our little parts in the carving of God's temple. For the verdict to be striven for is not "Well guessed," but "Well done."

A SPECIAL GREETING TO "Y.M."

By the First Lord of the Admiralty.

**"I am glad to hear of the 'Y.M.,' and I hope that its publication may bring in plenty of fresh support for the invaluable work which the Y.M.C.A. is doing for the Services."**

Winston S. Churchill

### ABOUT FAMOUS MEN.

WHILE young Theodore Edison was recently experimenting with a "glass bottle bomb" in his father's laboratory, says an exchange, the contrivance exploded, and a few bits of the broken glass were embedded in the hand of the youthful investigator. "Some of your first inventions blew up, didn't they, father?" inquired the boy. "Yes, they did," admitted the famous inventor, "but I went at them again."

It is related of George McDonald, seer, author, preacher, and sage, that at one time when discouraged by closed avenues all about him, his wife one day said to him, when he was canvassing the perplexing question, how to keep the wolf from the door, "You could write a story. Why don't you?" These words turned him into the God-appointed channel of his life. He set to work and wrote three—"David Elginbrod," "Alice Forbes," and "Robert Falconer." Only a word, but it gave to the world an author of tremendous leverage and power, without whose work the world would have been distinctly poorer. Who can tell the influence and the authority of a single word in determining the direction of the lives we are privileged to touch for a few minutes each day? If every word were aglow with the desire to make men better and nobler, how much richer this world would be!

## HOW TO PRESERVE ONE'S SPIRITUAL LIFE IN CAMP.

By the REV. DINSDALE T. YOUNG.

EXTREME pressure of work prevents my doing more than send a few lines on this supremely important subject. I send them with my affectionate best wishes for the men of the Y.M.C.A. I would suggest as a prime preservative the reading of God's Holy Word, especially of the New Testament. Most especially would I urge the perusal of St. Paul's passages which bear on the military life, and which use the military life as a metaphor of the Christian life. St. Paul had a soldier's heart, and he had a great love for soldiers. And he longed to make every man "a good soldier of Jesus Christ." St. Paul's word is God's Word, and it will keep your souls in daily life.

Then I would suggest having some good spiritual book with you as a Christian directory. Take John Bunyan's "Holy War." Snatch an occasional moment to drink in its noble Christian inspirations. John Bunyan knew a soldier's life, and he knew the life of spiritual soldiership as few have ever done. Such a book will help you to win your souls amid the temptations of camp life.

But above all, prayer, unceasing prayer, will be a great inspiration. May each Y.M.C.A. man triumphantly prove its power!



The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference and the Superintendent of the Westminster Central Hall.





A Popular Haunt of Soldiers: The Rest Camp of the Y.M.C.A. on Southampton Common.

# A SHIRKER CAUGHT.

*An Amusing Story of Espionage in the Time of the Great War, specially written for "Y.M."*

By PAUL SELBEY.

"E'S a hero, and no mistake," said Mrs. Hawkins to her next-door neighbour, Mrs. Harris, jerking her head to one side in admiring sympathy. "It ain't every young man wot's got the pluck to chuck up a quid a week for the sake of King and hempire; but 'e'll be 'eard of yet, you mark my words." Mrs. Harris sniffed with a strange melancholy, which seemed quite out of keeping with the cheerful sentiments expressed by Mrs. Hawkins concerning her second son, Herbert. "It's all very well for the likes of you to talk," she grumbled, "*you*, wot's got neither chick nor child; but wot would you be like if yore boy 'ad offered 'imself to fight them Germins?" Mrs. Hawkins looked dubious for a moment, and scratched her chin with philosophical reflection. "Come to think of it," she replied, "I ain't sure wot I *should* be like; but I'll stake my life I'd look a bit more cheerful than you. People 'ave bin locked up before now for 'aving a face like yorn; you're a danger to the 'orses."

Mrs. Harris turned with a rage and entered her dwelling, slamming the door behind her. What if she did look a bit down, she had given a son to the cause, and that was more than Mrs. Hawkins could say, with all her knowing ways!

Meanwhile, the hero was hurrying up the street to join his company. He was in a merry frame of mind, and looked forward with keen relish to the campaign ahead of him. Born within the sound of Bow bells, he was a true Cockney, with a grim humour which speedily found him many friends. He had not been in camp long before his comrades discovered that he had the art of hitting off people pretty well in short recitations, with the result that at the regimental sing-songs he was in huge demand as an elocutionist, and was popularly styled the "Kockney Kipling." One evening, with the chaplain in the chair, a party of friends from a neighbouring church had come to give a concert. Many of the items in the programme, while intended to create a serious effect, provoked howls of laughter, especially when one young lady, with a voice like a fog-horn, sang a song about the flight of the lark, endeavouring to imitate that heavenly songster in a series of shrill top notes. The "audience" got a bit out of hand, and so the chaplain, with a wise instinct, asked the men if one of their number would care to make a contribution to the evening's programme. Shouts were given for Harris, and so, with many blushes and smiles, Herbert mounted the little platform, and, with head flung back in true histrionic style, commenced to recite the following effusion:—

"Cawn't yer get to Calais, Willy?
Ain't yer feeling ill?
Wot's the other feller doin'?
You know—little Bill?
What abaht this trip to Paris?
Think y'll manage it—next year?
Feeling sorter run down—are yer?
Try a drop o' tea, old dear!

Wot's the matter with the Navy?
Ain't yer going to let 'em fight?
Be a sport and chawnce it, Billy,
Lumme—won't it be a sight?

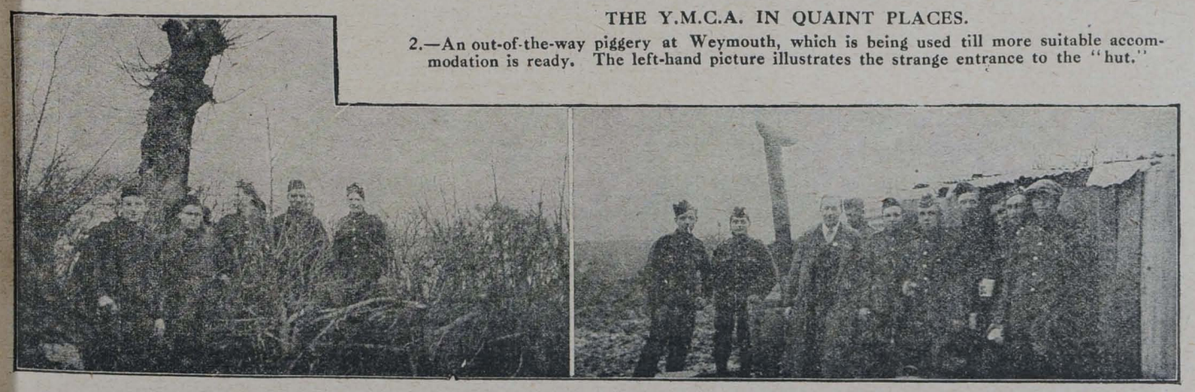
Me and Frenchey's getting fed up,
Getting pretty desprit, too;
Gardenin' ain't our favrit' 'obby,
Fightin's wot we're 'ere to do.

So make a move and risk it, Billy,
Send a fleet aht—not a few—
Else our kids'll read in 'istory
Of Kaiser Bill—the Overdue."

From that night Herbert Harris became more than ever the lion of his company, and as he was a decent shot, he very soon became a prime favourite with the non-commissioned officers. In course of time the company was shifted from the camp at Bullsborough, which, through the incessant rain had become very damp and sodden, and moved on to Rotford, where the men were billeted in private houses in the little market town. Their camp was about four miles out, on Rotford Common, and as one or two forts of rather an important character were near at hand, the men of Herbert's company were rather inclined to give themselves a few airs and graces. One of their number wrote

### THE Y.M.C.A. IN QUAINT PLACES.

**2.—An out-of-the-way piggery at Weymouth, which is being used till more suitable accommodation is ready. The left-hand picture illustrates the strange entrance to the "hut."**



home to his sweetheart, informing her with a pardonable inaccuracy that they were guarding the forts day and night, with some risk to themselves!

It was about this time that Mrs. Harris got rather anxious that her elder son, George, should go down to Rotford, "just to see 'ow 'Erby is getting on." George, it should be remarked, had no intention of joining the colours, as he had got in with a low gang of drinking chaps, who met nightly in the Pig and Whistle, off Paradise-square, to discuss things in general. "Ketch me going," scoffed one. "Wot 'appens? Gets a leg blown orf, and wen yer gets back agin, wot does yer griteful country do for yer? Lets yer go abaht with a pianner orgin to git a crust of bread." George thought this was very sound philosophy, and as he was hoping to get married in the spring, he thought it a mug's game to give up his situation as a packer at twenty-three shillings a week in order to enter the Army, and thought his brother was something of a jay.

It must be confessed that he was not at all keen on the idea of going down to Rotford. One or two of his acquaintances were there, and while he felt pretty cocky in the Pig and Whistle when Joe Packer was the spokesman, he nevertheless felt something of a rotter when he was forced into the company of those lads in khaki who had given up a good deal for the country. Mrs. Hawkins got to hear from Mrs. Harris of his reluctance to go down to see his brother, and so forthwith she commenced a series of special shots one morning over the back-yard wall.

"Of corse, you'll be safe enough," she sneered; "you ain't good-looking enough to be mistook for a German, and, arter all, I 'ear them forts is down that way, so if you should be a bit chirpy, they'll buck you up!" George scowled at Mrs. Hawkins, who was always more than a match for him, and inwardly resolved that the next Sunday afternoon he would go down to Rotford. He said nothing about his resolves to his friends in the Pig and Whistle, because it would look as if he had turned round; nor did he say much to his mother, beyond the casual remark, which caused her some surprise, that one of these fine Sunday "arternoons he might pop dahn to Rotford just to give 'Erby a look up."

The next Sunday afternoon at two o'clock he made his way to Liverpool-street Station, and having got a cheap return to Rotford, commenced to make his way to the main-line platform. He gave a start as he saw, over there by the Suburban gate, his arch-tyrant, Joe Packer, talking to a very flash-looking young woman. He tried to dodge them, but Joe was one too many for him.

"'Allo," he cried, "and ware are you orf to?" George instantly resolved on a lie. "I'm just orf to Clacton for a trip," he replied awkwardly. "I've 'ad enough of them bloomin' soldiers, and I'm going for a blow aht on me own."

"O, well, if that's 'ow you feel, good luck to yer; me and Flo—she's me cuzzin—is going down ter Chingford. So lon'."

Speeding on the way to Rotford, George more than once looked at the address on the dirty piece of paper he had in his pocket: "4, Fountain-road, Rotford." He was bound for this address, where Herbert was billeted. About five o'clock the train drew up at Rotford Station, a sleepy little market town on the East Coast. A number of Kitchener's man were strolling up and down the platform, and as they caught sight of George they indulged in a titter. "Make a fine field-marshal!" laughed one. "Can't see whether he's coming or going," said another. "Look's like a German band," said a third. George overheard some of these remarks, and, as you can easily imagine, they did not add to his comfort. Once outside the station he inquired for Fountain-road, and in about five minutes found himself before No. 4, a modest red-bricked house, with the names of two soldiers chalked on the wall. George was not long in seeing the name Harris in large white letters, and boldly marched up to the door. He had previously sent a postcard to Herbert, and was therefore a little taken aback when a cheerful-faced, matronly-looking woman informed him that Herbert had been sent for that afternoon for special gunnery instruction, but had left a note in his room for his brother. George went up to the little room which Herbert occupied, and, tearing open the letter, read as follows:—

DEAR GEORGE,—We've bin sent this arternoon for special gun-practis. I think we're going to the frunt soon. You follow the direcshuns on this paper and I'll look out for yer. Till then, HERB."

George carefully scrutinised the piece of paper. His brother had never been famed for his freehand drawing, and it was with considerable difficulty that he made out the directions. He managed to discover, after a while, the road he should take, and gathered from the things which stood out like chimney-pots that he had to pass the forts on the way to the camp. He started on his way, and as the first three miles of the journey were along a country road, nothing very eventful happened. When he was in the middle of the fourth mile he came in sight of the forts, and thought it about time to consult the direction-paper once more. Accordingly, he drew it forth from his pocket, and commenced to compare it with the surroundings in the midst of which he found himself. The more he looked the more puzzled he became, and so, somewhat ruefully, he put the paper away in his pocket once more, and commenced to press forward. Before he had got a dozen yards, however, he heard a stentorian voice behind him bidding him to "*Halt!*" He turned round with a great jump, shirker that he was, but this only made matters worse from the corporal's point of view.

"What's yer business?" demanded the voice.

"I—I am—er—looking for me brother," stammered George.

"'Eard that yarn before," replied the corporal. "Out with that bit of paper." George's hand tremblingly went to his breast-pocket, where the paper was stored, and brought it forth. The corporal looked at it carefully, and, with the suspicion of a grin, announced the outline of his immediate course of action.

"Right about face, march," he cried; "I'll hand you over to the proper authorities." Whereupon, mystified with fright, George commenced to march ahead, while the corporal, with a gleam of mischief lurking in his eyes, followed hard in the rear. As luck would have it, the fellows who had been on the platform when George arrived at the station were at that moment returning to camp by a short cut across the fields. Their attitude can better be imagined than described.

"Well, I'm bust!" quoth one. "So he's an outsider, after all."

"What will happen to him?" asked another, who had only been in the Army a week. "Will they shoot him?"

"I reckon he'll go before the colonel," suggested a third. "The old man's dead nuts on spies. The War Office have grumbled a bit lately about the number that have got round here. You remember that case up at Willingsbowe."

By this time George found himself in a cell, behind a securely fastened door. As it was now past six, he was left there for the night. The next morning he was brought before the colonel, who, with his brother officers, were waiting at the head-quarters' house, with the accusing corporal in the room.

"What have you to say for yourself?" rapped out the angry old soldier.

"I'm—er—er—very sorry, sir," George managed to reply, somewhat untruthfully, although his palate was very dry and his teeth were chattering.

"'Um, so I should think," resumed the colonel. "Before we decide this case you had better tell us all the truth, for this is a very grave matter."

With many splutters and some hesitation, George blurted out his story, recounting how he had called on his brother at Fountain-road, where he was billeted, and, finding him out, had sought to find his way to the camp by the aid of the direction-paper left for him.

Suddenly a gleam of light came into the colonel's eye, and the suspicion of a smile hung about his strong mouth as he caught sight of a strange expression on the corporal's face. "Send for Private Harris," he said to a junior officer. In a few moments Herbert came in, with a somewhat crestfallen face, having some fears that he was to be censured for his poem on the Kaiser, which could hardly be called a piece of good taste.

"Is this your brother?" demanded the colonel.

"Yes, sir," replied Herbert, with a stare of amazement as his eyes rested on his brother George.

"Is this your writing on this piece of paper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you leave it for the direction of your brother because you had been called away for special duty?"

"Yes, sir."

The colonel looked grimly at George for a moment. "A mistake has been made," he said. "You are free to go."

"Excuse me, sir," said a captain, who sat on the colonel's right. "There is one thing this young man ought to do as a mark of gratitude, now that he is a free man again."

"What is that?" asked the senior officer.

"Enlist at once, sir, as all free men should do, and help us to get to Berlin," was the quiet reply.

Ten minutes after, George Harris put down his name.

---

Lord Palmerston was once speaking to a famous French statesman on the comparative merits of European soldiers. "French soldiers are the bravest in the world," claimed the Frenchman. "Ours are not the bravest in the world," replied Palmerston, "but they are brave for a quarter of an hour longer than any others." It is that extra quarter of an hour that tells. Many men can wrestle in prayer, but they fail because they don't hold on long enough.

One of Mr. Moody's favourite stories is about a converted miser to whom a neighbour in distress appealed for help. The miser decided to prove the genuineness of his conversion by giving him a ham. On his way to get it the tempter whispered, "Give him the smallest one you have." A mental struggle ensued, and finally the miser took down the largest ham he had. "You are a fool," the devil said, and the farmer replied, "If you don't keep still I'll give him every ham in the smoke-house!"



The Nottingham Guardian.

The Great North Midland Daily.

FOR THE SOLDIERS—Our readers have just subscribed Six Y.M.C.A. Buildings to be erected in Notts. and district camps.

"Three Clarnico Goodies!"

Lily Caramels.

The most delicious Caramel you ever tasted. Rich, creamy, luscious. Made from the finest Sugar, Cream and Almonds. At the first bite you realise the charm that has made them so popular. Sold in various size packages by all good Confectioners, and at Y.M.C.A. Tents.

Cream Caramels.

Have a flavour and richness which distinguishes them from all others. If you have never tasted these delicious Caramels you have missed one of the good things of life. Get acquainted by obtaining a few—just to try—from your Confectioner, or from your camp tent.

Marzipan.

The sweetmeat with the delicate "nutty" flavour. So tempting and pleasing to the palate. Everyone greets Clarnico Marzipan with equal satisfaction, because it is as pure as it is delicious, and for real toothsomeness it has no equal. Obtainable in 1d. bars at most Y.M.C.A. tents, and at all good Confectioners.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd., LONDON.

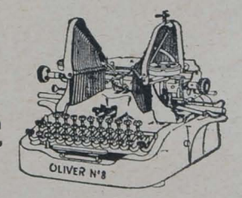
H.M. GOVT.

have bought from time to time over

4,000 OLIVER TYPEWRITERS

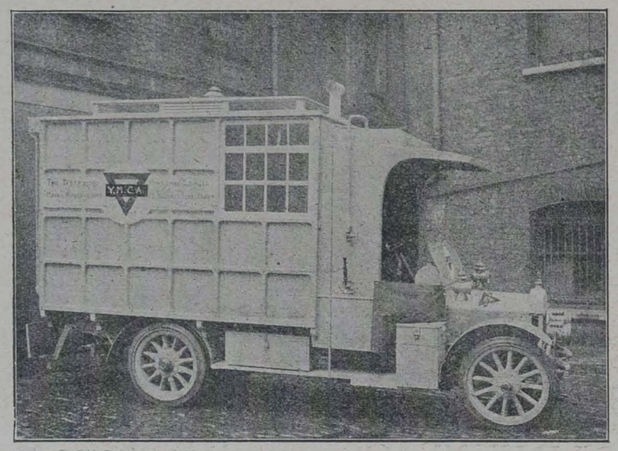
For Military and other purposes—
A fact significant of "OLIVER" excellence.

*Booklet No. 149 gives particulars of the NEW MODELS.*




OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,
75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

## THE Y.M.C.A.'S ACTIVITIES IN WAR TIME.



This illustration shows the new Treapwood motor restaurant car which is the forerunner of others of a similar type to do service in Northern France. By this means creature comforts will be conveyed to hard-pressed men fighting in the trenches.



Under the shadow of a Royal residence: The first building ever erected on the Bachelors' Acre at Windsor. On this historic site, in a past generation, cock-fights and other mediæval pastimes were freely indulged in.



Mrs. E. Alec Tweedie, the distinguished traveller and world-famous author, packing books for the troops in the Council Chamber at the Y.M.C.A.

## A HUMAN RESPITE AMID THE GRIM PRATIONS AND MANY HARDSHIPS OF WAR.



The noble men who are doing duty at the front for King and country are compelled to forego almost all of the elementary comforts of life, and this striking picture affords a glimpse of a welcome meal under strange conditions. The room in which the heroic Red Cross officers are seated is literally dug out of a hole in the ground, but is a welcome hospice to the weary.
*Photo: Photopress.*

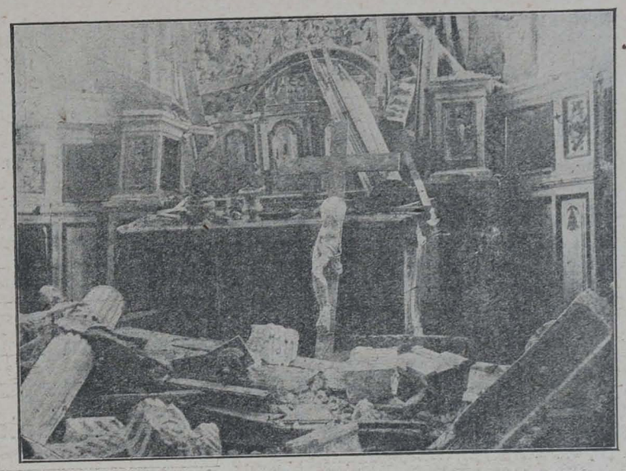
## THE Y.M.C.A. AS THE WELCOMED & HONOURED ALLY OF THE FORCES IN SCOTLAND



Few things have been more remarkable during the present war time than the hearty way in which the War Office and local military authorities have welcomed the practical services of the Y.M.C.A. The above illustration, taken last Thursday at Cupar, shows a number of Army officers, including Brigadier-General F. Lee, together with representatives of the Scottish National Council, and its chairman, Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew.



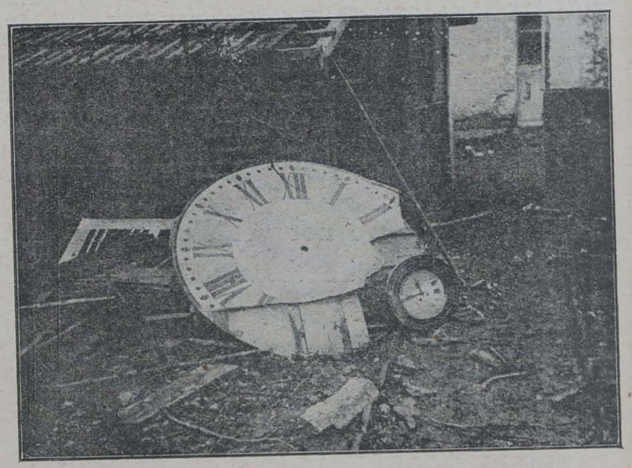
## WAR'S GHASTLY DESOLATION IN FRANCE.



The invasion of France by the Germans has resulted in the partial and, in some cases, total destruction of buildings set apart for religious purposes.



In this picture is shown the fearful ruin of a famous church caused through a furious onslaught in Northern France.



Another illustration of the destruction caused in French churches by the enemy's shells. *(These three pictures are by the Photopress.)*

# The Globe

Founded 1803.

Puts PATRIOTISM before POLITICS and NATIONAL before SECTIONAL INTERESTS.

"THE GLOBE" seeks to inform Public Opinion on all questions affecting the welfare of the State and the moral well-being of the People.

"THE GLOBE" stands for HONESTY IN POLITICS and for BUSINESS METHOD IN GOVERNMENTS.

The Best Newspaper for RELIABLE WAR NEWS.
No scare headlines. No scare posters.

**EAT and ENJOY**

**Far Famed Cake Co.'s**

**CAKES & BISCUITS.**

THE FAR FAMED "Penny Cakes" are on Sale at most Naval and Military Canteens, also at many of the Y.M.C.A. Tents. To those Managers of Tents who have not yet handled our goods, we invite them to write for Samples and Prices.

**FAR FAMED CAKE CO., Ltd.**
RIFLE STREET, LONDON, E.

**If your line of health is "weakly held" strengthen your forces with Bovril**

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.




*2.—"I Swore he should Never be Mutton."*

## BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

WHEN John Ridd, in "Lorna Doone," returned from his eventful visit to London, he was strangely moved by old and familiar sights. "How shall I tell you the things I felt, and the swelling of my heart within me, as I drew nearer, and more near, to the place of all I loved and owned, to the haunt of every warm remembrance, the nest of all the fledgling hopes—in a word, to home? The first sheep I beheld on the moor with a great red J.R. on his side I do assure you my spirit leaped, and all my sight came to my eyes. I shouted out, 'Jem, boy!'—for that was his name, and a rare hand he was at fighting—and he knew me, in spite of the stranger horse; and I leaned over and stroked his head, and *swore he should never be mutton.*"

I think we are all acquainted with this mood, which is not without its dangers. In flushed moments of enthusiasm we make promises which in quieter hours we are inclined to revise. One of the most human sentences in the Bible is to be found in the Book of Genesis: "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him." We are not told what the chief butler promised to do for Joseph, although we have no difficulty in believing that he swore his cheery benefactor "should never be mutton." When the butler was restored to his old position, he soon forgot the dreary dungeon and the disturbing dream. I do not know whether John Ridd kept his promise and retained old Jem as a kind of a family pet, but I do know that there is considerable peril in making promises under certain conditions. But this is not a sermon, and I am not trying to preach, or I might be tempted to include St. Peter in a list of illustrations. In the flush of enthusiasm he, too, made a great declaration, but in the hour of grey trial he forgot the promise he had made.

It is always a dangerous thing to make a serious promise in a fit of excessive excitement or under the pressure of great emotion. The circumstances will change very materially sooner or later, and then we may think quite differently. Thus, a man who is in very serious need of money will make all manner of promises to the friend whose aid he seeks, but when the crisis is over he will view the situation through different eyes, and will inevitably fail to carry out the promises he made. The excitable temperament is always a source of danger, and more often than not is a positive inconvenience. It is easy to swear in a sentimental mood that Jem shall never be mutton, but the day may come when mutton is urgently required, and when the maintenance of human life appears more precious than the cattle on a thousand hills. We can never tell. All we know is that the emotions play some astounding tricks on us, and we need to be on our guard.

I once knew two old ladies, with hardly a thing in common, who, on comparison of their lots, enthusiastically agreed to live together. "It is just what I have been waiting for," said one. "I should like it above all things," declared the other. Each swore that the other should never be mutton. But they altered their minds within a week, and I saw the proposal, like the cares that infest the day, silently dissolve into thin air.

It may be a whim, but I am rather shy of promises made after the big meal of the day. A man is supposed to be in a good mood when he has dined, and it is supposed that *after* dinner is the best time to ask a favour. I remember a young man in business, about fourteen years ago, who with unfailing skill managed to ask favours of the manager when the dinner-hour was over. It is said that no man with cold feet can enjoy a sermon, and I can testify that the saying is true; but I think it is also a fact that no man in an unduly contented mood should commit himself to great enterprises until his merry mood has passed on a little, and he finds himself in a more normal condition.

This theory, I imagine, throws a little light on the proverb, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure." Of course, there are very many exceptions, but I cannot help feeling that marriage, considered in relation to every grade of society, is not the success it ought to be. Many young married people, like the Galatians of old, begin well, but something hinders as they go on. I have often the uneasy feeling, as I enter different houses, that marriage is a miserable failure. What else can we think in the presence of the ceaseless nagging which prevails in some houses? A celebrated bishop once defined a club as a place where women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Well, there may be something in the definition, but we are bound to inquire why some men are for ever spending their evenings in billiards at the club when they might be by their own hearth. It may be that for some of them the mutton has become inevitable. Highly-coloured and sentimental promises, made under the soft light of a gentle moon, or in a wooded, old-fashioned garden, have been broken and rejected. Well may the old gipsy song warn the innocent girl:—

> Do not trust him, gentle maiden,
> Though his voice be low and sweet.

What is the best time for a marriage proposal? Some people think that spring-time should be ring-time, but I am not sure. Spring is too sentimental for most men. The presence of the primroses and the breaking through of innumerable green shoots all help to stimulate the imaginative side of life. In the presence of earth's fair sweetness man is tempted to say the heroic thing, and to swear that his sheep shall never be mutton. Like the cavalier of old, he is inclined to cry, with his hand on his heart:—

> No, by Heaven, I cried, may I perish—
> If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

The irony is that the man does *not* perish, although in after days he plants, not a thorn, but a forest of spears into the broken heart.

I think the best time to make a marriage proposal is before luncheon on a cold and frosty morning. This will be thought by many to be a cold and calculated suggestion. It is. But then life is a very calculated affair, and no man ought to make a contract until he has counted the cost. If we go through life with the firm conviction that sentiment, fierce emotion, and circumstances can all lead us astray, we shall be more careful as to the things we declare and the promises we make. For, as a wise moralist has said, evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart.

I am afraid this theory is all too true in regard to religion. I have known many men, who, in the flush of a great excitement, have made a decision to live a Christian life. They left out a few possible emergencies. They forgot the cold and chill of the next morning; the hard and unfeeling world; the misunderstanding of intimate associates. And the result is that many men have got mutton for a religion when they ought to have a sheep. In a word, they have got a dead creed when they ought to possess a living reality.

Let it be understood that I am not deprecating enthusiasm and emotion. The man without either is the man who needs both. But, like all good things, they have a perilous side, and it is against the peril that this article is directed. Let us be very sure that twice two are four, and let us refrain from suggesting (even though we oppose John Stuart Mill) that there is an abstract possibility of their making five. Let our yea be yea and our nay nay. Indeed, let us not swear at all, not even when plain speech seems cold and unfeeling. Let us say what we mean and mean what we say. And it is just possible that our Jem (whatever it may be) will not be turned into mutton, and that our word, simple and outspoken, will be our bond to the last.

## GWILYM JAMES.

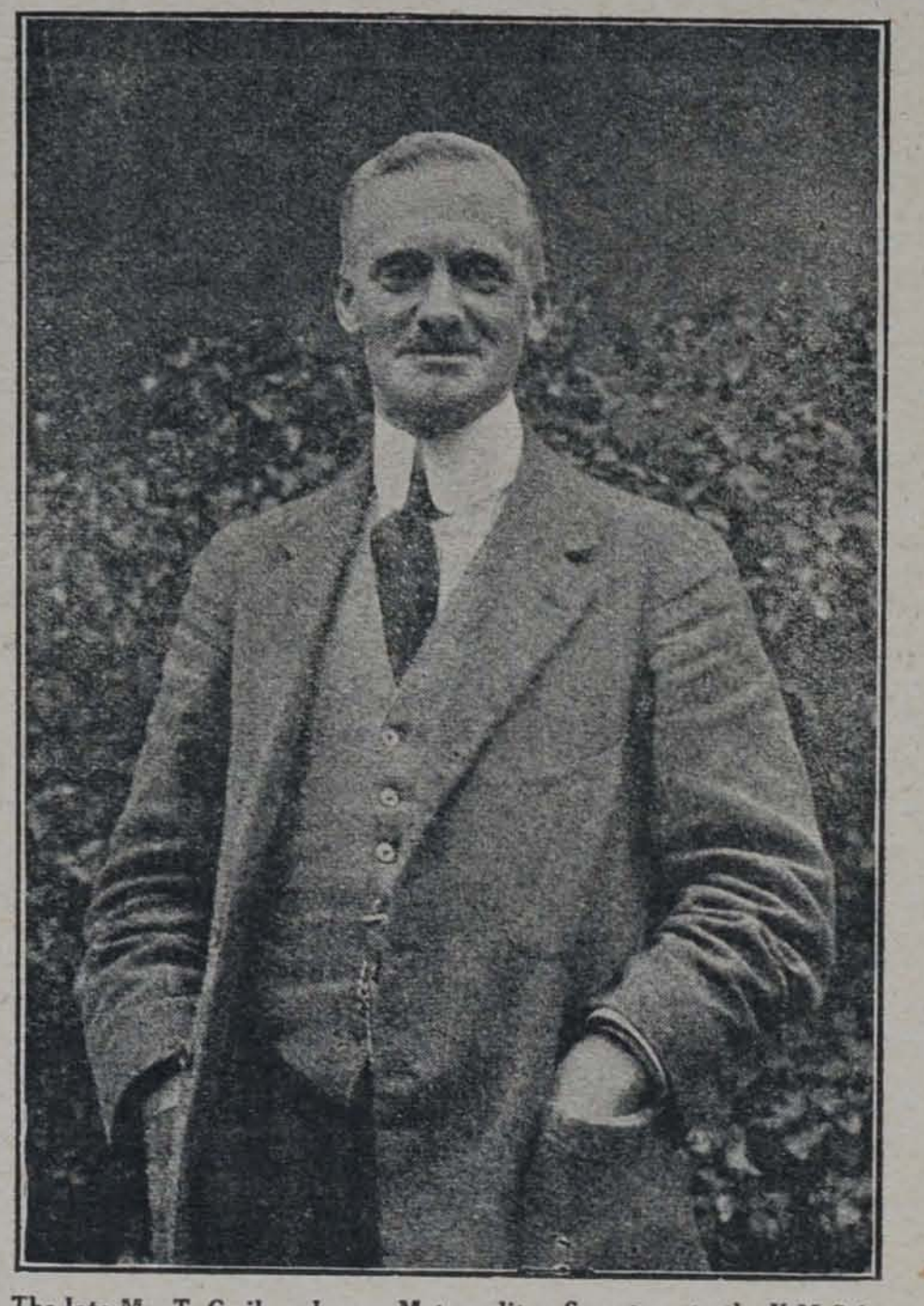
**A Colleague's Tribute to His Faithful Life and Work.**

THE death of Gwilym James was a blow to the whole Association movement. He was a live personality. As a strong swimmer revels in his tussle with the sea, so Gwilym James revelled in life. He was admirably fitted for Association work by temperament and by gifts. Highly strung, sensitive, and responsive in a high degree, daring in outlook, optimistic and sanguine, he brought to his tasks great gifts. Never physically robust, he was ever quick, active, and apparently never weary. But his ardent mind burned up his vitality as in a furnace.

Perhaps we little realised his intense faith in and devotion to Jesus Christ.

He had broad visions for the Association. He was never afraid. He stepped into breaches where others would hesitate, and took upon his shoulders burdens which others avoided. His work justified his faith. He toiled constantly beyond his strength, and died in the early prime of his manhood.

Such are the facts. Dr. Witton Davies, of Bangor, says that "Wales killed him." The truth is that into everything he did he poured himself. The disease that destroyed his body was inevitably fatal, and so we mourn his loss. His work remains, and we cannot estimate his influence.



The late Mr. T. Gwilym James, Metropolitan Secretary to the Y.M.C.A.

He loved others, and they gave back love for love. His genius for friendship gave him openings for personal testimony and witness which he never neglected. His whole being glowed when he spoke of his Lord and pleaded with men and women to live for Him. His freedom from conventional ways and bonds gave him opportunities which are not given to men of narrower sympathies. He was the confidant of many, and their guide. His friendship was worth having. He had understanding. His work was done in Bristol, where he first joined the Association. He moved to the Aldersgate-street Association, in the City, where as assistant secretary he did excellently in building up the membership and in the extension of Bible-class work. In 1898 he moved to Kennington, where, surrounded by a fine band of earnest fellows who rallied to his enthusiastic leadership, he did two years' work which gave the greatest possible promise.

He took over the Welsh work at the time when the nineteenth century closed. His removal was regretted by all, but his twelve years' work in Wales has entirely justified it. A series of good buildings is one fruit of it, but a new vision of Association possibilities is, perhaps, the larger fruit.

In the Welsh University centres and in the mining valleys of South Wales he proclaimed the Association's mission and secured a hold.

A great work is developing in Wales, and though other leaders are doing valiantly there, it can never be dissociated from his life and work.

F. J. C.

## THE SOLDIER AND HIS TESTAMENT.

**By George T. B. Davis, B.A., International Secretary of the Pocket Testament League.**

SEVEN years ago the Pocket Testament League was launched as a Bible-reading and soul-winning movement, with the hope that a million members might be enrolled. Already hundreds of thousands of people of all classes in many lands have joined the movement, and it has proved itself one of the most remarkable soul-winning agencies of modern times.



Mr. G. T. B. Davis.

Never, however, has the power of the League as a soul-winning agency been so clearly displayed as during the present war. Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean, after watching the work of the League among the soldiers on Salisbury Plain, declared it "the most perfect soul-winning machine in existence"! This estimate would seem to be verified by the figures of only one section of League work—that carried on in only six Y.M.C.A. camps on Salisbury Plain. In this limited sphere of operations, in less than twelve weeks, more than 10,000 soldiers joined the Pocket Testament League, and more than 3,000 declared their acceptance of Christ as their Saviour. Mr. Henry J. Lane, one of the leaders in the work of grace, gives striking examples of the change wrought in individual lives, and in entire groups of men on Salisbury Plain, through the introduction of the Pocket Testament League.

While tens of thousands of Testaments and Gospels have been distributed through the Y.M.C.A. since the war began, yet not only in marquees and huts, but in homes and mission halls and churches, on trains and trams and at street-corners, the League Testaments have proved marvellously effective in winning the soldiers and sailors to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The eagerness of the soldiers and sailors to secure the League Testaments—and they are only given on condition the receiver will make it the rule of his life to carry it with him, and read one or more chapters daily—has been a continual astonishment. At the Crystal Palace, after 600 of the Naval Division had been enrolled in the League, Mr. Smart called for another 1,000 Testaments. At the White City for weeks there has been a constant stream of soldiers joining the League, and scores, and doubtless hundreds, of the men have declared ther decision for Christ at the same time they decided to read and carry God's Word.

In the Navy several of the most alive promoters of the League have been lieutenants, commanders of submarines, who have taken delight in securing League members, and in giving out Testaments to those joining the movement.

## WHAT MEN SAY.

"Patriotism with many of us in days of peace has been a name and very little more. It has hardly called for sacrifice. But the hour for sacrifice has come, and there is a testing of what our loyalty is worth. And the quality of that loyalty is tested in another way besides. Men and women, one and all, owe it to our country at such an hour to behave with the quietness and the self-control which belong to those who are under discipline. We can do much to insist, and to reiterate, that it is a miserably false 'patriotism' which, by ministering to self-indulgence or intemperance, or to a laxity of moral fibre, degrades where all ought to be ennobling."—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Rev. J. E. Adams, who has been an acting chaplain with the Gordon Highlanders at the front, is home again. In a sermon the other evening he referred to the death roll of the Gordon Highlanders, and said the 1st Gordons, where were they? There were still some of the 2nd Gordons left, he believed. After a certain famous battle the roll call disclosed only 120 men and three officers. Of the 2nd Gordons, who went out over 1,000 strong, when one spoke to the officers they declined to talk about the things that had happened. Mr. Adams added that the British soldiers appreciated the religious services. When asked what hymns they would sing, the reply was "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," or "Lead, kindly Light."

## SAVED BY A BIBLE.

**The Story of a Christian Sergeant's Narrow Escape from Death.**

THIS is a portrait of Sergeant Lilley, of the 2nd South Staffordshire. When the war broke out he was serving as a constable in the Cumberland and Westmorland Constabulary, and being a reservist he was immediately called up to rejoin his old regiment. At the front in the early days of the war, Sergeant Lilley took part in the battle of Mons, and being an earnest Christian he had many opportunities of speaking to his comrades about spiritual matters. These, he declares, were the happiest times of all his life. The men were wonderfully receptive, Sergeant Lilley attributing that to the fact that so many people at home were praying for them.



Sergeant Lilley.

During a subsequent engagement, the gallant sergeant was seriously wounded by a bullet, which came in a direct line for his heart. "It went through my overcoat and coat," he says, "and glanced off my pocket Bible and other things in my pocket, including a copy of Alexander's Hymnbook, and a pocket-book of texts and prayers. Doubtless these books saved my life, for the bullet passed downwards and went in and out of my side."

Sergeant Lilley has since been at a hospital in this country. His message to Christians is this: "I would urge them to keep on praying earnestly for the men at home and abroad. God has already answered prayer in a wonderful manner, and I believe we shall see yet greater things. I would also urge Christian people to supply every soldier with a Pocket Testament. When the men get to the front they appreciate a Testament ten times more than they do at home."

This testimony of the gallant Sergeant is a sidelight on the value of the work which the Pocket Testament League, to which reference is made in the adjoining column, is so admirably doing.



# THE Y.M.C.A. IN OTHER LANDS.

*Glimpses of Progressive Work in India, China, and South Africa.*

*Specially Contributed by Our Own Representatives.*

IN Bombay a special war supplement of *The Times of India* is being issued to the Territorials by the Y.M.C.A. The supplement contains an excellent service of war news, and we may be sure that the Association's enterprise in keeping the Territorials in touch with the movements on the Continent is much appreciated by the men so far from home.

Rangoon will open the City's Jubilee Hall as a hut for the Territorials, who will be there by the time these lines are read.

One of the "Buffs," writing home from Mhow, India, says:—"There are very few English here. There is an English church, which the troops attend on Sundays. That and the Y.M.C.A. are the only two places anything like England. But for the Y.M.C.A. I do not know what we should do."

### The Territorials in India.

Mr. E. C. Carter, Associate National Secretary, reports on work in India:—

A fortnight ago we had no Y.M.C.A. of any sort in Mhow, Delhi, Ferozepore, and Multan. Now we have full-fledged Territorial Y.M.C.A.'s running. Ponsford is in charge at Mhow; S. S. Day and L. A. Dixon are at Delhi; M. G. Brooks is at Ferozepore; and H. G. Stacey at Multan.

At Poona we have an Army Association, so it was easier to get things started there. Jack Gardiner is giving his whole time, and W. B. Smith part time, to the Territorial work. The Army Association at Bangalore and Maymyo are all ready for the men when they arrive. Though there has not been an Army Department in Madras, Jubbulpore, or Lahore, each Association has set apart practically the full time of one of the secretaries to the Territorial work, and the Territorials are responding. Herman is in charge in Madras, Wishard in Jubbulpore, and McConnell in Lahore. Secunderabad is under the leadership of Wright, and Rangoon of Baker. They are getting ready for Territorials when next they come. This is also true of Calcutta, under Freeman and Smith. We hope shortly to be able to open in a few more such places as Agra and Jullunder, though we have reached the limit of our staff; and if you could send us about six of your trained secretaries, we would be in a splendid position to do a magnificent piece of work.



اخبار جنگ

۲۶ نومبر ۱۹۱۴ — نمبر ۶ — صفحہ ۱

دولت انگلشیہ

The Editor, Akhbar-i-Jung, 8, Devonshire Square, London.

A reproduction of a Newspaper published by the British Government for the use of the Indian troops at the front.

### Bombay's Welcome to British Territorials.

Mr. L. Gordon Cranna, writing to headquarters in London, tells how Bombay Young Men's Christian Association welcomed the British Territorials:—

I feel sure that you will be interested in the movements of the Territorials who have come to India, and the work we have been doing amongst them while they have been passing through the city. When we got word that the first batch were coming we immediately got into touch with the military authorities, who gave us information with regard to the disposition of the various regiments, and Mr. Carter, of the National Office, made the necessary arrangements to place an institute in every centre where 800 or more of the Teritorials were to be located. This entailed a considerable amount of work, and we had to make arrangements with some of the missions to lend suitable men for the work, as we had not a sufficiently large force in India to supply the demand, especially in view of the fact that twelve of our men had already gone to the front with the large convoy which left some time ago. Our efforts were crowned with success, and we were able to carry out our plans almost in their entirety. This, of course, means wherever the Territorials are located, except in places where there are institutes of various kinds, they will be supplied with an Association with an experienced man in charge.

When the convoy arrived at Bombay we were able, through the generosity of Sir Henry Procter, to go out and meet them in a launch. We ran the large Y.M.C.A. flag up on the flagstaff, the flag, by the way, looking as big as the launch, and sailed out to meet the boats as they came into the port. As soon as the flag was visible to the men on the various ships, we were greeted by rounds of cheers and cries of "Good old Y.M.C.A." There was no mistaking the whole-heartedness of the reception given to us when we went on board. We were immediately surrounded and plied with all manner of questions.

We had prepared a little booklet for distribution among the men. Naturally the men were most anxious to know the latest news with regard to the war, and conditions of life in India, the kind of station to which they were to go, &c., &c. After the distribution of the booklets, which the men fairly fought for, we were able to give talks on various subjects, and appealed to the men to uphold the best traditions of English life during their stay in India, and reminded them of their responsibility as British subjects representing the British people.

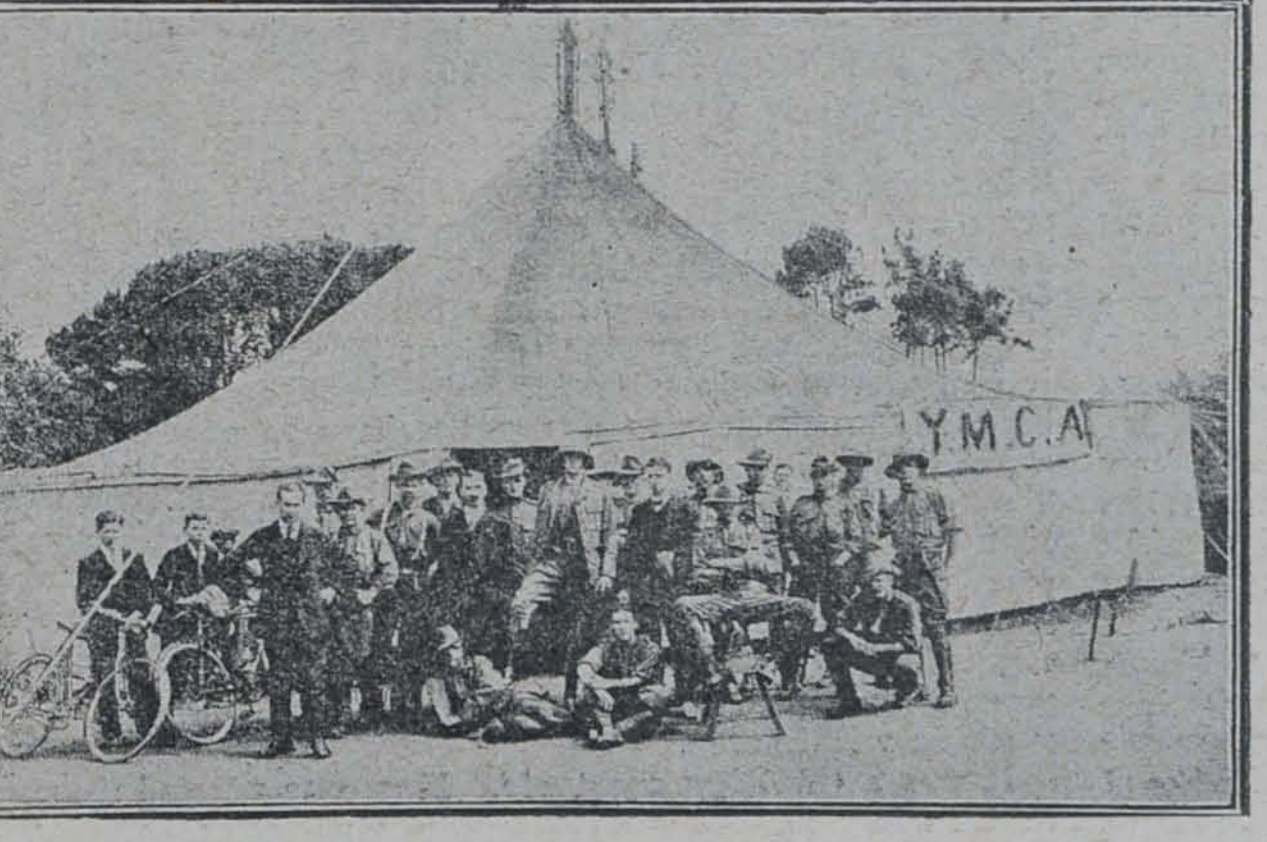
We placed two men on every ship we visited, and all were kept busy answering questions relating to various subjects, and on the large ships some of our men delivered lecturettes, which were thoroughly appreciated.

Part of the second convoy arrived on Tuesday, the rest came in the following day. As they were unescorted we were unable to get definite information as to their arrival, and in consequence we were not able to go out to meet them in the harbour, as we did with the last batch, although a launch was again placed at our disposal. We waited at the docks till the boats came alongside, and when they were within easy distance of the dockside we held up the Y.M.C.A. flag, and on every occasion it was greeted by cheers from one end of the ship to the other.

We had a news-sheet specially printed, giving all the latest telegrams, and these were readily sought for, both by the officers and men. We also distributed the little booklet, and after taking advantage of the opportunity to give the men some advice with regard to conditions in India, and appealing to them to set an example which would be worthy of the Empire they represented, we informed the men that we would be glad to take any letters ashore, and see that they were posted. The invitation was no sooner given than responded to in such a whole-hearted manner that we had difficulty in taking all the letters ashore. Of course, the men were only provided with English money, but to meet their need we took the money at its face value, and got all their mail away.

On every ship we visited we were most cordially received, both by officers and men, and on every hand we heard of the excellent work of the Associations at home. One officer with whom I got into conversation, when I handed him the little booklet and news-sheet, remarked: "You Y.M.C.A. people are marvellous, and I do not know what we would have done without you in the camps at home."

The excellent reception accorded us, and the cordial spirit, too, of the men of all ranks is, I think, a wonderful testimony to the efficiency of your work at home, and I congratulate you on the magnificent service you are rendering the Empire by your unselfish devotion to the needs of the men of the Army.




**WITH BOTHA'S ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA.**

**In South Africa, as elsewhere, the Y.M.C.A. is rendering Imperial service. The marquee shown in this picture is pitched at Groote Schuur, the famous estate of the late Cecil Rhodes.**

### A Religious Campaign in China.

Writing from Shanghai, Mr. C. H. Robertson gives some interesting particulars concerning the great campaign of science lectures and evangelistic meetings which has just been held under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Wonderful preparations had been made throughout the summer by conferences on evangelistic work at each of the important missionary gathering centres, with the result that a definite spirit of expectancy and prayer had been created, together with a great volume of preparation in all Northern, Eastern, and Southern China.

Mr. Robertson's letter says:—

I am passing through Shanghai to the south after finishing the fine

circuit of five northern and Yangtze Valley capitals—Tientsin, Peking, Paotingfu, Changsha, and Wuchang. The difficulties have been many, but the prayers of those who have been faithful have been answered and the power of God has been manifested over and over again.

In Peking the Board of the Interior assigned a place for the big tabernacle within the precincts of the ancient 'Forbidden City,' just inside the 'Heavenly Peace Gate,' and but a short distance from where the former boy Emperor now lives. The War Department provided a hundred army tents to make the roof of the matshed rainproof. The police established a neat camp with tents, and took care of us by night and by day.

Vice-President Li Yuan Hung entertained Mr. G. S. Eddy, Mr. D. W. Edwards, and myself at a banquet in his palace on the lake island, where the Emperor formerly lived. He asked many questions, called in his children and staff to hear the plans and one of the addresses of the campaign, and gave us a message to carry to the young men of China as well as introductions to official circles on the route ahead.

The union and organisation of Christian forces in Peking were remarkably effective and thorough. The city was districted, with one of the seven missions in charge of each district. The attendances were 20,000 and 16,000 odd for the science and religious lectures respectively. Immediately the big meetings were over the two thousand signed cards were classified and copied by twenty-five writers and clerks, and at a big follow-up meeting the next morning the inquirers were assigned to Bible classes and met the seventy teachers for the first lesson. Special addresses have been prepared by able speakers on vital topics, and are being given on regular circuits in all the churches. Groups of 'social stunters' have organised irresistibly interesting programmes, and go on a regular monthly circuit throughout the immense city.

### In the Heroes' Temple.

The strenuousness of campaigning in China was suggested in Changsha, where I had just twenty-seven hours. In that time four fine audiences, averaging 3,300 each, expressed great appreciation of "Temperature and the Universe."

In Wuchang, where considerable difficulties developed in the early stages of preparation, all was suddenly changed by the introductions from Peking. Then things happened. The Military Governor, General Tuan, made available the Heroes' Temple. This was formerly called the Emperor's Temple, and is now the place where are the tablets and pictures of the martyrs of the Revolution. Here the Governor had erected in one of the courts, especially for the meetings, a great tabernacle of matting, seating 3,000 people. He provided electric light, telephone service, and tea for the workers. The Civil Governor arranged a schedule for all the schools to attend the lectures in regular order. After the campaign their Excellencies received us and gave us letters of introduction to the Governor at Nanking.

In each city groups of workers have come in to help and to observe, sometimes from places several days' journey distant. The Canadian Presbyterians sent in five men from Honan Province, and have now asked for a science lecture campaign to precede evangelism in their five principal provincial cities for the early spring months of 1915.

Thus far the average attendance for science lectures has been beyond 10,000 for each city, with an average of over 1,000 signed inquirers in each.

I sincerely hope you will appreciate how wonderful such things seem for China. It has been only by faith that we have dared attempt them, and without prayer such things are not achieved.

But as encouraging as these great North China and Yangtze cities have been, we believe they will be surpassed in extent and character by the single Province of Fukien, whither I take ship in a few minutes. "Lord, teach us how to pray." Let us continue in prayer for South China.

Some of you will remember my account in a former letter of H. E. Wen Shih Ching, who as Secretary for Foreign Affairs at Hangchow did such remarkable service in the anti-opium campaign. In the meetings just closed he decided for the Christian life, and last Sunday was baptised. He is a cousin of President Chang Po Ling, and I confidently look for a great Christian testimony out of the city of Marco Polo's residence in China.

### With Botha's Army in South Africa.

The Associations in the Union of South Africa have endeavoured to accept the challenge that has come to every country where thousands of young men have been concentrated in military camps. The work done by the Associations in the peace training camps of four military areas met with such cordial approval by officers and men that when hostilities commenced permission was readily granted to erect large marquees at the camping centres. These huge tents served for the distribution of light refreshments, sometimes as many as one hundred dozen of aerated waters being sold in one day, and for reading and writing rooms by day and for concerts and sing-song services by night

This work was carried on with splendid success at Durban, Pietermaritzburg, East London, and Johannesburg. The greatest opportunity was, however, at Cape Town. The Association here had worked magnificently, and handled a big and difficult task with high credit to themselves. It conducted work at no fewer than eight different points through the Cape Peninsula, from Simonstown to Maitland.

It was impressive to see the immense marquee on the picturesque grounds of the late Cecil Rhodes at Groote Schuur, in the centre of an encampment of some thousands of men, who were going immediately into active service. Up above towered the majestic buttress of Table Mountain, keeping watch as a sort of Nature's sentinel over the camp. The wooded slopes came right down to the marquee, and to see the throngs of South Africa's finest young men crowding through the trees when off duty, to write a letter, read a magazine, or have a "drink" was an unforgetable sight.

Every night a concert, a sing-song, or a service was arranged. A copy of the New Testament was given to every man who desired it, and the president of the Cape Town Association distributed a small card, the Chaplain-General's prayer, which was given to the British troops.

The last night before the men sailed for German South-West will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to participate. The tent was thronged inside, and numbers stood outside. There must have been seven hundred of young South Africans, overflowing with good spirits and anxious to do their duty for "King and country."

Up till 9 o'clock the crowd enjoyed a programme provided by visitors. The secretary in charge was very desirous of leaving a different final impression than that of patriotism and hilarity, even though perfectly healthy in all respects. How easy men respond to the highest appeal when it is naturally made!

### A Touching Farewell.

"Now, men, this is our last evening together. We have all enjoyed the fellowship together. We do not want to be morbidly serious, but there is something solemn about this moment. You are going to serve and give your best, because your country has called, and some are not coming back. There are homes in every part of Africa, from Durban to Kimberley, and from Pretoria to Cape Town, thinking of you and praying for you. Would it not be a happy ending to our gatherings to spend a half-hour singing some old hymns together?" The consent was immediate and unanimous. Not a man or officer left, and presently, instead of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" sounding forth, a mighty column of song rang out in the glorious old hymns, "God be with you till we meet again," "Sun of my soul," "Abide with me."

It was a thrilling spectacle. How one prayed that these fine young fellows might not only be kept from harm, disease and danger, but kept firm on the rock of Christ Jesus!

After a prayer by one of the departing chaplains, hundreds of men came up to grip hands in a grateful farewell.

## THE QUEEN MARY HUT AT BOULOGNE.

**The Opening Ceremony, at which a Message from her Majesty was Read.**

THE work of the Y.M.C.A. among the British troops in France advanced another stage on the evening of Tuesday, January 12, when the Queen Mary Hut was formally opened by Colonel Asser, the Base Commandant at Boulogne. Now that it has been completed, this hut is undoubtedly the best of its kind in use abroad. With its spaciousness, its tasteful decoration, its electric lighting, its kitchen and cubicle accommodation, and its full equipment, the Queen Mary Hut is sure to prove of great service to the soldiers located in Boulogne.

On the call of Colonel Asser, Mr. J. H. Hunt, who is in charge of the Y.M.C.A. work in Boulogne, gave the large gathering of soldiers and friends a brief account of the erection of the hut and the character of the work for which it is intended. He said they were grateful and proud to have the permission of her Majesty Queen Mary to call the hut by her name, and voiced the thanks of the Association also to Mr. Frederick Harrison, the generous donor. There were, he said, some twenty such huts now in use in France, and the meaning of this last, as of them all, was "to bring a little bit of home into the life of the soldiers."

Colonel Asser then, with great felicity, proceeded to declare the hut open. He remarked that on his arrival at Boulogne there was at first no kind of shelter for the men, and even when that was at length provided, there remained a further difficulty in the utter lack of any home comforts. It was then, he said, that the Y.M.C.A. came to their aid. To several ladies and gentlemen and institutions the troops were greatly indebted for their kind and useful services, but the *pièce de résistance*, he thought, was going to be the Queen Mary Hut. Much enthusiasm was aroused when the colonel announced the receipt of a telegram from her Majesty, which was in the following gracious terms:—"Her Majesty understands that the opening of the Queen Mary Hut takes place tomorrow. She wishes the hut all success." The audience were further delighted to learn that there had also come from the Queen a photograph of their Majesties to be hung upon the walls of the hut. After reading a message of good wishes from Mr. Harrison, the donor of the building, Colonel Asser formally declared it open.

After the prayer of dedication was offered by Canon Hunt, several votes of thanks were passed. Amid general acclamation, Colonel Asser proposed that the following message be wired by him to her Majesty Queen Mary:—

"On behalf of the Y.M.C.A. and British troops in Boulogne, I beg to be allowed to thank her Majesty for her kind telegram and for the much valued photograph of their Majesties. The Queen Mary Hut, which was opened this afternoon, more than fulfils the purposes for which it has been erected, and the comfort and hospitality to be obtained within its walls will prove a great boon to all British soldiers in Boulogne."

Grateful mention was made of the generosity of Mr. Harrison, the donor of the hut, and of M. Huguets, who granted the site free of charge. The Rev. Mr. MacPherson, Senior Chaplain of the Church of England to the Expeditionary Force, expressed the thanks of the company to Colonel Asser for his presence that evening.

Colonel Asser responded by asking for an expression of appreciation and thanks to the Y.M.C.A., and by calling for three cheers for Queen Mary, which made the building ring. The singing of "God save the King" concluded the ceremony, which was followed by a concert and tea for the men. The large attendance of soldiers was a most gratifying feature, promising well for the future success of the Queen Mary Hut.

---

A bright mind suggests (according to the *Glasgow Evening News*) that as the Kaiser has announced Germany will fight to the last cat and dog, British dogs and cats ought to give 6d. each to provide a Y.M.C.A. soldiers' hut in France.



# THE Y.M.C.A. WITH THE COLOURS.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at work.*

One of the men of the Royal Naval Division at the Crystal Palace is such a good chess player that he has had an ingenious problem in *The Times*. Mr. Stephenson has some sets of chess, but needs more, as sailors are very fond of the game.

***

During one night when a tremendous storm broke over Hatfield recently Rev. Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, the rector, came to the Y.M.C.A. tent to offer hospitality to the two workers there. It was a kindly act, which was thoroughly characteristic of the late Marquis of Salisbury's gifted son.

***

At Harwich, by the way, the present Marquis of Salisbury has shown practical appreciation of the work of the Y.M.C.A. At Dovercourt Mr. Bowman and his helpers have had the use of the excellent rooms belonging to the Co-operative Society. These rooms have been crowded nightly with soldiers.

***

It is interesting to find how many careers are represented in the ranks of Y.M.C.A. helpers. Doctors, dentists, journalists, theological students, lawyers—all these have been actively assisting our tents and huts.

***

In the cathedral city of Peterborough ten churches are working under the Y.M.C.A. flag. The Corn Exchange is the down-town centre. The Dean, the Mayor, and the leading citizens are all keenly interested. A full performance of the "Messiah" is one item in the recent programme.

***

Twenty-one centres, representative of all denominations, are open in Cambridge for the use of the troops, in addition to the Y.M.C.A. Our new hut in the Cherryhinton Barracks, is ready, and will be opened shortly. The association is crowded all the hours the men are free.

***

Bradford Association was £400 in debt on its current account recently, and there was general depression in consequence. The treasurer, Mr. J. Banks Fearnley, and Mr. R. A. Norman, general secretary, have campaigned, and with the co-operation of the committee, have succeeded in entirely wiping out the deficiency. There were eleven gifts of £20 and five gifts of £10.

***

The following are the statistics for a camp work at Frensham, whence the troops have recently removed:—Pieces of stationery used, 300,000; letters, parcels, &c., posted, 175,000; pledges signed, 1,000; gospels and booklets distributed, 10,000; decisions for Christian life, 90; members enrolled, 100.

***

Association buildings throughout the country have been centres for united intercession services during recent weeks. Unusually large audiences have been general.

***

Our building at Thetford is to be the No. 2 hospital of the local Red Cross detachment.

***

Mr. A. J. Mayers and his colleagues in the Reigate and Redhill district, have developed their plans to meet the needs of thousands of men who have been drafted into the neighbourhood.

***

The Somerset Rooms, kindly lent by Lady Katherine Somerset, have been formally opened, and are proving of great service in Reigate. The Y.M. and the down-town centre in Redhill are also popular.

***

In one of the billeted centres near London during the period when one company of men were suffering from effects of inoculation for typhoid, association workers went to their quarters and did their cooking for them. More than two thousand copies of the New Testament have been distributed. At one of four centres in the town fifteen French classes are held weekly, being notified in Orders. Bugle and band contests have been a popular feature.

***

Two Boy Scouts from Alyth have been despatched to Fearn, Ross-shire, as auxiliaries to the Coastguard service there.

***

One of the first suggestions received for the *Y.M.* is a series of articles in Welsh. It is receiving due consideration.

***

Huddersfield has lost one of the best friends of good work in the death of Mr. Alfred Sykes. Mr. Sykes was a constant and generous friend of Y.M.C.A. work, and was this year's president. The funeral, which took place at All Saints' Church, Netherthong, was largely attended. Representatives of Huddersfield Corporation, Technical College, Borough and County Magistracy, Chamber of Commerce, and Board of Guardians were present, in addition to a group of association workers.

***

A thousand men of the Army Service Corps have been entertained at the Cartwright Hall as the guests of the churches and Y.M.C.A. of Bradford. "May the puir wee mouse ne'er come awa' frae your meal pock wi' a tear in his e'e," and "A guid New Year to yin an' all" were two seasonable mottoes prominently displayed.

***

Mr. J. W. Ogilvy, who has driven his own car more than six thousand miles on active service with the Y.M.C.A., is organising a series of scientific lecture-talks for the camps within reasonable distance of London. Dr. J. R. Leeson, C.M., M.R.C.S., is lecturing at Epsom on the 25th, on several matters that concern our health, and at the London Central, on February 1, on "The Common Fly." Mr. F. Martin Duncan visits the Central on January 26 with his "Wanderings in Zooland," and Dr. G. H. Rodman will lecture there on February 9 on "X Rays—What They Are and What They Do."

***

Kirkintilloch Y.M.C.A. has now 30 members serving in H.M. forces. And while these are serving King and country the members at home are doing something to help our troops, and to strengthen the hands of those in charge of institutes at military and naval training centres. Realising the urgent need for money, a dramatic and musical entertainment was organised in the Town Hall. As a result the treasurer has been able to send £17 4s. to headquarters.

***

Mr. J. J. Virgo is at present absent from London on a tour of Association centres and camps, and among the places which he is visiting are Grantham, Peterborough, York, Newcastle, Carlisle, Barrow-in-Furness, and Wishaw.

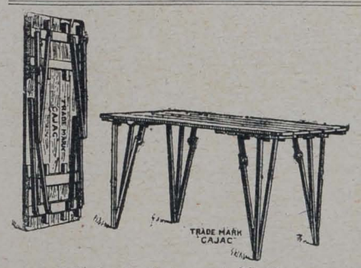
***

The Y.M.C.A. at Curdridge, Hants, under its new hon. sec. (Mr. W. Cooke) and a strong committee, has entered upon a new lease of life and activity, and hopes to wield an increasing influence upon the young life of the parish. An effort is being made by attractive meetings and bright social evenings to lay hold of the younger men and youths, and in this way to bring them under Christian influence. Already nine new members have been enrolled and the sympathy of many honorary subscribers enlisted, and, in short, it is confidently hoped that the Association will soon establish itself as a force for good in its somewhat limited sphere.

***

Princess Alexander of Teck was to have opened the new Y.M.C.A. soldiers' recreation building in the Bachelors' Acre, Windsor, on


**EMERGENCY FOLDING FURNITURE** OF BEST BRITISH MAKE.




"Cajac" Caterers' Table.

Handiest for
CAMPS, INSTITUTIONS, MISSION HALLS.
*CLOSE FOLDING, VERY RIGID. VERY STRONG.*

**The "CAJAC" Tables are Unequalled for Excellence :: of Manufacture, Strength and Convenience. ::**

*Stocked in Six Sizes.* *Write for Prices.*

Also FORMS, CHAIRS, TRESTLES (for loose table tops), in great variety.
Illustrated List on application.

Works cover 2½ acres. Fitted with the most up-to-date machinery obtainable.

**ALLAN JONES & CO.,** Hatherley Works, **GLOUCESTER.** *Telegrams: "Lattistep, Gloucester." Nat. Telephone: No. 55 Gloucester.*

Saturday week, but was prevented from coming from Esher (where she is staying) owing to the floods. In her absence the ceremony was performed by Brigadier-General J. Marriott, M.V.O., D.S.O. (commanding the Surrey Infantry Brigade).

The building was given by the Drapers' Company (London), and cost £300. It is the first building that the bachelors of Windsor have permitted to be erected on this historic spot, which belongs to them, and where in the old days bull-baits, cock-fights, and revels were held.

Mr. Arthur K. Yapp, secretary of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., said they asked the public for 200 buildings of the same type, and the public had given them 250.

***

Lord Radstock, who recently took part in the opening of a Y.M.C.A. hut on Southampton Common, said that everyone recognised nowadays how necessary was the social side. It was no use saying to the soldiers, "You should not go to this place or that," if they had not wholesome, healthy, bright recreation to offer them somewhere else. The Y.M.C.A. had risen splendidly to an emergency.

***

As an evidence of what the Southampton Y.M.C.A. has done, it may be stated that a week after the outbreak of war a marquee was opened from 7 a.m. to 9.15 p.m. Some of the members of the Association have generally slept in the tent, and risen in the early morning to provide the soldiers with tea and coffee. The Y.M.C.A. workers had to leave about 8 o'clock, in order to get to their work in the town, and at that time the ladies took on duty, remaining until six o'clock, when the young men returned.

***

A well-known minister, replying to an invitation to address the soldiers, says :—"I should count it a great joy and privilege to help in your noble work. A boy whom I know, now in France, wrote to say that he had flung mud in his time at the Y.M.C.A., but now he exhorted all who hear the title Y.M.C.A. to take off their hats to it."

***

Recent events emphasise the importance and value of the operations of the Y.M.C.A. in France. According to expectations, large numbers of new troops will be sent out from England to reinforce those who have so heroically borne the burden of the early days of the campaign. Princess Patricia's Regiment is now stated to be at the front, and other Canadian regiments as they are ready will be despatched to France from time to time. From the present date until the spring these troops will be going out to take part in active operations. On the battlefield the Y.M.C.A. cannot, of course, proceed as at home, but it is a well-known fact that all the troops are not engaged at the same time, and that in the rest camps, convalescent camps, and at the base centres thousands of men will be found. Amongst these troops the Y.M.C.A. have already made an excellent beginning, and the work is being deeply appreciated by the men. Mr. Oliver McCowen, LL.B., has been finding sites for huts, and with the assistance of the staff shaping a policy that will include expansion and adjustment to the new situation as it develops during the next month or so.

***

Her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who is president of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee for work in France, has been constantly engaged during recent weeks in securing the assistance of a group of ladies, who are co-operating in personal service and in the provision of creature comforts for the men in Northern France.

***

**[Camp leaders should send in postcards, or Press cuttings, from time to time when they have anything interesting to record. We hope to give the fullest publicity to the work that is being done in 700 centres, and this can only be possible through the co-operation of the men in charge of the camps.]**

## "FOR KING AND COUNTRY."

### A Song that Appeals to Every Part of Our Far-Flung Empire.

IN the early days of August, when war had hardly been declared, Mr. Harkness wrote the patriotic song "For King and Country," the chorus of which we produce on this page. This song has gripped the public wherever it has been heard. It is world-wide in its vision, and the sentiment expressed is of that lofty type which gains the approval of every audience.

"For King and Country" has taken a great hold on the Canadian people. It has been sung with tremendous success at the great Toronto Exhibition recently held, and has also become a prime favourite with the men in the camps throughout Canada.

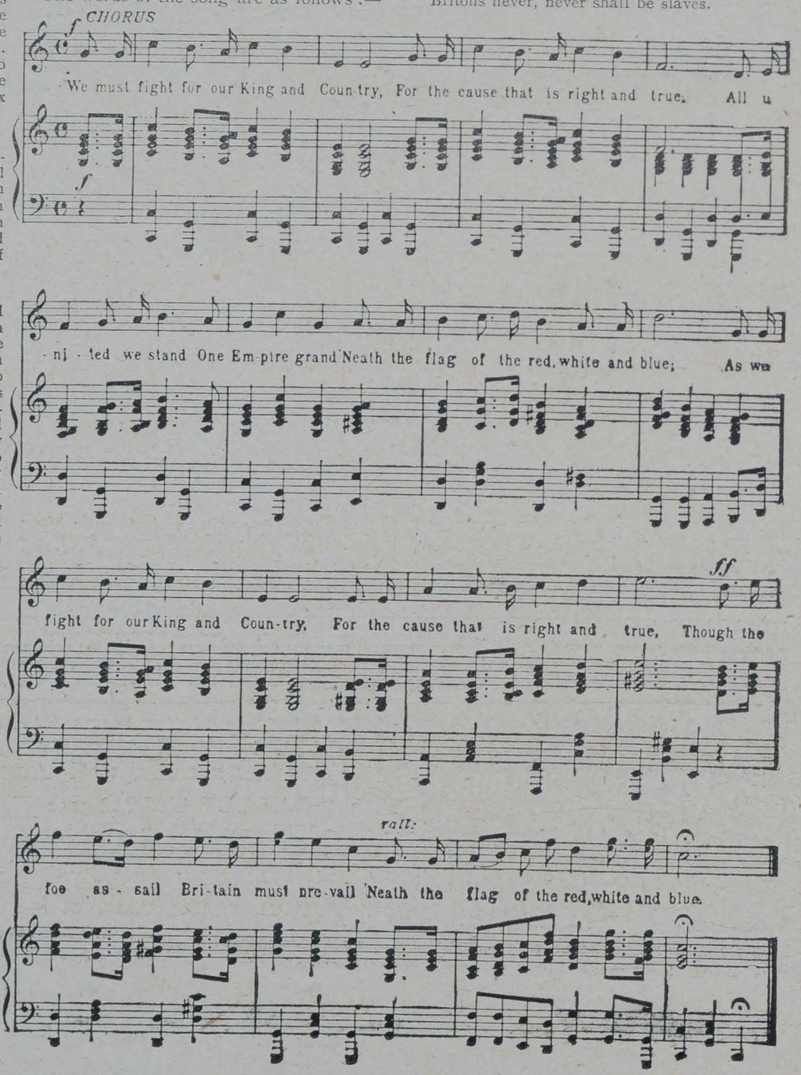
For the benefit of the soldiers in the camps throughout Great Britain, Messrs. Robert Harkness, Limited, are offering, *for one week*, a special Y.M.C.A. edition of this song for 6d. (post free, 7d.). We are sure that such a song as this will meet with the immediate approval of the men in the Y.M.C.A. camps throughout the country, and local secretaries would do well to include it in their concerts.

The words of the song are as follows :—

We must fight for our King and country,
For the cause that is right and true,
We are ready to-day
Duty's call to obey,
'Neath the flag of the red, white, and blue.
In defence of our dear old Homeland,
For the honour of Britain's name,
We will vanquish the foe,
All the world to show
Britain's foes shall be put to shame.
Chorus.

See they come from the far dominions,
At the sound of the battle cry,
From Australia's shore
Ever more and more
Britain's valiant sons draw nigh.
From New Zealand we hear the echo,
"We are coming to your aid!"
While Canadians call,
"We will stand or fall
For our Empire unafraid!"
Chorus.

In the fight for our King and country,
Let the sound of alarm out-ring;
From the ends of the earth
There will be no dearth
Of response to the call of our King.
As we fight for our King and country,
As our soldier all danger braves,
We will show to the world,
'Neath our flag unfurled,
Britons never, never shall be slaves.






**FOR ROUTE MARCHES.**

**Fry's**

**SUPERIOR**

***Chocolates***

ON SALE AT THE

**Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.**

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENTS IN THREE REIGNS.

ALL THAT CAN BE SAID ABOUT THE QUALITY, HIGH-CLASS APPEARANCE AND PERFECT FRESHNESS OF

**CARR'S BISCUITS**

WILL NOT CONVINCE YOU AS MUCH AS THE BISCUITS THEMSELVES. WHY NOT TRY

**"GINGER RUFFLES."** With the rich full flavour of old-fashioned gingerbread.

**"TABLE WATER."** The nicest of all water biscuits.

**"TIPPERARY."** The latest and most appropriate biscuit, popular at home and with the troops.

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

**CARR & CO., LTD., CARLISLE, ENG.**

TRADE MARK S.T. REGISTERED

**THE SOLDIERS' LANGUAGE MANUALS.**

**No. 1. ENGLISH—FRENCH. By AJAX.**
**No. 2. ENGLISH—GERMAN. By AJAX.**

Containing Pronunciation, Notes on Grammar, Greetings, On the Road, Correspondence, Requirements, **Military, Naval,** and **Red Cross** Terms. Numerals, Money, Weights and Measures. **Coloured Wrapper, 3d. each.**

This handy little Booklet has been prepared specially for the pocket for all who are not able to converse in the French language.

**FRENCH SELF-TAUGHT**
**GERMAN SELF-TAUGHT.**

For learning the Language by the Natural Method. It contains Classified Vocabularies Travelling by Rail, Road and Sea, Cycling, Motoring, Post, Telegraph, &c. Commercial **Naval,** and **Military** Terms, Health, Human Body, Food, Fruits and Drink, &c., Conversation, so arranged that they may be learned **at a Glance,** with **English Phonetic Pronunciation.** Tables of Money, with Illustration of Coinage, Weights and Measures. **Blue Wrapper, 1/- each; Red Cloth, 1/6 each.**

**On Sale at BRITISH EMPIRE Y.M.C.A., 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.' and of all Booksellers.** For complete list write for No. 18 Catalogue, Post Free.
**London: E. MARLBOROUGH & CO., Publishers, 51, Old Bailey, E.C.**

**"What £10 a year will do."**

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

**NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE**

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,
**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**

**WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?**

THE LEADING AUTHORITIES say :

**DRINK KOPS ALE**

(NON-ALCOHOLIC).

**Read the following from J. E. K. STUDD, Esq. :**

"I have much pleasure in stating that during the past few months I have used **Kops Ale** as a drink and found it very agreeable and refreshing. I think it ought to supply the needs of those who have hitherto complained that their objection to total abstinence was the absence of a palatable liquid. I sincerely wish your efforts every success."

Recommended also by
CANON WILBERFORCE, DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, THE "LANCET," etc., etc.

**TRY KOPS ALE with your Luncheon, Dinner, Supper, or whenever Hot and Thirsty.**

**KOPS BREWERY,**
**FULHAM, S.W.**
**And WESTERN ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.**



**HOME'S—**
**Winter Camp Drinks**

GINGER CORDIAL,
GINGER MINT,
PEPPERMINT.

*For full particulars apply to*
**G. Y. HOME & CO., Redcross St., BRISTOL.**
*Pioneers of LEMON SYRUP and all Fruit Cordials.*

From **24/-** per week.

**Y.M.C.A.**
55, Old Steine, Brighton.
The Best Place for a **HAPPY HOLIDAY.**
**Excellent accommodation.**
Reading Room, Smoke Room, Gymnasium, Library, Billiard Room. Music Room, Swimming Arch. **Refreshment Bar** & every convenience and comfort.

**REDUCED RAILWAY FARE** and Cheap Tickets for Swimming Bath, Palace and West Piers, Electric Cars, etc.

BRIGHTON has four miles of Sea-front, two Museums, Aquarium, Library, Art Gallery. **SPLENDID WALKS OVER THE DOWNS & PARKS.** Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. Men.

**8/6** per Week-end.

**BRIGHTON**

Fulham and South Kensington Young Men's Christian Association.

**BOARDING HOME for YOUNG MEN,**
"FAIRLAWN 64, Fulham Road, London, S.W.
Has been visited by over 2,800 Men from all parts of the World. Accommodation for 23. Beds from 5/- per week. Single Rooms, 6/- and 6/6 per week. Sitting and Study Rooms, Cycle Storage and Dark Room. Moderate Tariff. Reduction to Y.M.C.A. Members and permanent boarders.
*Apply (with stamped and directed envelope) to* THE MANAGER, *mentioning "Y.M."*

**ESMOND HOTEL,**
1, MONTAGUE ST., RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C
This Temperance Hotel adjoins the British Museum, and is Central and quiet. Night Porter. Private Garden.
10 Bedrooms, Lounge, 2 Bath Rooms, recently added, Electric Light installed, and whole house renovated.
Bedroom and Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Attendance, from 5/- to 6/6; or with Plain Breakfast, 4/3 to 5/9 per night.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
T. MOFFETT, proprietor, late Gen. Sec. Leeds Y.M.C.A.
Telephone No.: Gerrard 1675. Telegraphic Address: "Agroup, Westcent, London."

**47, BERNARD STREET,**
*Russell Square, London.*
BOARD RESIDENCE, very central and comfortable. Bedroom with breakfast, from **12/6** weekly.

**St. Pancras Y.M.C.A. RESIDENTIAL HOME,**
62, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.
Close to the West End, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, and on main road, with Tubes, Trams, and Trains to all parts.
**BEDROOM ACCOMMODATION 5/6 PER WEEK.**
*Board by Arrangement.*
*Special Tariff for Visitors.*

**BOARDING HOME FOR YOUNG MEN**
BAYSWATER Y.M.C.A.
(President—The Hon. Mr. Justice Lush.)
28, PRINCE'S SQUARE, QUEEN'S ROAD, W., close to Kensington Gardens.
Pleasantly and conveniently situated within three minutes' walk of the "Tube," Metropolitan Railway Station, Queen's Road, 10 minutes from Paddington Station (G.W.R.), and buses to all parts. Bedroom charges, 5s., 6s. and 7s. 6d. Moderate tariff (see prospectus). Full particulars from WALTER WILD, Secretary.

**Finchley Y.M.C.A. Boarding Home.**
*On the Bracing Northern Heights of London.*
"ST. KILDA," BALLARDS LANE, NORTH FINCHLEY.
Excellent Accommodation for young men desiring board residence. On the direct car route, and within easy access of quick train services to all parts of London.
TERMS:—Bed with Board (without Dinner on week-days), 12/6 per week.
Bed with Board (all Meals every day), 16/- per week.
T. D. JOHNSTON, General Secretary.

**STAMFORD HILL, LONDON, N.**
*HOSTEL FOR YOUNG MEN.*
Splendid position. Extensive Grounds. Close to Rail, Tram, and Bus for the City. Gymnasium, 8 Tennis Courts, Cycle Storage. Athletic Clubs. Running Track. Rifle Range. Reading Room and Study. Music Room. Debating Society. Electric Light. Hot and Cold Baths. Beds from 5/- to 7/- per week. Moderate Tariff for Meals.
Apply for Prospectus to
**Mr. F. L. PORTER, 65 & 67, Stamford Hill, N.**

RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR YOUNG MEN.
**BLOOMSBURY HOUSE,**
Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.
President: Mr. WALTER HAZELL, J.P.
Central situation. Within walking distance of City and West End. The Club is fitted throughout with Electric Light.
**Bedroom Charges (including Boots, Bath, etc.) from 7/6 per week.**
*Refreshments according to Tariff at Minimum Charges.*
The arrangements of the Club are quite modern and every provision has been made for the Comfort and the Social Life of the Members. Lawn Tennis, Gymnasium, etc.
**Enlarged to 180 Bedrooms.**
All applications to be addressed to the WARDEN.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 22.**—Luke i. 18-33. *He shall be great* (verse 32). This prophecy of the coming Jesus reminds us of His greatness which has obtained world-wide fame, and marks Him out as far above the rest of the world's great ones of all time. It reminds us also that true and lasting greatness is in proportion to the love expended and the service rendered. In the case of our Lord, His name "Jesus," meaning "Saviour," expresses the basis of His world-wide claim.

**Saturday, 23.**—Luke i. 46-56. *He hath holpen His servant . . . as He spake* (verses 54, 55). God works on behalf of those who lay hold of His promises and claim their fulfilment. Abraham (verse 55) staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith (Rom. iv. 20). A boy's trust in God should correspond to his confidence in the father and mother who never fail to keep their word to him, with this difference, that behind God's promises there lies His power of fulfilment.

**Sunday, 24.**—Luke i. 57-66. *The hand of the Lord was with him* (verse 66). The hand of the Lord is extended like that of a father for his child to grasp. It rests with a boy or young man whether he will lay hold of Christ as his Saviour or not. In the one case he will have God on his side, and in the other he will find himself in hopeless opposition to God.

**Monday, 25.**—Luke i. 67-80. *Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways* (verse 76). This is true of every whole-hearted Christian. The boy who is living for Christ at home, at school, or in business is preparing a way by which the Lord may secure an entrance into other lives. "Knowledge of salvation" (verse 77) is made most attractive to others by the lives of those who practise it.

**Tuesday, 26.**—Luke ii. 1-17. *Good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people* (verse 10). This provides a true description of the Gospel; it contains joyful news for all people; its subject, "a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," who has come within the reach of every man.

**Wednesday, 27.**—Luke ii. 18-35. *Praising God for all things that they had heard and seen* (verse 20). Nothing is more important in the Christian life than to praise God for His good gifts. It is alone due to God's loving favour that the world has had this wonderful Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ granted to it, and then that we in this country have had it so abundantly placed within our reach. Are we learning to ponder over it in our hearts? (verse 19).

**Thursday, 28.**—Luke ii. 36-52. *He was subject unto them* (verse 51). Our Lord's obedience to His earthly parents, expressed in these few words, is given a front place in the short record of His youth. In verse 52 we have an indication of His education in that which would cultivate His mind and body and guide Him in His duty to God and man. Add a cottage and carpenter's shop in a country village, and we have a description of the earthly circumstances amid which the world-Saviour and King was trained.

---

Through the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, of which H.H. Princess Victoria is president, and Lady Wimborne hon. secretary, most valuable help is being rendered to the work in France. By their co-operation everything that could be of use to the men in order to provide comfort, instruction, or amusement, as would make them feel these places to be real homes of rest and refreshment is being organised. Concerts and social evenings are being provided, and appeal has been issued for games, books, and illustrated magazines, warm garments, and necessaries such as braces and handkerchiefs. It is pointed out that men from the front are not always in possession of means to purchase what they need, and that in the case of convalescent soldiers, whilst the same condition arises, they are often requiring strengthening food and comforts of all descriptions.

# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

*Telegraphic Address: "Manhood (Westcent), London."*
*Telephone: 6402 Central.*

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, INCORPORATED
(FOR ENGLAND, WALES & IRELAND).

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD, K.T.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS, Esq.
Treasurer: R. L. BARCLAY, Esq.
Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

*HEADQUARTERS:*
"George Williams House,"
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matter should be addressed.*

*Contributions are invited. The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, articles of general interest, and photographs of current events, whether relating to purely Y.M.C.A. matters or to more general topics. All accepted contributions and photographs will be paid for.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or news-agents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*



# A SAFE AND BENEFICIAL 6% INVESTMENT.

## *SUPPORT A WORK OF GREAT PUBLIC UTILITY.*

## Important Women Workers Housing Scheme

# THE LADY WORKERS' HOMES, Ltd.

**CAPITAL, £50,000.** Present Issue, 37,000 Preference Shares of £1 each.

*The names of the gentlemen composing the Board of The Lady Workers' Homes, Ltd., are as follows:—*

**Councillor A. DAVIS,** Chairman (Originator of the London Housing Society, Ltd.).
**HENRY MILLS, J.P., L.C.C.** (Ex-Mayor of Islington).
**RALPH DAVIS** (Director, Social Service E. E. Co., Ltd.).
**HENRY RICHARD TAYLOR, J.P., L.C.C.** (Ex-Mayor of Camberwell).

Surveyors: **ROBINS & HINE,** 5, Waterloo Place, S.W.
Bankers: **LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LTD.** (King's Cross Branch), 7, Caledonian Road, London, N.
Solicitors: **ROOKS, SPIERS, WALES & WARD,** 16, King Street, Cheapside, E.C.
Auditors: **BALL, BAKER, CORNISH & CO.,** Chartered Accountants, 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C.
Secretary and Registered Offices: **J. H. HARVEY,** 116, Judd Street, W.C.
Assistant Secretary: **Miss DOROTHY J. ROBERTS.**

**This Company has been formed for the purpose of providing healthy homes and small flats for the large and ever-increasing number of women workers of gentle birth who, from force of circumstances (now greatly intensified), are compelled to earn their own livelihood.**

**To demonstrate the urgent need of such homes the Directors desire to announce that sufficient applications for accommodation have already been received to more than fill the proposed new premises, and feeling assured of the immediate success of the undertaking earnestly appeal to the Public to co-operate with them in furthering this scheme of great public utility.**

**The scale of charges will be fixed as low as possible so as to afford a clear 6 per cent. interest on the capital invested.**

The Company has already secured a very large and commodious mansion, being No. 1, ABBEY-ROAD, **ST. JOHN'S WOOD,** N.W., occupied for some years past by the late Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A. The area of the house, with its well-wooded grounds, is about one acre, and the position offers considerable advantages, being in close proximity to Regent's Park and within easy reach of the City and West End. The mansion will be retained in its entirety so as to preserve as far as possible the amenities of the property. It is proposed to build an extension which will supply, approximately, 120 additional bedrooms with central heating, together with bathrooms, lavatories, &c., and also 26 self-contained flats with every modern improvement.

It is proposed to establish a Restaurant for the supply of meals to the tenants at popular prices, and the Directors attach considerable importance to this part of the scheme, the intention being that it should be carried out in a thoroughly efficient manner and on a self-supporting basis only.

An exceptional opportunity having presented itself, the Directors feel that by developing this scheme they will supply the want so beautifully defined in the following words:—

**THE PRAYER OF THE LONELY WOMAN IN THE CITY.**

**All day I have looked at the multitude, and no eye met mine in understanding, no life touched mine in help, no hand clasped mine in fellowship. In a thousand companions I have felt no companionship. A myriad hearts go by, but none stop to beat in time with my heart. I am hungry for friendship, starved for human cheer. I come to Thee, here solitary in my little room in its pitiful stillness, and I come not with vain request for things; I do not ask Thee for spiritual ecstasies; I come for comradeship, to feel that some One is living on with me, though in silence. Some people are so rich in fellowship; their days are feasts of friends. O God, I ask but the crumbs of human feeling that fall from their table. Thou who guidest souls through the chartless sea of life, steer some woman's soul my way, bring me the cheering convoy of honest men, and let little children find me. Keep me warm and human that they may know me when they find me. Keep me wise and prudent that no pirate in the seas of love may deceive me. Infinite, great Spirit, reveal Thyself to me as a Friend and the Maker of Friends.**

## SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

**The Times.**—"These little Flats are the kind of thing the woman worker has dreamed of, but never hoped to see at the price."

**Hampstead Advertiser.**—"A splendid scheme. The project is one that should succeed, for it is one that will benefit the large and ever-increasing number of women workers of gentle birth who will appreciate an environment corresponding to that with which they are familiar, and which is so difficult to obtain under ordinary circumstances."

**Church Family News.**—"One has only to watch the steady stream of life emerging from our railway stations, morning by morning, to realise what a large proportion of the passengers are women of varying ages hurrying off to their respective professions. . . . We recommend the matter to our readers' attention. They can be absolutely confident that the scheme is as sound in organization as in finance."

**The Guardian.**—"Such a combination of social centre, club, and business enterprise is unique, and in providing an agreeable and sane environment for girls and women who have not too much money to spend, the Company will be helping in the most commendable manner to solve one of the most difficult of London problems. We feel every confidence in the enterprise."

**The Record.**—"We observe with much satisfaction that an attempt is at last to be made to supply lady workers with 'Homes' (a truly happy word). . . . The scheme strikes us as a very praiseworthy one. It offers exceptional advantages to the investing public, and shareholders will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are strengthening a much needed branch of social service."

**Pall Mall Gazette.**—"The Delayed Ideal. Women have long been waiting for Flats such as these, and their confidence in the success of the idea is assured when they learn that it is being worked by the men who have so successfully provided dwellings for the working classes in congested districts of London."

**The Company will have the active co-operation, as Chairman, of Councillor A. DAVIS, who is well known as the originator of the London Housing Society, Limited, which has proved so remarkably successful in providing dwellings for the working classes in congested districts of London.**

Official prospectus and further particulars can be obtained on application to:—
Miss Y. M. ROBERTS,
THE LADY WORKERS' HOMES, LTD.,
116, JUDD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

# SAFE AND BENEFICIAL 6% INVESTMENT.

# For Soldiers & Sailors

## on active service or in training.




**—the highest standard of fountain pen efficiency.**

The "Swan" is made in London and designed for comfort, strength, and ample ink capacity.

The "Swan" has the smoothest and easiest gold nib, yet its tip is the hardest—our gold pens are absolutely without equal.

The "Swan" feed holds ink against both sides of the nib—the light hand takes only a little—the heavy hand a lot—the "Swan" starts instantly and gives automatically what ink is required.

The "Swan" finish is the highest grade—parts fit exactly—are easily replaced if accidents occur, and there is no leakage.

**Prices:**

**Standard from 10/6. Safety Pattern from 12/6.**

## FOR SOLDIERS—we recommend also:




**A "SWAN" METAL POCKET. Protects the pen from breakage, 1/-.**




**"SWAN" INK TABLETS. For use, one tablet to a penful of water, 6d. & 1/-.**

**All Made in England,**
and Sold by
**Stationers and Jewellers.**

PLEASE WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

**MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd.,** 79 & 80, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

BRANCHES—38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, MANCHESTER; 10, Rue Neuve, BRUSSELS; Bretano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, PARIS; and at NEW YORK.




Size 2 C.
"SAFETY SWAN."
With Ladder, Feed, and Screw Cap.
**12/6.**




"BLACKBIRD."
The Standard of low-priced pens.
**5/-.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—*January 22, 1915.*

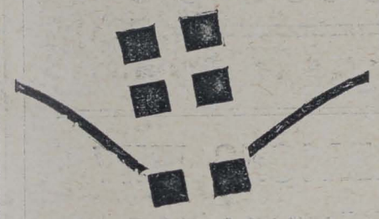
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 3. Vol. 1. JANUARY 29, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.





**Is the Enemy Piercing your Line of Defence?**

Every one of us is being daily attacked by the battalions of illness. Sometimes they triumph, sometimes they are defeated. Colds, chills, influenza, desperately endeavour to break down our resistance and pierce the line of defence.

Unless you are properly nourished, these enemies will find out your "weak spot." Therefore strengthen your whole defensive line with Bovril. It reinforces the line of defence just at the place—just at the time—that you need that reinforcement most.

**Reinforce with Bovril**

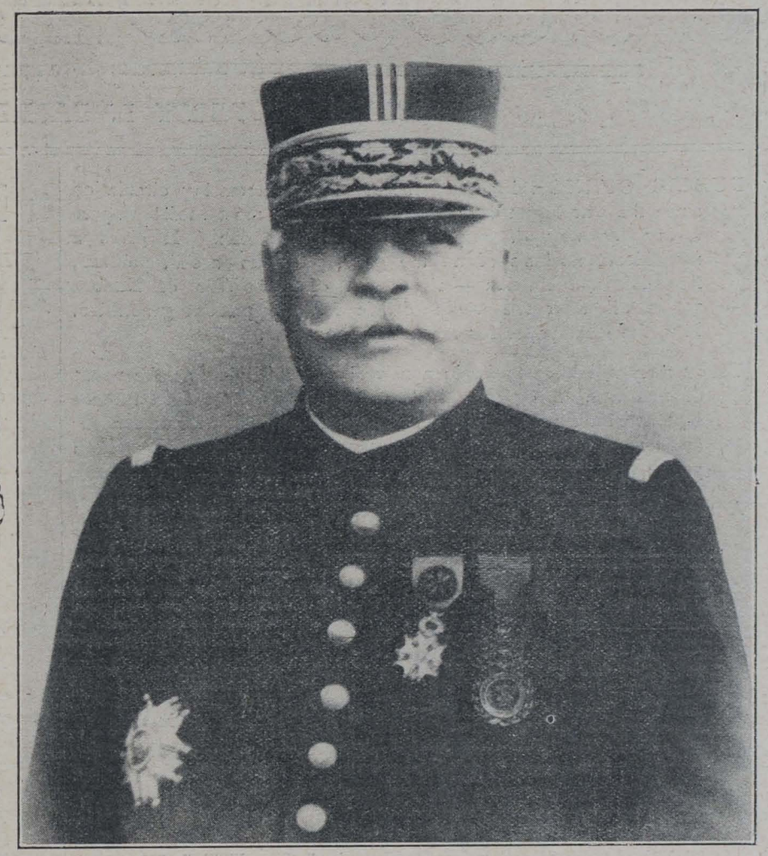
Bovril makes just the difference between your being nourished and your not being nourished by your food.

At the front and on our ships, in hospital, in camp, and at home, Bovril is doing its splendid work. It rescues the sick at critical moments, increases the power of endurance, and literally fortifies the body against the armies of disease.

**It must be BOVRIL**

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

S.H.B.

GENERAL JOFFRE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

This new portrait of General Joffre shows the distinguished Commander-in-Chief wearing his new medal. General Joffre has given special permission for Y.M.C.A. huts to be erected near the firing line, for the benefit of the men serving under his command. *Photo: Photopress.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


THE FALLACIES OF ALCOHOL. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.Z.S. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 53

THE YOUNG MAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD. By President Woodrow Wilson ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 55

IN TRAINING FOR THE GREAT WAR. Illustrated ... ... ... ... 57

BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 3.—"A Whistle or a Pibroch?" ... ... ... 63

Our Short Story: FOR HER SAKE. By H. Martyn Gilbert ... ... ... 65

THE Y.M.C.A. WITH THE COLOURS ... ... ... ... ... ... 67

THE BEST PAPER
FOR YOUNG MEN IS

# Public Opinion

EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.

PUBLIC OPINION'S greatly increased and increasing circulation since the war began shows that it fulfils a most useful purpose to-day by way of inspiration and information. It gives a magnificent analysis of all the great problems—social, political, financial, and religious—arising out of this War of Nations which will alter the whole of life for the present generation. It is the ideal paper for the keen young man.

Young men will have to begin a new chapter of living as the result of this war. Long after it is ended we shall be face to face with the most vital and tremendous problems of human conduct and activity which have ever engaged the human race, and all young men must help to solve them.

A more consistent ethical line of conduct and a simpler method of life will be necessary all round if we are to come out of the ordeal successfully; and a tremendous reconstruction of human society on an ethical basis will be one of the most urgent duties of the day forced upon us by events.

The same strenuous efforts which are now put forward on the field of war will have to be applied to the organised life of society so that the voice of comp'aining may cease in our streets, and so that the splendid freehold of Great Britain may be worthy of its history and of the great sacrifices made to secure its safety. It especially behoves young men to know exactly what those problems are, and what the world's thinkers say as to their solution.

If you wish to get at the heart of what men and women are doing thinking, and saying about all the great problems of the day, and those arising out of this great war for the upholding of international morality, you should read PUBLIC OPINION each week. No other paper takes its place. It is unique, and is read by an increasing number of thoughtful people all over the world.

## HOW TO GET IT

*If you would like to see* PUBLIC OPINION *every Friday, ask your Newsagent or Bookstall to send you a copy till further notice. Twopence weekly.*

*If you would like it sent from the Office for a trial three months, send 2s. 9d. to the Manager,* PUBLIC OPINION, *and you will receive it every Friday morning. For six months send 5s. 5d., for a year, 10s. 10d.*

*If you live abroad, a three months' trial subscription costs 3s. 3d.; six months', 6s. 6d., one year, 13s.*

*A specimen copy of* PUBLIC OPINION *will be sent to any address on receipt of a postcard addressed —Manager,* PUBLIC OPINION, *32, Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.*

GET IT TO-DAY.

## REASONS WHY

*THERE never was a day when it was of more importance to carefully choose your weekly paper.*

PUBLIC OPINION *has the largest circulation of all the weekly reviews, because it goes direct to the heart of all the problems of the day, without waste of time.*

*The chief object of* PUBLIC OPINION *is to provide the busy man and woman with a handy summary of the best thought and activity of the best men and women of the day from the best Papers, Magazines, and Books.*

*It informs, inspires and educates, and it saves your time and money. It is readable from beginning to end, because it is supremely interesting. It is a great acquisition to any house, because it interests everyone.*

*It is a Newspaper Room, a Weekly Library of New Books, and always a cheerful and well-informed companion. It gives a rapid survey of what men and women are doing, thinking, and saying each week. It focuses in a useful way all the tremendous interests and important issues of the life of the day.*

TWOPENCE, NOT SIXPENCE.

## FEATURE OF FRIDAY

*"It is the feature of Friday," writes one who constantly has to address large masses of men. "I tell young men it is an intellectual enfranchisement to read such a paper as yours. I feel you are serving a real need of your generation, and I thank you for the way in which from week to week you help a busy man to help his fellows."*

**Mr. BENJAMIN KIDD,** *Author of "Social Evolution" and "Principles of Western Civilization," says:—"I take* PUBLIC OPINION *every week, and find it one of the principal means of continuing my education that the world provides."*

**Rev. T. E. RUTH** *says:—"If I could have only one paper a week, that paper would certainly be* PUBLIC OPINION. *It is the most thought-provoking paper I know. It is full of inspiration for character and service."*



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 3. Vol. 1. JANUARY 29, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## OUR OUTLOOK.

THE Queen has made donations in cash and kind towards the equipment of the two huts at Boulogne and Havre, which, by her Majesty's gracious permission, bear her name. These gifts are in response to the appeal which her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has made for the work in France. The text of that appeal will be found elsewhere in our columns. Nothing could exceed the interest taken by the Princess and the ladies of her committee. In many ways they have helped to ease the burden, and have secured facilities for us as regard to workers and transport which would not have been available apart from their keen interest. Great supplies of comforts are going out week after week in response to their efforts.

***

AS *Y.M.* can be made a valuable asset to the movement, we are naturally anxious that it should have the widest possible circulation. Many friends, in forwarding their own subscriptions, have enclosed gifts for the free distribution of the paper, and in this way they are enabling *Y.M.* to reach those who would not otherwise see it. It has occurred to us that this most helpful ministry might be considerably extended if other friends of the movement adopted a similar course and took a personal interest in the distribution of the paper. By this means the splendid work which the Y.M.C.A. is doing in this country and on the Continent would be kept before the public, and as so many have already proved their interest in this movement, they would, we are sure, be glad to be kept in touch with all that is going on. If all who are willing to help in this direction will send a shilling to the *Y.M.* Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., a dozen copies of the current issue will be forwarded, post free. We hope that this shilling fund will be largely taken up, and that by its means the paper will find its way into thousands of new homes. This can easily be accomplished if the friends of the movement will do what they can to extend the circulation by personal effort and influence.

***

SUNDAY in camp is a difficult proposition, and it is well that our position should be made perfectly clear. It must be remembered that it is usually the day of greatest temptation of the whole week, for the troops have more time on their hands. The canteens and public-houses are open, and the men are subject to every form of temptation. Being a "camp institution," we are obliged to do a certain amount of trading, whether we wish it or not, but our official instructions to workers state that "trading should be reduced to a minimum, and only necessaries sold." It is left to individual leaders to be guided as to what should be included in the word "necessaries." It is also urged that every possible effort should be made to make Sunday the happiest and brightest day of the whole week, and, above all, that Sunday should be made different from other days. Special emphasis is laid on the fact that Sunday must not be made more dull, but brighter than other days. Noisy games, such as ping-pong, badminton, billiards, &c., should invariably be excluded, and cards are never permitted under any circumstances. Amongst other suggestions made to our leaders may be indicated the following:—.

Whenever possible, effective use should be made of the lime-light or electric lantern. It is usually possible to get hold of some friend who is glad to loan a lantern and slides and operate it himself. Other side-shows, like the microscope to set forth the beauties of nature, will appeal to a certain section of the men.

Sacred gramophone records will be appreciated.

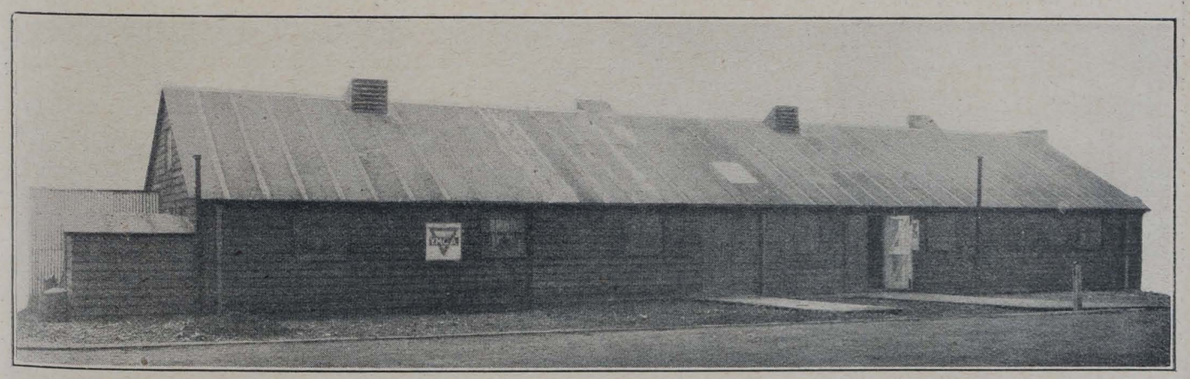
Scrap books, containing (*a*) pictures of the countries where war is now raging, (*b*) war pictures generally; (*c*) sacred art; (*d*) nature, will be useful.

A French Gospel class might be organised, using the Gospel of St. John as the text book.

Missionary exhibits, tableaux, &c., can be organised with advantage.

There will be no harm in teaching the men on Sundays what to do for themselves or their

THE QUEEN MARY HUT AT BOULOGNE ERECTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE TROOPS IN FRANCE.



As was announced in last week's *Y.M.*, the Queen Mary Hut at Boulogne has now been opened, and our troops stationed there are finding it of great benefit. Other buildings similar to the above have been erected in other parts of the Continent. The contractors for this building were Messrs. J. E. Whites and Co., of 89, Newington Butts, London, S.E., who placed the building on rail within four days from receipt of order, and erected it at Boulogne Harbour within a further seven days. The interior is nicely decorated, the walls being distempered red and the upper part cream, with a picture rail separating the two. There is a counter from which refreshments are served, and kitchen and domestic accommodation has been provided. The work as carried out has given every satisfaction.

comrades in the event of their being wounded on the field of battle.

The all-important thing is to fill up the time of the men in an attractive and helpful way.

Where men are billeted in or near towns, effective help may be procured from church choirs.

In many centres Brotherhoods might be organised for Sunday evenings.

***

WE would lay special emphasis on the importance of Bible-class work, and, with a little organisation, we are convinced that a series of Bible-classes might be arranged in every camp, for Sunday is, of course, the best day of the week for this purpose. Sunday evening is important, and it is always possible to fill up hours of the men's time with the singing of popular hymns. Nothing is more appreciated, and wherever possible the services of a really good leader should be secured. For that post a man is needed who can not only sing himself, but can induce others to sing. The official instructions issued to workers conclude with the following paragraph:—"We should never neglect the Sunday evening opportunity for a direct Gospel appeal to the men. Let us remember that the men to whom we are speaking will very soon have to stand face to face with death. It may be our privilege to hearten them for the fray, and to enable them to realise that the consolations of the Gospel and its mighty power may be theirs, even when they are in the trenches or under shrapnel fire."

***

A POPULAR evening paper has been commending us for our breadth of outlook and tolerance. It bears testimony to the value of our work in promoting temperance, and then commends us for not being narrow-minded, adding: "If a man wants a glass of beer he can get it at the other end of the refreshment counter." We need hardly say that this tolerance is purely fictitious. The Y.M.C.A. does not, under any circumstances, sell any intoxicants, neither is there the smallest chance of its ever doing so. The soldier knows and appreciates the Association, and if other bodies are providing facilities for recreation for the troops, he not infrequently styles them all Y.M.C.A. If for this reason only we ask our friends not to be too ready to believe hearsay reports concerning the alleged degeneration of our work. The Y.M.C.A. is as sound to-day as it has ever been to the principles on which it was founded. Let it be stated quite clearly that the Association in camp is out for spiritual results. We all realise that this is the supreme opportunity for winning and influencing men. There is not the slightest reason for shirking the main issue, for men are ready to respond as never before. The secular sing-song has its place, undoubtedly, and every effort should be made to keep the men happy, but whatever else we do or leave undone, we must not fail to make it perfectly clear to the men who are under our influence that Jesus Christ is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, and that He is the Friend men need in city, training camp, and in the trenches.

***

CANON HICKS, Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, is devoting the whole of his time to evangelistic work in the camps and billeting centres of the United Kingdom, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. During the past few days he has paid a flying visit to Wool, Wareham, and Swanage, and in each centre had crowded and enthusiastic meetings. The Canon was also greatly impressed with what he saw of the Y.M.C.A. in and around Plymouth. Altogether he visited seven centres, and had some remarkably good meetings. Visiting Leighton Buzzard, Canon Hicks addressed fine audiences, all the seats being occupied and many men standing. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the work our friend is doing, for the Canon, both by his message and his personality appeals strongly to young men. In one of the summer camps he felt led to utter a special word of warning to a young Territorial he chanced to meet. A few days ago that lad wrote back from the trenches: "I may soon be dead, as most of my comrades are already, but I thought I should like first to let you know that I have acted on the advice given me that day in camp, and that your words have not been in vain." At Richmond, Yorks, the Sunday afternoon Bible-class for soldiers only has an average attendance of 150. At Riby, Grimsby, more than 100 men have enrolled as temporary members of the Y.M.C.A., and a remarkable work is being done amongst the troops. *The Times* of January 23 contains the following appreciation of the work of the Y.M.C.A. in camp:—

> The work of the Young Men's Christian Association has been quite admirable, and it is impossible to place too high a value on its care for the men and the energy with which it has pursued a generous and noble policy with conspicuous success.

***

THE more one visits the centres at which the Association is carrying on its work for the troops the more one is impressed with its value and with the appreciation of the men themselves. On Tuesday, January 12, we had the pleasure of taking part in the opening of the new hut at Warlingham. There was a crowded attendance, and Mrs. Jeys, to whom we are indebted, with other members of the Society for Opposing Women's Suffrage, for their gift of the building, declared it open. An excellent work is being done in this centre under the direction of Mr. Stuart Donnithorne. On the 14th we were present at the opening of the hut in the Victoria Barracks, Portsmouth, by the Marquis of Tavistock, who donated the building. The same day we visited the hut at Hillsea, and inspected the admirable site that has been secured for a third building outside the town. The following day we paid a flying visit to Southampton, and were greatly pleased with the cosy and attractive hut that has been put up in the Rest Camp on Southampton Common. For the success of this work we are largely indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Burnett. Later in the day, we had an opportunity of seeing three of the centres at Weymouth—two new buildings, one opened that day by Mr. T. F. Victor Buxton, and the other approaching completion. Both are admirably adapted for their purpose. Mr. Tydeman and Mr. Wheeler are doing splendidly, and are ably supported by a band of consecrated workers. A converted piggery interested us, perhaps, more than anything else we saw, and it was good to hear the appreciation of the Scottish troops using the room.

***

THE new hut at Southend was opened on the 16th inst. The Mayor presided, and declared the building open. The hut was received on behalf of the troops stationed at Southend by the brigade-major. He received a great reception, as every one had read the story of the way he fought his gun after all his men had been killed or wounded. At Sevenoaks the new hut was opened on Wednesday, the 20th inst. Mr. J. S. Boyd, the hon. treasurer, has taken a great interest in its erection, and has been a great help to Mr. H. E. Down, the leader. While at Sevenoaks it was a great pleasure to visit the other centres, in which such splendid work is being done. A little mission-hall in one of the poorer parts of the town, where many of the Lancashire troops are billeted, has been made very cosy, and the men use it in crowds. The cricket pavilion has had a balcony added to it, and has been made quite most attractive. The work at Epsom amongst the men of the Public Schools Corps is proceeding successfully under the direction of Mr. C. G. Thompson. On the occasion of our visit we had a chat with a young officer, a 'Varsity man, who said, "I have never flung mud at the Y.M.C.A. actually, but I have often done it mentally, but, by Jove! I never will again."

***

A RECENT visit to some of the London centres created a favourable impression. At the Tower on Saturday afternoon a large number of men were using the room that has been placed at our disposal. At the Crystal Palace we were impressed with the great improvements that have been made during the past few weeks. Thousands of men make use of the Y.M.C.A. daily. Last Sunday more than 1,100 men were present at the meeting in the theatre, and the usual daily attendance for the "Morning Watch" averages 100. At Putney the accommodation provided by the Association is much more modest, but here again an excellent work is being carried on, largely by members of the local Y.W.C.A. When we called a number of the men were enjoying tea and toast, which was in great demand. We concluded the day with a visit to the White City, and were more impressed than ever before with the possibilities of the movement there. The London Territorials have gone, and their place is taken by battalions of the new Kitchener Army from all parts of the country. There are consequently not nearly as many applications for leave as formerly, and the Y.M.C.A. is more used than ever. Fortunately, there is ample accommodation, and there must have been at least 3,000 men present on Saturday afternoon. Mr. A. J. Green and his devoted band of helpers are to be most cordially congratulated on the success of their efforts. At Dublin a public-house that for many years has been a curse to the city was condemned by the military authorities soon after the war commenced. It has now been opened under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. as a club-house for the men, and is proving a great attraction.



# THE FALLACIES OF ALCOHOL.

## *The Verdict of Science Concerning a Problem that Intimately Affects the Best Interests of the Nation.*

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E., F.Z.S.

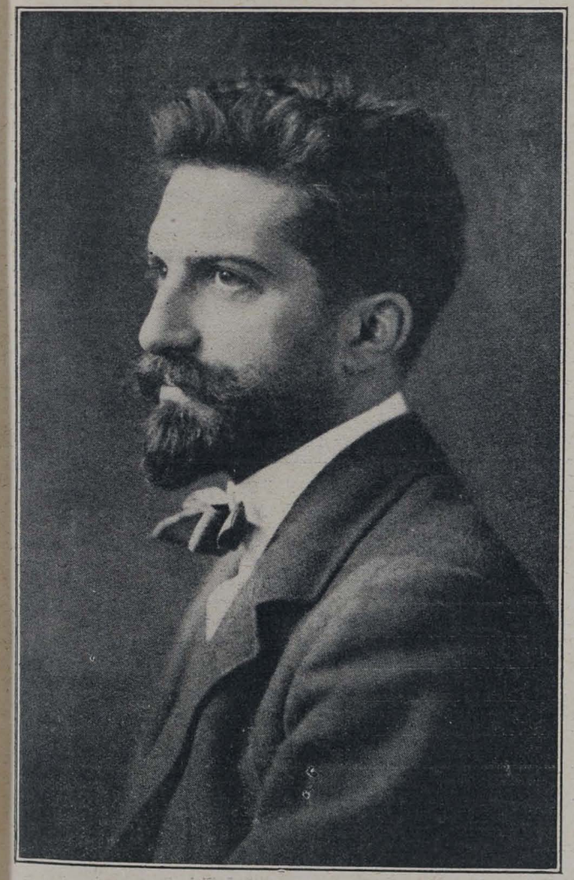
I CANNOT refuse a request for an article showing up the biggest fraud there is, and still less could I refuse to appear in the same journal as my honoured teacher, Sir Alexander Simpson.

Thousands of years ago alcohol was called a "mocker," and the truth of that word is *the* discovery of modern science about this substance. Here are a few representative instances.

Alcohol makes a man feel warm, and so is taken to keep out the cold. Contrary to the personal wish of Lord Kitchener, our men at the front are getting rum in their tea, because, as I hear, it was left over from the Boer War, and the Army Council wanted to do something with it. The rum is valued in the winter, when the problem of keeping warm in the trenches has almost eclipsed all others. But surely our best course is to go directly to the men whose experience has taught them all that there is to know on this subject—the Polar explorers. With one voice they utterly condemn alcohol as a heat-maker, and insist on the all-importance of really hot as distinguished from sham-hot drinks.

In the latest and most authoritative book on military hygiene, published by Lieut.-Col. Keefer, Professor at West Point, in July last, the real truth about alcohol, as some of us have been asserting it for years, is stated. Alcohol lowers the temperature, while causing a transient and illusory sensation of warmth. Happy are we that no rum or other spirit is being sent to the Russian front, where the cold beggars description. For spirits paralyse the blood-vessels of the surface of the body. The face becomes flushed, or blushes, and the same is true elsewhere. Alcohol makes a man blush all over. Now, it is at the surface that the nerves of temperature are distributed, and so we say we feel warm when the skin is warm; but, of course, it is at the surface that the warm blood rapidly cools, with consequences often disastrous. The warmer we feel, the cooler we become. Alcohol is a "mocker."

Trench rheumatism and pneumonia depend mainly upon cold, but there is another danger, called "surgical shock," after a wound. This latter is nowadays almost the chief problem in military surgery, and it is much aggravated by the previous or subsequent administration of anything which throws the blood to the surface. For surgical shock is essentially paralysis of the surface and far-away arteries, depriving vital internal organs, brain, and heart of the blood which they need for life, but which, as by a kind of internal hæmorrhage, lags and sags away to the lax vessels far from the vital points. The patient *feels* better, but *is* worse. Alcohol is a "mocker." They say we wish to deprive our men of comforts, but rheumatism, pneumonia, and shock are not comfortable.



**Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the distinguished Scientist.** *Photo: Vandyk.*

Alcohol is reckoned to stimulate the heart. The pulse becomes faster and fuller under its influence. But ask the heart specialist, and he tells a different tale. He prefers foxglove or digitalis, which we used to think a heart depressant, and now know to be a heart stimulant. It makes the pulse slower instead of faster. Alcohol paralyses the nerves that *rein* the heart, and so it paces away to exhaustion. Foxglove says, "Steady, now, take your time; more haste, less speed"—and saves the patient. Again alcohol is a "mocker."

Under its influence a man feels brighter, sharper, braver, more competent. Let him be tested. Behold, he shoots less straight (as proved by exhaustive tests, military and naval, all over the world), he adds less quickly and accurately, he takes longer to translate, reply, discriminate. The greatest living authority on such subjects, Professor Kraepelin, of Munich, proved as much, years ago, after a decade's research, which persuaded him to abandon alcohol, and though he is now an enemy, *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*—One should learn even from the enemy. As a helper of the mind and nervous system, alcohol is, therefore, a "mocker" again. The explanation is that it merely paralyses the sense or consciousness of effort.

But, at least, you will say, it stimulates conversation and courage. Surely it seems to do so. But merely it paralyses self-control, under the necessary rule of which we live. We are off our guard, talk freely "in vino veritas," and "don't care if it snows." Similarly, in the Russo-Japanese War drunken Russian generals gave reckless orders, which cost hosts of lives. To-day the appeal of history, on which Germany omitted to reckon, is from Russia drunk to Russia sober. History will record the consequences.

Briefly, and in a word, alcohol is not a "stimulant," but a narcotic. As with other narcotics—opium, ether, chloroform—there is an initial stage of excitement, which is only the *narcosis of control*, but which superficial judgment calls stimulation. Colonel Keefer marks the new knowledge when he heads a chapter, "Alcohol and Other Narcotics." It is the biggest fraud there is, but we have found it out, and it shall mock us no longer.

## THE FIRST NOVEL OF THE WAR.

"All for a Scrap of Paper." By Joseph Hocking. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 255 pp. 2s. net.

IT has fallen to Mr. Joseph Hocking to write the first novel of the war, and having read it through at two sittings, I can testify that it is of absorbing interest. It is just the kind of book to put into the hands of those who are still in uncertainty as to Britain's just cause at the present time.

Mr. Hocking's hero is a young man—not by any means of the "pie" type—whose father was a Quaker of very settled views. A certain noble veneration for his father prevents the son from entering into the conflict when war has become inevitable. Not even love has any influence, and the jeers of the woman he adores are borne with a remarkable grace. Arguments and entreaties are alike unavailing, until one eventful day he comes across Bernhardi's book, and there learns the hideous truth about Germany; and, like a flash, he sees that to stand aside is to adopt a criminal policy, and accordingly he enlists. It is not fair to the author to tell how the plot unfolds, but it may be said with confidence that the stages of the book increase in interest. We leave the hero on the field of battle, with the issue, of course, undecided, so it would seem as though Mr. Hocking will have to write a sequel to this story when the war is over.

"All for a Scrap of Paper" is a most attractive novel, but without saying anything about it, it is very much more. It is a fine plea for Britain. Surely, I have found myself saying as I have followed its winsome arguments, this book will convince any man who is still undecided. At any rate, I commend it very warmly. It is a fine story, a strong appeal and a stimulating message.

J. J.

When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c., at Hampton Court, what ideas did they awaken in the mind of that great man? Instead of a flattering compliment which was expected, "Ah, David, David," said the doctor." "these are the things which make a death-bed terrible!"

## A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.

**Lieutentant Anson Lloyd Silvester, and Some Notes of His Life and Character.**

ANSON LLOYD SILVESTER was born in the parish of Walcot, Bath, on December 11, 1888. Educated at Trent College, he obtained an Exhibition at Jesus College, Oxford, where he gained Mathematical Honours in Moderations and History Honours in the Final Schools, graduating B.A. in 1912.

He was very tall, being 6¼ ft. in height, and had a splendid physique, and proved a fine athlete. He was Victor Ludorum at Trent, and while an undergraduate won a number of prizes for running contests.

He joined the Officers' Training Corps at Oxford, and obtained the B Certificate to qualify himself for the Special Reserve, in which he received a commission as lieutenant in the Royal Sussex Regiment, and he underwent three months' training at Woking in 1913. He made a special study of French and German, with a view to obtaining an appointment in H.M. Consular Service. He spent some time in Berlin last spring, and but for the war he would have studied French and German abroad during the present winter.

He was engaged in Y.M.C.A. camp work in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain when the war broke out, and he joined his regiment at Chichester on August 6. He was afterwards on duty at Dover before he joined the Expeditionary Force in France.

His opinion of the war is thus given in a letter to a friend dated August 24:—"I am longing to hear from you and what you think of it all. Of course, our opinion is that Germany's action was so obviously aggressive and aimed at the independence of small nations. We had to protect Belgium. Certainly there can be no peace till that militarist power is reduced."

The Principal of Jesus College says of him:—"His goodness and good manners made him so popular with all who knew him, whether dons



Lieutenant A. Lloyd Silvester.

or undergraduates, that they feel as if they had lost a very near relative."

Referring to his fiery ordeal at the front in November last, a corporal of his regiment wrote:—"I must admit that during that awful time in the last lot of trenches he certainly was very ill, but stuck to his work." He had five days' leave of absence, and read the lessons in church on Advent Sunday evening. He returned to France on November 30. His last letter home was written on Christmas Day, and in it he spoke of the comfort he had derived from "The King's Companion," reading (Ps. xci. 1-7) for the 23rd, his last day in the trenches. He returned to the trenches after Christmas, and fell in action about 10 p.m. on January 1 at Givenchy, near La Bassée, where he was leading an attack the object of which was to recapture a trench taken by the Germans.

A medical officer of his regiment says that he was "to the very end more than true to the name of a British officer."




One of the Six Huts on the Barrack Squares of Dublin.

## UNITED WORK IN IRELAND.

*A Glance at the Provision Made for the Men Under Arms.*

MR. ROBERT McCANN, of the National Staff, has recently returned from a rapid run through Ireland. The workers in the Emerald Isle were not as quickly in the field after war broke out as their fellows in Great Britain. Difficulties that do not disturb us on this side of the Irish Sea prevail, but practically all the hindrances that were anticipated have disappeared, and the Irish leaders are facing their opportunity splendidly.

Dublin deserves special mention because of its adequate plans and service. The work there commenced in the month of August under canvas has now been established or is in the course of establishment at the following centres:—Portobello, Marlborough, Wellington, Beggar's Bush, Richmond, and Royal Barracks, and a reading and writing room is provided on the Association premises. The huts at the barracks are all built on the barrack squares, in most cases in the very midst of the men on the drill ground. They are 80 feet by 30 feet in all, but in two cases smaller accommodation is provided. There are no refreshments sold, owing to the fact that there are already dry canteens in all the barracks, and we avoid conflict with the contractors. The work has met with the most cordial appreciation both of the officers and men. General Friend, of the Irish Command, and General Hill, in command of the Dublin districts, have both expressed their approval in glowing terms. The spiritual side of the work is most encouraging, scores of men having made definite decision for Christ. In one hut (Wellington Barracks) the Royal Irish Rifles have asked for a Sunday morning Bible class, and this is conducted by the general secretary of the Association.

At Portobello a daily prayer meeting is held at midday at the request of the Christian soldiers. The erection of another hut at a hutment which is being established in Clontarf, and where 2,000 men will be resident, is contemplated. When that hut is erected the entire city will be encircled by the Y.M.C.A, and about 15,000 men will be reached.

Lord Langford, K.C.V.O., presided at the opening ceremony at the Portobello barracks. The Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Peacocke) offered the dedicatory prayer, and gave a powerful address to the men. The Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, Major-General Friend, C.B., said that he was so impressed with the value of Association work and with the tact of its leaders that he was anxious to have a Y.M.C.A. in every camp where any considerable number of men were located for training.

In Ulster rooms have been provided in the barracks in Belfast and Holywood, and large recreation rooms have been provided for in six North Ireland camps.

In South Ireland the Berehaven work goes well, but an additional hut is needed. A site has been granted in barracks in Cork, and six other centres await development, including Limerick, Fermoy, Ballynavare, and Tipperary.

Messrs. Wm. Wright and D. A. Black superintend the work in the North; Mr. Henry O'Connor in the Midlands; and an experienced leader will undertake responsibility in the South.

## A FAMOUS SINGER'S TRIBUTE.

LAST Friday Mr. Ben Davies, the eminent tenor vocalist, sang, in company with Madame Ada Crossley and Mr. Robert Radford, to the men of the Royal Naval Division at the Crystal Palace. In the letter we publish below Mr. Davies briefly records his impressions of the concert:—

"I was greatly impressed by the splendid appearance of the men of the Naval Division on Friday last at the Crystal Palace, and it was a great pleasure to me to sing to such a fine audience. I must thank you for the great work you are doing amongst our men, and also for the *Y.M.* weekly, which I think most admirable. Wishing you continued success in your great efforts,

"I am, very sincerely yours,

"BEN DAVIES."

The Town Council at Dunoon granted the use of the Town Hall to the local Y.M.C.A. members for a treat to 600 soldiers.

## LOOK OUT FOR "Y.M." NEXT WEEK.

A special feature of next week's issue will be a short story by Mr. W. Pett Ridge, the incomparable story-teller of London life, and the author of "Mixed Grill," "Nine to Six-thirty," &c. The story we shall publish, entitled "Faint Heart," is one of the best Mr. Pett Ridge has written.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the first President of the Chinese Republic, tells this story of the way in which China punished a young man who killed his father. The young man himself was put to death, his uncle suffered the same penalty, and the six nearest neighbours were exiled to places more than a thousand miles from the village in which the crime occurred. It is the Chinese theory that not only the parents of a boy, but also his other relatives, his teacher and his neighbours, are in some degree accountable for his character and conduct. **Behind all this lies a fundamental truth that we too often ignore—that our human society is so interrelated that we are all responsible, in greater or less degree, for one another.**



# THE YOUNG MAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD.

*Christianity's Impelling Force, and How to Use It for the Highest Ends of Mankind.*

**By Dr. WOODROW WILSON, President of the United States of America.**

I AM interested in the Y.M.C.A. for various reasons. First of all, because it is an association of young men. I have had a good deal to do with young men in my time, and I have formed an impression of them which I believe to be contrary to the general impression. They are generally thought to be arch radicals. As a matter of fact, they are the most conservative people I have ever dealt with. Go to a college community and try to change the least custom of that little world and find how the conservatives will rush at you. Moreover, young men are embarrassed by having inherited their fathers' opinions. I have often said that the use of a university is to make young gentlemen as unlike their fathers as possible. I do not say that with the least disrespect for the fathers; but every man who is old enough to have a son in college is old enough to have become very seriously immersed in some particular business, and is almost certain to have caught the point of view of that particular business. And it is very useful to his son to be taken out of that narrow circle, conducted to some high place where he may see the general map of the world and of the interests of mankind, and there shown how big the world is and how much of it his father may happen to have forgotten. It would be worth while for men, middle-aged and old, to detach themselves more frequently from the things that command their daily attention, and to think of the sweeping tides of humanity.

**Christianity in the Life of Mankind.**

Therefore I am interested in the Y.M.C.A., because it is intended to bring young men together before any crust has formed over them, before they have been hardened to any particular occupation, before they have caught an inveterate point of view; while they still have a searchlight that they can swing and see what it reveals of all the circumstances of the hidden world.

I am more interested in it because it is an association of young men who are Christians. I wonder if we attach sufficient importance to Christianity as a mere instrumentality in the life of mankind? For one, I am not fond of thinking of Christianity as the means of saving *individual* souls. I have always been very impatient of processes and institutions which said that their purpose was to put every man in the way of developing his character. My advice is: Do not think about your character. If you will think about what you ought to do for other people, your character will take care of itself. Character is a by-product, and any man who devotes himself to its cultivation in his own case will become a selfish prig. The only way your powers can become great is by exerting them outside the circle of your own narrow, special, selfish interests. And that is the reason of Christianity. Christ came into the world to save others, not to save Himself; and no man is a true Christian who does not think constantly of how he can lift his brother, how he can assist his friend, how he can enlighten mankind, how he can make virtue the rule of conduct in the circle in which he lives. An association merely of young men might be an association that had its energies put forth in every direction, but an association of Christian young men is an association meant to put its shoulders under the world and lift it, so that other men may feel that they have companions in bearing the weight and heat of the day; that other men may know that there are those who care for them, who would go into places of difficulty and danger to rescue them, who regard themselves as their brother's keeper.

And, then, I am glad that it is an association. Every word of its title means an element of strength. Young men are strong. Christian young men are the strongest kind of young men, and when they associate themselves together they have the incomparable strength of organisation. The Young Men's Christian Association



President Woodrow Wilson.

once excited, perhaps it is not too much to say, the hostility of the organised Churches of the Christian world, because the movement looked as if it were so non-sectarian, as if it were so outside the ecclesiastical field that perhaps it was an effort to draw young men away from the Churches and to substitute this organisation for the great bodies of Christian people who joined themselves in the Christian denominations. But after a while it appeared that it was a great instrumentality that belonged to all the Churches; that it was a common instrument for sending the light of Christianity out into the world in its most practical form, drawing young men who were strangers into places where they could have companionship that stimulated them and suggestions that kept them straight and occupations that amused them without vicious practice; and then, by surrounding themselves with an atmosphere of purity and of simplicity of life, catch something of a glimpse of the great ideal which Christ lifted when He was elevated upon the cross.

I want to suggest to the young men of this Association that it is the duty of young men not only to combine for the things that are good, but to combine in a militant spirit. There is a fine passage in one of Milton's prose writings which I am sorry to say I cannot quote, but the meaning of which I can give you, and it is worth hearing. He says that he has no patience with a cloistered virtue that does not go out and seek its adversary.

Be militant! Be an organisation that is going to do things! If you can find older men who will give you countenance and acceptable leadership, follow them; but if you cannot, organise separately and dispense with them. There are only two sorts of men worth associating with when something is to be done. Those are young men and men who never grow old. If you find men who have grown old, about whom the crust has hardened, whose hinges are stiff, whose minds always have their eye over the shoulder thinking of things as they *were* done, do not have anything to do with them.

**The Beauty of Popular Institutions.**

Life—the life of society, the life of the world—has constantly to be fed from the bottom. It has to be fed by those great sources of strength which are constantly rising in new generations. Red blood has to be pumped into it. New fibre has to be supplied. That is the reason I have always said that I believed in popular institutions. If you can guess beforehand whom your rulers are going to be, you can guess with a very great certainty that most of them will not be fit to rule. The beauty of popular institutions is that you do not know where the man is going to come from, and you do not care so he is the right man. You do not know whether he will come from the avenue or from the alley. You do not know whether he will come from the city or the farm. You do not know whether you will ever have heard that name before or not. Therefore you do not limit at any point your supply of new strength. You do not say it has got to come through the blood of a particular family, or through the processes of a particular training, or by anything except the native impulse and genius of the man himself. The humblest hovel, therefore, may produce our greatest man. A very humble hovel did produce one of our greatest men. That is the process of life, this constant surging up of the new strength of unnamed, unrecognised, uncatalogued men who are just getting into the running, who are just coming up from the masses of the unrecognised multitude. You do not know when you will see above the level masses of the crowd some great stature lifted head and shoulders above the rest, shouldering its way, not violently, but gently, to the front, and saying, "Here am I; follow me." And his voice will be your voice, his thought will be your thought, and you will follow him as if you were following the best things in yourselves.

When I think of an association of Christian young men I wonder that it has not

already turned the world upside down. I wonder not that it has done so much—for it has done a great deal—but that it has done so little; and I can only conjecture that it does not realise its own strength. I can only imagine that it has not yet got its pace. I wish I could believe, and I do believe, that at seventy it is just reaching its majority, and that from this time on a dream greater even than George Williams ever dreamed will be realised in the great accumulating momentum of Christian men throughout the world. For this is an age in which the principles of men who utter public opinion dominate the world. It makes no difference what is done for the time being. After the struggle is over the jury will sit, and nobody can corrupt that jury.

**The Progress of Moral Ideas.**

I believe in the Young Men's Christian Association because I believe in the progress of moral ideas in the world; and I do not know that I am sure of anything else. When you are after something and have formulated it, and have done the very best thing you know how to do, you have got to be sure for the time being that that is the thing to do. But you are a fool if in the back of your head you do not know it is possible that you are mistaken. All that you can claim is that that is the thing as you see it now, and that you can not stand still; that you must push forward the things that are right. It may turn out that you made mistakes, but what you do know is your direction, and you are sure you are moving in that way. I was once a college reformer, until discouraged, and I remember a classmate of mine saying, "Why, man, can't you let anything alone?" I said, "I let everything alone that you can show me is not itself moving in the wrong direction, but I am not going to let those things alone that I see are going downhill," and I borrowed this illustration from an ingenious writer. He says, "If you have a post that is painted white, and want to keep it white, you cannot let it alone; and if anybody says to you, 'Why don't you let that post alone,' you will say, 'Because I want it to stay white, and, therefore, I have got to paint it at least every second year.'" There isn't anything in this world that will not change if you absolutely let it alone, and, therefore, you have constantly to be attending to it to see that it is being taken care of in the right way, and that, if it is part of the motive force of the world, it is moving in the right direction.

**Vigilance the Price of Liberty.**

That means that eternal vigilance is the price, not only of liberty, but of a great many other things. It is the price of everything that is good. It is the price of one's own soul. It is the price of the souls of the people you love, and when it comes down to the final reckoning you have a standard that is immutable. What shall a man give in exchange for his own soul? Will he sell that? Will he consent to see another man sell his soul? Will he consent to see the conditions of his community such that men's souls are debauched and trodden under foot in the mire? What shall he give in exchange for his own soul, or any other man's soul? And since the world, the world of affairs, the world of society, is nothing less and nothing more than all of us put together, it is a great enterprise for the salvation of the soul in this world, as well as in the next. There is a text in Scripture that has always interested me profoundly. It says godliness is profitable in this life as well as in the life that is to come, and if you do not start it in this life, it will not reach the life that is to come. Your measurements, your directions, your whole momentum have to be established before you reach the next world.

With all my heart I bid Godspeed to the great work of the Young Men's Christian Association. I love to think of the gathering force of such things as this in the generations to come. If a man had to measure the accomplishments of society, the progress of reform, the speed of the world's betterment by the few little things that happened in his own life, by the trifling things that he can contribute to accomplish, he would indeed feel that the cost was much greater than the result. But no man can look at the past of the history of this world without seeing a vision of the future of the history of this world; and when you think of the accumulated moral forces that have made one age better than another age in the progress of mankind, then you can open your eyes to the vision. You can see that age by age, though with a blind struggle in the dust of the road, though often mistaking the path and losing its way in the mire, mankind is yet—sometimes with bloody hands and battered knees—nevertheless struggling step after step up the slow stages to the day when he shall live in the full light which shines upon the uplands, where all the light that illuminates mankind shines direct from the face of God.

## AN ANSWER TO BERNHARDI.*

**By the REV. D. S. CAIRNS, M.A.**

HAS the Christian Church to-day no great message to proclaim to all the nations which will preserve all that is really noble in patriotism and in sacrifice for the Fatherland? Is it not rather an essential if half-forgotten part of her message that there is a world-wide Kingdom of God, too great and rich for any one nation to express in its completeness, but needing them all, with all their racial differences and historical individualties, for its attainment, a real and not simply an ideal commonwealth of all mankind, slowly working out its vast destinies, not in a tame cosmopolitanism, but in a true international life, rich in its very antagonisms, because held together in a deeper unity in God? Many things, as the Prime Minister recently said, which seemed utopian a year ago are not utopian to-day, because we see now as we did not then the inevitable alternative. It has been truly said that the task of statesmanship now is to turn the balance of power into a Concert of Europe. The phrase marks the transition from racial separatism to a constructive and united labour for a common end. Only absorption in this end can ever supply the "moral equivalent for war." There is an opportunity here for Christianity that never in all its centuries it has had before of preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God.

If the spirit of prophecy were to awaken among us again, it would preach to us not only of Doom, but of Hope. It would proclaim to men that the life they have been living is hardly life at all, that the life that they may have is as much above what they are having as their life is above that of the savage, and that they are living in a world of riches, natural and human and Divine, which they have hardly begun to discover or to use. It would tell us that to win those hidden riches we need all the nations and all the races. And it will tell us, too, as it has always been its mission to do, that the leader of our full human salvation is Christ, that only He can mediate between man and man Who mediates between man and God.

* "An Answer to Bernhardi." By the Rev. D. S. Cairns, M.A. 2d. Oxford University Press.

## OVER THE BORDER.

**Specially Contributed Reports of Work in Scotland.**

A REMARKABLE tribute to the progress which the Young Men's Christian Association has made in Perth since it was first firmly established there in 1908 was afforded by the sixth annual celebration, which took place recently in the Perth Town Hall. This fixture was attended not merely by a crowd of members and friends, but by a numerous body of visitors representative of all sections of the community who came to bear testimony to the splendid work which the Association is doing, and to the beneficent influence which it brings to bear on our young men.

At the public meeting there was a crowded attendance. The veteran president (Dr. Samuel Macaulay) occupied the chair, and he warmly welcomed the Governor (Sir Harry Barron), who was attended by Major Wilkinson. Among others on the platform were the Mayor of Perth (Mr. John Nicholson), Archbishop Riley, the Revs. D. Ross, S. H. Cox, B. Wibberley, and F. E. Harry, and Messrs. M. E. Jull, J. T. Peet, A. T. Wreford, C. Leschen, L. T. Boak (president Y.A.L.), G. L. Sutton, G. F. Pitchford, J. H. Prowse, W. Padbury, and J. Hassen.

---

Last Saturday a crowded audience met at Wishaw for the opening of the new institute by Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, chairman of the Scottish National Council. Addresses were delivered by Lieut.-Col. Quentin Agnew, D.S.O., Provost Nimmo, Rev. G. A. Kennedy, M.A., and Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P., the president of the Wishaw Association. On Sunday Mr. J. J. Virgo addressed two great meetings in the afternoon at 4 for men only, and in the evening at 6.30 for boys only. Mr. Virgo also took part in an "At Home" which was held on Monday evening.

---

From the returns which have been secured to date from eighty Associations, it is gratifying to note that about 3,000 members are serving with the colours. Of these, fully 1,000 are members of the Glasgow United Y.M.C.A.

---

Through the kindness of the Alloa Y.M.C.A. Boy Scouts, a large number of men from the local lodging-house were entertained in the Institute there. It is interesting to observe that privates from the Yorkshire Light Infantry and from the R.A.M.C. delivered inspiring addresses.

---

Interesting reports have come to hand of the arrangements which were made in the Y.M.C.A. Institutes in the Scottish camps to make the Christmas and New Year season as bright as possible for our brave soldiers.

---

At Nigg over 1,500 men were provided with tea, which was followed by an excellent cinematographic entertainment, while at Kilmarnock about 400 soldiers after tea were each presented with a pair of socks.

---

Lord Dunglass, colonel of the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, entertained 500 men to supper in the Y.M.C.A. Hut at Cupar. It was felt by the townspeople that the Y.M.C.A. had made its influence felt, because there was an entire absence of drunkenness among the men.

---

The members of the Cambuslang Y.M.C.A. deserve to be warmly congratulated for their efforts on behalf of our gallant soldiers, which culminated in the cake and candy sale held at the Institute last Saturday week, and the fact that they have been enabled to send a cheque for £200 to swell the camp fund shows that the community welcomed the opportunity of testifying their appreciation of what is being done for the comfort of the troops in the Y.M.C.A. centres at home and abroad. Mr. Robert Johnson was not far out when he expressed the opinion that the local Association now holds a warmer place in the affections of the people of Cambuslang than it ever did before, and it would not be surprising to find the good impression which has been created being reflected in an augmented membership.






This is an illustration which speaks for itself, and incidentally presents a significant answer to the critics who allege that the work of the Y.M.C.A. is purely social. The Rev. W. Remfry Hunt, F.R.G.S., who on this page writes about the work at the White City, is seen standing behind the Testament counter. "The unique work among the soldiers at the White City," he remarks in a covering letter, "is the place to catch fire in winning souls. It thrills one with a new enthusiasm. In my Red Cross service in China the passion in winning men was a live one, but this work among one's very own kindred is a joy unspeakable."

# IN TRAINING FOR THE GREAT WAR.

*The Y.M.C.A. at Two Important Centres in London with the Men Preparing for the Continental Battlefields.*

I.

## AT THE WHITE CITY.

**By the REV. W. REMFRY HUNT, F.R.G.S.**

"EYES right!"

"Salute!" (A commanding officer was passing.)

The shrill military voice rings out in one clear call!

"Attention!"

"Move to the right in fours!"

"Form fours. Right turn. Quick march!"

Then, if you answer the sentries, and produce your pass and give the countersign, you may find yourself within the camp life at the White City. To an unaccustomed ear the martial music and the general air of military smartness act as a tonic to the nerves, and put a new bit of vim and snap into one's own movements. As a matter of fact, after being in the camp life a while a new gait seems to have been almost unconsciously achieved.



Rev. W. Remfry Hunt.

It does not take long to realise the meaning of the martial spirit and the tramp, tramp, tramp of the fine soldier-boys in khaki, who are already bronzed with their outdoor life. Most of the bright young fellows will tell you that they are "putting on weight" since they have come under the regularity and healthful discipline of the new life.

In the one great hall, formerly known as the "Bostock Hall," the Y.M.C.A. has furnished a most popular rendezvous, which is well equipped with writing tables, billiard tables, lending library, chess, dominoes, and "a hundred and one" games and recreative employments. At the incoming of the men from the test marches the men advance in a solid line to the refreshment stalls, where tea, coffee, chocolate, Horlick's malted milk, Oxo, and all sorts of mineral waters, and the whole run of the confectioner's and pastry cook's "bill of lading" may be enjoyed at nominal rates.

During the evenings popular concerts are given free in the Great Concert Hall. There is also a fine and most popular kinematograph show, and crowds of orderly and smart-looking men get mittens, gloves, socks, scarfs, and belts from stalls where the generosity of the friends has given these most welcome articles. So it is that here, in a most healthful and congenial atmosphere, the young men can procure almost anything from a bootlace to a pocket-book, and these wants are made possible commensurate with the needs of his so-called (in soldier language) rather "seldom" means.

It is a veritable city of games. There is always an air of general jolliness, and the ring of laughter does not seem to disturb the vast numbers who are reading. In its blaze and glow of light and genial and ever-varying amusements the boys are not slow to speak of their high appreciation of the good work that the Y.M.C.A. is doing for them.

Should a commanding officer have any very special business to announce, a shrill siren brings immediate silence, although the din and swirl may have been tumbling and rumbling, like distant thunder. Then, at the call, "Men of the 'B' company," &c., sometimes on the double, sometimes with less express speed, there is a young army leaving in the midst of games for the sterner duties which the soldier answers to so proudly.

Most of the refreshment and game stalls are served by ladies, who most chivalrously give their time to this most patriotic and good service. Then there is the stall for literature, at which also a most vigorous and popular work is carried on by the representative of the Pocket Testament League. The men sign a card, which carries with it a promise to read a chapter in the Bible each day, and receive a neat little khaki Testament. Already some eighteen hundred cards have been signed, and the precious little gift is handed to the boys with words of cheer and loving personal counsel. The writer, who works this Pocket Testament League, has received several grateful letters from men now in the trenches, giving bright testimony.

Under the expert management of the genial organising secretary, Mr. Alec J. Green, who is ordinarily the organising secretary of the Y.M.C.A. work in the Midlands district, the best executive and administration are assured. It is a process of "perpetual motion," and no vacuum brake on either, with the manipulation and manœuvring of the multiple and varied forces that have to be worked harmoniously to achieve the best results. Mr. E. Romerie Le Ruez is the able deputy-leader of the work in the Y.M.C.A. Hall.

In the line of a fine and strong commonsense, which creates a normal synthesis between the social and the religious aspects of the great work which is being done, the organising secretary holds a most responsible position. Charles Haddon Spurgeon used to recommend dumb-bells and clubs for his narrower-chested young brethren in the ministry,

and the advice still holds good. This is why the students in university life learn so wisely that a sluggish body means a sleepy mind, so it is the moral advantage of recreation trains the eye, steadies the hand, and educates the judgment. It is said in Oxford, "The river does more to keep the university clean than either the proctor or the policeman."

Special addresses have been given at the evening services by leading ministers and speakers from the various religious organisations. Speakers and singers have included Bishop Taylor Smith, the Chaplain-General to his Majesty's Forces, Dr. F. B. Meyer, Rev. Everard Digby, Dr. Soothill, the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of London, Rev. W. Remfry Hunt (of China), Professor and Mrs. Charles Constable, and Evangelists W. R. Lane and Chas. Inglis. Everything converges to the one grand aim, which is to win these young fellows to Christ.

While the Y.M.C.A. recognises most urgently that its first function is spiritual, in conformity with its very name and life, it is also cognisant of the fact that it must associate, naturally, and in a normal sense, the social and recreative side, and use and utilise every proper game which will cultivate self-improvement and stimulate a sane mind in a sound body.

The concerts have been, of course, a very popular feature, and it is well to note that there is a splendid lot of local talent of no mean ability, both vocal and instrumental, among the soldier-boys. Two young fellows played the other evening, as a pianoforte duet, "The Rosary" and other selections worthy of some of the best concert-halls. Among the specialists and artistes who have simply delighted their audiences may be mentioned Lady St. Helier's party, Messrs. Broadwood and Messrs. Gamage's concerts, Prof. Paget's male choir, and many others.

"Keep on keepin' on" at it, Y.M.C.A. We salute your flag and honour your service. You are up against fresh problems created by the new and unusual conditions. Keep open all doors and windows for light and suggestions, criticism and encouragement. In this the most unique of all its experiences and in the midst of its most exacting toils, assisting and lifting and blessing the lives of the Empire's choicest young manhood pouring in from Africa, India, Canada, China, and Australasia—and away from the loved ones and the comforts of home—we bespeak the deepest confidence of all the Churches and the prayers of our family altars that the heroic, toilsome, glad, and cheery service of the Y.M.C.A. may reach its highest ideals. At this unparalleled and critical juncture in the world's history the Y.M.C.A. is pushing on splendidly towards bringing about the evangelisation of the entire forces with the colours.

II.

## UNDER THE TRIANGLE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

When I went to the Crystal Palace to spend eleven days with the Y.M.C.A. I was quite a stranger to the organisation, and, therefore, can speak of it as an unprejudiced observer. There are three dominant impressions which are left on my mind.

(i.) *The variety of the work.* Few people have any idea of the wide scope of the organisation. There is the post-office, where in one day over 5,000 letters were handed in; there is the bank, where over £1,000 has already been deposited; there are the writing and reading rooms, where the men can have stationery gratis; there is a library of good books and magazines; there is the canteen, where for a penny men can buy a cup of tea or coffee, a bun or a cake, a mug of lemonade or malted milk; there is the fruit-stall, and, of course, there is the laundry, an indispensable thing. Concerts are arranged for each evening, during which there is an address. Well-known men, like the Chaplain-General, Canon Hicks, Dr. F. B. Meyer, and Rev. F. C. Spurr, have already spoken to the men. Every morning, from 8.20 to 8.40, the "Morning Watch" is observed—a short service, with prayer and Scripture reading. These are the departments I think of as I write, and it is a great tribute to the leader to say that under his wise and genial leadership each department seems to work smoothly.

Thus the work supplies the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of the men in the Palace. What could be more complete?

(ii.) *The influence of the work.* This becomes very noticeable the longer one stays at the place.

The Y.M.C.A. is respected by the officers, the men look to it to supply many of their needs, and the tendency is for the Admiralty to increase its responsibilities. Only the other day a R.N.D. man—a public school boy—handed Mr. Smart a cheque for £10 as an expression of his gratitude and respect for the work. That is a significant illustration of the influence that the organisation has.

There is personal influence, too. This is exerted by the workers in many ways—by quiet talks or friendly advice—the approaches to the heart of a man are multitudinous. The personal equation is an important element of the work.

(iii.) *The spirit of the work.* The Association has been charged lately with a lack of spirituality. That certainly is not true of the Crystal Palace. Through every department of the work there runs, like a golden thread, a desire to save men and bring them to the feet of the Master. I was immensely struck with this. Whether selling coffee or having a heart-to-heart talk with a sailor, whether receiving deposits for the bank or leading the "Morning Watch," the same purpose seemed to animate all workers. The practical and the spiritual are harmoniously blended; wherever you touch the organisation you come in contact with the spirit of Christ. I shall not forget the few minutes spent every night in the bedroom in devotion before "piping down," nor the workers' prayer meetings. One of the choicest experiences I have ever had was a meeting in a little room with three sailors and two other workers. We spent the time in prayer and heart-searching, and the memory of that half-hour will always remain.

I don't want to give the impression that the work is perfect, but I think it is really splendid, and I only wish I could give more time to it. If any organisation is helping the Empire to-day, it is the Y.M.C.A., and if anything can make the men of the R.N.D. more happy, can make their lives sweeter, can bring them closer to the great Captain of Salvation, it is the Y.M.C.A. as I have seen it at work.

F. E. JAMES, Rawdon College.

---

A recent Sunday evening service was attended by more than eleven hundred men. These services are held away from the reading and recreation rooms, so every man went deliberately. On some days 10,000 men require personal attention at the different counters. In one day 600 bundles of washing have been handled through the laundry department. One of the most welcome visitors was Miss Agnes Weston. An interesting story is told by one of our workers. Travelling on the S.W.R. recently, he conversed with a petty-officer, who discussed the war. "Beat 'em!" said he. "I should think we will, and when they are jolly well beat, Aggie Weston will have done her bit towards it."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### II.—GENERAL JOFFRE.

GENERAL JOFFRE, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, changed the whole aspect of Timbuctoo in a few months. It was twenty years ago, and up to that date only four white men had entered Timbuctoo. Joffre was 40 years old and had been constructing a railway at Kayes, on the Niger. Now he was commissioned to go with 300 natives and about 30 Europeans along the Niger's bank. His little force encountered terrible hardships on the way, but, by caution and tact, he went forward.

He would palaver for hours with native chiefs until he overcame their opposition. Ahead of him had gone another little force under Lieut. Boiteux, who marched up to Timbuctoo with only 20 men, and "occupied" the town of 8,000 inhabitants in the name of France. But when Lieut.-Colonel Joffre arrived, it was to find many comrades dead and an order to return, leaving a junior officer in charge, "preparatory to evacuation."

Joffre decided, under the altered conditions, it was his duty to remain. Rapidly he transformed the life of Timbuctoo, introduced French coinage in place of cowrie shells, and encouraged embroidery, leather work, and other employments among the natives. Time after time he had to sally forth and defeat opponents and win friendships. When, at last, he returned, it was leaving Timbuctoo a better place for human habitation.

A great soldier, he has always believed in reconstruction rather than destruction. His life is an example of dogged perseverance and readiness to tackle dangerous tasks. He says little; he does much.

---

### POETRY FROM THE CAMP.

A Territorial at Methil describing how Christmas and New Year were spent bursts into rhyme:—

CHRISTMAS! New Year, why, the prospects did seem dull,
With constant duty, work without a lull;
But, ah! brighter seemed the prospects of the day
When told that at Methil Y.M.C.A.
Some cheer was offered, some livening of the soul,
As well as body, spirit, and such like as make the whole
Of human frame, with all its ups and downs,
Its sorrows, sadness, aches, ills, and frowns.

And thus it was that to the aforesaid place we went,
Feeling somehow that we should feel content.
Content we were—indeed, 'twas something rare
That we enjoyed, and with the men did share
The concert programmes—ah: they were a treat.
All items full of interest, music sweet,
Racy stories, humour, passed with pleasing jest.
Everything rendered by artists of their best.

Then, what with sound advice included at the end,
Passed on to all, that they might take to heart
Resolving that in future they would spend
Their lives for King and country, yea, and try the art
Of living as their God would have them do,
Remembering that for them their Saviour died,
Shirking no duty, therefore nothing rue,
And by example, proving that precept lied.

---

A Y.M.C.A. secretary writes to headquarters as follows: "One of my old boys was captured by the Germans, but gave them 'leg-bail' after three days, not taking kindly to *kultur*."




# 310 Medals & Prizes!

**The Cheapest and Best Text-Book in the English Language is**

THE STUDENT'S COMPLETE

# COMMERCIAL BOOK-KEEPING,

(1915.) ACCOUNTING AND BANKING. (1915.)

By ARTHUR FIELDHOUSE, Accountant, Huddersfield.

**Send POSTCARD for copy INDEX and List of Medallists to—**
**ARTHUR FIELDHOUSE, P.O. Box A 27, Huddersfield.**

**TWENTIETH Edition. 913 Pages. 400 Exercises with Answers. 500 Commercial Terms. 300,000 Copies Sold.**

## 350 GOLD, SILVER & BRONZE MEDALS

have been secured by Candidates using this work, in addition to FIRST PLACES and FIRST PRIZES at the Examinations of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, INSTITUTE OF BANKERS, COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS, LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS and NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS in the United Kingdom.

## FIRST PRIZES FOR 10 SUCCESSIVE YEARS.

**EVIDENCE OF SOME OF THE 350 MEDALLISTS.**

I **attribute** my **success** to the assistance I received from your text-book which is a most **excellent** and **complete work.**—WILFRID M. VERDON, *First Prizeman and Silver Medallist, Royal Society of Arts, 1910, out of 2,049 Candidates. London County Council.*

**A Triple Medallist** says—"I have had a copy of 'Fieldhouse' on **my desk** since January, 1908, and have **constantly used** the same. I congratulate you upon being the author of such a useful book."—N. D. VINE, *First Prizeman and Silver Medallist of the National Union of Teachers, 1910; Second Prizeman and Double Silver Medallist in Book-keeping, also Accounting and Banking, 1909; Third Place in Honours at the Chartered Accountants' Intermediate.*

During my studies for the Intermediate and Final Examinations of the Incorporated Accountants I worked the majority of the Exercises in your text-book. It is a very useful and marvellous book. Its value is wonderful, and I am sure it cannot be beaten for the money.—G. E. SAUNDERS, *First Place and Gold Medallist, Incorporated Accountants' Examination, 1910.*

Your text-book has been my chief source of instruction, and was undoubtedly largely instrumental in my ultimate success. I have no hesitation in saying that it is certainly one of the most lucid and complete works on the subject.—R. A. PARISH, *First Place at the L.C.C. Examination, 1910; and Winner of the Institute of Chartered Accountants' Prize of £10 10s.*

*ELEMENTARY Edition, being PART I. of*

THE STUDENT'S

## BOOK-KEEPING.

**355 Pages. Nineteenth Edition. 2s. From ARTHUR FIELDHOUSE. P.O. Box A. 27, HUDDERSFIELD. 100 Exercises. 350 Questions.**

This text-book more than covers **all Elementary Examinations** in this subject in all parts of the world, while carrying out its special design of meeting the requirements of the excellent Syllabuses issued by the **Society of Arts, West Riding County Council**, the **College of Preceptors, Oxford and Cambridge Locals**, the **London Chamber of Commerce**, the **National Union of Teachers**, and **Lancashire and Cheshire Union** in England.

The **Exercises** and the principles introduced therein are so carefully **graded** in point of difficulty that the student is trained to work the most difficult set of transactions without being appalled at any stage of his study. No exercise is too long or too complicated to be completed between each lesson. The **Questions** will be found very useful for testing the student's knowledge at each stage of his work. **50** recent **Examination Papers** of the eight public bodies named above are included.

*6 EDITIONS SOLD IN 6 YEARS!!!*

THE STUDENT'S

## BUSINESS METHODS AND COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Being a Guide to the Procedure of the Modern Office, as well as a Course of Training for all Elementary and Intermediate Examinations.

**By ARTHUR FIELDHOUSE, Accountant, HUDDERSFIELD,**

who will forward **Copy** on receipt of Postal Order for **2s. 6d.**, or **Specimen Pages** and **Index** on receipt of Postcard, addressed to P.O. Box A. 27, Huddersfield.

**SEVENTH EDITION, 380 Pages. Post Free, 2s. 6d.**

**50 TEST and EXAMINATION PAPERS, containing about 1,000 QUESTIONS. NEW CHAPTERS on Insurance, Marine Carriage and Insurance, Ordinary and Limited Partnerships, Private and Public Companies, Import and Export Trade.**

*Published by*

**ARTHUR FIELDHOUSE, 66, West Parade, HUDDERSFIELD.** | **SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.**

## THE Y.M.C.A. IN STEP WITH THE FORCES.



Wherever the men of the nation are in training there the Y.M.C.A. is to be found as their indispensable ally. In all, fully 700 centres are open.



The new Y.M.C.A. Institute at Rumgally, Fifeshire, taken on the opening night, a fortnight ago. Photo by courtesy of the *Glasgow Herald*.



A quiet corner in a Y.M.C.A. hut on Bramshott Common, Surrey.



## KITCHENER'S ARMY AT BREEZY BR AS A PRELUDE TO THE BATTLEFIELD.



The nation has serious business on hand to-day, and the men training for the stern struggle of the battlefield are facing their task in the spirit that conquers or dies. Many thousands of Kitche are in training at Brighton, where the bracing sea air helps in their upbuilding, and in this illustration some of t seen on their way to the beach for firing practice. *Photo: Photopress.*

## WOUNDED WARRIORS HOME FROM FRANCE NG PLEASURES OF A "SOLDIER'S PARADISE."



All ranks and classes are inspired with the spirit of helpfulness k in every way to contribute to the comfort and the wellbeing of the gallant men home from the trenches. Lady Georgina has turned her home, Highfield House, Droitwich, into a Red Cross hospital, and is seen standing beside the car, which is about n a run with soldiers sufficiently recovered to venture on an outing.

## UP-TO-DATE FRUITS OF GERMAN KULTUR.



Last week we published illustrations showing the wreckage caused by German shells among the ancient churches of France; the above picture reveals the fruit of German Kultur much nearer home, representing the scene in Albert-street, King's Lynn, after bombs had been dropped from the enemy's aircraft. The soldiers are searching the ruins for shells.



Another view of the havoc wrought at King's Lynn. Under the ruins of this house a woman's body was found. *Photos: Photopress.*

# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK




**The Food-Drink**
**that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/- The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—**
**DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**



# KEMP'S
## CAKES & BISCUITS
## COMMAND THE PREFERENCE.

Camp Leaders and Secretaries cannot do better than obtain their supplies from us.

**BEST QUALITY AND QUICK DELIVERY.**

*Price List on Application.*

**GEORGE KEMP, LTD.**
**BREWERY ROAD, LONDON.**



**BY ROYAL APPOINTMENTS** **IN THREE REIGNS.**

ALL THAT CAN BE SAID ABOUT THE QUALITY, HIGH-CLASS APPEARANCE AND PERFECT FRESHNESS OF

# CARR'S BISCUITS

WILL NOT CONVINCE YOU AS MUCH AS THE BISCUITS THEMSELVES. WHY NOT TRY

**"GINGER RUFFLES."** With the rich full flavour of old-fashioned gingerbread.

**"TABLE WATER."** The nicest of all water biscuits.

**"TIPPERARY."** The latest and most appropriate biscuit, popular at home and with the troops.

**MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.**

**CARR & CO., LTD., CARLISLE, ENG.**



# H.M. GOVT.

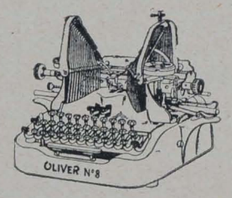
**have bought from time to time over**

# 4,000 OLIVER TYPEWRITERS

**For Military and other purposes—**
**A fact significant of "OLIVER" excellence.**

*Booklet No. 149 gives particulars of the NEW MODELS.*

**OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,**
**75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.**







*3.—A Whistle or a Pibroch ?*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

A YOUNG man, about to begin a career, asked a celebrated musician for some advice. The musician, who through force of habit had learned to think musically, offered this wise counsel: "Be natural, or you will surely be flat." This truth, of course, has been expressed in many different ways, but it is a lesson hard to learn. For some strange reason we are all dying to be somebody else, and the highest point of flattery is reached if we are told, with sufficient seriousness, that we are really like the person in question. Many a young preacher has grown his hair long in order that he might resemble Joseph Parker; but, unlike Samson, Parker's strength did not rest in his hair. The truth is that every genius has a small army of imitators, and as imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the genius should not complain.

People who know very little about Parker are under the impression that he was a clever actor and little more. I can bear my testimony, as one who constantly attended his ministry, that every weird mannerism of the great preacher was perfectly natural and unstudied. I have seen Parker walking along Newgate-street with the strangest of garments and the oddest of hats. Indeed, he used to say that he wore a preaching gown because he was the shabbiest man in the ministry. Clothes did not interest him, but his whole attitude in this direction was utterly natural. When he was a very young man he opened a private school with the ridiculous name of the "Ebenezer Seminary," but it was simply an illustration of the old adage that "coming events cast their shadows before." Parker was supremely original in everything he did. Alas! for his unhappy imitators.

I am never quite sure of a man like Bernard Shaw. Sometimes I think he is a perfectly original character; at other times I have a feeling that every one of his freakish moods is a studied pose. In the preface to "Man and Superman" he calmly says that as "Bibles" must be cheap, he has consented to a cheap edition of his book. What can we make of such nonsense?

My thoughts have been led out to this subject of personal originality by a striking passage in Dr. Garnett's "Life of Emerson." In that volume an old aunt of Emerson's is set forth as "full of angularities, a perpetual offender against minor social proprieties, orthodox by intellectual conviction, but heterodox by native temperament, 'no whistle,' as her nephew said, 'that every mouth could blow on, but a pibroch from which only a native Highlander could draw music.'" The distinction is very arresting: henceforth let us divide our acquaintances into whistles and pibrochs. I fear that we shall count more of the former. For some unaccountable reason men and women are positively afraid to be themselves. They are for ever striving to conform to some idol of mediocrity, and for ever reluctant to express themselves in their own particular fashion.

It may be, of course, that education is responsible for a great deal. Nowadays all young people write alike. I think it is called the Civil Service style. I can only say it is utterly bloodless, characterless, and detestable. There was a time when handwriting was almost a science of character; very soon it will be a miserable monotony covering a multitude of sins and hiding a precious company of virtues. Really clever young people now hide their cleverness under a deformed handwriting, which lacks all generosity, all originality, and all significance. It is very sad, because the experts who made a living out of scientific caligraphy will soon have to retire from the field. Having read the character of one handwriting, they will have read the character of the whole human race. The whistle is the rule: the pibroch is the exception.

One of these days I may write an article on autographs, of which I possess an interesting collection; but at the moment let me say that in nearly every case of genius I have noticed a characteristic handwriting. As an illustration I may quote Mr. C. M. Alexander. I was in a bank with him on one occasion, and well remember the strange stare with which the bank clerk received his signature, for there on the cheque was the name and, nestling neatly in a little scroll, "2 Timothy ii. 15." This, of course, is not copyright, but I beg that no one will be so foolish as to imitate it. Mr. Alexander has suffered enough from a score or more of these unwelcome flatterers, all of whom have been—like a certain speech described by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll—"flat and flattening." Mr. Alexander is a pibroch; the others, although they know it not, are mere ordinary whistles. The fault, I need hardly remark, is their own.

I have noticed something similar with respect to clothes. There was a time when a great musician was characterised by a certain Bohemian appearance which singled him out from the mass of men. He wore a velvet coat, a loose, wide-end necktie, and a very broad felt hat. Such a type of man was the late Van Biene. Artists, also, were characteristic in dress, and usually very untidy in their habits. I suppose it is all for the best, but I regret the change that has crept over members of both professions. Nowadays a great musician or a famous artist is short-haired, faultlessly dressed, and more reminiscent of a stockbroker's clerk than a great interpreter of a blessed Muse. Happily, we have a few of the old school left. At the top of the list I should put Pachmann, the great pianist. I think Pachmann is the greatest pibroch of a pianist alive. Some say he is mad; but, then, if you are blessed with a holy originality, people will either say that you are mad or that you have a devil. Pachmann has very long white hair that falls on his shoulders, a big, fat Bohemian type of face, and when he sits down before a piano it is with a triumphant feeling of affection. He talks to the piano as he plays; he speaks to the audience as he interprets Chopin. He is a blessed pibroch. I have heard heaps of good players, but they remind me irrisistibly of that latest musical monstrosity, the pianola, which is about the limit in bloodless music. Many pianists are "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly nil." They are correct in music, perfect in time, faultless in technique; they just lack the soul of originality, and that deficiency is the gulf that divides them from the company of the elect.

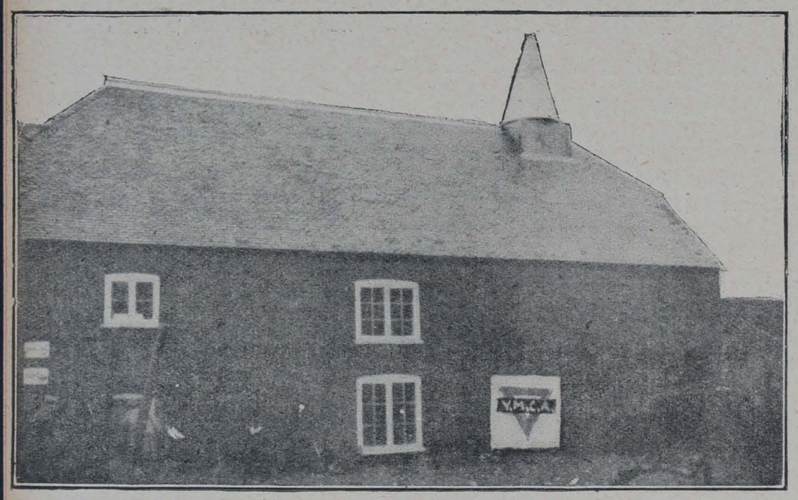
Emerson truly says that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, and it would be a great thing for the race if we could only persuade each other that there is no law on the Statute Book to prevent us from being ourselves.

I could write quite a lot about houses and furniture. The miserable uniformity of modern villas is a scandal to civilisation, and very often the insides are as samely as the outsides. In seven out of ten front rooms there is a lean-looking pedestal with a leaner-looking plant resting on the top. No one seems to have the courage to introduce something different. I am hungry and thirsty for a freak house, full of freak rooms. I saw such a room in Waring's the other day which sent me mad with a delirious joy. It was the maddest room I have ever seen in my life. It was a proper pibroch, and a standing protest to the suburban whistles.

There is no need to be a great man or a genius before you can be a pibroch. Simply start from to-day to be yourself, even though you seem to be, like the high priest of Salem, without father or mother. This is what the Apostle meant when he said, "If *our* gospel be hid, it is hid from them that are perishing." For depend upon it there are many times more than four Gospels extant. There are as many gospels (in one sense) as there are humble Christian souls. Many years ago I heard (in a Y.M.C.A., by the way) some lines, which, if doggerel, nevertheless sum up all I have written here:—

Do what you can, be what you are;
Shine like a glow-worm if you cannot be a star;
Draw like a pulley if you cannot like a crane,
Be a wheel greaser if you cannot drive the train.

## THE Y.M.C.A. IN QUAINT PLACES. 3.—A HOP OAST AT CANTERBURY.



During war time the Y.M.C.A. has learned to adapt itself to every circumstance, and has in many ways proved what can be done by a little imagination and perseverance. The hop oast shown in the picture has been transformed into a comfortable club and reading room for the soldiers.

## THE NEED OF MOTOR-KITCHENS.

**By H.H. Princess Victoria.**

THE generosity of the British public has enabled the Y.M.C.A. to make a substantial beginning in France with its beneficent work of establishing recreation centres for the British troops. As rapidly as circumstances permit, the huts are being erected in convenient spots at the base camps for the comfort and advantage of the men, whether from the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and the Indian Empire, who have already shown the greatest appreciation of what has been accomplished in this direction.

The Auxiliary Committee, of which I am president, has been formed to co-operate in the general scheme of the Y.M.C.A. at the front, and to organise helpful work in the various departments. Already several representatives of our committee are at the British camps in France, as voluntary helpers, without cost to the association. They have undertaken useful work, one of the features being the dispensing of refreshments at points of disembarkation and entrainment. They are co-operating also in the management of huts, institutes, &c., of which some twenty are now in operation in France.

A valuable extension of these activities is now being organised by means of a service of motor-kitchens and tea-and-coffee trolleys, which will supply hot refreshments to the men, and will, we believe, prove a great boon at various points where soldiers congregate. The first of these motor-kitchens has most kindly been placed at my disposal by the members of the Carlton Club for the purpose of assisting our soldiers in France.

For the objects above enumerated, as well as for carrying on and extending the social work of the base camps in France, I venture to appeal most earnestly to the public, who ever respond so generously to a real need, to help us to raise the funds necessary to carry on the work, which is proving of such inestimable value to our soldiers.—Yours, &c.,
VICTORIA, PRINCESS OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

Remittances should be addressed to "H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, 23, Bruton-street, London, W." Envelopes should be marked "Base Camps Fund, Y.M.C.A." All inquiries should be addressed to Cornelia Lady Wimborne, the hon. secretary of the committee, 23, Bruton-street, W.

Subjoined is a list of the Auxiliary Committee of the Y.M.C.A.:—President, H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein; the Countess of Bessborough, Lady Elizabeth Dawson, Miss Du Cane, Lady Egerton, Mrs. Mackay Edgar, Lady French, Viscountess Falmouth, Lady Henderson, Lady De Ramsey, Lady Rodney, Mrs. Lutley Sclater, Mrs. Henry Webley, Mr. Yapp (of the Y.M.C.A.). The hon. secretary is Cornelia, Lady Wimborne; the hon. assistant secretary, the Countess of Bessborough; the hon. treasurer of the Auxiliary Committee, Mr. Barnard Cowtan; and the hon. treasurer of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. R. L. Barclay.

## WITH THE TROOPS IN EGYPT.

IN Egypt the Y.M.C.A. secretarial force has been increased to sixteen, and a great work is being done amongst the British Territorials and the Australasian troops. Many of the latter are encamped beneath the shadow of the Pyramids. Most excellent reports continue to reach us from France, where the Y.M.C.A. is daily strengthening its hold. A Chief Constable in Scotland wrote to one of our leaders:—"One of my sons, who is a member of the Honourable Artillery Company, now at the base, Rouen, speaks so highly of what is done by your Association for the troops that I am sending you a small donation in aid of your good work." It is interesting to note that Mr. Sautter, as leader of the French Y.M.C.A., has received permission to put up a hut in the Vosges, and another at Fontainbleau.

### CHEER FOR "Y.M."

So here's good luck to the new *Y.M.*
May its days be bright and cheerful!
May our boys in khaki and in blue
Ne'er find its pages tearful!
The cause is good and the workers right,
And our fighting men are working;
From the head right down to the bottom man
You won't find a hand that's shirking!

"The work of the Young Men's Christian Association has been quite admirable, and it is impossible to place too high a value on its care for the men and the energy with which it has pursued a generous and noble policy with conspicuous success."—*The Times.*

Owing to the writer of the article in our first issue being somewhat misinformed, we regret that in an article on "The Y.M.C.A. Within Sound of the Guns" it was stated that the transport workers had enlisted for the duration of the war, but were not ordinary soldiers, "being really civilians in khaki." As a matter of fact, they are *really* soldiers, and in the important work of the transport department they are doing a really splendid piece of work. We regret that even through an accident we should have been less than just to a fine body of men whose work at the present time is literally indispensable.

## A CUP OF KINDNESS BY THE WAY.




The Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry on the station platform at Crowborough enjoying the kindly hospitality of the Y.M.C.A.



*Our Short Story.*

# FOR HER SAKE.

### *A Story Told Round the Club Fire of a Life-long Devotion and Patient Waiting for the Sunrise.*

**By H. MARTYN GILBERT.**

ALL six were men from whom the bloom of youth had long since faded. Their day's work was done, and, in the loneliness which comes with age, they found the companionship of one another a thing to be treasured. They had been friends in youth, and had then separated, each to pursue his own career and to carve his fortune as best he could. Now, like ships that come to anchor in some peaceful bay after the ocean's buffetings, they had drifted back to the town of their boyhood, and, amid the old scenes, were proving anew the truth that the friends of youth are the friends who stand best the test of time.

Round the club fire they sat night after night, smoking and talking and telling stories, dwelling upon the experiences of the past, and recalling the days of the long ago. Six in number, they represented as many professions—Francis de Monti, artist; Richard Anstruther, barrister; Alfred Harrington, journalist; Arthur Primrose, doctor of medicine; Robert Campbell, army colonel; and Bernard Davidson, minister of the Gospel.

To-night they occupied their accustomed seats beside the blazing fire. In this room they were seldom disturbed by other members of the club. Now and then a straggler would stray in to listen to the flow of reminiscences, but, as a rule, they were left to themselves. For a while they smoked in silence, thick columns curling up to the roof till the room was enveloped in one vast cloud.

"Whose story is it to-night?" asked Davidson, who was generally regarded as the chairman, and whose "opening remarks" invariably consisted of some such-like query.

"Harrington's," quickly answered the doctor. Primrose had got through his own turn on the previous night, and was glad to be only a listener now.

Chairs were pulled a little closer together, and Harrington began.

"You have all seen this portrait before," he remarked, as he drew his gold watch from his pocket, and showed in its back case the photograph of a pretty girl seated on a rock, with a large tree behind her as a background. Her hair hung loosely over her shoulders, ringlets played around her forehead, and on her face sat a happy, winning smile. The watch, with its accompanying picture, passed round the company, and had returned to its owner before he resumed.

"Many times have you asked me to tell you something about that girl, and just as often have I declined."

"You're not the man to give away your old love stories," said the Colonel.

"It takes me back a long way," continued the speaker, heedless of the interruption. "It was soon after I had left home. I was only a young reporter at the time—just at that period when the world seems a big garden, in which we may pluck at pleasure the largest plums. It was my late duty night, and I was just about to leave the office on my last call when the chief sub-editor came into the room.

"'That's a very suspicious affair,' he said, as he handed me a proof-sheet. 'You had better go down to-morrow morning and see what you can make out of it.'

"I read the paragraph which had been sent in by our correspondent at a village some twenty miles away. It told of the discovery in a field of the body of a well-dressed gentleman. There was a wound on the back of the dead man's head, and close to the body had been found a large stone covered with blood. Neither watch nor chain was in the possession of the deceased, who was a stranger to the district.

"These were all the particulars which the paragraph contained; it was now my duty to supplement them. Accordingly, on the following morning I set out on the quest for a better story, determined to make as much of the affair as I could. I had already concluded in my own mind that the case was one of murder, and I fully expected that my inquiries would confirm that belief. There was, however, practically nothing new to learn. No fresh circumstance had been brought to light. The medical examination of the body had not yet been made, and until the doctor's report had been submitted the police authorities could not say whether death had been due to accident or assault.

"More out of curiosity than with any hope of obtaining a clue, I visited the field where the body had been found, an obliging constable pointing out the exact spot. The incriminating stone had been removed, and there was nothing whatever to be seen. I was retracing my steps, when my foot touched something on the grass, and, stooping down, I found a gold watch and chain lying on the ground. These must be the property of the dead man, I said to myself, as I picked them up. Examining the articles, I opened the watch, and found in it the photograph which I now keep in my own, and which I have just shown to you. I am not usually very susceptible to the charms of a pretty face, and I don't think I was even then, but there was a something in the picture which touched me with a strange feeling. There was an appealing look in the eyes which seemed to say, 'Don't give me up,' and, yielding to this peculiar sensation, I extracted the portrait, and put it into my pocket-book."

Harrington paused for a minute to take another look at the interior of his watch, and then continued:

"I knew I was doing wrong in appropriating even such a trifle as that tiny picture. In the eyes of the law I was committing a theft. I was aware of that, and yet I declined to listen to reason, preferring to obey the strange impulse which had seized me. I took the watch and chain to the police office, described where I had found them, but said nothing about the little photograph which I had abstracted. By this time the post mortem examination had been completed, and its result was communicated to me. The doctor's report was rather ambiguous, and instead of throwing any light on the man's death, only deepened the mystery attached to it. It declared that death might have resulted from the wound on the head. This wound could have been caused either by the man falling on the stone or by the stone being thrown at the head. To complicate the situation still further, the medical statement went on to say that the deceased's heart had been rather weak, and that death might have been caused by some sudden excitement.

"A more amazing or more unsatisfactory report could scarcely have been written, and it may surprise you to know that the police accepted it without a protest. But this has to be kept in mind. It is not of yesterday I am speaking; the village in which the incident occurred was a small one, and police and doctor appeared alike unaware of the great necessity of reaching a definite conclusion about which there could be no doubt or conjecture.

"I had got very little for my journey, after all; the mystery was just where it had been; it was likely to remain a mystery. The man's body was only identified a day or two later through an anonymous communication which I sent to his relatives, to save him from a nameless grave. But I am anticipating.

"I had scarcely left the police office when I came face to face with a young lady. I would probably have passed her without notice had she not dropped at my feet a small parcel which she was carrying. Lifting it from the ground, I handed it to her, and as she thanked me something in the expression of the face seemed remarkably familiar. I had surely seen that face before, but where? Then it came to me like a flash; it was the face in the photograph that I had taken from the dead man's watch!

"Turning to look after the retreating figure, I saw her enter a house, and at once I determined to follow. It was only when I was in the act of knocking that I realised the difficulty of my position should someone else open the door, for I would not have known whom to ask for. Fortune, however, again favoured me. The young lady herself appeared in answer to my knock. Though she looked very much surprised, I saw that she recognised me. I asked her to grant me a few minutes' interview, and she led the way to a nicely furnished drawing-room.

"Newspaper men, you know, are not usually supposed to be subject to the inconvenience of nerves, but I was uncomfortable and nervous enough by this time. Fancy yourselves in my position, and try to imagine what your feelings would have been. Before me was an exceedingly pretty young lady, who, I felt, was in some way or other acquainted with, if not, indeed, concerned in, the circumstances of the unknown man's death, and there was I about to play the rôle of cross-examiner, that I might get a sensational story for my paper, and be the first to announce the solution of the mystery. Eager as I was to obtain what information I could, I rather pitied myself.

"'You wish to speak to me?' the young lady began, opening the conversation.

"My reply was blunt enough, for it was all I could think of saying. 'Is that your photograph?' I asked, producing the little picture.

"It was brutal of me to put the query like that, but I have never been a diplomatist, and can only blurt things out. She glanced at it, then turned as white as a sheet, and I thought she would have fallen from her chair. But she was pluckier than I imagined. Recovering herself, she jumped to her feet, and, throwing back her head with an assumption of dignity I have never seen surpassed, she demanded to know by what authority I was there to question her. I saw then that I would require to be careful.

"'You ask for my authority,' I answered, quietly. 'I have none. I am just a newspaper reporter on the search for a story, and you can refuse to answer me if you like. But this photograph in the hands of the police might be rather inconvenient. I took it from the watch of the man who, as no doubt you know, was yesterday found dead in a field

not far from here. As I say, it might be a fatal witness, for perhaps it could supply the missing link.'

"There was silence for a moment or two. A struggle was going on in her mind. It was soon over, and when she looked at me again she was wonderfully calm and self-possessed.

"'I will tell you the story,' she said; 'after that you can take whatever action you wish. It will likely have to come out sooner or later, anyway. I need not mention names or places; the facts can be told very briefly. The man whose body was found yesterday followed the very doubtful calling of a bookmaker. My brother allowed himself to be led into bad company, and got into this man's clutches. How far he was actually in his power I don't know, but he told me that the bookmaker could ruin him if he chose to do so. The day following this distressing revelation the bookmaker himself called on me, pretending to be a friend who wished to help us both. He sincerely wished to be of service, he declared, and whether or not his benevolent intentions could be carried out rested entirely with myself. "With me?" I said, in amazement, for I could think of no way in which I could prevent the impending disaster. "Yes," he replied, speaking very softly and with affected feeling; "the whole matter rests with you. Your brother is in great danger; only you can save him." I advised him to be done talking in riddles, and to come to the point. "You know," he said, "for your brother has told you, that he is in my power. I am willing to cancel the debt on one condition." "And what is that?" I asked. "That you marry me. Don't be alarmed," he quickly added, for he saw that his words had considerably startled me; "this is no hasty decision on my part; I have long admired you." I was too much surprised to say either yes or no to this sudden request, and, seeing my confusion, he left me, promising to call again for his answer. When my brother came home I told him what had transpired. "I know," he answered; "you are to be the price of his help." Brutal as these words seem when I repeat them to you, they did not sound cruel when he spoke them. There was a great, deep sadness in his voice, and his eyes could not meet mine. We had always loved each other, and there had never been any secrets between us. Our parents died when we were young, so that we had been all the world to each other. For a while both of us sat in silence, our hearts being too full and too sore for speech. Then by-and-by my brother rose to his feet, and, placing his hand on my shoulder, said he wanted to confess everything to me. There was nothing extraordinary in his confession. The same sad story is being told every day. He had embezzled £100 of his employer's money, after losing all his own, to meet his betting debts, and the bookmaker, in some way learning of this theft, was willing to give him that amount, so that the defalcations might be made up, on condition that I should consent to marry him. "And what do you advise?" I asked, after he had finished. "The sacrifice is too great," he answered. "The man is a scoundrel; have nothing to do with him. I am the sinner, and I alone will bear the punishment. He can do his worst, but he shall not have you."

"'Relieved as I was at my brother's attitude, I saw the necessity of averting the threatened shame, and, after talking over the matter together, we agreed to ask the loan of the money from some friends. The humiliating task of asking the money was mine; I got it after some difficulty; my brother restored it to his employer, and then handed in his resignation, with the intention of leaving the country, and making a fresh start, away from his evil-disposed companions, in a new land. Meantime, the bookmaker had renewed his offer. To prevent suspicion, I said I was still considering it, at the same time hinting that it wasn't altogether disagreeable to me. Then when my brother had gone away I removed to this village, thinking that I had escaped all further attentions from my unwelcome suitor. But two days ago he met me here. He had discovered my whereabouts, and followed me. He was most polite, and asked me to meet him next afternoon. I consented, and we met as arranged. Fortunately, no one saw us together. We had not walked far before he became very threatening. He still wanted me to marry him, and vowed to visit all sorts of evil things upon me if I declined to give my consent. My firm refusals angered him. His passion rose, and, seizing me by both arms, he declared with an oath that if I didn't marry him, I should never be the wife of anyone else. I struggled to free myself, and, after a great effort, I succeeded. He came at me again, and I pushed him from me. I saw him fall, and with that I ran away as fast as my legs could carry me. As I ran I felt something in my hand. I looked, and was surprised to see the man's gold chain, with his watch dangling at the end of it, which I must have gripped when I pushed him from me, and which had come away in my hand as he fell. I dropped it immediately. The next thing I heard was that a man had been found lying dead, and that his watch and chain were missing. But I am guiltless of his death. I have told you the whole truth. Tell the police if you like. I have suffered so much already that I am quite indifferent about what may happen now.'

"Here, then, was the sequel to this mysterious death. What a fine scoop for my paper! was the first thought that occurred to me. The story that I could tell would create a sensation; I was in luck. But that was only the thought of a moment. I looked into the sad eyes of the girlish figure opposite me, and thought of all she had suffered—thought of all the exposure might mean to her. The law could not punish her, for she had been guilty of no crime, but the fact of her brother's sin and her own relation with the dead man, if published to the world, would be a punishment greater even than she could bear.

"'You know everything now,' she said, after a pause; 'what are you going to do?'

"'Nothing meantime,' was all I was able to answer, and, with a promise to call again on the morrow, I took my departure.

"I had a battle to fight, and it was best that I should fight it alone. Wandering down by the banks of the quiet river, I threw myself on the grass, and debated the whole situation. Here was I, I argued with myself, entrusted by the newspaper which employed me with the task of getting all the available particulars about a mysterious occurrence. I had succeeded beyond my anticipations. I was in the possession of a story which would provide excellent reading for the public, and give the police authorities the information they were unable to obtain for themselves. No other newspaper would have the story; I would be complimented, and, perhaps, promoted, for my smartness. In a word, the reporter's glory would be mine. But at what a price? There was another side to the picture. My joy would be another's sorrow. I looked at the little photograph—looked at it long and earnestly, looked at it till my heart melted in pity for the girl who had been so brave amid all her suffering, looked at it till I felt a new man, till a strange, weird, inexpressible feeling gripped my whole being. Then I sprang to my feet, no longer in doubt; my path was clear. My paper must go without its sensation; the secrets of the dead and of the living were too sacred for public consumption."

The speaker ceased, and, filling the pipe which had lain empty in his hand during his recital, he lighted it, and gazed vacantly into the fire. As if unconscious of his surroundings, his look was fixed upon the glowing embers, and in them he seemed to see some pleasant picture, for over his face there presently crept a smile, and into his eyes there stole a new look. But soon the smile and the bright look vanished. The shadows returned, the head drooped, and a sigh involuntarily escaped his lips.

The minister placed his hand softly on Harrington's shoulder. "You haven't given us all the story," he said, almost in a whisper. "We would like to hear it, old friend, if—if it doesn't hurt you."

Without raising his head, Harrington resumed in a low voice, as he once more drew his watch from his pocket, and fondled it with a loving touch. "I saw her again after that. The facts were never made known. I had loved her from the first, and I was happy enough to win her love in return. She had promised her brother when he left this country that she would follow him to Canada, for she felt that he might need her to help him to fight his temptations. Too soon the day of parting came. We corresponded, and the years passed. Five years had gone; her brother, now a new man, was about to be married, and whenever that ceremony was over she was coming back as my bride. I now occupied an editor's chair, and was able to give her the kind of home she deserved. How bright the days were! For me the sun was ever shining, and the birds were always singing. Then the sky darkened, and the songs of the birds turned into a dirge. For my loved one was dead—killed in a railway accident as she was journeying to New York to join the homeward steamer."

"And for her sake you have remained a bachelor?" whispered the minister, gently slipping his hand into Harrington's, and drawing his chair a little closer to that of his friend.

The reply was faintly uttered, but every ear caught the words—"Yes, for her sake; I live in hope. It has been a long, dark road, but at last I seem to see the first glimmer of the sunrise."

## TELL HIM—IF NOT TOO LATE.

When you were young, you may not have understood your father; you fancied he did not understand you. Perhaps you thought him harsh, when in reality he was striving to bring you up as best he could; perhaps he seemed close-fisted, when in reality he had a terrible struggle to make ends meet; perhaps he seemed narrow, when in reality he was far-seeing and knew of evils of which you were ignorant.

But now you are older—possibly with a boy of your own—you see things differently. You comprehend just what your father was going through, his own doubts and struggles and longings, and his hopes for you. You can sympathise now with the father you used to criticise.

If he is still with you, why not tell him so?

When the Emperor Constantine, his hands red with the blood of his own kin, was visited with remorse, his first thoughts "turned back to the old religion which he had deserted. He applied to the Flamens at Rome for purification. They proudly declared that for crimes such as his their religious ritual knew of no expiation. Then, it is said, he tried the Platonist philosophers, only to receive the same answer. It was only after this second rebuff that he turned to the Christian religion, and was told by "an Egyptian magician" that in the Christian Church there were mysteries which provided purification from any sin, however great.



# THE Y.M.C.A. WITH THE COLOURS.

### *Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at work.*

During the heavy rains of the past month, when the camps have become most uncomfortable through the mud and slush, the benefits derived from the Y.M.C.A. huts have proved inestimable. Reports from a large number of centres state that in comparative comfort and free from damp the men have been able to enjoy rest and recreation in the Y.M.C.A. buildings. Without their help the long, dreary winter evenings would be indescribably dull, and many men might have been driven to undesirable forms of amusement. As it is, a good programme of song and music has kept the men in camp, and they have always been sure of getting hot refreshments at moderate prices. In the course of the next day or two at least 250 shelters of a permanent character will be in use, thanks to the generosity of the British public.

***

Lady Broadbent is collecting funds for a "Children's Hut," in the hope that the children of Great Britain will provide by many gifts the necessary funds. Gifts may be sent to Lady Broadbent, 35, Seymour-street, London, N.

***

It is curious how recruiting has often united old friends who had not met one another for years. The other day two brothers met at the Front who had been living with thousands of miles between them. Unknown to each other, one set forth with the Indian troops, and, to his surprise, met his brother, who had enlisted and come from England.

***

A gunner with an anti-aircraft section, writing home to the secretary of his home association, says:—"I advise those of you who are remaining at home to stick to the Y.M.C.A. I have heard it blessed scores of times by scores of soldiers. So you must help to keep the flag flying."

***

When Clara Barton was engaged in the Red Cross work in Cuba, during the Spanish-American War, ex-President Roosevelt (then Colonel Roosevelt) came to her desiring to buy some delicacies for the sick and wounded men under his command. His request was refused. Roosevelt was troubled; he loved his men, and was ready to pay for the supplies out of his own pocket. "How can I get these things?" he said; "I must have proper food for my sick men." "Just ask for them, colonel," said the surgeon in charge of the Red Cross headquarters. "Oh," said Roosevelt, his face breaking into a smile, "then I do ask for them." And he got them at once; but notice that he got them through grace, and not through purchase. If men could buy the grace of a quiet conscience and a restful heart, how the millionaires would vie with each other at such an auction; but no one can have this chain of heaven's gold except by the free grace of God, which is offered to us every one.

***

The Y.M.C.A. temporary building at the Crowborough hutments is now in full swing, and each afternoon and evening finds it crowded with men from the various units now in camp. The present building, although 120 ft. by 20 ft., has already proved all too small, and both workers and men are looking forward to the completion of the splendid building, 150 ft. by 60 ft., now in course of erection.

***

This building, through the kindness of Major-General Fry, will occupy a central position, and will be the largest Y.M.C.A. Camp Institute in the country. It is part of the Y.M.C.A. programme to provide a continuous series of entertainments, lectures, and concerts, and in this connection a series of addresses by distinguished speakers from London and elsewhere has been arranged.

Through the munificence of subscribers to the Pembrokeshire War Fund a new building has been presented to the Y.M.C.A. at Llanion Barracks, which will add greatly to the comforts of the soldiers stationed there. The building is a wooden structure 90 ft. by 25 ft., and contains two small rooms as a bedroom and kitchen. The building was decorated for the opening ceremony, and the daintily laid tea tables added to the comfort of the building. A large stove is fixed in the centre of the building for heating purposes. The opening ceremony proved a great success. Major A. T. Walling, S.W.B., handed the key of the building to Mr. S. B. Sketch, J.P., C.C., who, in declaring the building open, said that he hoped it would prove of great benefit to the soldiers, and that the men would use the facilities offered in it and by the Y.M.C.A. staff to spend their leisure hours.

***

We regret to record the death of Councillor James Herbert North, of Hampstead. Mr. North was elected a member of the Hampstead Borough Council for the Belsize Ward in 1909, and was re-elected in 1912. He was, among others, appointed by the Borough Council as a manager of the Fleet-road Council School. He was a member of Lyndhurst-road Church, and an active supporter of the Y.M.C.A. He was also the treasurer of the Hampstead Chess Club.

***

The Queen has forwarded £25 in response to her Highness Princess Victoria's appeal for funds for Y.M.C.A. work in France. Her Majesty's donation is towards the expenses in connection with the equipment of the two huts at Boulogne and Havre, which by her gracious permission bear her name.

***

A private in the H.A.C. writes from the front to a friend in the following terms:—"The best people over here are the Y.M.C.A., and if you ever want to give anything to this war, give it to the Y.M.C.A. They are everywhere, and if it was not for them I don't know what we should do sometimes. In every little place we have been to there has been a Y.M.C.A. shed supplying tea and cakes for quite a small sum to the troops; the writing paper is supplied free. Up here there is a large tent for concerts, &c. You might tell anyone from me that it is the most practical institution connected with this war."

***

On Saturday, January 16, on the ground of the Wrexham Football Club, a special match was played between the Denbighshire Yeomanry and the 3rd Batt. R.W.F. The proceeds, amounting to over £10, were devoted to the work of the Y.M.C.A.

***

Mr. Tennyson Smith was at Colwyn Bay for three days last week conducting special meetings. The commanding officers were keenly interested, and the General's wish to get all the men in was evidenced by the fact that the Thursday meeting took the place of the military lectures which the men have every night, and all the men were present with their officers.

***

Y.M.C.A. workers are warned against a man in uniform who professes to be in Kitchener's Army, and also formerly on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. He says he is on leave, offers to address meetings, and ends up by passing off worthless cheques. One worker has already been deceived, and others should be on their guard.

***

The National Council has made arrangements for a building at Colwyn Bay, which has become an urgent necessity. The area in which men are to be billeted extends from Rhos-on-Sea to Old Colwyn, a distance of over three miles. There are to be 1,100 at Rhos, 2,400 at Colwyn Bay, and 1,100 at Old Colwyn. These will all be there very shortly. Colwyn Bay is the centre to which the men will go at night, the other places being very small. Tram cars link up Rhos with Colwyn Bay, and will be extended to Old Colwyn very shortly, so it is expected that the men will flock to Colwyn Bay every night.

***

Mr. John Lowe, who died recently, was a member of the executive committee at Manchester for many years, and one of the oldest members of the Association. He was deeply interested in missionary work and associated with the Church Missionary Societies Lay-Workers' Union, a deputation from which attended the funeral. He was also a superintendent of the St. John's Sunday School, Altrincham.

***

A very fine concert was held last Friday evening at the Crystal Palace for the benefit of the Royal Naval Division. Among those taking part were Miss Ada Crossley, Miss Marie Dainton, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Robert Radford. Mr. Smart, who is in charge of the work at the Palace, is arranging similar concerts during the winter evenings.

***

The enterprise of Mr. Ledger since he took over the reins of the Bury branch of the Y.M.C.A. has again been demonstrated recently in the formation of an institution for the benefit of the soldiers quartered in various parts of the town. Many of the recruits spend their time when not in actual training outside the precincts of the barracks, and it was felt that some provision should be made for their recreation to attract them from roaming about the streets. There was not sufficient accommodation for so numerous a body within the Y.M.C.A. buildings, and the managers of the New-road School kindly placed rooms at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A., in which as nearly as possible the men will be able to enjoy the same benefits and privileges as are attached to the Y.M.C.A. The soldiers readily seized the opportunity, as was witnessed at the opening ceremony, despite the fact that everything was arranged in a hurry. The Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor and Mrs. Hacking) have already taken much interest in the Y.M.C.A., and they had an enthusiastic reception from the men when they gave the venture a send-off.

***

On Monday afternoon last the first lecture of a series of ten was delivered at London Central Y.M.C.A. on "Famous Towns of the War." Among the towns to be dealt with are Ypres, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Louvain, and Rheims. Mr. Allen Walker is the lecturer, and the course is announced under the auspices of the University Extension Board of London University.

We trust that in all parts of the country this kind of educational enterprise will be warmly supported in Association circles.

***

At Leighton Buzzard, on his recent tour, Canon Hicks noticed something uncertain in the atmosphere of his meeting, and asked the secretary for an explanation. "Oh," said the secretary, "our poster announced:

FLYING VISIT
OF
CANON HICKS,

and now the men want to know where the aeroplane is!"

***

A recent performance of the "Messiah" in the Association Hall at Mansfield broke two records for the town. The largest audience heard it and the largest chorus performed it. The proceeds were given to local war relief and Belgian funds.

***

The following extract from a letter from a South Wales Borderer, who was wounded at Ypres and sent to a hospital at Rouen, speaks well for the quiet work of the Y.M.C.A.:—"As you will see from the address, I have at last left hospital, and am now picking up at a convalescent home at a little place a couple of miles out of Rouen. I am getting your papers every week, but am surprised to see no mention

made of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association out here. Like a good many men, I don't suppose I was ever thought 'religious,' and probably have scoffed as much as any at the work of the Y.M.C.A. and its kind. But never again! I don't know how many Borderers, Welsh Fusiliers, and others are here, and what we should do without the comforts that the Y.M.C.A. people have provided I don't know, but you can take it from me, if I come through this job all right I shall be one of the thousands of new supporters of the Y.M.C.A. at home, for their work is simply great."

***

The Crystal Palace was honoured on January 22 by a visit from three distinguished Indian officers belonging to the Jodhpur Lancers, Imperial Service Troops, one of them being the Commandant, another uncle of the reigning Maharajah, and a third the medical officer in charge. They received an overwhelming ovation from the men, and after with difficulty reaching the Y.M.C.A. quarters were piloted to the platform of the social court and greeted with musical honours ("They are jolly good fellows"). One of the visitors in very good English explained their presence, and the proceedings closed with the National Anthem and the inevitable "Tipperary."

The Rajputs are descendants of the former lords of India, pure Hindus, and notable fighters, and loyal subjects of the Empire. If all their men are physically equal to the visitors at the Palace, they must strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. They expressed themselves as being much gratified by the warm reception accorded to them.

***

During the last two months 5,000 rejected recruits have attended at the Manchester Gymnasium, in the hope of adding "the little more" that is necessary.

***

At Queenborough a fine shed is placed at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A. by the Mayor, Captain Jaffray. It is lighted by electricity and very comfortable. A little puppy found its way into the hut, and has remained ever since, petted by the men as the "mascot."

***

A few evenings ago the Mayor of Queenborough presided over a crowded audience at a lecture. Several officers, including Major Fyers, were present, and were most appreciative of the lecture and of all that Mr. Goudge, the energetic leader, is accomplishing for the men.

At Bramshott Camp there has been a succession of excellent concerts and lectures. The huts at Bramshott and Witley Camps have been exceptionally busy, and Mr. Allan Frost, Mr. Hobday, and other workers have laboured splendidly.

***

After a lecture recently, when allusion had been made to the loyal response given by New Zealand, it was found that a dozen of Kitchener's Army who were present had all come at their own expense to help the Motherland. The way in which Great Britain Beyond the Seas has rallied to the call of the King has been a thrilling and heart-stirring event.

***

Lord Charles Beresford has several relatives in the Navy and Army. Recently one of his nephews gave a very clever entertainment in a Y.M.C.A. hut, and was cheered to the echo by the men.

***

An officer said the other day that the men in the ranks soon find out whether he knows more than they do. When the men discover that he is ahead of them they respect him. "There is a keen eagerness about the men," he added, "which we never noticed in time of peace. No matter what the news of the day may be, they are all wanting to go to the front with the shortest possible delay."

***

At Slough, where about 1,000 men are stationed, the Y.M.C.A. took the Public Hall. They have been rewarded by large attendances at all the entertainments that have been organised. Sometimes the big hall has been packed to its utmost limits. Last Sunday afternoon a speaker from London addressed a good audience of men, and left with them a motto for their life. Mr. A. G. Cook presided. A choir from Windsor came recently, and provided some choice music.

***

Photographers have been very busy at the camps, taking groups of comrades as well as single portraits. It is very natural that the men should wish to leave these souvenirs with their friends at home when they go to the front, and in many a billet there are photographs of men who came as strangers and departed as friends.

***

When Lord Kitchener carried out some reviews last week he was accompanied by M. Millerand. The distinguished French statesman was obviously impressed by the long lines of splendid young soldiers he saw.

***

The new institute at Westham, Weymouth, was opened at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon last in the presence of a large assembly. The platform at the far end was set off by some lovely palms, and at the back of it was the Union Jack. The chair was taken by the Rector of Weymouth (Rev. T. Lancaster), who was accompanied on the platform by Brigadier-General A. C. Currie (commanding the local troops), Rear-Admiral Currey, the Rev. M. W. Kinloch (chaplain to the Weymouth troops), Mr. T. F. Victor Buxton, of London (who attended to open the building), Mr. A. K. Yapp (secretary of the Y.M.C.A. National Council), Mr. C. E. Heald (district superintendent of Y.M.C.A. Institutes in Hants and Dorset camps), the Mayor of Weymouth (Mr. T. J. Guppy), the Rev. F. E. Coryton (Vicar of St. John's), and the Revs. W. Lawson Forster, W. H. Allen, A. E. Johns, and J. E. Sunderland.

***

**[Camp leaders should send in postcards, or Press cuttings, from time to time when they have anything interesting to record. We hope to give the fullest publicity to the work that is being done in 700 centres, and this can only be possible through the co-operation of the men in charge of the camps.]**

### THE SONG OF THE AUSTRALIAN LIGHT INFANTRY.

"Hark! the Germans are advancing,
Uhlan steeds are proudly prancing,
Eagles in the sun are glancing;
Belgium's waste and bare.

Now, Australians, lie ye dreaming,
See ye not their falchions gleaming?
Hear ye not the women screaming?
Will ye do and dare?

From the Never Never,
Bushmen, brave and clever,
Rally all, at Britain's call,
The Empire's links won't sever;
Now, Light Horsemen, on to glory!
Let your deeds be famed in story!
Australia's banner floats before ye—
On to victory."

## A POPULAR COMPETITION FOR OUR FIGHTING LADS.

# "WHY I ENLISTED."

**The Editor offers a First Prize of 10s. 6d. and Four Prizes of 2s. 6d. each for the best reasons in answer to the above question. The Competition is open to all men of the Navy and Army, without restriction.**

Write your reason in the form provided below, which must be cut out and addressed to the Editor, "Y.M.," 13, Russell-square, London, W.C. Competitors should state the real reason of their enlistment, and while provision is made for the use of thirty words, it is not necessary to make use of all the spaces thus provided.

"WHY I ENLISTED."

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

*Name*_____

*Full Address*_____

Cut this out and post it to the Editor of "Y. M." We shall announce the result in our issue of February 12, and with the results we shall also publish the photographs of the successful competitors.



"Bournville" (Reg.d. Trade Mark) Cocoa & "Cadbury's" (Reg.d. Trade Mark) MILK Chocolate

Cadbury

BOTH OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE

If you are Training in Camp,

ASK FOR

JACOB & CO.'S

1d. GINGERBREAD,

1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,

½d. MACAROONS,

AND

1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS.

You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

BROMLEY'S COFFEE ESSENCE

In all size Bottles. Special for Camp Use.

*No grounds. No trouble. Made in a moment. As exhibited at Russell Square.*

Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. Camps.

*Write for Particulars and Samples to Manufacturers:—*

JOHN BROMLEY & SONS, Bloomsbury Works, LEEDS.

ECONOMY IN WAR TIME

To reduce expenditure in the household, and yet maintain comfort and efficiency, use

ENQUIRE WITHIN UPON EVERYTHING

466 pages containing 2,250 references.

THE MOST COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD GUIDE EVER PUBLISHED.

Price 2/6 net.

Sold by all Booksellers everywhere.

Published by

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 29.**—Luke iii. 1-14. *Repentance for the remission of sins* (verse 3). Repentance is man's task; remission of sins is God's task. Repentance means right-about-face from pursuing our own way to pursuing God's way. God's way is found in Christ as the one and only Saviour Who can forgive us our sins and free us from their power.

**Saturday, 30.**—Luke iii. 15-23. *The Holy Ghost descended upon Him* (verse 22). It seems quite natural that the Holy Spirit should have descended upon Christ, Who never sinned and Who always fulfilled His Heavenly Father's pleasure. The wonder is that His salvation includes the same gift to every sinner who accepts Christ as his Saviour. It is in this way that the desire to please God begins to work and rule, because the Holy Spirit breathes His desires into our hearts.

**Sunday, 31.**—Luke iv. 1-15. *Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost* (verse 1). Life is a battle against evil and the Evil One, and this scene teaches three conditions of success which Christ now offers to His followers :—The fulness of His Holy Spirit; the guidance of that Spirit (verse 1); and a grasp of the Word of God ("the sword of the Spirit") (verses 4, 8, 12). This was His armoury which He places at our disposal.

**February.**

**Monday, 1.**—Luke iv. 16-32. *He came to Nazareth where He had been brought up* (verse 16). Jesus must have had a warm place in His heart for His old home and the village of His boyhood, and one of the first acts of His public ministry was to return there with the Gospel telling of Himself (verse 18). Let every boy and young man who knows Christ see to it that his home shares the good news.

**Tuesday, 2.**—Luke iv. 33-44. *I must preach the Kingdom of God to other cities also* (verse 43). The more we realise the value of Jesus the more we must think of the "other cities" throughout the world, who perhaps have not our advantages, and yet need Him equally with ourselves. The home should be the starting-point, but not the ending-point of Christian service.

**Wednesday, 3.**—Luke v. 1-16. *He entered into one of the ships* (verse 3). Notice how highly Jesus paid for the loan of that boat (verse 6). Further, that Peter began by lending Jesus his boat, and ended by giving Jesus himself (verse 11). It is always the Christian experience, that the more we give Him the more we realise His value to us.

**Thursday, 4.**—Luke v. 17-26. *When He saw their faith* (verse 20). True faith in Christ is sure to show itself in the way we act towards others. These men believed in Him to the extent of laboriously bringing a friend, and that friend came to believe in Him to the extent of doing what he was commanded (verse 25). In both cases Jesus honoured their faith by more than fulfilling their expectations.

---

One bright summer's morning Mr. Spurgeon went early into the garden to find a guest walking about disconsolate. "How now?" he cried. "Why are you so gloomy?" "I have been looking into my heart," was the answer. "And I'll warrant you found nothing there but blackness," said Mr. Spurgeon. "Look up, man! Look at the sun!"


## Miscellaneous.

**TO SECRETARIES,** Managers, etc., of Institutes, Huts, Tents. Please send for sample of splendid selling line, thousands selling to the Troops. Have sent hundreds to Canadians on Salisbury Plain through the Y.M.C.A.—HERBERT, 9, Sharsted Street, Walworth, London.

## Board.

**6, MILNER SQUARE,** Islington, N. Bedroom, use of Sitting-room. Partial board, piano, 14s. weekly; two sharing, 12s. 6d. Full board or late dinner if required.

**LARGE ROOM** for two friends, separate beds, £1 each per week. Reference to present boarders, Miss S., 3, Nightingale Road, Clapton, N.E.


## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

**By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr.**

**Peter's Two Coal-Fires.**

IT is well known that some of the most important events in the career of Oliver Cromwell occurred, curiously enough, on September 3, so that a good part of his biography might be written round that date. I want to suggest to you that, practically speaking, the story of Peter's religious experience could, in similar fashion, be written round the words, "a fire of coals." It is worth noticing how these words recur in his history. It was as he stood warming his hands at a "fire of coals" (John xviii. 18) in the High Priest's court that Peter committed the weakest and most shameful act of his life. And bitterly did he repent his denial of the best Friend that ever a man had.

But in the mercy of God, for Peter, there was another "fire of coals" (John xxi. 9) in his experience. It was lighted on the lake-side by the risen Lord Himself, and it was in the glow of it that Peter won back what he had lost, made his new confession of love, and was given greater work to do. By the Master's gracious treatment of him at that second fire of coals the whole shameful memory of the first was wiped out. Peter was restored where he had fallen—beside a fire of coals.

I like to think that for you and me those two coal-fires of Peter's mean, by the mercy and help of Jesus Christ, the possibility of winning back a lost position, of standing fast on the very ground where we have once played the coward.

When a youth is falling into evil habits, worldly wisdom suggests that he be shipped off, say, to the colonies, and given a fresh start on new soil. But the grace of Christ enables and invites a man to start anew on the old scene of failure. When we report a position shamefully lost, our Captain, very ready to forgive, but very unwilling to accept defeat for the feeblest of His soldiers, bids us go back and try again. And those who go, putting their trust in Him, write a new memory on the old ground.

In the Middle Ages, when Genoa and Pisa were at war, a Genoese admiral took his fleet to the island of Meloria, and said to his men, "This rock is made famous by a Genoese defeat. A victory would make it immortal." And, as a matter of fact, in the fight that followed, Genoa was completely victorious. It is that sort of hope which the Master holds out to all defeated souls who put their trust in Him.

You have failed in a clear duty, perhaps; you have funked at a critical juncture, though nobody knows it but yourself. Will you let me remind you that the Master whom you serve is waiting for you at that very place again, as the angel waited for Gideon (Judges vi. 11) beside his duty at the wine-press, not to rebuke you, but with the offer of His confidence and help. Now that you know that, you will go back and try again, my brother, and this time you shall not fail.

Ah, we all know about the first coal-fire, the denial, the cowardice, the fall. But the Gospel for you and me is that there is always a second, with Christ standing by it, where our forgiveness is sealed, and the old shame is wiped out. Have you met the Master yet at the *second* "fire of coals"? "Many have offered me"—this is one of George Matheson's prayers—"Many have offered me a golden morrow; Thou alone hast offered to retrieve my yesterday."


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

*Telegraphic Address: "Manhood (Westcent), London."*
*Telephone: 6402 Central.*

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, INCORPORATED

(FOR ENGLAND, WALES & IRELAND).

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD, K.T.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS, Esq.
Treasurer: R. L. BARCLAY, Esq.
Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

*HEADQUARTERS:*

"George Williams House,"
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matter should be addressed.*

*Contributions are invited. The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, articles of general interest, and photographs of current events, whether relating to purely Y.M.C.A. matters or to more general topics. All accepted contributions and photographs will be paid for.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or news-agents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





# THE LAMP that is USED by the Y.M.C.A.,

By The WAR OFFICE & The ADMIRALTY,
The RED CROSS SOCIETIES,
MILITARY CONTRACTORS, &c., &c., &c.,
IS THE

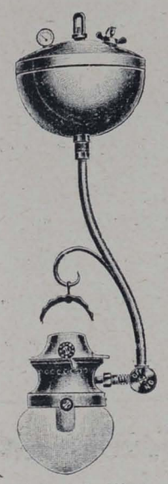
**BLANCHARD (British Made)**

# INCANDESCENT OIL LAMP

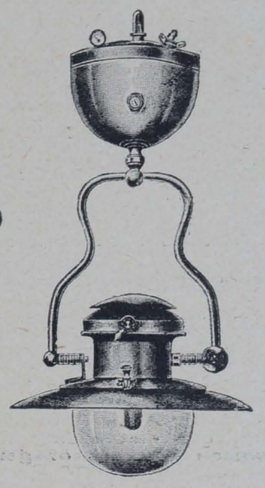
BECAUSE OF ITS

**EFFICIENCY, RELIABILITY AND ECONOMY.**

NO PIPING. CAN BE REMOVED NO SMOKE.
NO WIRING. WHILST ALIGHT. NO SMELL.
NO DANGER.



Model 1133.—100 C.P.
As used by the WAR OFFICE.



Model 1307.—300 C.P.
As used by the Y.M.C.A.

*Write for Catalogues and Price Lists to—*

**BLANCHARD LAMPS (BRITISH), LIMITED,**
**151, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**

Telephone: 2973 City. Telegraphic Address: "Farringter, Smith, London."

**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.**

**RED WHITE & BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

**"What £10 a year will do."**

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

**NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE**

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,
**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**

**GOOD! ITS MASON'S**

**MASON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE**




An Agreeable, Stimulating and Sustaining Beverage. Instantly Prepared and most Economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

*Of all Grocers and Stores, or a Sample Bottle Post Free for : Nine Stamps. :*

**NEWBALL & MASON,**
**Nottingham.**

# TERRITORIAL ENCAMPMENTS

## *MARQUEES & TENTS*

(OF ALL SIZES),

***With CHAIRS, TABLES, COUNTERS, LAMPS, And EVERY REQUISITE FOR CAMP USE,***

**SUPPLIED ON HIRE**

In any part of the Country by

**THOMAS WHITE & Co., Ltd.**

**Camp Furnishers and Army Contractors**

**ALDERSHOT.**

Marquees and Equipment supplied for 14 Y.M.C.A. Camps, Season 1913. Numerous unsolicited Testimonials from Camp Leaders. Estimates Free. Telephone: 36. Telegrams: "WHITES, ALDERSHOT."

# A SAFE AND BENEFICIAL 6% INVESTMENT.

## SUPPORT A WORK OF GREAT PUBLIC UTILITY.

## Important Women Workers Housing Scheme

# THE LADY WORKERS' HOMES, Ltd.

**CAPITAL, £50,000.** Present Issue, 37,000 Preference Shares of £1 each.

*The names of the gentlemen composing the Board of The Lady Workers' Homes, Ltd., are as follows:—*

**Councillor A. DAVIS,** Chairman
(Originator of the London Housing Society, Ltd.).

**HENRY MILLS, J.P., L.C.C.** (Ex-Mayor of Islington).

**RALPH DAVIS** (Director, Social Service E. E. Co., Ltd.).

**HENRY RICHARD TAYLOR, J.P., L.C.C.** (Ex-Mayor of Camberwell).

Surveyors: **ROBINS & HINE,** 5, Waterloo Place, S.W.
Bankers: **LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANK, LTD.** (King's Cross Branch), 7, Caledonian Road, London, N.
Solicitors: **ROOKS, SPIERS, WALES & WARD,** 16, King Street, Cheapside, E.C.
Auditors: **BALL, BAKER, CORNISH & CO.,** Chartered Accountants, 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C.
Secretary and Registered Offices: **J. H. HARVEY,** 116, Judd Street, W.C.
Assistant Secretary: **Miss DOROTHY J. ROBERTS.**

**This Company has been formed for the purpose of providing healthy homes and small flats for the large and ever-increasing number of women workers of gentle birth who, from force of circumstances (now greatly intensified), are compelled to earn their own livelihood.**

**To demonstrate the urgent need of such homes the Directors desire to announce that sufficient applications for accommodation have already been received to more than fill the proposed new premises, and feeling assured of the immediate success of the undertaking earnestly appeal to the Public to co-operate with them in furthering this scheme of great public utility.**

**The scale of charges will be fixed as low as possible so as to afford a clear 6 per cent. interest on the capital invested.**

The Company has already secured a very large and commodious mansion, being No. 1, ABBEY-ROAD, **ST. JOHN'S WOOD,** N.W., occupied for some years past by the late Mr. John MacWhirter, R.A. The area of the house, with its well-wooded grounds, is about one acre, and the position offers considerable advantages, being in close proximity to Regent's Park and within easy reach of the City and West End. The mansion will be retained in its entirety so as to preserve as far as possible the amenities of the property. It is proposed to build an extension which will supply, approximately, 120 additional bedrooms with central heating, together with bathrooms, lavatories, &c., and also 26 self-contained flats with every modern improvement.

It is proposed to establish a Restaurant for the supply of meals to the tenants at popular prices, and the Directors attach considerable importance to this part of the scheme, the intention being that it should be carried out in a thoroughly efficient manner and on a self-supporting basis only.

An exceptional opportunity having presented itself, the Directors feel that by developing this scheme they will supply the want so beautifully defined in the following words:—

### THE PRAYER OF THE LONELY WOMAN IN THE CITY.

All day I have looked at the multitude, and no eye met mine in understanding, no life touched mine in help, no hand clasped mine in fellowship. In a thousand companions I have felt no companionship. A myriad hearts go by, but none stop to beat in time with my heart. I am hungry for friendship, starved for human cheer. I come to Thee, here solitary in my little room in its pitiful stillness, and I come not with vain request for things; I do not ask Thee for spiritual ecstasies; I come for comradeship, to feel that some One is living on with me, though in silence. Some people are so rich in fellowship; their days are feasts of friends. O God, I ask but the crumbs of human feeling that fall from their table. Thou who guidest souls through the chartless sea of life, steer some woman's soul my way, bring me the cheering convoy of honest men, and let little children find me. Keep me warm and human that they may know me when they find me. Keep me wise and prudent that no pirate in the seas of love may deceive me. Infinite, great Spirit, reveal Thyself to me as a Friend and the Maker of Friends.

## SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

**The Times.**—"These little Flats are the kind of thing the woman worker has dreamed of, but never hoped to see at the price."

**Hampstead Advertiser.**—"A splendid scheme. The project is one that should succeed, for it is one that will benefit the large and ever-increasing number of women workers of gentle birth who will appreciate an environment corresponding to that with which they are familiar, and which is so difficult to obtain under ordinary circumstances."

**Church Family News.**—"One has only to watch the steady stream of life emerging from our railway stations, morning by morning, to realise what a large proportion of the passengers are women of varying ages hurrying off to their respective professions. . . . We recommend the matter to our readers' attention. They can be absolutely confident that the scheme is as sound in organization as in finance."

**The Guardian.**—"Such a combination of social centre, club, and business enterprise is unique, and in providing an agreeable and sane environment for girls and women who have not too much money to spend, the Company will be helping in the most commendable manner to solve one of the most difficult of London problems. We feel every confidence in the enterprise."

**The Record.**—"We observe with much satisfaction that an attempt is at last to be made to supply lady workers with 'Homes' (a truly happy word). . . . The scheme strikes us as a very praiseworthy one. It offers exceptional advantages to the investing public, and shareholders will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are strengthening a much needed branch of social service."

**Pall Mall Gazette.**—"The Delayed Ideal. Women have long been waiting for Flats such as these, and their confidence in the success of the idea is assured when they learn that it is being worked by the men who have so successfully provided dwellings for the working classes in congested districts of London."

**The Company will have the active co-operation, as Chairman, of Councillor A. DAVIS, who is well known as the originator of the London Housing Society, Limited, which has proved so remarkably successful in providing dwellings for the working classes in congested districts of London.**

Official prospectus and further particulars can be obtained on application to:—
Miss Y. M. ROBERTS,
THE LADY WORKERS' HOMES, LTD.,
116, JUDD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

# SAFE AND BENEFICIAL 6% INVESTMENT.

PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—*January 29, 1915.*
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***

# Y. YMCA M.
## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 4. Vol. 1. FEBRUARY 5, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.

# Pocket Testament League.

Headquarters: 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

President: Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A.

# 100,000 LEAGUE TESTAMENTS

## ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

**To help in Evangelising the ARMY and NAVY with the Word of God.**

In addition to the work undertaken by the Pocket Testament League in giving God's Word to the Soldiers and Sailors, **Mr. GEORGE T. B. DAVIS,** the International Secretary, is conducting a LEAGUE CAMPAIGN in

## SCOTTISH MILITARY CAMPS

**PLEASE PRAY EARNESTLY for this special effort.**

One of the Leaders in the marvellous Work of Grace on Salisbury Plain says:—

*"From what I have seen during the past few weeks, it is my firm conviction that if we had a sufficient supply of LEAGUE TESTAMENTS to put into the hands of earnest workers, THE WHOLE OF THE BRITISH ARMY COULD BE EVANGELISED."*

**Every Donor of 10s. will receive a Specimen Testament**

(which contains Special Features for Soul-Winning Work not found elsewhere).

Send for Free Copies of the "Prayer Circle" Cards, and help us to PRAY THROUGH to victory for the salvation of the Soldiers and Sailors.

**GIFTS may be sent to Miss E. WAKEFIELD MACGILL, Hon. Sec., Pocket Testament League, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.; or to the Office of "The Life of Faith."**



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

The gallant leader of the British forces on the Continent, Sir John French, is beloved by all the men under his command, who are always prepared to follow him to the death. Sir John French is the subject of this week's "Lessons from Leaders' Lives" article on page 81. *Photo: Haines.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.

WITH CHRIST IN THE TRENCHES. A poem by A. St. John Adcock ... 76
IN TRAINING AMID THE SNOWS OF SURREY ... ... ... ... 77
FAINT HEART. A short story by W. Pett Ridge (with Portrait) ... ... 79
A SPECIAL GREETING FROM THE RT. HON. A. BONAR LAW, P.C., M.P. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 80
FROM BUSINESS TO BATTLEFIELD ... ... ... ... ... ... 81
BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 4.—"The White Flower" ... ... ... ... 82
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 91

# WORLD'S EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE

(British Organisation),
19, Russell Square, London, W.C.

FOUNDED 1846. ∴ ∴ ∴ INCORPORATED 1912.

THE WORLD'S EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE is an International and Interdenominational Society whose Membership is open to Christians of British and Foreign Nations. The precept, "Ye are all one in Jesus Christ," emphasises the spirit in which the Alliance carries on its work in the interests of Christian Unity and Co-operation throughout its Home and Foreign Branches. It is not a political organisation.

The Aims and Objects of the Alliance appeal to Christians of all Churches. It is loyal to the Bible and the principles of the Reformation. Its programme of practical work is

**DEVOTIONAL,
MISSIONARY,
EVANGELISTIC
and SOCIAL.**

It is the permanent centre of International Appeal on behalf of Persecuted Christians; its freedom from political trammels qualifying and entitling it to make petition or protest to any Government in the world, and has always secured for it a respectful hearing.

The Alliance is the only Society founded to promote and maintain Religious Liberty; its wise and continued efforts in this connection having opened the doors in many lands for the preaching of the Gospel. The Universal Week of Prayer has been organised by the Alliance annually since 1846, and the Programme for Prayer and Intercession, annually translated into many foreign languages and dialects, now guides the devotions of all nations.

New Supporters are urgently needed, and Membership is a matter of first importance. Those willing to become Members or Annual Subscribers—Ladies as well as Gentlemen—are asked kindly to send their names to the General Secretary, World's Evangelical Alliance (British Organisation), 19, Russell Square, London, W.C.

# WORLD'S EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE

(British Organisation),
19, Russell Square, London, W.C.

**THE WAR** has brought to the World's Evangelical Alliance new opportunities for rendering practical Christian service at home and abroad.

Immediately after the outbreak of War the Alliance initiated special meetings for united Prayer and Intercession, which have been widely taken up, and are being continued, both at Headquarters and throughout the Country.

The Alliance has sought to assist representatives of Evangelical Churches and Missions, refugees from parts of France and Belgium, which are the scene of the present devastating invasion, and is creating a Central Fund for the relief of workers and the restoration of buildings as soon as practicable after affected areas have been cleared of the enemy.

In Russia, Malta, and other parts the agents of the Alliance continue the distribution of portions of the Holy Scriptures, and the work of evangelisation among troops and civilians. Recent reports are most encouraging, and ask for continued and increased help.

These and other missionary activities call for the co-operation and practical help of God's people everywhere. The War, and the opportunities it is affording for active Christian work, means more and not less service to international organisations such as the Evangelical Alliance.

Readers of "Y.M." cannot do better than help the funds of the Alliance, which, during the continuance of the War and the strained financial position which all Missionary Societies are realising to a greater or lesser degree, greatly needs special contributions. Please help us now!

Cheques, &c., should be made payable to the "World's Evangelical Alliance (British Organisation)," and be crossed "Barclay & Co., 1, Pall Mall East, S.W."

HENRY MARTYN GOOCH
19, Russell Square, London, W.C. *(General Secretary).*

Y. YMCA M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 4. Vol. 1. FEBRUARY 5, 1915. PRICE 1d.

An Englishman had suddenly to exercise all his tact the other day. He was in Kensington Gardens with a Belgian refugee. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to the Albert Memorial. The Englishman explained. "What, already a monument to our brave King!" cried the Belgian as he embraced his friend. The Englishman, with admirable reticence, said nothing.—*Punch.*

### OXFORD IN WAR TIME.

[The Boat Race will not be held this year. The whole of last year's Oxford eight and the great majority of the cricket and football teams are serving the King.]

UNDER the towpath past the barges
Never an eight goes flashing by;
Never a blatant coach on the marge is
Urging his crew to do or die;
Never the critic we knew enlarges,
Fluent, on How and Why!

Once by the Iffley Road November
Welcomed the Football men aglow,
Covered with mud, as you'll remember,
Eager to vanquish Oxford's foe:
Where are the teams of last December?
Gone—where they had to go!

Where are her sons who waged at Cricket
Warfare against the foeman-friend?
Far from the parks, on a harder wicket,
Still they attack and still defend;
Playing a greater game, they'll stick it,
Fearless until the end!

Oxford's goodliest children leave her,
Hastily thrusting books aside;
Still the hurrying weeks bereave her,
Filling her heart with joy and pride;
Only the thought of you can grieve her,
You who have fought and died.

W. SNOW, in the *Spectator.*

### A GALLANT GENERAL'S TRIBUTE.



**Lieut.-General Edward H. Hutton, commanding the 21st Division, 3rd Army, has written the Y.M.C.A. a warm commendation of the Association's work among the troops, a quotation from which is given on this page.**

By the will of the late Mr. Richard Cory, of Cardiff, the bust of himself, which was given to him ten years ago by his son, becomes the property of the local Association.

A young wife said to her brother about her volunteer husband:—

"Isn't Jack just wonderful? He's already been promoted to field-marshal!"

"From private to field-marshal in two months? Impossible!" said her brother.

"Did I say field-marshal?" murmured the young wife. "Well, perhaps it's court-martial. I know it's one or the other!"

Lieut.-General Edward H. Hutton, whose photograph on horseback appears on this page, says of the Y.M.C.A. work among the men under his command:—"The N.C.O.'s and men of this division are, for the most part, of a higher social standard than usually supply the ranks of the British Army in times of peace. The men are imbued with patriotism and a determination to render their personal services to their country and in defence of the Imperial interests in this present crisis.

"They are especially susceptible, therefore, to all such influences as your Association has brought to bear, and the good conduct of the troops generally in the division under my command owes not a little to the efforts of your Association, more especially during the time they were encamped at or about Halton Park."

A friend of Lord Napier, in discussing Sabbath observance with him, said, "I do not see any harm in a man's spending a few hours at work in his flower garden on Sunday. It seems to me that he might gain great good from it." His lordship replied, "Yes, but when a man begins in his flower garden he is likely to end in his potato patch." The cravings of man's threefold nature which assert themselves on Sunday are not for Nature, but for God. And blessed is the man who uses the day to get back to God, instead of back to Nature.

### COUNTERFEIT.

"Did you ever see a counterfeit five-pound note?"

"Yes."

"Why was it counterfeited?"

"Because it was worth counterfeiting."

"Do people counterfeit scraps of brown paper?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because they are not worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"

"Yes; lots."

"Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because he was worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"

"No; never."

"Why?" you ask.

The answer is obvious.

### A PLEASANT EVENING IN THE QUEEN MARY HUT AT BOULOGNE



**As soon as the hut was opened, the troops began to swarm in, and at all hours of the day it is thronged with men. An exterior view of the building appeared in last week's "Y.M."**

The following special prizes have been awarded to students connected with the George Williams College at the London Central Y.M.C.A. by the London Chamber of Commerce in connection with the 1914 examination:—Senior Examination:—Mr. F. C. Free: Winner of the "Textile Trades" section (London Chamber of Commerce) prize of £1 for proficiency in book-keeping and accountancy. Mr. C. Fennell Hitchens: Joint winner of the London Chamber of Commerce prize of £3 for proficiency in methods and machinery of business (marine insurance). Mr. F. F. Marchant: Winner of the Spanish Government silver medal for proficiency in Spanish.

## A MORNING CALL. Inside a Y.M.C.A. Secretary's Office, and What Happened There.

THE secretary of one of our large city Y.M.C.A.'s, where a splendid work is being done amongst the troops in the city Barrack-square, is sitting in his office, attending to his morning's correspondence, when a knock at his door interrupts. "Come in," he shouts, and in steps briskly a Royal Irish Rifleman.

"Good morning, sir; you don't remember me," he says, as he observes the inquiring look on the secretary's face.

"I remember seeing you somewhere before, but I cannot locate you."

"You were in Belfast about a year ago. I'm a member of Mr. Black's Bible-class there, and you spoke a kindly word to me on that occasion. I'm going off to-night to the front with 900 others of my regiment, and, being in the city, I thought I'd like to run in and say good-bye to you."

"Well, my friend, I'm glad to meet you again," says the secretary, as he grasps the Rifleman's hand. "I wish you a safe return from the front. But tell me, have you settled the sin question—have you given your heart and life to the Lord Jesus before you go out?"

"No, sir, I have not," replies the soldier, frankly.

"Why? Don't you know it's the right thing to do?" "I do." "Then why don't you take the step? You brave men are taking big risks going into the firing line. Not that you should decide for Christ for that reason, but because it's the right thing to do."

"I know, sir, that I'm taking risks. I'm one of three brothers who enlisted when the war broke out. I gave up a job worth 70s. a week to join the colours. My two brothers went out to France a couple of months ago, and both were killed in battle. I suppose that I'll go the same way, but sure it's all right. Someone must go. Good-bye, sir." As he extends his hand the glistening tear is detected in his eye.

The secretary grasps his hand, and, retaining his hold, says, "Why won't you make decision for Christ? Are you afraid you cannot live up to it?"

"That's it, sir; I didn't want to be a sham. I've thought over the matter often, and that fear has always kept me back."

"Look here," says the secretary, as he takes from his pocket an Active Service Testament, "read this." He opens up at St. John's Gospel, x. 27, 28, 29. The soldier slowly reads: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me. And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand."

"You see, it's not your hold on Christ that keeps, but His and the Father's hold on you—a double grip. Isn't that sufficient security?"

"It is, sir. I didn't see it that way before. I'll take Christ," and he sits down and signs a decision for the Christian life pledge.

"Good-bye, sir, again. I shall never forget this day. I'm glad I took the step," and he passes out to do his duty for God, his King, and his country.

H. O'C.

## CHRIST IN THE TRENCHES. By A. St. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE shrapnel screams above us, bursts above us,
The trench is deep in water and in mire,
The roaring shells scar the green earth and scatter
Their storms of lead and fire.

Whilst here a comrade falls, and peace is with him,
And there another drops and moans in pain—
All day we crouch beneath this fiery tempest,
And wait amidst the wounded and the slain.

Ah, God, I brood, ev'n I who love my fellows,
I who have preached the brotherhood of men,
And dreamed an age was near when war should never
Befoul Thy world again—

Ev'n I have heard the call, and, armed for slaughter,
Am here to fight, as in an earlier day
My savage forbears joined in feebler battles;
But with no hatred for the men I slay:

My hate is for the power that skulks behind them,
The proud, brute force that meanly works behind,
And, with these lowlier folk for sword and buckler,
Seeks to enslave mankind.

How could I stay supine and see that tyrant,
With iron hoofs, with bestial greed and base,
Trample our hearts' most sacred aspirations,
The common hope of all our human race?

For lesser cause of old Thy saints and martyrs
Unflinching gave their bodies to the flame,
And died for freedom! If, like them, we perish,
We triumph in Thy name.

. . . Now the fierce rage of death that roars around us
Grows less and less till, at the quick command,
I peer above the trench—and, lo, the foemen
Swarming in hosts across the ravaged land!

I fire into their serried ranks relentless
To slay—not men, my brothers, but those powers
That, strong in them, would spread the reign of darkness
And are their foes, and ours.

We fight that earth may know such peace and freedom
As cannot live beneath a tyrant's rod,
To end the soulless rule of sword and shrapnel,
Or die, and fall into the hands of God.

. . . So as I muse and fire on those advancing,
I feel a movement near, and turn my head—
Who stoops beside me in the trench, and touches
My comrade that is dead?

A stranger, wan of feature, sad and gentle;
Such light as glimmers pale in earliest morns
Shines from him, and his eyes are filled with pity,
His brow is scarred as with the fret of thorns.

But though his eyes be dark with pain and pity,
For sorrow veils the glory of his face,
He lifts the gun from the dead grasp and, rising,
Fires in my comrade's place.

. . . And naught there seemed for doubt, and naught for wonder;
Be sure the strong and righteous Hand that hurled
The money-changers from His sullied Temple
Shall scourge the brood of hell from all His world.

## THE EMPIRE'S DEBT TO THE Y.M.C.A. The Testimony of a Senior Chaplain.

WHAT the nation owes to the Y.M.C.A. can never be known. I hear of it from all quarters, but I would prefer to speak of its work as it came under my own notice.

The division of which I am in charge marched into camp about 17,000 strong, and with the exception of the canteens there was not a single place for a man to spend his leisure. The nearest town (a mere village of about 2,000 population) kindly offered all it had—a parish room and two Sunday-schools. Things looked very ugly until about five days later, when Mr. Johnson arrived with his big tents and corps of assistants. There was an immediate rush, and the first Sunday saw nearly 5,000 postcards, letters, and parcels despatched, and from that day forward the huge tents, 140 ft. by 40 ft., were filled to overflowing with Kitchener's men in their thousands. The little band of Y.M.C.A. helpers wrestled with the multifarious needs of the British soldiers. Tobacco—piles of it—hundredweights of cake, buckets of coffee, lemon-squash, and all sorts of popular eatables and drinkables at the counter; then the post office counter, with its money order department (£150 often being despatched home on pay-night), savings bank, library, postcard and general arrangements. At the other end of the tent a sing-song would be in progress; every square inch of space was alive with humanity.

On Sundays it is the scene of the C. of E. communion service at 7.15; after breakfast the Wesleyan chaplain arrives, and if wet the Church of England holds a voluntary service, while the R.C. chaplain comes in to see if he can hold Mass, for which permission is willingly given; and so the day goes on, with letter-writing all the afternoon and evening, when a monster free and easy song service is held by the chaplains. A truly catholic centre, which ministers to the body and soul of all comers in uniform.

If the nation has a spark of gratitude, it will not embarrass the officials of the Y.M.C.A. by diverting their energies into begging for funds. Let every one who talks so glibly about their gratitude and admiration for soldiers send cheques and P.O.'s as soon as possible, and relieve those responsible of all anxiety. The money has been carefully laid out, and spent judiciously. All denominations in the ranks share its benefits, and the men are catered for wisely, sympathetically, and on a huge scale. Other societies have helped nobly in certain districts, but I believe the Y.M.C.A. has been and is at work in every place where any considerable body of men are to be found. It is trusted by the authorities, who frequently appeal directly to them to take up new work.

All patriots should cease their sneers at a society which has rendered such signal service to the national forces, and show their hearty appreciation by generous contribution to its fund.

SENIOR CHAPLAIN
(C. of E.), 21st Division.






It will readily be understood that in its ministrations on behalf of the troops the Y.M.C.A. is called upon to provide the men with necessities as well as comforts, and that in order to do this it requires to enter into business on quite a large scale. The first of the above illustrations shows the workers at the Crystal Palace handling the milk supply, while in the second a motor-car is seen at the headquarters in Russell-square loading up with stores for one of the camps.

# IN TRAINING AMID THE SNOWS OF SURREY.

### *An Impression of the Camps at Bramshott and Witley, and a Brief Record of Mr. J. J. Virgo's Flying Visit.*

THERE is no more beautiful spot in Surrey than the immediate neighbourhood of Hindhead. Every year visitors in their hundreds pour into the little town, and each leaves it with regret, inwardly vowing to return as soon as possible.

Last Friday the whole neighbourhood was a perfect picture. A week previously snow had fallen heavily, and the surrounding country was still wearing a mantle of white. A great chasm, known locally as "The Devil's Punch-bowl," was a fascinating picture of icy purity.

In this great district Mr. E. J. Allan Frost has taken up command of the Y.M.C.A. work for the forces. At one centre, known as Bramshott, there are to be 15,000 men in training; at another centre, Witley, there are to be 30,000; so the work of the Y.M.C.A. is on a correspondingly large scale.

Mr. Allan Frost is a perfect genius for organisation. He has achieved wonderful success in every particular, not least in the matter of raising money for the support of the work. Perhaps this is not an unexpected feature in the financial secretary to the National Council; at any rate, Mr. Frost has made friends of all the best people in the district, who, with abounding generosity, have rendered him service in countless ways.

### The Gifts of Generous Friends.

First of all, one generous friend lent a commodious house for the staff of the Y.M.C.A., which is most conveniently situated for both Bramshott and Witley. Here Mr. Frost, Mr. J. W. Hobday (assistant secretary at the London Central Association), and Mr. Charles Bates (of Wolverhampton) are quartered. Let no reader think they are "cut up"; I simply mean they are billeted at this house, under the genial superintendence of Mrs. Gordon.

Then Mr. Frost received the gift of a motor-car for the use of the work. This was an absolute necessity, as in addition to the great huts erected for the troops, there are a number of billeted centres, extending altogether over an area of fourteen miles. It would be impossible to get about without some kind of conveyance which was swift as well as sure. But there, I must not say anything more about Mr. Frost, although the results of his organising campaigns are an outstanding illustration of what can be done in any district by a man with some amount of pluck and enterprise.



Mr. E. J. Allan Frost.

At Hindhead itself, the gymnasium in the private grounds of Mr. Body has been utilised as one billeting centre. It has been placed at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A. by Mr. and Mrs. Body, and as it is well heated and well lit, it makes an ideal rendezvous for the "boys" when they are off duty. In addition to this spirit of interest, I should mention that some of the best people in the district are opening their houses on Sundays, and inviting the men in training to tea, to say nothing of affording them the refreshing luxury of a hot bath!

I was greatly struck with the fine hut (costing £800) which the Y.M.C.A. has erected on Bramshott Common. The worker in charge, Mr. G. Wise, was kindly lent by H.H. Princess Victoria, of whose private staff he is a member. Inside, a number of improvements have been made, which make the hut better than any I have seen thus far. For instance, there is a quiet room for the chaplain, on the side of the platform; a separate room for non-commissioned officers, who are not slow to avail themselves of the privileges offered. The building is so solid that it could face a score or more fierce gales, and yet so portable that it could be taken down and packed off within a week. Indeed, Mr. Frost has given an undertaking to this effect. From the platform of this hut many notable people have spoken, including Sir Andrew Fraser, the Rev. Canon Hicks, Mr. Joseph Hocking, and Madame Strathearn. In a week or so Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith) and her daughter will be visiting the camp.

As I came away from this hut and looked across the common, I could see the men drilling. Their red tunics made a striking picture with the white snow for a background.

But Bramshott has another big hut, known as Bramshott 2. (As a matter of fact, it will have *four* in a few weeks.) At this centre Mr. A. A. Ward is in charge, and doing a fine work. Strangely enough, I met him for the first time at Purfleet on the occasion of the opening of the very first hut, which seems somewhat primitive compared with the fine structures now being erected. Mr. Ward spoke with tremendous enthusiasm of Mr. J. J. Virgo's visit the previous evening. Mr. Virgo had spoken to a great crowd of Scots, and, as he had just returned from Scotland himself, he managed to throw out some real Scotch words, to the immense delight of the "boys." But I am writing about J. J. V. in a moment, so I will bide a wee.

### Mr. Virgo on the Platform.

At Bramshott 2 many local ladies and gentlemen are helping at the refreshment counter every evening from 5 until 9, including the Countess Cawdor and Lady Plowden, whose help has been of the most generous and sacrificial character.

After tea, we set off to Witley, where Mr. Virgo was to have a meeting. It was a delight to see Mr. Virgo moving among the men with his jolly, unpretentious manner. He has been doing nothing but this work for some months now, and he feels it is the best work in the world. It was a pleasure for me to watch his methods. He would go over to a little crowd of soldiers here, and would watch them playing draughts, making a pertinent observation as he looked; or he would (as though in accident) squat himself down on the knee of another who was off his guard; and thus, with little human pleasantries (although fourteen stone odd might *not* be regarded as a pleasantry) he made himself one with the fellows. Mr. Bates, who is in charge of the work at Witley, has got a thorough grip of the work, and is

doing magnificently, being supported by many influential ladies, including Mrs. Edgar Horne, wife of Guildford's M.P.

Of course, the first thing to do at Witley was have the sing-song. This was all very pleasant and very harmless. Mr. Virgo captured the men right away as he sat down to the piano and sang this pithy chorus:

Smile whenever you can, smile whenever you can;
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whenever you can.

And as I heard them sing I thought of the dark night and the snow outside, and the absence of those elementary comforts which means so much to life, and I thanked God for the Y.M.C.A.

After the sing-song Mr. Virgo passed round his "visiting-card," which contains his name on one side and the words and music of "He will Hold me Fast" on the other side. Inside of five minutes hundreds of men were singing:

He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast,
For my Saviour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

Then, after that, as straight an appeal as ever I have heard. No playing to the gallery, no attempted smartness, but a vigorous presentation of the claims of the Gospel, which the men received with an amazing silence. Mr. Virgo, in an eloquent address, which captured the men by its sheer ability, gave three reasons why he believed in the Gospel—first, because it had renewing grace; second, because it gave resisting strength; third, because it had restraining influence. While he was speaking I saw only one man smoking, which speaks for itself.

The whole of the work in the Hindhead area is of the highest order, and I raise my hat to the triumvirate in charge, Mr. Allan Frost, Mr. Charles Bates, and Mr. J. W. Hobday.

T. WILKINSON RIDDLE.

## A SUNDAY AT NEWCASTLE.

### The Personal Impressions of a Well-Known Evangelist.

MUCH has been written of the grand work that has been accomplished by the Y.M.C.A.'s during the present crisis. All over the kingdom in huts, tents, and rooms hundreds of workers are doing great work for the convenience, entertainment, and benefit of the soldiers.

The social side has been well done; but the spiritual side can always receive more decided attention, and it was with this interest at heart that I visited the Newcastle centre on Sunday last.

The material is there. The men positively crowd every portion of the rooms available. Scores are writing their letters home. One fellow told me it was a great comfort to his people to see his letters on Y.M. paper. They knew he was in touch with something that Y.M. stands for something among the crowd.

As the headquarters are inadequate to deal with the numbers of men, a warehouse in Croft-street has been transformed into a soldiers' home, and there is accommodation for washing, bathing, shaving, writing, reading, games, concerts, meetings, and refreshments. We held a meeting here from 6.30 to 7.45. The men responded very heartily in the singing, and evidenced a deep interest in the whole service. After the meeting several told me of the Sunday schools, missions and churches they used to attend at home in days gone by; several spoke of new decisions and determinations to live a higher, truer life; one fellow went off to write his mother that her prayers were answered. I heard on Monday of five men who had prayed together in their billets for the first time on Sunday night.

The whole of Sunday demonstrated the strength and power with which Mr. Armstrong, the general secretary, has dominated this wonderful and extraordinary organisation. There were no games, and seemingly no desire for them. It was Sunday, and the men had been led to understand that it was different from the other days.

Some men on furlough were inquiring what further accommodation was to be made at Alnwick for the ever-increasing number of men brought there for training, as the Y.M. premises were already crowded out. Another batch of fellows came in to borrow a Sankey music book. They wanted to hold a sacred song service in their billet. They got the loan of one and went away happy.

These rooms are much busier than the public-houses, and the work is helping men in many unseen ways. What it would mean for many if these busy hives of helpfulness and comfort were not available we who would help. Others are reading or having refreshments, and during the week nights playing games (no cards are allowed). The piano is going and singing in progress, and they are a real happy crowd.

Sunday was my first whole day among them, and I was delighted with what I saw and heard. It was a damp, cold day, and many of the men had remained in their billets. But the rooms were well used in the afternoon, while the Connaught Hall had a good crowd at the P.S.A. at 3 o'clock. The meeting was decidedly evangelistic in tone, and the men entered heartily into the service.

After tea, at 5.45, the hall was full, and we commenced a song service, which continued until 6.30, when a lantern service was given, which at 8 p.m. was switched off into a straight Gospel talk, and finished with prayer about 8.30.

The testimony I received after the service was most encouraging. Every man seemed deeply grateful for what is being done. The work amongst men and know their temptations can hardly estimate.

Hundreds of Gospels have been taken and hundreds of pledges signed, and many scores have found new life and salvation. Some of the men are being moved every week, so that this centre is touching hundreds of fresh men every month.

Evangelistic efforts will be made on every available occasion. The ordinary meeting type will be difficult during the week, but individual work will yield a harvest, the reaping of which will bring much joy.

JOHN T. LEAFE, Missioner.

## A STUDY IN CONTRASTS: THE Y.M.C.A. IN TWO DIFFERENT ASPECTS.




I. In Quaint Places: A Cowshed put to a new use.




II. The Men in Khaki at the festive board of the Y.M.C.A.

James Russell Lowell, the famous American poet, once received a thorough drenching at the hands of an eight-year-old boy, the son of a Harvard professor, who turned the hose on him as he was passing the paternal home, and held it on him to his own satisfaction. The mortified father, as soon as he could arrest the urchin, started in with "How could you do such a thing as that? What reason in the world have you for acting in such a manner?" "Why, father," was the answer, "I had a very good reason. I wanted to see how a real poet would act under such circumstances." The eyes of children, and of older persons, too, are turned, every day, on Christians, to see how they will act in circumstances of trial and provocation. Happy is he who can conduct himself in such a way as to recommend the religion of Jesus Christ.

An office has been opened in Belfast as headquarters for the Irish National Union of Y.M.C.A.'s. Here Mr. William Wright, who is general secretary of the Union, will in future find a suitable base for the extensive service in all parts of Ireland for which he is responsible.



*Our Short Story.*

# FAINT HEART.

*A Short Story Specially Written for "Y.M."*

By W. PETT RIDGE.

THEY were so greatly occupied with conversation that both talked, neither listened. He in khaki, and she in her best costume (although the day was Tuesday), they walked along with the idea of going so far as Greenwich. The young man was explaining how the regiment had been hurriedly brought back from camp, whilst the girl described the autocratic way in which her mother had decided that, for them, Herne Bay, this year, was not to exist.

"Run after him," she wailed suddenly. "Catch him, Robert, and get my hand-bag. The one you gave me last birthday. Go like mad!"

"But which way——"

"There!"—pointing. "You can see him as well as I can."

A tall, burly man was turning the corner near the theatre in the direction of Tanner's Hill with some haste in his manner, passengers alighted from a tramcar covering his retreat.

"You coward!" cried the girl, vehemently. "To stand there stock-still, and let that hulking brute snatch it from me and rush off. And you a Territorial!"

"Look here!" he remarked soothingly. "Try to examine the case in a calm, judicial way. I was looking at the poster that had got news about Germany, and perhaps I didn't really see all what happened."

"But you had a good view of him before he disappeared. Don't tell me you didn't, because I know better." A small crowd gathered with the curiosity and eagerness of Londoners where a duel of words is concerned; a piano organ, losing its audience, ceased playing and moved on.

"If I did catch sight of the one you meant, he was about half as strong again as what I am, and, acting on the impulse of the moment——"

"You did nothing at all," she suggested.

"Alice, don't be unkind in your remarks."

"In future," she said, with dignity—"in future, Miss Lidstone, if you please."

The lookers-on, not completely informed in regard to details, said, for the one half, that it served the young man jolly well right; for the other half, that any chap might count himself well rid of a girl with such a temper. Miss Lidstone, as though feeling that the situation required the dramatic manner, pulled a ring from her finger, threw it on the pavement, and walked away. The young man, blushing redly, stepped across to a motor omnibus labelled Plumstead, and as he went up the steps observed that the token of engagement was causing a new tumult amongst children, all asserting ownership; Miss Lidstone, returning, settled this point, and, going once more, was followed by juveniles claiming an appropriate reward.

The right that a daughter has to expect support from a mother is not always justified by events, and Mrs. Lidstone, after hearing a vivid description of the incident, at once said that, in her opinion, it was a case of six one and a half a dozen the other. This chilling attitude sent Miss Lidstone to the edge of tears, and she declared herself to be the most unlucky girl in New Cross, asserted she had not a real friend in the world, and, using a formula popular with distressed young women, announced that she did not in the least mind what became of her. When composure was restored, the girl, answering questions, admitted grudgingly the case might have been worse; that morning she had placed half a sovereign in the Post Office Savings Bank, and consequently the loss of cash amounted to only two shillings and eightpence-halfpenny; as to the rest of the contents, her mother very acutely pointed out that a tooth, pulled out not long before by a dentist, had nothing more than a sentimental value, and that a bundle of letters signed R.S. would give no satisfaction to any one wrongfully possessing them.

"And I shouldn't worry about it, my dear," urged Mrs. Lidstone, "more than is necessary. These little rifts very often take place with young engaged people, even in good society." She told an illustrative anecdote concerning a daughter of the house in Bloomsbury, where she had, in years now distant, given services. At supper, Miss Lidstone had so far recovered as to declare her belief that all this newspaper talk about war was printed only in order to ensure a good sale of the journals; she also said that something told her there would come a letter from Robert in the morning.

The non-arrival of a communication, and the curtness of the official who, intercepted and cross-examined, said that if folk did not post letters it was asking too much to expect him to deliver them—all this increased sympathy on the part of the girl's mother, who announced her resolve to atone for the absence of a seaside holiday by taking Alice for a trip up West. There, after inspecting exteriors of houses in which Mrs. Lidstone had lived, they ventured to peer down one area, and a cook was discovered, made stouter by time, and communicative by the circumstance that the family was away. In the kitchen they learned from this authority that European matters were really as serious as the newspapers suggested; from her they gained that every available Englishman would be required for the defence of his country. Cook found a charwoman, and leaving her as protection to the house, dressed and set out as guide to the Lidstones, and outside Charing Cross Station they saw an enormous crowd giving great cheers to Frenchmen departing by the two-five boat train; witnessed in Whitehall another concourse of people; and in Victoria-street long lines of Territorials marching along, preceded by a band. Cook, moved by these exciting occurrences, took the part of hostess at tea in an A.B.C. shop.

"All I can say is," she declared, at the third cup (when she had already said a good deal), "that any young woman who's got a sweetheart either in the Regulars or in the others ought, at the present time, to be jolly proud."

"Alice, here," said Mrs. Lidstone contentedly, "is engaged to one."

"Be nice to him, my dear," recommended the lady. "You may never see him again."

"Don't talk like that," protested the girl appealingly.

"Facts are things that you've got to recognise," said cook. "I had a brother once who fought out in the Soudan under Sir Herbert Stewart."

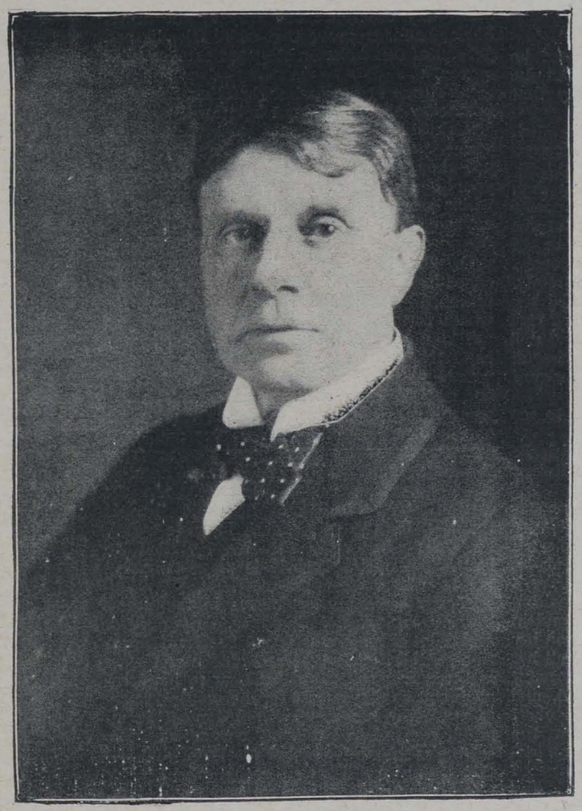
"Did he come back safe?"

"As it happened," admitted cook reluctantly, "he did. But he left plenty of his friends out there, their bones bleaching in the desert, and——"

"Oh, please, please!" cried the girl.

"Talking of brothers," said cook to the girl's mother privately, "do you ever hear anything about yours?"

"No," replied Mrs. Lidstone curtly, "nor want!"



MR. W. PETT RIDGE,

the distinguished author, whose short story, written specially for "Y.M.," appears on this page. *Photo by Elliott and Fry.*

Miss Lidstone, at home, after tearful consultation with her parent, composed a letter, in which she begged Robert to favour her with a brief interview, "when no doubt the misunderstandings which have taken place can be explained, and everything set right." To ensure prompt delivery she took this (after making inquiries at the police-station) to the schools, where a sentry with bayonet fixed stood on guard at the entrance; he was a youth ordinarily engaged in a grocer's shop patronised by the Lidstones, but now he regarded the girl sternly, and to her demand that she should be allowed to go into the playground, answered with sarcasm, "That's a likely tale!" A lad coming out, less trammelled by official duties, asked whether he could be of any assistance, and readily agreed to deliver the letter.

"Tell him I'm waiting for an answer."

"Certainly I will, miss."

"And mention that I've given a full description of the hand-bag to the police."

"Right you are, miss."

"And the sergeant said there might be some hopes of catching the man, but he couldn't give any guarantee. And say that if any remarks that I let fall——"

"Don't overload me," urged the lad. "Save it up, and tell him when he comes out."

There were crowds everywhere that day, and here, outside the gates, many people stood eager for any scrap of incident; at the windows of the school were bunches of young heads that, but a few years previously, had in the same building ached with study. To Miss Lidstone ten minutes seemed ten hours, and when the polite lad returned and said genially, "I've found it for you!" and went on with the air of one who had begun to serve his country well, she ran forward impulsively.

"Oh, Robert, dear, I am so glad to see you again."

"Mind my cap," he protested, "and leave off strangling me, and don't call me Robert when my name is Richard."

At that moment (so Miss Lidstone reported later to her mother), at that very moment, she had good reason to realise what an upsetting thing war could be. For a cough came from a group of young Territorials approaching the gates, and, looking around, she saw that amongst them, and in the act of extinguishing a cigarette, was her Robert, the very Robert who occupied all her thoughts. Miss Lidstone, in the account given, declared that her brain tottered, and whilst it was thus occupied the real Robert and his companions passed through the gate. To her vehement demand for an explanation the youth whom she had treated affectionately produced and returned the letter, and said that he was Private R. Saunders, but he was not the only Private R. Saunders in the regiment, and if a blunder had been made it was certainly not his fault.

"No," answering another inquiry, "we're not relations. From all I hear he knows people who have more than they want."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Never mind what I mean by that," he retorted doggedly. "If you particularly want to know ask him yourself." And disappeared, as a bugle sounded within.

Miss Lidstone (still giving the account) said nothing but the urgency of the occasion prompted her to take sudden and, as she knew, highly irregular action. By calling out "Is that an airship up there?" she forced everyone, the sentry included, to look at the sky. Dashing through the gateway she ran across the asphalted playground, ascended the steps to the door marked "Boys," and just within discovered her Robert. To him she hurriedly tendered apologies, explained the mistaken encounter, and quoted the vague statement made.

"I'll tell you all about that, Alice," he said confusedly, "when I come back."

"But perhaps you won't come back."

"In which case," he remarked, "it can't make any difference one way or the other. Shake hands to prove that we're friends, and get out of this before a sergeant catches sight of you."

"Tell me at once what the other Saunders meant by the hint about relations."

"That big chap," said Robert, after a pause, "who snatched your hand-bag, and you thought I was afraid to run after, was your Uncle George. Your Uncle George, who's never been any use to himself or to anybody else."

On the last day of the period that she called holidays Miss Lidstone and her mother marched at the side of the men the whole way to the station, keeping time as well as they could, and greatly helped by the band that played "On the Mississippi" and "Auld Lang Syne," and other airs, modern and ancient, of a cheering nature. The d was warm, and Mrs. Lidstone more than once commented on the fact; her daughter, encouraged by an occasional glance from Private Saunders in the ranks, made no complaint regarding the temperature. At the station Mrs. Lidstone admitted herself thankful for the rest that a luggage trolley afforded; afterwards she never failed to blame the railway people for thus tempting her to miss a dramatic event.

"They were putting horses in the horse boxes," recited her daughter. By dint of repetition the account found itself cut down to essentials. "Robert and all the rest were in the carriages. I was as near to his compartment as they would let me, getting ready to wave my handkerchief. I'd most fortunately remembered to bring a spare one. An engine whistled at another platform, and—— Oh, if only you'd been there, mother!"

"Alice, my dear, as I've told you before, I'd willingly have given fifty million pounds to have been privileged to see it."

"And suddenly one of the horses broke away, and came galloping along the platform, right in the direction where there was me and a lot of people. Before any one else had time to think what to do, Robert was out of his compartment; he flew across like a shot, he seized the rope, and he gave it such a tug that the horse slewed right round. Robert slipped, and I gave a scream, and when I came to"—Miss Lidstone increased rapidity of utterance here—"the train was on the move, and I struggled up, and there was my Robert looking out of the window, and he just had time to blow a kiss to me as the train went out."

"To do a thing like that—I mean stopping the horse—a chap," said Mrs. Lidstone impressively, "a chap, Alice, has to have the heart and the courage of a lion."

"It's what I've always said about Robert," remarked her daughter.

## A SPECIAL GREETING TO "Y.M."

**By the Right Hon. A. BONAR LAW, P.C., M.P.**

**"I fully realise the valuable work which is being done by the Y.M.C.A. among the men who are preparing to fight for their country, and I hope that your new paper will add still further to the usefulness of your Society."**

## WITH THE R.A.M.C. AT CHELSEA.

### THE HELPFUL SERVICE OF A BRILLIANT WELSH MINISTER.

THE Rev. D. James Jones, M.A., of Pontardulais, who has accepted the pastorate of Libanus C.M. Church, Brynmawr, comes of a good Methodist stock. He is a young man who has had a brilliant University career. He graduated in 1909 at Cardiff University College, where he obtained his B.A. degree with first-class honours in Hebrew. After this he returned to Cardiff for two years in order to study philosophy. From there he proceeded to Cambridge to pursue further research work in the same subject. While at Cambridge he wrote a thesis on some philosophical subject, and presented it to the University of Wales, for which he was awarded the degree of M.A., his work being highly commended by the examiners. He was also elected a Fellow of the University. Mr. Jones may be regarded as a typical product of the Welsh educational system. From a Council school he went to the Intermediate School at Gowerton. He passed through all the stages of the Intermediate School with many distinctions. His early training helped him to take every advantage of the University course.

When an appeal was made for helpers in the Y.M.C.A. in training camps Mr. Jones was one of the first to volunteer his services. At considerable monetary sacrifice, but with a patriotism that speaks volumes for him, Mr. Jones for several months has been working with the Y.M.C.A. at the Duke of York's School, Chelsea. His services here have been greatly appreciated, and his scholarly attainments have been shown in his addresses to the recruits. As a preacher he is considered one of the most promising young ministers in the Principality.

Mr. Jones was brought up at the Goppa, a famous church in Welsh Calvinistic Methodism, of which for a number of years the Rev. Wm. Prytherch, now of Swansea, and late Moderator of the Presbytery, was the esteemed pastor. It is interesting to note that Mr. Jones's father has been a deacon of this church for many years.

The new minister of Libanus may, indeed, be regarded as the soldier's friend. Mr. Jones will make a worthy successor at Libanus to the Rev. Samuel Jones, B.A., now pastor of Cathedral-road Presbyterian Church, Cardiff.

D. DAVIES.

Theodore Monod was once telling a little friend about Christ healing blind Bartimæus, "And what," said he to the boy, "would you have asked from Jesus if you had been blind?" "Oh," said the child, with glowing face and kindling eyes, "I should have asked him for a nice little dog with a collar and chain to lead me about." How often do we ask for the blind man's dog instead of the seeing man's eyes!



# FROM BUSINESS TO BATTLEFIELD.

*A Special Interview with Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge on the Difference War is Making in the Ranks of Business.*

*(By the Special Commissioner of "Y.M.")*

WHEN Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge came to London, a new type of shopping was created. Before his time, when we went into a shop doorway we were met by a very fussy sort of shopman, who inquired what he could do for us. If we could not give a satisfactory reply to that question there was nothing left but to clear out. As Peter Keary would have said, we either had to "get on or get out."

### A Firm's Personal Interest.

Mr. Selfridge altered all this. He made shopping an afternoon outing on a par with the visit to a picture gallery. His vast store is a delightful exhibition, and one is permitted to wander round at will. With a daring, true to the highest American instinct, Mr. Selfridge dropped down into the old, conservative city of London one of the most progressive, remarkable, and attractive businesses in the world.

It was therefore with more than ordinary pleasure that I found myself seated in his office last Monday, as the special commissioner of *Y.M.* I wanted to find out from him what difference war was making, and at once let me acknowledge that in the midst of his extremely busy life he received me with the utmost kindness and courtesy. Mr. Selfridge has an office on the third floor, and on his table I noticed Stevenson's inspiring words: "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive; and all true success is labour."

"How many men have you away just now, Mr. Selfridge?" I began.

"We have the privilege of being the employers of 300 men who have gone, either to the actual war or to camp for preparation. One of our men was killed last week in the trenches, and another went down with the *Bulwark*. We often hear from the men," continued Mr. Selfridge, "and we keep in touch with every one of them. So far, as a firm, we have been very fortunate in having small losses."

I naturally inquired as to the provision that was made for these loyal sons of empire, and was much gratified to learn that every man will be reinstated immediately the war is over. In addition to this fact, which must ease the mind of a man while he is away, the firm of Selfridge is giving half-pay to all those who have relatives dependent on them, while an organisation, run by the house itself, does a good deal more in other ways of practical helpfulness.

Though an outstanding American citizen, it was easy to see that Mr. Selfridge was heart and soul with Britain in her just cause.

"We decline," he went on, "to engage any man who ought to be at the front. And rather than engage men whose age is suitable for the Army we make use of girls. We are doing everything in our power to support the spirit of patriotism."

### The New Demand for Women.

I noticed when I entered the building that the lift service was in the hands of smartly attired girls, who quietly and easily undertook the duties formerly performed by men. I commented on this to Mr. Selfridge, and learned from him that these girls had proved a very great success.

"As far as I know," he explained, "this is the first time the experiment has been tried, but it has been a great success. There is, of course, no physical work involved beyond the opening and closing of the doors, and our patrons, generally speaking, prefer to make their requests to girls. When the liftmen return we shall utilise their services in another and more useful direction."

Anybody who goes over the splendid premises of Selfridge's must have been impressed with the happy and contended look of the large staff, and it is a matter for deep satisfaction that the head of the firm, in consort with all the best employers in London, has made patriotism an easy and winsome thing.

"I expect you know a great deal about the Y.M.C.A. in America, Mr. Selfridge," I said, as I was leaving.

"Yes, a great deal," was the reply. 'It is a great work, a magnificent work, and it is doing a great service all over the world. Those of us who know the Y.M.C.A. expected that it would rise to the occasion as it has done, but even then it is a splendid thing that there is such an organisation in existence."

Out in the street once more, I looked to the great building from the other side of the road, and there, at a great height, fluttering in the breeze that was blowing, I saw the gallant flags of the Allied forces, and I knew that with all the faults of the countries they represented they nevertheless stood as the pledge of a glorious liberty.

### AT HARRODS STORES.

After Selfridge's, my next place of inquiry was at Harrods Stores. With world-wide interests stretching from Brompton Road to Buenos Ayres, Harrods have a name to live in the realm of British commerce. With great kindness Mr. E. W. Allen, the staff superintendent, supplied me with some interesting facts regarding the difference war is making in the matter of their staff. It will be seen that this great firm has done not a little to stimulate a true spirit of patriotism among its employees.

"Altogether," said Mr. Allen, "some 720 men have left us to go with the Territorials or enlist for Kitchener's Army. We have had recruiting officers here, and even had men examined by the doctor on the spot. A bonus of £2 was given to those men who enlisted from September 1 to the end of October, and £640 was expended in this manner. Half-pay is also being sent each week to the wives and solely dependent widowed mothers, and, needless to say, we are keeping open the positions of all our men who are serving the colours."

These things in themselves make a goodly record, but Mr. Allen had further things to relate.

"At Christmas-time," he continued, "we sent every one of our men a parcel of chocolate, tobacco, cigarettes, and handkerchiefs, &c., and also a hamper to the wives and children. At the present time we have in contemplation the formation of a company, to be attached to the Central Volunteer Training Association, so that we hope to get all those men who have been discharged (medically unfit) and those over forty in training, in case of national emergency."

Here again girls have come to the rescue, for Mr. Allen went on: "The depletion of our male staff has naturally caused many difficulties in the working of the departments. We have replaced by girls all men who were on the passenger lifts, and in many cases we have had to replace male clerks with women."

But Harrods have done more than give men. They have given horses as well.

"Our horses, of course," said Mr. Allen, "were all taken, and it was necessary to increase our motors for the delivery of goods. The lighting facilities have affected us in this delivery. There has been a large increase of accidents, owing to the vans going into ditches, &c., on misty nights; the present lighting arrangements are quite inadequate for country roads."

It will be seen, then, that Harrods have taken a fine part in the world's war, and it is all very gratifying.

### WHITELEY'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

In answer to my inquiries at Whiteley's, Mr. John Lawrie, the general manager, kindly sent me the Roll of Honour. It is a wonderful document. Among the names I notice men from almost every conceivable department of the "Universal Providers." I should think about 400 have given themselves to King and country.

Perhaps I have written enough to show that at this moment thousands of young fellows, the very flower of the country, have passed from business to battlefield, and what I have written of three representative firms might be written of hundreds beside. We are proud of the "Millions who, humble and nameless, the hard, straight path have trod." And here's a health to the brave lads all!

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### III.—FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

"ALWAYS reading" was his colonel's verdict on French when he was a lieutenant. He has been a reader ever since his boyhood, but a reader "with a purpose." Every book on military history or strategy must be read by him, and few soldiers have had such a complete knowledge of military literature as our Commander-in-Chief in France. Foreign languages were no hindrance—somehow or other, Sir John has mastered the works of German, Austrian, Russian, Italian, and French writers on military matters. He was impressed with General von Bernhardi's views as to cavalry long before the war brought Bernhardi's name into world-wide notice. Sir John French does not wield the pen of a ready writer, but his despatches have shown the terse lucidity which is superior to eloquence. In the prefaces which the Field-Marshal has written to various volumes he has also proved that he possesses the gift of saying much in few words.

From boyhood he has made a special study of Napoleon, for whose military achievements he has a high admiration. Fiction has far less charm for him than fact, and he has not troubled to read many modern novels. The works of Charles Dickens he knows and loves.

"This one thing I do" might be his motto, for his whole life testifies to his absorption in the work of perfecting himself as a soldier. The men who achieve great things have been usually men who, like Field-Marshal Sir John French, focus all their mind and energies on one supreme task.

An excellent work is going on in the Y.M.C.A. hut at the Maryhill Barracks. When G. T. B. Davis, of the Pocket Testament League, was there a fortnight ago about fifty men joined the League, and twenty-seven signed "A.C." (accept Christ) cards. Last Sunday eighty men signed for Testaments and thirty-five decided for Christ.

*4.—The White Flower.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

SOME ladies in Folkestone, with more sauce than sense, recently hit on a brilliant idea. They decided to present a white feather to every man they met wearing civilian's clothes. They assumed that every such wretched specimen of the human race was a coward (which, as Euclid would say, is absurd), and accordingly should be decorated in a suitable manner. I have read a good deal lately about the white feather, and it has occurred to me that I should say something about another white symbol, namely, the white flower.

* * *

THE expression, it should be noted in passing, has been immortalised by Tennyson in a noble passage which occurs in the Dedication to the *Idylls of the King*. "Wearing the white flower of a blameless life." If these ladies at Folkestone are anything like consistent (which they usually are *not*) they should present a white flower to every lad in khaki. But I am sore afraid that they prefer something sour and critical. I am sufficiently optimistic to believe that at the present time there are thousands of young men who are wearing the white flower in the ghastly struggle now proceeding.

* * *

A BLAMELESS life is not a life that is never blamed. It is not an experience that is never criticised and condemned. I have never heard of any man getting through life without criticism, more or less merciless. When you get hardened to it, it is a huge joke. Let me set down one of the very finest things ever written by Shakespeare (I am old-fashioned, and still believe in the literary existence of William, in spite of the rival claims of Bacon and Bernard Shaw) :—"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." The fact that a man is entitled to the white flower is by no means a guarantee that he will be immune from criticism.

* * *

A BLAMELESS life is not a life that will please everybody. Humanly speaking (and there is no other way of speaking), that is impossible. If you are jovial, some will say you are loose; if you are sober, some will say you are mouldy; if you keep yourself to yourself, men will say that you are stuck-up; if you are friendly disposed, others will say you are hail-fellow-well-met. The best way to please everybody is to leave them all alone. Depend upon it, if you are entitled to wear the white flower, there will be crowds of people who will sincerely believe, and just as sincerely affirm, that beneath the white flower there is a black heart. Since the time when tongues first learned to wag there have been critics by the score. The scandalous lies that have been circulated about every great man are among the petty things of history. This person is a secret drinker; the other person is none too upright; some other inoffensive individual is living a double life. I never believe a story about any man or institution until I have obtained it at first hand. I am madly in love with the Aberdeen motto: "They say; what say they? Let them say." For, depend upon it, if there is really a black heart beneath the surface, it will very soon wither the white flower. Beyond that we need not go.

* * *

THE white flower is the symbol of a certain personal consistency which is the very heart of all vigorous manhood. Were we to accommodate ourselves to the whims and fancies of others, we should be unworthy of the white flower, and should merit the white feather. It is thought to be a great art to do as Rome does when you are in Rome. Well, it all depends on what Rome does. I am quite willing to drink coffee for breakfast instead of tea, if that is Rome's way; I am quite willing to wear a weird garb or write on parchment, or grow my hair long; but, I warn you, there will be limits to my accommodation. There are some things I will not do, and wild horses shall not drag me from my position. My action is bound to provoke conflicting opinions. To one man it will merit the white flower; to another it will be a sure and certain qualification for the white feather. Well, it doesn't matter much either way. I am the best judge of what to me is self-consistent.

* * *

FOR this very reason I think the Folkestone ladies were very stupid. They would pin a white feather on the breast of every man in ordinary clothes; but, then, it may be that such a man is entitled, by every law of fairness, to the white flower of a blameless life. A soldier confessed the other day that the reason why he had enlisted was his keen desire to escape from the clutches of a nagging wife. Is *he* entitled to the white flower of the Folkestone ladies? I should, without hesitation, deck him out with the white feather. If the domestic footman has wearied him, what will he do in the swelling of Jordan?

* * *

THERE are four things in which I am interested. The white feather, the black heart, the white flower, and the white horse. I have said a few things about the first three; let me conclude with a word or two about the last one. James Smetham in his Letters records how, in some book he read, "The setting forth of Redemption so quietly and soothingly suited my soul, strengthening me for work and enjoyment; and I rode high on the *white horse* of salvation." That is the highest ideal of life: to ride high on the white horse, and to wear humbly the white flower. When a man is truly doing these two things, he is utterly indifferent to the insinuations about the black heart, while the presentation of a white feather only amuses him.

* * *

I AM firmly convinced that if a man is to be truly happy he must be something of a stoic. This is specially true of men who are for ever before the public. It is a great mistake to think too highly of popular applause, and it is a wretched and squalid tragedy when applause becomes the very breath of life. It is, likewise, a great mistake to be too discouraged by reason of cold comments or unkind criticism. If you try to win the favour of everybody, the chances are that you will be little more than a clever humbug.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

* * *

THE white flower of a blameless life, happily, is within the reach of us all. We can live with a conscience void of offence, and that in itself will yield its own reward. And even though our modes of life may not win universal approval, we shall not be troubled overmuch. If we are presented with the white feather of the scornful, let us take it with a good grace; if we are charged with possessing a black heart, let us admit the soft impeachment. What does it matter? All the argument in the world would not convince some people to the contrary. What really matters is that we should ride on the white horse of salvation, through a vigorous faith in Christ, for then, without making any song about it, and without any unnatural pose, we shall ever wear to His glory the white flower of a blameless life.



BY ROYAL APPOINTMENTS



IN THREE REIGNS.

ALL THAT CAN BE SAID ABOUT THE QUALITY, HIGH-CLASS APPEARANCE AND PERFECT FRESHNESS OF

**CARR'S BISCUITS**

WILL NOT CONVINCE YOU AS MUCH AS THE BISCUITS THEMSELVES. WHY NOT TRY

**"GINGER RUFFLES."** With the rich full flavour of old-fashioned gingerbread.

**"TABLE WATER."** The nicest of all water biscuits.

**"TIPPERARY."** The latest and most appropriate biscuit, popular at home and with the troops.

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LTD., CARLISLE, ENG.

**"Three Clarnico Goodies!"**

**Lily Caramels.**

The most delicious Caramel you ever tasted. Rich, creamy, luscious. Made from the finest Sugar, Cream and Almonds. At the first bite you realise the charm that has made them so popular. Sold in various size packages by all good Confectioners, and at Y.M.C.A. Tents.

**Cream Caramels.**

Have a flavour and richness which distinguishes them from all others. If you have never tasted these delicious Caramels you have missed one of the good things of life. Get acquainted by obtaining a few—just to try—from your Confectioner, or from your camp tent.

**Marzipan.**

The sweetmeat with the delicate "nutty" flavour. So tempting and pleasing to the palate. Everyone greets Clarnico Marzipan with equal satisfaction, because it is as pure as it is delicious, and for real toothsomeness it has no equal. Obtainable in 1d. bars at most Y.M.C.A. tents, and at all good Confectioners.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd., LONDON.

**PALMER**
(ORIGINATORS OF THE SIX-RIBBED TREAD)
**TYRES**

represent lower cost per thousand miles than any other tyre, and mean more comfortable riding and freedom from punctures throughout their long life.

**STANDARD.**
Cover - - - **11/3** | Tube - - - - **5/-**

**SPECIAL.**
Cover - - - **17/3** | Tube - - - **7/9**

THE PALMER TYRE, LIMITED.
119, 121, 123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.
Cycle and Motor Cycle Tyre and Repair Department:
103, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, LONDON, E.C.

**THE FINEST COFFEE EXTRACT ON THE MARKET.**

*CHOICE IN FLAVOUR AND AROMA.*
*MOST ECONOMICAL & EASILY PREPARED.*

**LET IT SPEAK FOR ITSELF.**

Send to-day 6d. for cost of postage, packing, etc., and a sample bottle will be sent to you, sufficient for a number of cups of delicious coffee.

THE PREMIER COFFEE CO., 108, Broadwall, S.E.

**TERRITORIAL ENCAMPMENTS**

***MARQUEES & TENTS***
(OF ALL SIZES),
*With CHAIRS, TABLES, COUNTERS, LAMPS, And EVERY REQUISITE FOR CAMP USE,*
**SUPPLIED ON HIRE**
In any part of the Country by
**THOMAS WHITE & Co., Ltd.**
Camp Furnishers and Army Contractors,
**ALDERSHOT.**
Marquees and Equipment supplied for 14 Y.M.C.A. Camps, Season 1913. Numerous unsolicited Testimonials from Camp Leaders. Estimates Free.
Telephone: 36. Telegrams: "WHITES, ALDERSHOT."

## FIGHTING THE FLOODS ON SALISBURY PLAIN: A SET OF STRIKING PICTURES.





## ILLUSTRATING THE CONDITIONS AROUND THE CAMPS OF OUR GALLANT SOLDIERS.





## LADY NUNBURNHOLME OPENING A NEW Y.M.C.A. HUT.



At Hornsea, a few days ago, Lady Nunburnholme opened the new Y.M.C.A. hut for the soldiers. The photograph shows on the left Mrs. Richardson, Lord Nunburnholme, Brigadier-General Nicholls. On the right, Lady Nunburnholme, Col. Richardson (who was in the chair), Major Haworth-Booth, and Mr. Bennett.

## FROM CHURCH TO BATTLEFIELD: WAR SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.



Our illustration, supplied by the Photopress Agency, shows Commandant Collins at the head of his troops leaving the Dutch Reformed Church, Pretoria, after attending Divine Service there, and starting out in pursuit of the rebel forces.

## A SIGNIFICANT PEEP INTO THE TRENCHES.



This picture, which shows a machine-gun detachment in their trench on the Western front, illustrates the conditions under which the fighting is carried on. Many discomforts have to be endured, but the men maintain their good spirits and are always cheerful. *Photo: Photopress.*

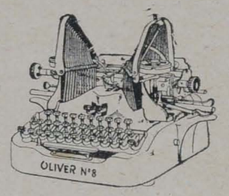
# H.M. GOVT.

have bought from time to time over

## 4,000 OLIVER TYPEWRITERS

For Military and other purposes—
A fact significant of "OLIVER" excellence.

*Booklet No. 149 gives particulars of the NEW MODELS.*




OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,
75, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

# ECONOMY IN WAR TIME.

To reduce expenditure in the household, and yet maintain comfort and efficiency, use

ENQUIRE WITHIN UPON EVERYTHING

466 pages containing 2,250 references.

## THE MOST COMPLETE HOUSE-HOLD GUIDE EVER PUBLISHED

**Price 2/6 net.**

**Sold by all Booksellers everywhere.**

Published by
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.
Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

## FOR ROUTE MARCHES.

# Fry's

SUPERIOR

# Chocolates

ON SALE AT THE

**Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.**

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

# CAMP LEADERS

should note that

## SUN COFFEE

is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

QUALITY RIGHT. PRICE RIGHT

*Manufactured by*
ANDREW MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,
19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.
ESTABLISHED 1812.

## "What £10 a year will do."

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

# NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,
**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**




HIS MAJESTY THE KING has generously given copies of Edouard Detaille's famous picture, "King Edward VII. Presenting Colours to the Territorial Battalions at Windsor Castle." These will be hung in the camp buildings, and it is hoped that nearly every building will have one. The gracious message informing us of the gift assured us that his Majesty knows how greatly the Young Men's Christian Association recreation huts add to the comfort of the troops. H.R.H. Princess Christian has given a donation of £20 to the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee's Fund for providing comforts for the men using the Y.M.C.A. huts in France.

***

IN the present war the tasks submitted to the Association movement present themselves in bewildering variety. Fathers and mothers whose boys are in the fighting ranks ask for co-operation in prayer and testimony that they may be brought to see the truth as it is in Jesus; they seek our help in sending to them clothes that will keep out the cold; if they are missing, we might be able to do what military authorities cannot do, "Find my boy." Nothing is more pathetic than this kind of clutching at us, as at a straw of hope, in the long-drawn anxiety. Many people ask that their boys may be urged to sign and keep the temperance pledge. And so we might continue the list of demands made. Our workers have made a wonderful response. Whether in India, Egypt, France, or the home camps, they have sought the place of service. There are no hours of service, and no limitations of duties. Whatever the men of the forces need, our workers have shown keenness to supply. The greatest opportunities of representing the Gospel are not along the lines of preaching, but practising. Very many men find it easier to give men a lengthy address than to rise in the early morning, before the day is well "aired," and supply cups of steaming hot coffee. The giver of a cup of hot coffee, at need, is sure of the reward promised to the giver of a "cup of cold water." Men are being influenced just now not by mighty words of eloquence and wisdom, but by lowly deeds of service rendered unselfishly. In all our centres men and women are rendering loving deeds, for love, and for no other reason, and those eyes are strangely blinded that fail to see the Christian impress on every such piece of service. Is this not work for Sundays and weekdays, too? Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath?

***

IF any one questions whether the Association huts are centres of spiritual influence or not, let him ask the men who are doing definite spiritual work in them. Ask Dr. Chapman and Mr. C. M. Alexander, or, if you are not impressed by American methods, ask our own Mr. J. J. Virgo, who is spending a large proportion of his time evangelising men. Ask the workers of the Evangelisation Society, some of whom have discovered powers of serving men which they little suspected they possessed; and the two representatives of the Caravan Mission who are with us in the work. Inquire from

# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

Canon Hicks, who has travelled North and South for us, or speak to the chaplains who have treated us all along as their greatest allies. Let the men who have been helped bear their testimony. Let their fathers and mothers and sisters and sweethearts be heard. A thousand thanksgivings are offered daily in English homes for the Association's influence in camps, and for one critic who has no eyes to see the startling significance of the changing conditions of our national life and no faith or energy to meet them there are thousands who thank God for the Christian campaign in the camps.

***

THIS is the day of heroes. The stories that are recorded of the men who receive the "V.C." must stir us all. The heart of Britain is deeply moved towards its soldier and sailor sons, and well it may be. Our debt to them it would be difficult to exaggerate, and there is but little danger of that debt being overlooked. The other day an officer home on furlough who happened to be in mufti, and who was shortly returning to the front, was presented with a white feather by a female who thought she was serving her country's interest. Many young men have been subjected to insult and abuse in public places because they were not wearing uniforms. Here and there the treatment meted out has been deserved, but in many cases it has been simply cruel. A man has no reply when a woman misbehaves in this way. Thousands of young men who look as though they ought to be soldiers are doing the brave and patriotic thing by remaining in their present positions. A modest young Britisher who has offered for service and been refused does not announce the fact to all and sundry, but goes about his business, and casts longing eyes at the lucky men who have been accepted. Other young men have responsibilities at home which prevent their leaving, and it is only their sense of duty which keeps them at their posts. A deliberate shirker should be sent to Coventry. But when people approach strangers and present them with the coward's token, the chances are that they are doing an unchivalrous and unpatriotic thing. One sympathises with the magistrate who dismissed the case brought against a man for assault when it was explained that this was the reason of the assault. There are some men who are doing the heroic thing by not enlisting, and everyone should unite in shielding them from abuse.

***

ON July 1 last Mr. R. L. Williams undertook an experimental trip, as a Young Men's Christian Association representative, on a liner between Great Britain and Australia. After many interesting experiences he has returned to this country, and is now able to present a report of his journey. His equipment included a cinematograph machine, gramophone, table games, and children's games, Government literature, notepaper, song-books and music, illustrated periodicals, books, and magazines. Having undertaken previous work of the kind on the North Atlantic routes, Mr. Williams was prepared for the difficulties that he found. There were nearly four hundred men, of whom the vast majority were under thirty years of age, travelling together for six weeks in circumstances entirely new to them, and with nothing to do but find pastimes. Such a voyage is bound to be, in the very nature of the case, a time of testing, broken as it is only by calls at ports where the fresh scenes and environment tempt a man to put himself in the way of temptation.

***

WHEN the steamship companies have done everything that is possible to them, a great field of opportunity remains open to such an organisation as ours, which brings to its task the moral and spiritual resources for which we stand. Three methods of work were successfully adopted: a strong and varied programme of social activities, group organisation of men to influence younger men, and personal interviews between the Association man and all the men aboard. All social activities headed up in the secretary, a strong social committee was elected, and sub-committees on sports (men, women, and children), and concerts appointed. It was the duty of the secretary to endeavour to unify all conflicting elements on the boat, and to arbitrate in all disputes. All the social committee's equipment was kept in Y.M.C.A. berth, and at stated hours each day games and literature were given out. The supply of reading matter was appreciated perhaps more than anything else done on this trip. Many a boy's reading was directed, and very many who had never had any interest in reading became interested before the trip was over. Y.M.C.A. notepaper was supplied for two days before each port of call, and was much appreciated. A sports ground was provided for the passengers while in Melbourne, and was well used. Four lantern lectures were given on Australia, and the Pacific Ocean (colonial saloon passengers lectured).

***

SONG services were held each Sunday evening, and a children's service every Sunday afternoon. The gramophone was in use every day in various parts of the boat. A small group of men, both colonials and immigrants, was formed, and they did very efficient work at ports of call (particularly at Teneriffe, both on land and in connection with natives on board ship), and throughout the trip. The secretary supplemented the advice of this group where he thought it advisable. When men were brought on board drunk, the secretary was called and took possession of all valuables, the man afterwards having to see him in order to get his property. A group of very rough men got on at Cape Town, and started in on gambling devices—the whole scheme was smashed by one of the organised groups

at start, and was not heard of for the rest of the trip. A few ladies also did similar work among the girls on board.

***

WE have no hesitation in saying that the placing of a trained Y.M.C.A. secretary, conversant with Australian life, on board ship would do wonders toward the creation of friendly feeling and wholesome conditions, and that in so doing direct benefits would be reaped by the Government. Such a man would not only do work on board ship, but also along the following lines:—Help officials in dealing with passengers on land, and would do all in his power to see that men and boys get fixed in good lodgings, &c., while having to stay in Sydney. A programme of activities would be arranged for men and boys during their stay in Melbourne, while on the way to Sydney. All passengers would be related to the Church of their choice wherever they might settle. While in England this secretary would lecture at Y.M.C.A.'s all over Great Britain on the trips, and would keep local Associations well informed as to conditions in Australia. This work would without doubt guarantee two things—(1) the right care of immigrants up to time they left for farms; (2) stimulation of the best type of immigration. Parents and friends would be far more willing to send their sons and friends to Australia if they knew of the care taken, and the publicity through the Y.M.C.A.'s in England would reach the very type most desired.

***

WE quote the following paragraph from the *Jewish World* for January 27:—"The communication from Rifleman Rose, by the way, is written on the writing-paper of the Young Men's Christian Association. 'They make us quite welcome,' the writer says. We suppose there is no way of avoiding the partaking by the Jewish young men in the forces of the hospitality of this essentially Christian organisation. Life in camp is often lonely, and none too cheerful, and the Association no doubt deals quite tactfully with soldiers of non-Christian faith. It is obviously impossible for our community to provide such comforts and recreations for all the Jewish soldiers scattered up and down the country as the Young Men's Christian Association supplies. But, of course, if the Jews, or a large number of them, were grouped together the difficulty would be greatly diminished, just as in the same way the provision of kosher food would become more feasible. It is points like these which make it so difficult to understand the opposition of orthodox ministers and laymen to a Jewish battalion. Of course, where Jews are gathered together in anything like considerable numbers some action on the lines of that of the Young Men's Christian Association is possible, and we are glad to know that it is being taken at Colchester."

***

THE French military authorities have given permission for Association centres of work to be opened very near the fighting front. The General commanding the Division of the Army which is based there has promised to be present at the official inauguration of the work. One centre will be opened in a spot that in the less favourable days was partially burned by the Germans. A hut is in course of erection there. The building, in sections, is being transported by the Government, and every possible encouragement is given. M. Emanuel Sautter, of the World's Committee, is undertaking responsibility, and it is the privilege of our English council to co-operate with our French *confrères*. The Hon. Montague Waldegrave has gone to France at our invitation, and we trust he may have an opportunity of service with the French troops.

***

MR. and Mrs. Waldorf Astor have given seven of the fourteen huts that have been erected in the Plymouth district. Mrs. Astor, speaking at the opening ceremony of the Crownhill building, said that Colonel Llewellyn had told her that his men were the best lot in the world, that they did not drink, and that they could be trusted anywhere. "I am becoming a violent temperance orator," Mrs. Astor added, amid laughter. Each day she was told that some of the brewers were coming after her, and stating that she had no right to say what she had. But she would say it with her last breath. If drink brought into the world pleasure to the extent of one-eighth of the misery it brought, let them have it. But drink brought ten times as much misery as pleasure. She was not a teetotaler—drink was not one of her temptations—but to some men and women it was a temptation. What started her interest in these Y.M.C.A. huts was the fact that when she used to come in from Yelverton to Plymouth hospitals she saw the men from Crownhill, after being at work all day long, streaming into Plymouth, and she said, "We must build them a hall—give them anything to keep them from temptation." She asked the soldiers at Crownhill to make use of that new building, and not to be frightened of being preached at. He was a strange man who did not feel that he could be made better.

***

SOME friends of the movement have shown their appreciation of the work which it is hoped to do through the medium of *Y.M.* by sending donations for the free circulation of the paper. This is an excellent way in which to increase the interest of the public in work of national interest and importance, and if others adopted the same means the paper would find a larger field, and the things for which it stands would be better known. We should just like to say that if friends of the Association feel that they can further its interests by helping the circulation along this line, their co-operation will be most heartily welcomed. Such work as the Y.M.C.A. is doing at the present moment is deserving of the widest possible publicity, and the publicity offered through the pages of *Y.M.* cannot fail to produce excellent results.

---

When Nero assassinated his mother he spent the following night in an oppressive slumber. For the first time in his life he was disturbed by dreams. Many times he started up in terror, and he dreaded the return of dawn. Flatterers dispelled his fears, but there was ever after a ghastly look in sea and shore. Many long nights he lay awake and heard wailings from the top of Misenum, where was his mother's grave.

## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

### A Worker's Experiences with the Troops on the Continent.

THIS historic town of R—— has probably the largest Allied camp anywhere to be found—Indians, wounded, convalescents, English, the French Regulars, and Territorials being settled in a perfect forest of tents and huts on the rising ground to the south of the town. Many more huts in process of construction to receive the men of Kitchener's Army, which, to justify expense, are to be devoted to the homeless Belgians at the conclusion of the war. The total number of troops one cannot estimate, and one could not publish such information were it obtainable. Here the Y.M.C.A. has established itself, occupying a house to the north-west of the town; not too central, perhaps, but be it remembered that all suitable and available spaces have long ago been requisitioned by the French Government for the use of their own or the English military organisations.

Herein lay an early triumph of the work of the organisation. In spite of the paucity of suitable accommodation for gathering men together the workers have established three centres in the town itself as well as at three centres in the camp outside. West they have found a room in the ancient barracks of the French soldiers, but now occupied to the full by English troops. North of the town they run their teas and their gatherings in the arena of a huge circus, its padded ring and entries between the tiers of seats still recalling the antics of the clown and the feats of the lady riders of our early days. Here, also, they are right amongst the soldiers; for the space occupied once by stables and Cinderella coaches is now a clearing-house for all kinds of military material. Eastward, with rare boldness, they have secured at a figure a small theatre. Now a well-arranged weekly programme, including French lessons to the soldiers, lectures, and concerts keep alive the evening hours of the Motor Transport Service, quartered just opposite, and others billeted in that quarter of the town.

Here and in the three centres in the camp—some three or four miles distant—the Y.M.C.A. plies its trade. Daily it collects 350 donzoines of penny French breads, puffs, and rolls, to be sorted and distributed in proportionate amount to the six different centres. There they are bought at the same price by the soldiers, hungry after a day's fatigue, or hungry after a protracted supperless journey from across the water. The gratitude, indeed, of some of the latter has been quite pathetic. "You've saved me," said more than one of the Honourable Artillery Company. "I didn't think much of the Y.M.C.A. once," said 'another of the same regiment, "but, by Jove . . ." "I'll do a bit for the Y.M.C.A. if I get back alive," remarked a third, while a fourth said, "I've written home to my sister and told her what I think about you." If this be the verdict of those men ready to express their opinion, what about the verdict of the rank and file? Well, they may not put their feelings into spoken words, but they seem to show how much they appreciate the fact that they have a decent place not merely to resort to, but one where they know they are made welcome. They are provided, free of charge, with stationery to write their letters home, and amusements and concerts are arranged for their benefit, and they can purchase at cheap prices—in spite of difficulties of purchase and transport so far from home—little luxuries and little extras instead of having to depend on the common French canteens, with their thin beer or café á rum!

On Sundays in all cases, every day in some cases, short services are held, and the vigour with which the men render the hymns is striking, and is self-evident of their appreciation. "Lead, kindly Light," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Abide with me" are always among the favourites, and after the hymns have been sung opportunity is taken to give a short and friendly address to the men; for this, after all, is what the Y.M.C.A. is out for. The workers are seizing the opportunity not of a lifetime, but of a generation!



# THE Y.M.C.A. IN OTHER LANDS.

## *Glimpses of Progressive Work in Turkey, India, Japan, and Buenos Aires.*

*Specially Contributed by Our Own Representatives.*

In Cleveland, Ohio, father and son banquets are just now taking place. In the six Association buildings, on the same night, the event will be, in the picturesque language of our American confrères, "the greatest undertaking of its kind in history." Some men are bringing both their fathers and their sons. Places of honour will be reserved for these. A flying squadron of speakers will flit between the six centres, including the Mayor, and they will make ten-minute speeches. Mothers, sisters, and others will be accommodated in the balconies of the halls. Afterwards there will be "star" performances for all and sundry. America is taking to this idea freely. It is worth while.

---

Some Britishers are inclined to criticise America's attitude of strict neutrality in the present situation. From the Association periodical of a big city work we cull the following names of advertisers:—Hoefener, Geitz, Meyer, Kassing, Leidner, Havlimann, Engelskind, Suedmeyer, Werremeyer, Schemme, Barthel and Duesenberg, Wiesemann, Spelbrink, Pohl, Dunker, Weisheyer, Weibusch. It is scarcely to be expected that an all-British attitude should be adopted under such circumstances. We have grave problems of our own, but America needs our prayers and sympathy at this time. Her governors have need of the wisdom that cometh from above, in order that they may lead that great, free people aright.

---

At Cape Town the first function in the New Year's programme was a lecture entitled "Our History in Pictures," given by Mr. C. Graham Botha, Keeper of the Cape Archives. The chairman was ex-President Reitz.

---

The Association's Movement in the Turkish Empire has just closed its first year's work as a definite and permanent organisation. It has been a year full of encouragement. The general committee has taken hold of the work with unexpected earnestness. This committee is a body of that international and interdenominational character which the Association so often welds together in a common cause. American, British, Bulgarian, German, Greek, Armenian, and Syrian work side by side in the greatest harmony. Church divisions run very deep there, yet Angelican, Presbyterian and Lutheran, Bulgarian and Greek Orthodox, Gregorian, Maronite and Protestant (Armenian, Greek, and Syrian) fraternise in the committee. Moreover, more than half the men on the board are of Near Eastern nationality, and our leadership comes by no means exclusively from foreigners. It was an Armenian who most courageously backed the proposal to publish the Association *Quarterly*. A Greek championed the cause of a native Student Volunteer Movement.

### A Glowing Report from India.

The past year in the work of the Association throughout India has been one of undoubted progress. The conference of secretaries last February revealed a growth in the work, a sense of power, a realisation of enormous opportunity, and an *esprit de corps* which has not been equalled before.

In the rural work, begun this year, lies one of the greatest possibilities before the Association in India. The abiding problem of the great mass of India's population is economic. How to get food and make a bare existence is the ever-pressing question. The Co-operative Credit Movement is the Government's effort to better economic conditions and give the farmer a chance to help himself. But this effort of Government needs local organisations to utilise the help offered and make it available for every member of the community. By serving as Government agent, along with its various activities for the young men of the villages, the Association has opening up before it unlimited possibilities of service for the great needy masses of the village communities of India. This work is now being developed in its initial stages in three picked districts of South India, by Indian secretaries who have had special training.

The outbreak of the terrible war in Europe gave occasion for an expression of enthusiastic loyalty to the British Empire which has been remarkable. This strengthening of the ties that bind India to the British Empire must have a bearing upon the work of Christian missions, the effects of which only the future can reveal.

### Japan's Christward Trend.

A more substantial evidence of the depth to which Christianity is striking its roots in Japan is the profession of faith by the eminent merchant, I. Morimura, whose name is known in commercial circles in New York as well as in Japan. He has long been an ardent seeker after truth, and failing to find satisfaction in Buddhism and Confucianism, he began the study of the Bible. Last spring he said: "For two years I prayed for faith in God as Father. At length I gained that faith. Now I am praying for grace to be willing to use my property for the Kingdom and to follow Christ."

It was only a few days later that Mr. Morimura and Baron Shibusawa established a foundation to promote commercial morality, both of them giving large sums toward it. Within the past few months he has gone at his own charges to several cities to speak at Christian gatherings. His case is a significant indication of the soul hunger of men in high station and of the satisfying power of the Gospel. His venerable figure, his manifest sincerity, and his eminence in business have all united to give his words weight.

In Osaka there is a business woman of almost equal note, Madam Hirooka, who is in like manner bearing unequivocal testimony to the joy of her faith in Christ. She is a staunch supporter by her gifts as well as by her words of both the Church and the Association, especially the Young Women's Christian Association. It is safe to say that these two cases are symptomatic. The wide ramifications of the naval bribery scandal has roused business men to see as never before that morality is essential to sound business, and they are wondering if morality can be built up apart from religion.

Among students there is a large demand for Bibles. Last year students of the First Government College bought 1,300 portions and the students in the College of Technology bought 600. In the Tokyo Normal College a Christian professor was asked to give thirty lectures on Christianity.

### Solid Growth in Buenos Aires.

Writing from Buenos Aires, Mr. B. A. Shuman says:—

"This second full year in our new building presents no unusual or striking developments, but simply a steady growth in every department until we have to record an average daily movement of more than 1,000 men in a building much smaller than the Duluth building or almost any of the buildings of that class in this country, with a staff about 60 per cent. of the number which would be allowed to an association of similar movement. With the association by natural growth increasing in popularity day by day, we have had no chance to do any extensive work and no necessity to do any propaganda work, for each department of the building has filled itself up through the natural propaganda made by happy, contented members. From 200 (foreign) charter members with which we started in 1902, when our city had 850,000 inhabitants, we have grown to 1,800 members, of whom about half are native to the country in a city which now numbers 1,500,000.

"Sitting in our vestibule one cannot but be impressed with the fact that we are crowded with men, and it is most gratifying to know that while doing work in five different languages and accommodating ourselves to the desires and temperaments of considerable groups of these different nationalities, all moves along with no friction or international complications. The chief language spoken is Spanish; but the Scan-

BRITON AND BOER UNDER THE FLAG OF THE Y.M.C.A.




This picture of the Y.M.C.A. with the South African Defence Force Training Camp at Middelburg, C.P., affords a striking illustration of the way in which the Association is helping in the elimination of racial feeling. In this staff there are three Englishmen, four Boers, and native helpers. Fourteen years ago Briton and Boer were opposing each other on the battlefield; now they are united in the one great cause.

dinavians meet every Saturday night, conducting their literary work, Bible study, and social work on that night in Danish; the Germans meet every Wednesday night in the language of their fatherland; the French section holds its meetings in the language of diplomacy; while English has its place in various meetings and organisations.

"Into a city of a million and a-half we have undertaken with a staff of 'foreigners' to transplant an exotic institution which has the 'watermark' of Protestantism on it (where the State Church is Roman Catholic). In the face of this we can truthfully say that more than ever before we now have a place among the organisations of the city, and recognition which is far more than we had reason to expect."

### With the 4th Devons in India.

Fifty members of the 4th Devon Regiment have been privileged to enjoy a trip to Delhi and Agra. A large number wished to take the excursion, but as the number was strictly limited, a selection was made by drawing lots. One of those who accompanied the party writes as follows:—I am so overcome with the beauty and brilliance of Delhi and Agra that I do not know where to start or finish in an attempt to tell you something of our trip. We crowded as much into three days as ever anyone did, and we were constantly seeing something fresh. We did practically all our travelling by night, so wasted very little daylight. Although we travelled over 700 miles by train, had three days' grub provided, tongas (open native traps) or gharries (closed traps) provided, and half fees to all places of interest where such were charged paid for us, the Y.M.C.A. did the whole lot for 10 rupees, and the whole trip cost less than £1 each. This trip alone will be an ample reward for the time spent in coming here. I would not have missed it for a fortune.

### Dr. Mott on a Modern Danger.

Dr. John R. Mott, speaking at the foundation-stone laying ceremony of the new Secretarial Training College, Chicago, said: "We have got to have better leaders in this generation than we had in the past generation. We need them just now in order that we may master our principles. We need to know what we say and do. It is a bad day for an organisation when its leaders are so busy and so poorly prepared that they are not able to tell the goal. So-called leaders are unsafe leaders, because they have not learned to think straight and to analyse fundamental principles. The great goal is missed unless we have leaders in the Young Men's Christian Association that understand this great movement and know how to direct its course." There is need just now of redefining and reassuring the relationship of the Young Men's Christian Association to the Church of Jesus Christ. True it is that when best conceived the Young Men's Christian Association is the Church of Christ reaching collectively through its young men to reach young men. You recognise that there is a community of interest here, and there is a great contribution that will be made to the work of the Church by this close relationship. One of the great dangers of our day is that so many organisations that bear the name of Jesus Christ break loose from what I would call the historical Christianity, Creedal Christianity, and Vital Christianity. How important it is, therefore, that an organisation that is controlled by members in good standing of Christian churches should have as its leaders men able to define, defend, and direct its course!"

## THE RUM QUESTION.

### A Canadian's Practical Experience; with Reference to a Much-Debated Question.

"DO you know, we are beginning to doubt the benefit of giving rum to the men in the trenches," remarked an officer home from the front to the writer a few weeks ago.

"I suppose you find that the reaction leaves the men less fit than if they had none," I replied.

"Yes, that is the trouble," was the answer.

In Canada, where the occupations of men necessitate their standing for hours at a time in icy cold water, the fallacy of thinking them benefited by alcohol was discovered years ago.

Some twenty years ago I was living near a river down which great quantities of firewood were floated in the spring immediately the ice was gone off it. In order to get this wood out a number of men stood nearly up to their waists in the water handing out the sticks one by one to others on the bank.

Being the first occasion I had ever noticed anything of this kind, I was amazed that the men could stand it. To satisfy my curiosity I took occasion to question the foreman. Having been brought up with old-fashioned notions, one of my first questions was, "I suppose you have to let them have plenty of whisky to counteract the cold?" To my surprise he replied, "No, indeed; we don't let them have any if we can help it, or they would soon be useless for this work."

In more recent years I have spent a great part of my time amongst men in the forests of Northern Ontario, engaged in work that necessitates their being in icy cold water often hours at a time, and everywhere I find employers most strict in their efforts to keep alcohol in any form out of reach of the men, as experience has shown it would soon render them unfit for work.

In the light of these facts I certainly was amazed to read of the Government sending out rum to the soldiers, and wish that every soldier could read the excellent article by Dr. Saleeby in your last issue.

Addressing a little company of our young soldiers a few weeks ago, one of them asked, "Is it a good thing to take rum when in the trenches?" and I had an opportunity to give my experiences as above.

In conversation with the questioner afterwards, he said that he had been exposed while on duty and got thoroughly chilled. He was given a drink of rum, and this made him perspire profusely. The next day he was under the doctor's care with a cold, and was on the sick list for weeks.

Thus the Government with its rum can unfit a man quicker in one night for his work than six months' training can make him fit.

## A READER'S THANKS.

*To the Editor of "Y.M."*

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on the success of the Y.M.C.A. weekly. I think I can honestly say that it is the best paper for young men. I am sure it will be appreciated by every reader and Y.M.C.A. worker. I think that it will prove to be the best agent both for advertising the Y.M.C.A. and gaining more new members. The fact that I had to apply to three different newsagents for the second issue, the first two having been sold out, is strongly in favour of the public's reception of your paper. I have devoured the first two editions, and have benefited in every way. I am a member of that body which your paper is named after, and believe it to be the strongest and safest institution for young men.

Yours truly,

Newcastle. J. W. M.

## A POPULAR COMPETITION FOR OUR FIGHTING LADS.

# "MY HERO, AND WHY."

**The Editor offers a First Prize of 10s. 6d. and Four Prizes of 2s. 6d. each for the best reasons in answer to the above question. The Competition is open to all men of the Navy and Army, without restriction.**

Write your reason in the form provided below, which must be cut out and addressed to the Editor, *Y.M.*, 13, Russell-square, London, W.C. Competitors should state the real reason of their choice, and while provision is made for the use of thirty words, it is not necessary to make use of all the spaces thus provided.

"MY HERO, AND WHY."

*Name*_____

*Full Address*_____

Cut this out and post it to the Editor of *Y.M.* We shall announce the result in our issue of February 19, and with the results we shall also publish the photographs of the successful competitors.



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at work.*

THE other day a speaker at the opening of a new Y.M.C.A. hut made an unfortunate slip, quite innocently, of course. He said that "the Y.M.C.A. was a magnificent counter-attraction *to worse places*." The excellent man meant that the soldier was tempted to places that would do him harm, whereas the Y.M.C.A. would do him good. It was one of those remarks which Mr. Punch would have characterised as "Things we should have expressed differently."

***

Two of the busiest helpers at one of the Y.M.C.A. refreshment bars recently were sons of a duke and a marquis. They were delighted with the task, as novel as it was arduous. None of the soldiers were aware of the identity of their servers. This war has been a lesson in levelling class distinctions.

***

A splendid billard-table was offered to one of our huts at a busy camp. But a concrete foundation, or, at least, a very strong floor, was needed before the offer could be accepted. It was one more instance of the importance of a good foundation if you want to be level. The level, consistent life rests only on a sure foundation.

***

It is noticeable how familiar the soldiers are with hymns, a fact which reveals the homes and early training they have had. Many of the hymns in Mr. Alexander's collection have been sung without any recourse to books. One of Kitchener's Army sat at a piano the other Sunday evening for nearly two hours playing hymn after hymn for which his comrades called.

***

At a certain hut one of the most active workers was discovered accidentally to be a distinguished doctor of science. He had been particularly good at "washing up"! The modest scientist still insists on doing his share of any such work.

***

*The Times* had a vivid picture of H.M.S. *Crystal Palace* last week, and alluded appreciatively to the work done there by the Y.M.C.A.

Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt is working with us in Northern France. He is a skilful piper, and cheers the hearts of Scottish soldiers. We have not received any complaints from English, Welsh, or Irish men.

***

A meeting of the 14th Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers was held in the Pavilion, Llandudno, last Wednesday week. Colonel David Davies, M.P., presided, and in introducing Mr. Tennyson Smith, who is lecturing on temperance to the troops, under the auspices of the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association, said a sober Army is a more effective machine than a drinking Army, and that men, having sacrificed so much, might as well make the additional sacrifice of abstaining from alcoholic liquors in order to render themselves more efficient soldiers. Colonel Davies added that he was an abstainer. Mr. Tennyson Smith dealt with the physiological aspect of the question, quoting the testimony of leading generals and medical men. One hundred and seventy-seven men signed the pledge.



During a recent stay at the Shoreham Camp, Mr. George Clarke, the well-known evangelist, rendered good service to the Y.M.C.A. and to the troops availing themselves of the Association's privileges. Our illustrations show (1) a group of men who joined the Pocket Testament League; (2) Mr. Clarke and some of the lady helpers; and (3) an evening Gospel meeting in the hut.

***

The first "Foyer du Soldat" for the use of the French troops has been opened within three miles of the fighting line.

***

The Scarborough Association gave first aid to seventy-six people who were wounded in the bombardment of Scarborough. Members are constantly on duty as orderlies in the military hospital. At the annual meeting Lord Londesborough expressed his great delight in such work.

***

The Treasury has donated £500 towards the new building for men of the Navy which is being erected at Invergordon.

***

Mr. David Williamson, editor of the "*Daily Mail* Year-Book," is doing admirable service to our cause by his excellent lectures.

***

Canon Hicks has just left England for a tour of our centres in France.

***

Mr. W. R. Lane, who has been very unwell, hopes to return to his work in the Y.M.C.A. huts shortly.

***

Rev. Charles Inwood writes, in reference to "The Y.M.C.A. with the Colours": "It is a fine record of a noble work."

***

Two hundred members from Birmingham have enlisted, and are at present in training or at the front.

***

New Y.M.C.A. huts have been opened during the past few days at Plymouth, Woking, and Holland Park.

***

At Aberystwyth over 3,000 men pass through the Y.M.C.A. rooms nightly between 5 and 9.30. Local University students are taking part in the work, and making themselves responsible for one concert weekly, and a man to take charge of the lending library.

TWO LEADING LINES IN HARDWOOD . . **FOLDING FURNITURE**

Registered Trade Mark: "CAJAC." Reg. Trade Mark: "YINDAW."



Folded Thickness, 1⅛ in.

POINTS!! POINTS!!

Immense Strength.
Close Folding.
Lie quite Flat.
Best Workmanship.
Rapidly Operated.

Large Stocks which also include
CATERERS' TABLES, FORMS, TABLE TRESTLES,
All made to fold up.

Special Cut Quotations for Large Quantities. ILLUSTRATED LIST ON APPLICATION.
Manufacturers of the Renowned Hatherley Lattisteps.



Perforated Seat. Folded, 2½ in.

**ALLAN JONES & CO., Hatherley Works, Gloucester.**

Englishmen always admire pluck, even in an adversary, but universal disapproval has been aroused, not only in this country, but far beyond the confines of the British Empire, at the cowardly raids of the German navy on unfortified and defenceless East Coast towns. The news that the *Blucher*, one of the raiders, has been destroyed has caused general rejoicing. An interesting report of the fight is contained in a letter from a blue-jacket which has been circulated by the Labour Press Agency.

***

Major J. H. S. Dimmer, who took part in the formal opening of the Y.M.C.A. Hut at South-end-on-Sea, served his machine gun during the attack on Kleinzzellibeke until he had been five times wounded—three times by shrapnel and twice by bullet—and did not leave his post until his gun was destroyed. He was awarded the new military decoration—the Military Cross—in addition to the Victoria Cross, for this act of personal bravery. It was a pleasure to welcome the gallant major on to the Y.M.C.A. platform, and to be assured of his interest in our work.

***

A small but influential committee has been formed in connection with Oxford University to co-operate with the Y.M.C.A. in the present crisis. Amongst those who have consented to serve are the President of the Y.M.C.A., who is also Chaplain of Merton; the Junior Proctor of the University, the Bursar of Queen's, the Principal of Mansfield, Dons of Oriel and Merton, and the Oxford Secretary of the Student Christian Movement. The Rev. C. F. Barry, of Oriel, is honorary secretary. The objects of the committee will be to enlist Oxford University men for war service for the Y.M.C.A. at home and abroad; to keep in touch with those who have already served in our tents; to train undergraduates for this special work; to assist the Y.M.C.A. in thinking out the problems which now confront it, and to enrol men for permanent service in the ranks of the Association Secretariat. It will, in effect, be a College Y.M.C.A. on the original lines, inasmuch as only Christian men will be enrolled, and there will be no privileges offered apart from the privilege of service.

***

A British soldier writing home from one of our Y.M.C.A. huts at the front the day before he took his place in the trenches said: "The Y.M.C.A. out here are very good, and I can tell you that I don't know what we should have done without them, for when we have stopped for the day there has always been a Y.M.C.A. place not very far away where we can get something to eat."

***

Mr. J. J. Virgo has presented a most encouraging report concerning his recent tour to the North of England and Scotland. He was delighted with the splendid equipment provided in York. The Exhibition Buildings have been opened as a Y.M.C.A. Club, which is immensely popular with the troops. At Newcastle, the Y.M.C.A. building is a centre of unusual activity, and is crowded every evening, and often in the afternoons, too. Mr. Henry Armstrong accompanied Mr. Virgo to Alnwick, where again the work is immensely successful.

***

Mr. Virgo is equally enthusiastic about the arrangements made by the Scottish National Council for the troops north of the Border. The huts are well built and commodious, and, moreover, much appreciated by the men.

***

During the few weeks that the Y.M.C.A. has been operating amongst the troops stationed at Southport a remarkable work has been done. Thirteen institutes have been organised; more than £800 has been taken at the refreshment counters; 2,874 pledges have been signed, including 1,600 decision cards; 126,000 letters, &c., have been despatched, and £1,221 worth of postal orders sold. There are 767 regular depositors in the Y.M.C.A. Savings Bank, and there have been more than 1,000 entries in the Educational Classes, which are carried on in connection with the local Educational Committee. The providing of suppers at a reasonable rate for the Oldham Pals Battalion at Chadderton is a popular feature.

***

The attendance at the "Central Y.M.C.A. Hut" in Tottenham Court-road is encouraging, but the place is so huge that thousands of men can be accommodated without any fear of overcrowding. We shall be glad if readers of *Y.M.* will make the arrangements as widely known as possible to men of H.M. Army and Navy. It cannot be too widely understood that for the duration of the war the premises are placed at the disposal of the troops free of charge.

***

May we suggest that *Y.M.* be used largely for cultivating purposes? In every association town and in every camp centre it will be possible to largely increase the interest of friends resident in the locality by sending week by week a copy by hand or post. Under no circumstances should copies be left lying on a shelf until they become out of date and have lost their current issue.

***

At Heaton Park, the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Bellaine, is rendering most effective help. Seven hundred and fifty-three temperance pledges have been taken and 853 library issues recorded. The new hut is one of the largest Y.M.C.A. centres in the country.

***

At Buxton an effective work has been done by the Y.M.C.A. in linking men up with the churches of the town. We commend this to the attention of other Association workers operating in billeting centres and camps where there are churches within easy reach.

***

"The Despatch Rider" is the title of the weekly booklet by Mr. Yapp, issued from the National Office this week. "The Terror by Night" will be published on Saturday. Copies may be had for free distribution for any Y.M.C.A. centre on application to Mr. J. Palmer Howard, at No. 12, Russell-square. For general distribution, apart from the Y.M.C.A., we shall be glad to supply copies at the reduced price of 2s. 9d. per 1,000. Both the booklets referred to in this paragraph bear an attractive design on the front page of the cover by Mr. B. K. White, whose effective illustrations have done so much to ensure the popularity of the series.

***

We would point out to Y.M.C.A. camp leaders in billeting centres that Sunday sales that may be justified in outlying camps may be altogether out of place in towns. It would be most unfortunate if any plans adopted by the Y.M.C.A. should have the effect of inducing local tradespeople to open their places of business on Sunday. We would emphasise once more the fact that we are not out to make profits through Sunday trading; that there are certain things, like temperance refreshments, that it is essential we should sell, in many centres at any rate, on Sundays, but that Sunday trading should be reduced to a minimum and only necessaries sold.

***

The functions in connection with the opening of the new institute at Wishaw attracted large and representative audiences, and the splendid building, which stands in Main-street, came in for much appreciation. Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, chairman of the Scottish National Council, presided, and among those who took part were Lieut-Colonel Quentin Agnew, D.S.O., commanding the Royal Scots Fusiliers at Fort Matilda, Greenock; Provost Nimmo, who, on behalf of the burgh, extended hearty congratulations to the Association; the Rev. G. A. Kennedy, who spoke on behalf of the Churches; Mr. C. F. Maclaren, who joined in the congratulations on behalf of the employers of labour; Mr. John Craig, and Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P., president of the Wishaw Y.M.C.A. Mr. J. J. Virgo, of London, spoke at the Sunday meetings, and again at the "At Home" on the Monday evening. The new building has cost £6,800, of which £2,600 has still to be raised.

## A Y.M.C.A. WORKER IN SYDNEY.

### An Appreciation of the Late Mr. David Walker.

IT was on January 20, after many months of physical weakness and pain, that the flickering light went out and David Walker passed into the presence of the King. Only those who had the privilege of close intimacy with him can appreciate with what joy David Walker went forth to meet his Master, Whom he loved and served during such a long period.



The Late Mr. D. Walker.

For twenty-five years general secretary of the Sydney Young Men's Christian Association (during which time he secured for the Association a magnificent pile of buildings), he was a man of fine personality—sincere and winning—with a shrewd, kindly, human touch that made him a favourite. His devotion to truth, his broad and enlightened sympathies, his well-stored mind and keen judgment in practical affairs abundantly qualified him for his work, and rendered him a true guide to young men.

David Walker was a tower of strength on the platform; he was endowed by Nature with a very happy gift in this direction, but it was in personal contact with young men that he excelled. Wonderfully tactful, and with but one desire—the highest good of others—he was keen to win men for the Saviour. And what a "fisher of men" the Lord enabled him to become!

To know him was not only to respect, but to love him, and thousands of young men going out from the Mother Country to Australia obtained at his hands such a kindly welcome as they could never cease to be thankful for—the kind of greeting that gave them fresh faith and a strengthened desire to "make good."

As the representative of Australia at the World's Conference at Stockholm, he became very well known to some of the older workers in the Y.M.C.A.

In 1901 he resigned office, but remained vice-president and one of the keenest members of the Sydney Association.

He lived long (he was seventy-five years old), but he also lived much. He will continue to live in the hearts of those left behind, and his influence will have the effect of causing us to rededicate ourselves to the service of God and mankind.

J. J. VIRGO.

---

The Premier Coffee, which is advertised in another part of this issue, has many excellent qualities which should recommend it for use in camps. All who use it speak highly in its favour.

A man once came to Mr. Moody, and said, "If you will answer this list of questions, then I will become a Christian." Mr. Moody said, "If you will become a Christian and start to-night, and then come to me to-morrow morning, I will answer every question in your list." The man said, "Sir, I will come." That night he accepted Christ as his Saviour. The next morning he came back to Mr. Moody's house, his face shining, and said, "Mr. Moody, I will not have to put you to the trouble of answering the questions; they have all been answered."



## A FRANK APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

By W. JENNINGS BRYAN.

YOU young men represent the age in which I am most interested. It is now some twenty-six years since I was president of the Boys' Branch of the Association of Lincoln, Neb., and I was a member before I went to Lincoln. Time is so precious that I want to spend it to the best advantage, and it cannot be spent to better advantage than in appealing to men of your age. We give relatively too little time to the making of a man, and relatively too much time to the perfection of things in which man deals.

Every young man's body is worth more to him than any fortune. He can squander it; he can waste it; he can throw it away. How can I burn into your minds and hearts the important duty of conserving this strength unless I make you understand what it costs to raise a boy? The wealth of this country is not in the ground—it is above the ground. The most important wealth of this country is its manhood and its womanhood.

But no boy ever lived that was worth the cost of raising him if he was just a body. The law will not permit a father to cut off the arm of his boy and send that boy out with one arm to compete with the boys that have two. But a father that deliberately denies education to his boy is as cruel.

The young man trained to the limit of his physical strength, with all the knowledge that the schools can give and nothing more, has still been trained in vain. Moral development is the thing of paramount importance. We measure men not by the physical or intellectual strength, but by the moral worth. I know of no foundation on which to build the moral character, except the religious foundation. If I have anything of character, of moral worth, I must give the credit of it to a Christian father and a Christian mother. The foundations of character are laid before that age when reason is supposed to be mature.

Before I was ten years old my mother stamped upon me a dislike for swearing. When I went to school I found myself withdrawing from boys when they began to swear, and I still withdraw.

I do not remember when I first signed the pledge. I have been signing the pledge all my life, and as long as I live I know that I shall keep on signing the pledge—that is, if I know that I can get one human being by signing it, to sign it with me. I believe in signing the pledge. It has been a protection to me When I went into public life they told me that a man had to drink in order to be in politics. It is a lie. There is not any position in the world which a man cannot fill better when he is sober than a drinking man.

Another thing that entered into my life when I was young that had more influence than any of the others—I joined the Church when I was fourteen years old, and when I went to college I was glad I had, for it was a help to me in those days when doubts came. The first thing that a young man wants is God, and that God stands back of all things. If a man has not this inner guardian, you cannot put policemen enough around him to keep him straight, but if he has this inner desire to live as in God's sight, you need no policemen.

I put God first in the building of character, and next to God I give you the Bible as the word of God.

By the strengthening of the body, by the training of the mind, and the developing of the heart, man can prepare himself to measure up to God's standard of a man.


# INVALUABLE BOOKS FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

Published in connection with

## THE Y.M.C.A. OF AMERICA.

### BIBLE STUDY COURSES.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

(a) Indicates study courses designed for use by those under fifteen years of age. (b) Indicates study courses designed for use by those between fifteen and eighteen years old. (c) Indicates elementary study courses for men. (d), (e) Indicate study courses designed for advanced students, those marked (e) being the more difficult. † Indicates study courses arranged for daily study.

**ADAIR, W. W.**

(c) **Men of steel.** In pamphlet or loose-leaf form ..... 6d.

Great men of the Old Testament form the subject of twelve lessons.

(c) **Wrecks and Heroes.** In pamphlet or loose-leave form ..... 6d.

A course of sixteen lessons on New Testament characters, similar in treatment to the course Men of Steel.

**ADAM, JOHN DOUGLAS.**

**Paul in Everyday Life.** Thin paper, flexible cloth ..... 2/6

A companion volume to the widely used Christ in Everyday Life. Daily readings from the epistles with personal applications.

**BOOTH, E. W.**

(c) **Good News by John** In three parts, each ..... 8d.

Consecutive studies in the fourth gospel, covering a year and a half. Twenty-six lessons in each part.

**BOSWORTH, EDWARD INCREASE.**

(c) †**Christ in Everyday Life.** Thin paper, cloth ..... 2/6

Selected verses for daily devotional use, with a paragraph of comment for suggested meditation.

(d) †**New Studies in Acts.** Cloth .... 3/6
Paper ..... 2/6

Nineteen studies of the important incidents and truths of Acts put together in clear and attractive style.

(e) †**Studies in the Life of Jesus Christ.** Cloth, 4/-; paper..... 3/-

A thirty weeks' course of study in the New Testament. There are five divisions: Detailed Study up to the Last Week, chiefly according to Mark; General Survey up to the Last Week, according to Matthew; General Survey up to the Last Week, according to Luke; Detailed Study of the Last Week of Christ's Life, according to the synoptic gospels; Studies in Christ's Life, as presented in John's gospel.

(e) †**Teaching of Jesus and His Apostles.** Cloth, 3/6; paper..... 2/6

The great subjects involved in the teachings of Christ and His apostles are here considered, such as Christ's Messiahship, the Kingdom of God, the Resurrection, the Holy Spirit, Prayer, Missionary Enterprise, &c. Thirty lessons.

**COOK, J. W.**

(c) †**Introduction to Bible Study.** Cloth, 1/-; paper..... 8d.

Designed for the average Bible-class student.

**DE PUY-TRAVIS.**

(c) †**Outline Studies in Biblical Facts and History.** Cloth, 1/6; paper ..... 1/-

A course of twenty-six lessons—four introductory, seven on the Old Testament, thirteen on the life of Christ and the early Church, and a review and questions for examination. Twenty maps and charts.

**DOGGETT-BURR-BALL-COOPER.**

(d) †**Life Problems.** Paper..... 1/- net.

This series of twenty-four lessons deals with matters closely related to the life of young men, such as social relationships, temptations, livelihood.

**FALCONER, R. A.**

(e) †**Truth of the Apostolic Gospel.** Cloth, 3/6; paper ..... 2/6

The essence of the gospel is presented in thirty lessons. The book will aid those troubled with doubts to understand the convincing reasons for belief.

**FOWLER, H. T.**

(e) †**Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament.** Cloth, 3/-; paper ..... 2/-

This course of Old Testament studies is based upon Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes. It deals with the Hebrew attitude toward God in the light of their peculiar problems, and with the application of these teachings to our times.

**GIBSON, H. W.**

**Bible Studies for Boys' Camps**..... 6d.

A supplement to Mr. Gibson's book on camping planned "to help boys hear the 'sermons in stones,' and become better acquainted with God the Creator and Jesus Christ the Saviour and Friend." Twelve lessons and a list of thirty-one suggestive Bible readings.

**GOODMAN, F. S.**

(c) **Another Story by Dr. Luke. Arranged for Correspondence Study.** Lesson sets complete..... 8d.

Fifteen short readings to acquaint the student with the story of the founding of the Christian Church as recorded in "The Acts of the Apostles."

(c) **Christian Testimony. (Studies in Acts.)** Paper ..... 8d.

The witness to Christ, as borne by the disciples in the early Church, is the central fact of these elementary inductive studies.

(c) **Enlisted Man and His Bible.** Paper ..... 8d.

The peculiar needs of men in the Army and Navy have been kept in mind in preparing this course.

(c) **Life and Letters of Paul.** Sixth edition, revised 1911. Cloth ..... 2/-
Paper ..... 1/- net

Thirty studies in the life of Paul arranged chronologically, divided into four sections. May be used as two short courses or one long one. Provision is made for a limited study of the Pauline epistles. Daily readings related to the lessons are added. A chronology of Paul's life and a classification of his epistles are given.

(c) **Main Lines in the Bible.** Railroad and city editions, each ..... 1/- net

Short and simple yet comprehensive and practical studies for busy people on topics such as, the Bible, God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, Forgiveness, Prayer, Service. Fourteen lessons and a bibliography.

(d) **Prayer, Principles and Examples.** Cloth, 1/- net; paper ..... 8d.

Twenty-five lessons on essential conditions, definiteness, perseverance, faith. Special studies in the prayer life of great characters in the Bible, notably Abraham, Moses, David, Christ, Paul. May be divided into two twelve-lesson courses.

(c) **Progressive Bible Studies.** Cloth, 1/- net; paper .....8d.

Nine introductory lessons on the Bible and its use, nine on fundamental truths as a preparation for service, and seven personal work studies based on Christ's life, with studies of practical personal problems.

**GOODMAN-KNEBEL.**

(c) **Story of Jesus by John.** Correspondence Bible Study. Twenty-two lessons, with a copy of John's gospel..... 8d.
Additional copies of John, each ..... 2d.

Especially adapted to men who cannot meet regularly in classes. Each lesson occupies a separate leaflet, with space after each question for a written answer.

**The Complete Catalogue of these Studies may be had Free on Application to**

## MARSHALL BROTHERS, LIMITED,

**LONDON: 47, Paternoster Row, E.C. EDINBURGH: 99, George St.**
**NEW YORK: 124, East 28th Street.**

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### The Best Sort of Exercise.

I WONDER how many young fellows, keen to keep themselves "fit," have had the Apostle Paul's judgment quoted to them that "bodily exercise profiteth little"? A goodly number, I feel sure. They will be relieved to hear, then, that Paul did not say that. What he wrote to the young Timothy was, "Train yourself in godliness [if one might coin a word, "gymnasium yourself in godliness"], for bodily training is profitable to a certain extent, but godliness is useful in every respect."

It is absurd to quote Paul, whose letters are so full of references to manly sports, as being "down on athletics." He was not. He actually wanted the cult of exercise extended. "Train yourself," he says, "physically, of course, but not in that direction only. Train yourself in godliness, too, for that is more useful still." There is nothing there, you see, against your taking due and proper means to keep yourselves in good physical condition. That, indeed, is your plain duty to the temple of your body—to keep it clean and pure and efficient.

But the other, more important, exercise, what about that? Some of us shy off at the word "godliness" as if it merely concerned old men. Well, put "Christlikeness" in its place, then. I know of no other sort of godliness than that. Now, read the order: "Train yourselves in Christlikeness. Practise it regularly. Work at it hard and earnestly."

Some people seem to think that all they need to do is to accept Jesus as their Saviour, and then just allow themselves to be borne along on some invisible spiritual current to nobility and strength of character. And that is why there are so many professing Christians who are not in the least like Christ. They have never begun to *try* to be like Him. They have never commenced *training*. How do you learn (as Henry Drummond used to say) to be a public speaker? By practice. How do you learn to play your instrument? By practice. How can you learn Christlikeness? Just in the same way, and in no other.

And do we practise very hard? At loving our neighbour, for example, or bearing disappointment sweetly, or holding back the hasty, foolish word? If you have a temper, tell yourself frankly, as you read this, whether you have practised controlling it anything like so earnestly as you have practised your swing at golf. Think what Christlikeness in all its breadth and height means. Isn't there need for us to work hard at our calling?

Not that our work alone will achieve anything, of course. Paul would never suggest that. It's our work, plus the gift and increase of God, in this sphere just as on the lower plane. Exercise develops your muscles because it brings you and the God of all growth into partnership. You do your share, and at the same time, and through your efforts, God gives His increase.

You practise Christlikeness every day. You try to do what Christ would have you do. Sometimes it is very hard, and you are beaten. Sometimes you do manage to do the Christlike thing. In any case, you try again, and keep on trying. And, amid it all, if you are in earnest, you are learning and growing. Christ is adding His increase as you practise.

You never need to look very far away for chances of exercise. At home, at your work, at your game the opportunities come continually to forget yourself, to keep your temper, to cleave to purity of thought and speech, to be patient, kind, helpful. There's your gymnasium! There's your training-ground! You practise, and you need to practise and work hard there. But that is only half the truth. The other half is that, there also, all the while, Christ worketh in you—if you have given Him the chance.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 5.**—Luke v. 27-39. *They that are whole need not a physician* (verse 31). Jesus' great hindrance then, as it is to-day, was the failure of men to recognise their need of Him in their hearts. Then, as now, they were glad of His help in providing bodily health and food, but few were concerned about their sins, which had brought Jesus down to earth.

**Saturday, 6.**—Luke vi. 1-16. *The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath* (verse 5). Let us remember that our Sunday is "the Lord's Day," and that the profitable use of that day must always be that which brings most profit to Him. The mere idea of a rest day or holiday is sure to mislead, because it contains only a bit of the truth. See Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.

**Sunday, 7th.**—Luke vi. 17-34. *Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God* (verse 20). In Matthew v. 3 we read "poor in spirit," the reverse of that spirit of self-sufficiency which makes men think that they can get on without Christ. To those who have this sense of need Christ offers Himself as a present possession and as the King whose presence brings with it "THE KINGDOM OF GOD."

**Monday, 8th.**—Luke vi. 35-49. *Every tree is known by its own fruit* (verse 44). The special life within a tree makes all the difference as to the form it takes and fruit it bears. Similarly, if Christ is in the heart He will surely make a difference to the thoughts and habits of the possessor, as indicated in to-day's portion.

**Tuesday, 9th.**—Luke vii. 1-17. *He delivered him to his mother* (verse 15). In this portion we read of Jesus' service to two homes. Let us specially think of all that it meant to this mother that her son had come into personal touch with Christ. It was only He who could change that procession of Death into one of Life. So it is in the case of every mother's son.

**Wednesday, 10th.**—Luke vii. 18-35. *Tell what things ye have seen and heard* (verse 22). This was Jesus' message of assurance for John the Baptist, who was being greatly tempted in his prison to doubt whether Jesus was all that he had expected. Lest in some moment of trial we are tempted to doubt the full value of Christianity in respect to our particular difficulties, let us read what great things Christian history has to tell of Christ's ability to meet every need.

**Thursday, 11th.**—Luke vii. 36-50. *Which of them will love him most?* (verse 42). Our Lord Jesus Christ rightly calculates that what He has done for us ought to claim our deepest love. One reason why He is so often disappointed is because people do not think sufficiently over the meaning and cost of all that He has done, and what their position would be without Him.

---

Dr. Chalmers, riding on a stage-coach, by the side of the driver, said: "John, why do you hit that off leader such a crack with your lash?" "Away yonder," said he, "there's a white stone; that off leader is afraid of that stone; so, by the crack of my whip and the pain in his legs, I want to get his idea off from it." Dr. Chalmers went home, elaborated the idea, and wrote "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection." Wonderful is the expulsive power of the Word laid up in the heart with the purpose of obeying it. The mind filled with God's own truth has no room for inferior thoughts, for defiling thoughts, and is invulnerable to temptation. Happy is he who can say:

"Thy Word have I laid up in my heart,
That I might not sin against thee."


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

*Telegraphic Address: "Manhood (Westcent), London."*
*Telephone:—Editorial: 2060 Museum (2 lines).*
*Business: Holborn 1316.*

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, INCORPORATED

(FOR ENGLAND, WALES & IRELAND).

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD, K.T.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS, Esq.
Treasurer: R. L. BARCLAY, Esq.
Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

*HEADQUARTERS:*

"George Williams House,"
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matter should be addressed.*

*Contributions are invited. The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, articles of general interest, and photographs of current events, whether relating to purely Y.M.C.A. matters or to more general topics. All accepted contributions and photographs will be paid for. Stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed in case of rejection.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or news-agents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**
**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT.**
**ENGAGEMENTS WANTED.**
**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to MANAGER, Advertising Department.**

"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."



## Board.

**55, PETHERTON ROAD,** Canonbury Station. Board-residence, late dinner. Bath (h. & c.), gas, and piano. Every convenience. From 15/- per week. 5

**22, DOUGLAS ROAD,** Canonbury, N. Very comfortable home, liberal table. Bath, piano, garden. Easy access to City and West. Near station and tube. Moderate; well recommended. 6

**23, PETHERTON ROAD,** Highbury. Board-residence, refined home for gentlemen. Late dinner, double and single rooms. Terms moderate. Highly recommended. 7

**30, CALABRIA ROAD,** Highbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for City gentlemen. Board as required. Moderate terms. Visitors 2/6 bed and breakfast. Penny fare City. 10

**58, FINSBURY PARK ROAD,** Finsbury Park. Superior homely board-residence; temporary or permanent. Close to tubes, trams, parks. Bath, gas, piano. Very moderate; well recommended. 11

**13, MILDMAY PARK.** Bedrooms, gentlemen from 6/-; use of sitting-room. Visitors, bed and breakfast, 2/6. Motor 'buses to City and West End. Well recommended. 12

**24, ST. MARY'S ROAD,** Highbury. Comfortable home. City gentlemen. Breakfast, teas, full Sundays, 14/-; or late dinners, 15/6. Visitor, 2/6, bed, breakfast. 1d. fare City. 15

**10, NORTHAMPTON PARK,** Canonbury, N. Bedroom, use sitting-room; bath, organ; breakfast, full board Sunday, 10/6; partial board, 15/-. Reduction to share. Near train and tram. 16

**11-13, HIGHBURY HILL, N.** Board-residence; comfortably furnished rooms. Electric light; good and liberal table. Sitting-room, bath, billiards, dark-room. Terms moderate. 18

**WOODLANDS, BOWES ROAD,** New Southgate, N. Board and residence. Comfortable home; cycle accommodation. Easy access to City and West End. Liberal table; moderate terms. 19

**123, LADY MARGARET ROAD,** Tufnell Park, N. Single and double rooms; board according to requirements. Two minutes 'buses, tube, trams, and Tufnell Park Tube Station, and Highgate and Hampstead Tube. Close to Hampstead Heath. Moderate terms; highly recommended. 20

**64, ST. JOHN'S PARK,** Upper Holloway, N. (near Highbury Tube). Accommodation for one or two young gentlemen. Superior home; moderate. One minute 'bus and car. 14

**6, MILNER SQUARE,** Islington, N. Bedroom, use of sitting-room. Partial board, piano, 14/- weekly; two sharing, 12/6. Full board or late dinner if required. 74

**WEST HAMPSTEAD,** 77, Fordwych Road. Near Brondesbury Met. & N.L. Stations, and 'buses along Edgware Road to Cricklewood. Billiards; late dinner; comfortable. Terms from 16/6 sharing. 67

**12, STANLEY GARDENS,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable board-residence, late dinner. Three minutes Belsize Park Tube. Every convenience, from 16/6 per week. 24

**27, BELSIZE CRESCENT,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable, highly recommended home; spacious, well-appointed house. Electric light, bath (h. & c.), piano, billiards, late dinner; excellent table. Moderate terms. Near Belsize Tube, Hampstead Heath and Swiss Cottage. 25

**16, THE GARDENS,** South Hill Park, Hampstead. Comfortable board-residence, double or single rooms, facing Heath. Three minutes train, tram and 'bus. Twenty minutes City. Telephone: 6788 Hampstead. 25

**168, HAVERSTOCK HILL,** Hampstead, N.W. Board-residence, en famille; up-to-date appointments; late dinner; billiards, tennis. Near Belsize Park Station. 18/6 to 21/-. 27

**11, STANLEY GARDENS,** Belsize Park, N.W. Comfortable home for Gentlemen. Breakfast, late dinner, and all meals on Sundays. Three minutes from Belsize Tube Station. Good references; terms moderate. 68

**LARGE ROOM** for two friends, separate beds, £1 each per week. Reference to present boarders.—Miss S., 3, Nightingale Road, Clapton, N.E. 73

**11, GLAZEBURY ROAD,** West Kensington. Few paying guests offered quiet, refined, comfortable home. Bath (h. & c.), garden, piano, electric light. Close to District and Piccadilly Tube. Partial, 25/-; sharing room, 21/- inclusive. 29

**21, BRIXTON HILL, S.W.** Partial board-residence for two gentlemen. Good house on main road. Late dinner, garden, bath, piano, tennis. Trams pass door. Near station. Terms 14/-. 30

**261, UXBRIDGE ROAD,** Shepherd's Bush, W. Comfortable single bedrooms, use of sitting-room, bath. Every home comfort. Partial board if desired. Near tube, Metropolitan Railway. 31

**2, STOCKWELL PARK ROAD,** Clapham Road. Board-residence, 16/-; bed-sitting room, 6/6. One minute trams, 'buses, and Wireless Telegraphy School. Suitable for study. Bath (h. and c.). 33

**24, MELROSE GARDENS,** Shepherd's Bush, W. Comfortable home. Partial board. Bath, piano. Moderate inclusive terms. Near Tube, District and Metropolitan Railways. 35

**"LALEHAM,"** Clarence Road, Clapham Park. Most comfortable home; large house. Three acres woodland garden. Four baths. Partial board, 26/-; full, 35/-. 37

**CHELSEA,** Street's Temperance Hostel, 25, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea. Comfortable home; strict cleanliness. Full board, 25/-; partial board, 18/6; bedroom and breakfast, 12/6. 40

**47, AYNHOE ROAD,** West Kensington, W. Comfortable quiet Home. Bedrooms; use of sitting room. Breakfast, bath, piano, 10/6: permanent, visitors, 2/6 per day. Near tube, District, Metropolitan Railway. 42

**PUTNEY, S.W.,** 52, Clarendon Road. Comfortable accommodation for gentlemen. Pleasantly situated house. Moderate terms. Recommended. 43

**20, DEVONSHIRE STREET,** Queen Square, W.C. Bedrooms from 5/6. Board as required. Bed and breakfast, 2/6. Central, near tram, train and tube; terms moderate. 48

**"KINGSTON HALL,"** 7, Brunswick Square, Bloomsbury. Partial or full board in superior residential home; centrally situated. Gardens, tennis, electric light, baths. Bed and breakfast, 3/6. 53

**28, CARTWRIGHT GARDENS,** Sandhills Hotel. Board and residence, electric light, baths. Telephone, 5329 City. Three minutes St. Pancras, King's Cross. Access to garden. Proprietress. 54

**44, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.** Board-residence. Liberal table; access to gardens. Moderate terms. Bedroom and breakfast from 3/-. Two minutes Museum and University. 52

**THE BENSON RESIDENTIAL ESTABLISHMENT,** 2, Brunswick Square, W.C. Central, comfortable and economical, facing large private garden, to which visitors have entrance. Tariff from C. Holloway. 55

**32, DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.** Bedroom, bath and breakfast, 3/-, or 15/6 per week. Five minutes G.N.R., Midland and Euston. Very central.—Mrs. Winter. 56

**47, BERNARD STREET,** Russell Square, W.C. Board, residence, very central, close to British Museum. Bedroom with breakfast from 13/6 weekly. 57

**50, DOUGHTY STREET,** Russell Square. Comfortable board-residence, well recommended, from 21/-, full board. Reduction for sharing. Separate beds. No extras. Good attendance. Bath. 59

**97, GOWER STREET, W.C.** Board-residence from 21/- per week, or rooms only, in quiet, clean, well-kept house. Good cooking and service. Well recommended. Near trams, tube and 'bus. 62

**CLAPHAM,** 73, Jeffreys Road. 5 minutes Stockwell Tube Station, 2 minutes trams, motors. Good bedroom 5/6, partial board 14/6, full 16/-. Liberal table. Recommended as a social and comfortable home. 28

**247, KENNINGTON ROAD.** Board-residence, comfortable home. Bath, piano; partial board. Near all bridges and W.E. Terms 14/6 per week (late dinner, 15/6). 63

**COMFORTABLE HOME** for two friends sharing large room. Near trains, trams and 'buses. Breakfast and late dinner, full board Sundays. Terms 14/6 per week. 13, Underhill Road, Dulwich. 78

**W.C.,** 35, Doughty Street. Bedrooms from 5/6, also bed-sitting rooms from 7/-. Meals optional. Quiet, clean, comfortable. 79

**ST. JOHN'S.** Gentleman can be received as paying-guest with private family. Refined home, superior house, with every modern convenience. Large garden, pleasantly situated Trams to Embankment, and 'buses to West End and City. Terms moderate.—Apply, 74, Tressillian Road, St. John's, S.E. 64

**BOARDING HOME FOR YOUNG MEN**
**BAYSWATER Y.M.C.A.**
(President—The Hon. Mr. Justice Lush.)
**28, PRINCE'S SQUARE, QUEEN'S ROAD, W. close to Kensington Gardens.**
Pleasantly and conveniently situated within three minutes' walk of the "Tube," Metropolitan Railway Station, Queen's Road, 10 minutes from Paddington Station (G.W.R.), and 'buses to all parts. Bedroom charges, **5s., 6s.** and **7s. 6d.** Moderate tariff (see prospectus). Full particulars from WALTER WILD, Secretary. 2

RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR YOUNG MEN.
**BLOOMSBURY HOUSE,**
**Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.**
President: Mr. WALTER HAZELL, J.P.
Central situation. Within walking distance of City and West End. The Club is fitted throughout with Electric Light.
**Bedroom Charges (including Boots, Bath, etc.) from 7/3 per week.**
*Refreshments according to Tariff at Moderate Charges.*
The arrangements of the Club are quite modern and every provision has been made for the Comfort and the Social Life of the Members. Lawn Tennis, Gymnasium, etc.
**Enlarged to 180 Bedrooms.**
All applications to be addressed to the WARDEN. 71

**St. Pancras Y.M.C.A.**
**RESIDENTIAL HOME,**
**62, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.**
Close to the West End, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, and on main road, with Tubes, Trams, and Trains to all parts.
**BEDROOM ACCOMMODATION 5/6 PER WEEK.**
*Board by Arrangement.*
*Special Tariff for Visitors.*

**ESMOND HOTEL,**
**1, MONTAGUE ST., RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.**
This Temperance Hotel adjoins the British Museum, and is Central and quiet. Night Porter. Private Garden.
10 Bedrooms, Lounge, 2 Bath Rooms, recently added, Electric Light installed, and whole house renovated.
Bedroom and Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Attendance, from **5/-** to **6/6**; or with Plain Breakfast, **4/3** to **5/9** per night.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
T. MOFFETT, proprietor, late Gen. Sec. Leeds Y.M.C.A.
Telephone No.: Gerrard 1675. Telegraphic Address: "Agroup, Westcent, London." 72

Fulham and South Kensington Young Men's Christian Association.
**BOARDING HOME for YOUNG MEN,**
**"FAIRLAWN," 643, Fulham Road, London, S.W.**
Has been visited by over 2,800 Men from all parts of the World. Accommodation for 23. Beds from 5/- per week. Single Rooms, **6/-** and **6/6** per week. Sitting and Study Rooms, Cycle Storage and Dark Room. Moderate Tariff. Reduction to Y.M.C.A. Members and permanent boarders.
*Apply (with stamped and directed envelope) to*
THE MANAGER, *mentioning "Y.M."* 73

## Seaside Apartments.

**TORQUAY,** 29, Morgan Avenue. Board-residence. Comfortable home, bath, electric light. Ten minutes from sea. References given. Highly recommended. 21/- per week. 65

**THORPE BAY,** 151, Shaftesbury Avenue. Season Ticket Free. Two minutes from Sea. Board-residence 24/-. Golf. 66

## Miscellaneous.

**BEGIN TO READ YOUR GREEK NEW TESTAMENT** at once. Simple, rapid method, will greatly interest you. A powerful aid to Scriptural study. By correspondence. Easy terms. Write immediately, enclosing stamp.—Box 77, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**

**Price 6d. Net, post free, 7d.**

**BRITAIN AT WAR THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.**

**BY**

**The Rev. LEN G. BROUGHTON, D.D.**

Containing four remarkable sermons preached by Dr. Broughton, at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and calling forth an extraordinary demonstration of popular enthusiasm.

**Sold by all Booksellers Everywhere.**

**MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., PUBLISHERS,**
**47, Paternoster Row, E.C.; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; and 124, East 28th Street, New York.**

THE

# Universal Folding Organs.

**5/-** Down.

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

## CAMP USE

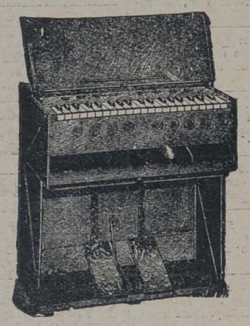
ALSO FOR

MISSION HALLS and THE HOME.

**10/-** Per Month.

The Universal Organ is used in all these Countries:—

India, China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Australia, New Zealand, Congo, Nigeria, Canada, U.S.A., Ceylon, Sierra Leone, Uganda, Calabar, Venezuela, Brazil, &c., &c., &c.



OPEN.

We shall be pleased to supply

**THE BILHORN UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGANS**

to *bona fide* applicants at the following exceptional terms:—

No. 50.—Cash Price **£4 17 6** or **5/-** down and 10 monthly payments of **10/-**

No. 70.—Cash Price **£7 8 6** or **5/-** down and 16 monthly payments of **10/-**.

No. 80.—Cash Price **£8 9 6** or **5/-** down and 18 monthly payments of **10/-**.

No. 100.—Cash Price **£10 12 6** or **5/-** down and 22 monthly payments of **10/-**

No. 120.—Cash Price **£12 17 6** or **5/-** down and 27 monthly payments of **10/-**

Some places in the United Kingdom where these Organs are used:—

London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Halifax, Newcastle, Shetland Isles, Dublin, Waterford, Bristol, Plymouth, Hull, Aberdeen, Dover, Londonderry, Eastbourne, Oxford, &c. &c., &c.

## The UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN

*(BILHORN BROS.' PATENT).*

**The most perfect Folding Organ ever introduced.**

The instrument is one of the finest folding organs built, and no one will ever regret having made the purchase. It is beautiful in design, well finished, possesses a sweet and soft tone, and with the use of the knee levers a strong and powerful volume can be obtained. The organ is provided with two rubber-cushioned handles so that it can be conveniently carried by one or two persons. The body is made of three and five ply oak veneering; being thus constructed, it is light, strong, durable, and resonant.

There are five styles, as follows:—

Style No. 50 contains 49 notes and is a full 4-octave instrument with a single set of reeds. The Case is covered with Best American Leather Cloth.

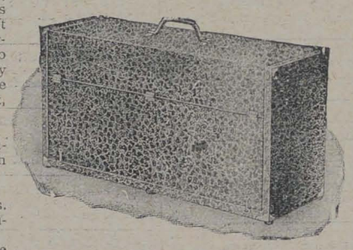
The next four in Polished Oak Cases.

Style No. 70 contains 39 notes and has a double set of reeds.

Style No. 80 contains 49 notes and is a full 4-octave instrument and has a double set of reeds.

Style No. 100 is a full 5-octave instrument with a double set of reeds.

Style No. 120 is a 5-octave with a triple set of reeds.



CLOSED.

## The New UNIVERSAL CHAMPION Folding Organ

**A Special Design just introduced. Suitable for SMALL MISSION HALL and OPEN-AIR WORK.**

Price **£4 17 6** OR, ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN, 5/- DOWN AND 10 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 10/-.

It is a full 4-octave instrument, with a well gradd swell, and fitted in strong case of 3 and 5-ply veneering, covered with best American Leather cloth, and is specially strengthened for carrying.

**Sole Agents for Great Britain:**

## MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

**FULL LIST FREE.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—*February 5, 1915.*

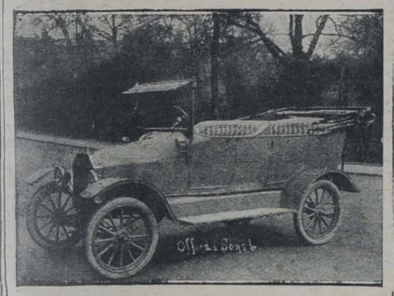
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 5. Vol. 1. FEBRUARY 12, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.





OBTAIN YOUR

## FORD CARS

FROM US.

Incomparably the best value in the motoring world.

**STANDARD MODELS.**

Runabout, £115.
Touring Car, £125.
Town Landaulette, £175.

*Transit from Manchester, extra £4.*

IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES. EXPERT ADVICE. TUITION. PERSONAL ATTENTION. DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

*Every car carefully tuned up and tested before delivery.*

**FORD CARS with OFFORD BODIES.**

Combine Luxury with utility. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**OFFORD & SONS, LTD.,**

67, George St., Portman Sq., London.

*Telephone—Paddington 99.*




LORD FISHER, FIRST SEA LORD.

The "Kitchener of the Navy," as Lord Rosebery once characterised him, Lord Fisher, at the age of 74, has come out from his retirement to help his country in her hour of peril. An article on Lord Fisher appears on page 100. *Photo: Haines.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


RALLY ROUND THE FLAG: A Patriotic Poem and Drawing ... ... 99

CLERGYMEN AS SPECIAL CONSTABLES (with Portraits) ... ... 100

LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. IV.—Lord Fisher ... ... ... 100

LIFE ON AN AMBULANCE TRAIN (fully Illustrated). By One of the R.A.M.C. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 101

AT THE SIGN OF THE TRIANGLE (Illustrated) ... ... ... ... 103

CAMP CAMEOS (with Illustrations) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 105

BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 5.—"Concerning Conversation"... ... ... 106

OUR SHORT STORY: "A Plot that Failed." By H. Martyn Gilbert ... 113

"Bournville" (Reg.d Trade Mark) Cocoa &
"Cadbury's" (Reg.d Trade Mark)
MILK Chocolate




BOTH OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE

CARR'S BISCUITS

Have you tried
Carr's Celebrated

TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD ?
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

PENNY JOLLY CAKES
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack. ::

CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING

Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LIMITED CARLISLE.

MASON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE GOOD! ITS MASON'S




An Agreeable, Stimulating and Sustaining Beverage. Instantly Prepared and most Economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

*Of all Grocers and Stores, or a Sample Bottle Post Free for : Nine Stamps. :*

NEWBALL & MASON, Nottingham.

H. PACKHAM, SONS & PALMER,

Builders, Decorators & Contractors,

2, SOUTH ROAD, PRESTON PARK, BRIGHTON,

BUILDERS OF THE
Y.M.C.A. HUTS AT NEWHAVEN
ALSO BUILDERS OF
St. Mary's Church, Preston Park,
St. Peter's Church, Portland Rd., Aldrington,
and The R.C. Church & Schools, Portslade.

Y. YMCA M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 5. Vol. 1. FEBRUARY 12, 1915. PRICE 1d.

# RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.




I.

Come, rally round the flag, my lads,
As Britons did of old,
And let the foreign hosts proclaim
That British men are bold.
The foe is strong and bitter, he has
Numbers great and vast;
But God and Right are on our side,
So we shall win at last.
Then rally round the flag, my lads,
And let the Germans know
That we are faithful to our friends
And stubborn to the foe.

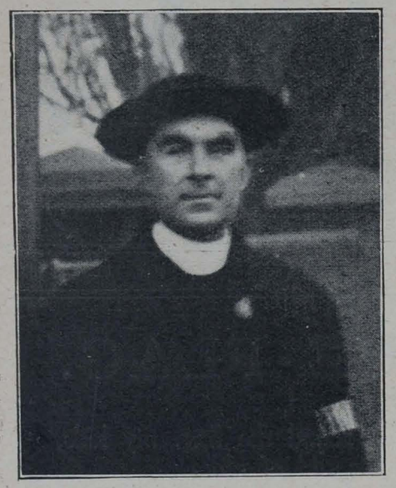
II.

Come, rally round the flag, my lads,
And do your level best
To fight for truth and righteousness
And help of those distressed!
This flag has led to victory
In many a foreign clime,
And you can to its lustre add
In this our modern time.
Then rally round the flag, my lads,
And let the Germans know
That we are faithful to our friends,
Though stubborn to the foe.

III.

NOW rally round the flag, my lads,
And make a gallant stand
For sweethearts, wives, and little ones,
And dear old Motherland!
Protect them from their enemies,
May God defend the right!
And make this glorious flag to be
The banner of His might!
Then rally round the flag, my lads,
And let the Germans know
That we are faithful to our friends,
But fatal to our foe.

KATE ASHLEY.



The Rev. A. H. Dacombe, M.A., Senior Curate of St. Ann's, Stamford Hill, N.

## CLERGYMEN AS SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

**North London Preachers on Duty as Officers of the Law.**

ALL over the country clergymen and ministers are nobly doing their duty in this hour of national crisis. Many of them have joined the colours as ordinary privates; others are serving at the front as chaplains and stretcher-bearers; while many of those whose duty keeps them at home are, like the three clergymen whose portraits are reproduced on this page, acting in the capacity of special constables.

In a time such as this every available man is needed, and it is good to know that all ranks and stations are contributing to the common cause.

### THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human soul from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark Future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace."

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise!

—LONGFELLOW.

When F. W. Robertson's biographer was gathering material for the "Life" he came into contact with a Brighton shopkeeper, and asked him if he could give him any information relating to the great preacher whose portrait was hanging on the wall. Said he, "If ever in the shop I am tempted to meanness or baseness or trickery I come back here and look in that man's face, and, sir, I cannot do it."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### IV.—LORD FISHER, FIRST SEA LORD.

SEVENTY-FOUR years of age, Lord Fisher of Kilverstone is still one of the most active men of the day. Emerging from retirement at the call of the State, he has laboured with splendid energy as First Sea Lord. Early rising has always been one of his habits, and few men have made better use of their working hours. Industry is one of the secrets of his successful career. Lord Rosebery called him once the "Kitchener of the Navy."

Put briefly, Lord Fisher's past record at the Admiralty is that he introduced the nucleus crew system, reorganised the Reserves, and put his faith in Dreadnoughts, despite all criticism.

It was under his direction that the Naval College at Osborne was inaugurated in 1903 to give the future naval officers a splendid technical education. He realised the enormous importance of mechanics, electric



The Rev. F. R. Holmes, M.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Bowes Park, N.

power, turbines, triple screws, and boiler tubes, and henceforward naval cadets learn practically the whole art of modern seamanship.

Lord Fisher is a man with strong views, and, as a matter of course, has had to face many opponents. But he has held on his way with a steady persistence that wins ultimate victory. In what he has written you find frequent quotations from the Bible. He is no fatalist, except in the sense that he believes most thoroughly that Providence has much more to do with our affairs than men imagine.

There is a story told of Lord Fisher that once, when the British fleet was about to pay a visit to France, Queen Victoria urged him to be particularly civil to the French Admiral. "I'll kiss him, ma'am, if you wish," said Lord Fisher, to the Queen's amusement. In these critical months of war Lord Fisher has had abundant opportunity of showing practical friendship with our great Ally across the Channel.

A man who works his hardest and keeps himself fit can—even at 74—carry the highest and heaviest responsibilities, as the case of Lord Fisher abundantly proves.

**LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S "Y.M."**

IN next week's issue, in addition to announcing the result of our second competition, "My Hero, and Why," we shall outline the arrangements for an entirely new competition, which should appeal to every reader. A handsome prize will be offered.

### A NATION'S PRAYER.

OH! God of Battles, hear our cry,
And let our prayers ascend to Thee,
For through the vast abyss of space
Our prayers may pierce eternity.

Far in the past Thy love has blessed
This land of ours, and dealt her power;
Far o'er the world her name has passed.
Oh! give her strength in this dread hour.

Sweep from our minds the flippant sneer
At things most holy, things most pure;
Enthuse us with great thoughts and deeds,
Inspire us that we may endure.

God, give us strength, then grant us power
With strength and peace the world to bless,
For Britain's rod must ever rule
With justice, truth, and righteousness.

S. K. C.

### WHEN THE COLONEL SURRENDERED.

Things had certainly looked black for the very young lieutenant when his colonel discovered him in sweet communion with his daughter.

What could he say when he was summoned to explain himself? As a general rule, men are helpless when in love, but not so our lover.

He was made of sterner stuff than to knuckle under.

"Have you any explanation to offer for your conduct?" the colonel demanded sternly.

"Sir," answered our hero, bringing his hand up to a smart salute, "I have the honour to report an engagement at close quarters, in which I have been entirely victorious. It now only remains for you to give consent to the terms of surrender?"

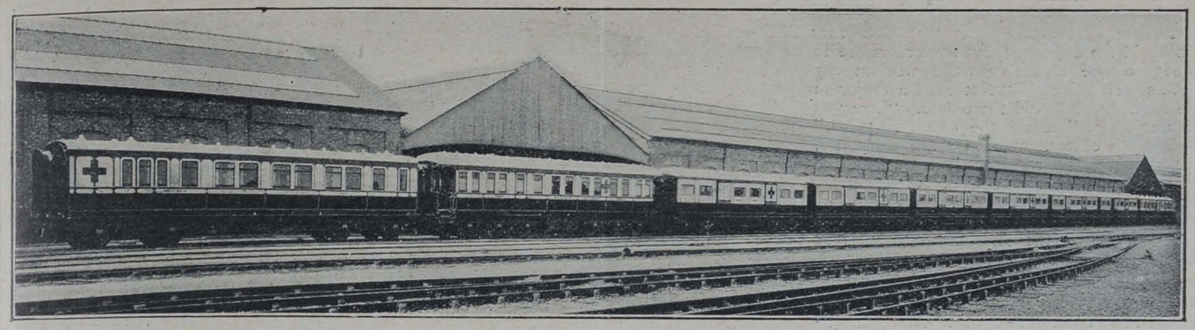
He carried the day.

A British soldier at the front contrived cleverly the other day to tell his home folks where he was without disclosing any secret that the Censor would obliterate. He wrote: "We are stationed near the Cathedral which mother admires so much." Only "mother" held the clue, and she knew it was Rouen!

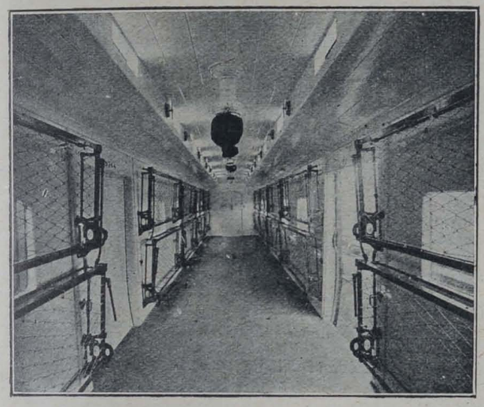


The Rev. D'Arcy Preston, Vicar of St. John's, Palmer's Green, N.

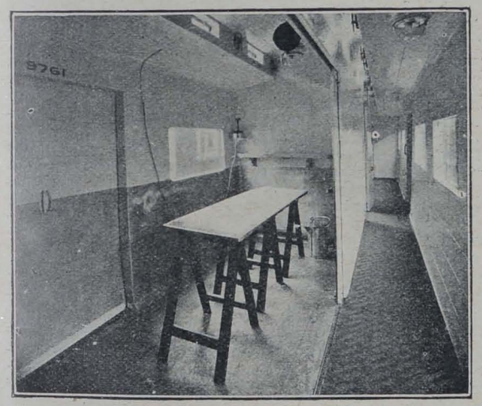




View of L. and N. W. Ambulance Train.



Ward of Ambulance Train showing Beds folded up



Operating Room, L. and N. W. Ambulance Train



Ward in Ambulance Train looking towards Pharmacy Car.

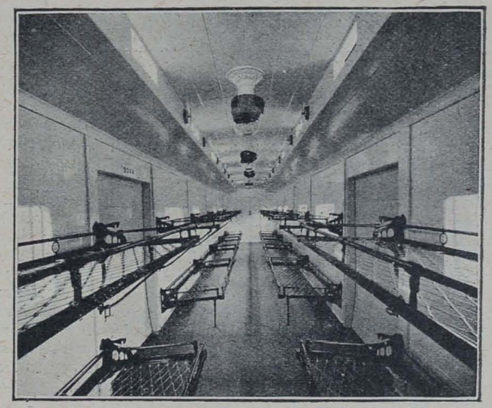
## LIFE ON AN AMBULANCE TRAIN.

By One of the R.A.M.C.

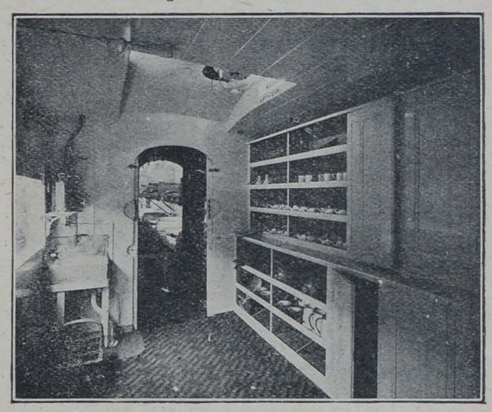
THE war! Every person you meet has something to say about it, and on all hands one hears praise for one or other branch of the Navy and Army. We hear of the gallant work of our sailors, of the men in the trenches, of the R.A.M.C. base and field hospitals, even, now and again, of the hospital ships; but back behind the scenes, hard-working, and consequently forgotten by the public—"out of sight, out of mind"—are some dozen ambulance trains, which are stationed at certain points, from which they convey our wounded brothers to all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales.

Each train has a *personnel* of some ten men, including N.C.O.'s, with one officer in command. The commanding officer, or O.C., as he is called in the service, is in sole command of the train, whatever his rank may be, and can refuse admission to any other officer, whether he is superior in rank or not—in fact, he does so, for on the train in which this article is being written the following incident took place.

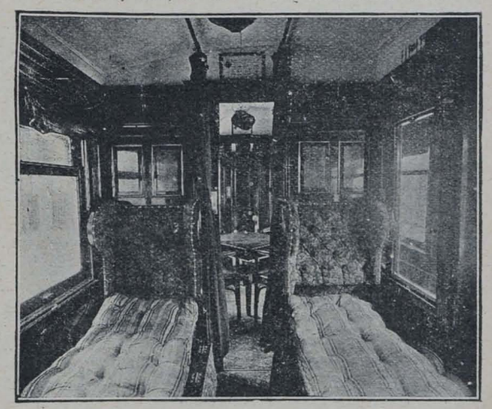
The order had been given by the O.C., who happened to be a lieutenant, that no one other than a medical officer on duty was to enter the train. When the train stopped at its destination an officer entered one of the wards. The orderly, who was a private,



Ward showing Bedsteads in Ambulance Train.



Pharmacy Car, L. and N. W. Ambulance Train.



Doctors' and Nurses' Dining and Sleeping Compartments.

immediately stopped him. "Pardon me, sir," said the orderly, "but my orders are to allow no one into this ward without my O.C.'s permission." "Not even a major in the R.A.M.C.?" said the officer. "Are you on duty, sir?" asked the orderly. "No," replied the officer. "Then I am sorry, sir, but you cannot come in," answered the orderly, and that officer went out again.

### The Awful Butchery of War.

The work on the ambulance train is as follows:—

First of all, an ambulance train consists of some five wards, a pharmacy car, including the O.C.'s office and linen store, a dining car, which is the home of the staff, the officers' quarters, and the sleeping compartment of the staff, which is in an ordinary third-class corridor carriage, the seats acting as beds, and very comfortable they are, although not quite like home beds. Each ward leads on into the next, and is denoted from that adjoining by being lettered—*e.g.*, A Ward, B Ward, C Ward, &c. In the centre of the train is the pharmacy, which has an operating room.

Before you go on a run you get your order stating when the hospital ship will arrive, where you are to take the patients, and how many you have to take. Each ward has beds—upper and lower cots. These, by swinging back the upper cots, can be made into very comfortable seats for sitting-down cases, about forty of which can be accommodated with comfort in each ward. As a rule, two wards are used for cot cases and three for sitting cases. Each ward is in charge of one orderly, who is responsible for that ward and every patient in it.

When the patients have been brought in, you start off. Should you start away about 9 o'clock in the morning, breakfast is served, which consists of bacon; then the dressing of the patients' wounds has to be seen to. At first this is interesting, but after a month or so how sickening this work becomes! Day after day to see men literally smashed up is too awful. What a filthy butchery war is, and yet how glad one feels to think that one is doing something, if only a little, to help the poor fellows who are doing so much for us!

Here is a man with both legs crushed; there another with his arm amputated, or a gaping wound in his side; further on is a poor fellow with his eyes bound up—shrapnel burst in front of him, and he is sightless for life. To the left is a young boy—he has not long left school; his feet are swathed in bandages, which, when they are taken off, expose two feet jet black—it is a case of frost-bite, and only careful treatment will save his feet for him. "Orderly," calls one of the patients; you go over to him. It is a young fellow with the remains of a right hand in bandages. He only wants you to write a letter to his mother for him, and quietly tells you not to let her think that he is too bad; it might worry her. Just then another calls for a drink—he is feverish; there is no hope for him—he has tetanus (lockjaw). This is the glory of war that the War Lord of Germany loves.

If the journey is a long one, dinner is served at 1 p.m. It consists of stew, with bread, cheese, and jam after, as much as they want. Tea is served at about 5.30—bread and jam and tea. Of course, in cases of those who are too ill to take ordinary food, milk and beef tea are provided.

### Work before Rest.

Now comes a part of the work which no one ever thinks of. I often get said to me, when we have unloaded the wounded, "I suppose you will rest on the way back?" Never does it strike people that the train is filthy when the patients leave it, and that when we arrive back at our station we may very likely have another hospital ship waiting for us. So you see our first duty, when the patients have been unloaded, is, whatever the time may be, even be it 1 or 2 in the morning, to get beds made, wards *scrubbed* (not mopped) out, and everything ready for another run. This takes about two and a half to three hours. After this we may rest.

Our off-time is passed in various ways. We seldom can get out in the daytime, as news of a hospital ship's arrival comes so unexpectedly that it is not safe to be far distant from the train, but if no news of one coming in is received by 5 p.m., you know that you are safe for the day, and so leave is given. Of course, one N.C.O. and one private are always on the train, so we take turns in this. It is by no means infrequent to go a week or even longer without leave.

When we are off duty but not on leave we spend our time reading, writing, playing games, and having sing-songs. Some of the music is more weird than musical, but what matters when it passes time away? It helps you to think of home and to forget the moans of those poor Belgian soldiers you had in your ward on the last run. And those Belgians are so grateful for anything you do for them; they all shake hands with you before leaving the train, and they will give you anything they have got. But they are all grateful. Many and many is the time that you get said to you, "I say, darkie" (this is a favourite name among soldiers), "next time you're passing bring us a drink, I'm so sorry to trouble yer; there ain't no 'urry."

### The Difficult Problem of Sunday.

Days are all the same on this work, and frequently one asks, "Is it Sunday or Saturday, to-day?" One of the chief difficulties is to keep Sunday, for those who like to. It is a problem. If you are not on the run, when you are doing just the same as at any other time, you are sitting in the dining carriage smoking, talking, and most of them singing songs or playing cards. Indeed, Sunday is so like any other day that one finds oneself singing, "Hold your hand out, naughty boy," or "Just like his father did before him," quite forgetful of the day. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to remind you of it. In the evening, if you go on leave, you may go to church or chapel, but you may not get a chance of going again for two or three weeks, so that when you do go again the people have forgotten you, and so you pass unnoticed, and you almost feel it's no use going. What is more, if people do know you, they say he is *only* on an ambulance train; he isn't going to the front. They don't realise that you may be sent at any moment, and even if you don't get sent, you are doing your best, and fighting to keep Christ's banner waving amid so many temptations. One thing is certain, that you can follow Christ and be on the best of terms with all your comrades. Never fail to ask Christ for help, don't laugh at impure jokes, take all they say to you with a smile, and *never fail to have one back at them when a chance offers.* Thus life on an ambulance train will not be so bad after all.

---

The illustrations accompanying this article have been kindly lent to us by the *L. and N.W. Railway Gazette.*

---

The brothers Sergeants R. and H. Hunt, whose portraits appear on page 108, had both won gold medals for shooting and bayonet work, and in the championship of Ireland last year found themselves facing each other in the final.

## WHAT OTHERS THINK.

### A Kindly Word of Appreciation from a Military Contemporary.

THE *Territorial Service Gazette* devoted a recent editorial to our work. We quote it with deep gratitude for its appreciative tone and whole-hearted acknowledgment of indebtedness:—

"The Young Men's Christian Association are setting a splendid example of what it is in the power of the whole of us to do towards helping the men who are giving themselves up to the duty of national defence. . . . It is over a decade ago since this world-famed organisation first embarked on its commendable service of helpfulness towards the troops, and those who remember its earlier appearance on the military stage will not forget how welcome a feature their tents were at the Volunteer annual training camps. Since then the Y.M.C.A. has never looked back, but has progressed steadily year by year in its laudable work until its Army organisation has become as complete and as perfect as that of any of our great army corps. Indeed, it is only experience, efficiency, perfect organisation, and the love of service towards one's fellow-creatures that could enable a purely civilian body like the Y.M.C.A. to carry out their Army work so thoroughly as to win for them not only the highest opinion of all ranks, but their respect and friendship.

"Indeed, wherever one goes, one cannot help being impressed by the wonderful work being done for soldiers and sailors by the Y.M.C.A., and yet these remarkable people are not satisfied with the extent of their labour of love, but are still reaching out for fresh fields to conquer, for a widening of the scope of their gospel of help, for an additional increase to their self-imposed mission of doing good to their fellow-creatures."

---

## PAPERS FOR WAR TIME.

A REMARKABLE series of papers is just now being issued, under the editorship of the Rev. Wm. Temple, M.A., and published by a committee representing various Christian bodies and political parties. The first twelve are thoroughly worthy of the attention of Christian people. They raise many questions, face some, and avoid others. We do not for a moment commit ourselves to all the opinions expressed, but the series forms a serious attempt to see the present in the light that streams from Calvary, and the contributors dare to insist that the Christian standard must be the test of our convictions, our behaviour, our speeches and writings, and our international relationships.

Mr. Temple begins bravely:—"In a world gone pagan, what is a Christian to do? For the world is gone pagan. Members of the body of Christ are tearing one another, and His body is bleeding as it once bled on Calvary, but this time the wounds are dealt by His friends. It is as though Peter were driving home the nails and John were piercing the side.

"And yet, as I at least read the story, this nation was right to declare war, and those who are fighting at her call are fighting for a just cause, which there was, at that time, no way of serving except the soldier's way."

That is only a sample of much these booklets contain.

Edwyn Bevan's contribution on "Brothers All" is timely, and Dr. W. E. Orchard, W. R. Maltby, and Richard Roberts have all something definite to say, and they say it definitely.

The booklets can be obtained from headquarters at 2d. each net.

---

Edison is reported to have demonstrated to the Portland Cement Company and other manufacturers in the United States that it would be a gain and not a loss to give their 30,000 workmen a free Sunday. He argued that the workmen would be more effective on six days for rest on the seventh, and that the kilns could be more advantageously handled with a six-day week than a seven-day week. In the case of his own cement works, he proved the argument by actual practice, finding that by discontinuing Sunday operations he materially increased the daily output.





The Oddfellows' Hall at Dorking, which is the centre of an excellent work that is attracting the men in large numbers.



At Reigate the rooms shown in the illustration have been kindly placed at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A. by Lady Katharine Somerset.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE TRIANGLE.

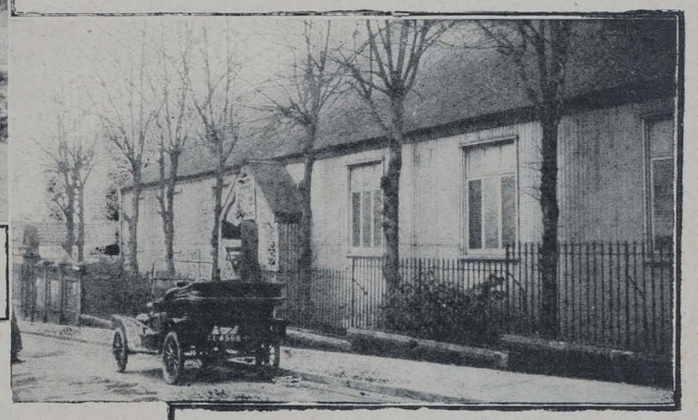
### New Homes of the Y.M.C.A. that are Proving of Service to our Gallant Soldiers.

WHEREVER the new armies are under training to-day there also may be seen the sign of the red triangle—the symbol of the Y.M.C.A. and its work of ministry on behalf of the troops. So accustomed have the men become to the Association's interest in their welfare that one of the first things they do on entering a new district is to inquire for the Y.M.C.A. In places remote from centres of population large wooden structures have been erected to serve as refreshment, reading, and recreation rooms, but when the soldiers are billeted in a populated neighbourhood, existing buildings are utilised for the purposes named, and generally prove most acceptable.



A View of the Parish Church Hall at Reigate.

The pictures on this page illustrate the fact. Just as the Y.M.C.A. is ever ready and willing to serve our country's defenders, so is everybody eager to assist the Y.M.C.A., and many buildings are put at its disposal for its helpful work among the men. The soldiers to whom these rooms make their appeal first made the acquaintance of the Y.M.C.A. during their stay at the White City, and on moving into other quarters the men were delighted to find themselves once more within reach of the Association's kindness and hospitality.



The Dorking Parish Hall.

The value of such effort as this is all the better understood when we try to think what the military camps would be like without the ministry of the Association. In their spare hours the men would have no place of resort, no quiet corner in which to write home, no spot in which to spend a quiet hour. But thanks to the enterprise of the Y.M.C.A., comfortable quarters are provided for such purposes as these, and officers and men alike, not to speak of the military authorities, appreciate mostly highly all that is being done.

The illustration at the foot of the page shows the new institute at Woking, which, it is hoped, will become a permanent Association centre after the war.

# THE TRANSFORMATION OF A MENAGERIE.

*An Impressionist Story of Princess Victoria's Visit to the White City.*

By W. SCOTT KING.

IT was a wet, miserable evening as we made our way to the White City, and entered the part of it that used to be known as Bostock's menagerie. "Has she arrived?"—that was the question on our lips as we gingerly lowered ourselves into the mud. Yes, the Princess Victoria had got there before us, and was already commencing her tour of our Association building under the guidance of the ring-master, Mr. Yapp. The door was opened, a hundred lights flashed in our faces, the sounds of pianos, billiard balls, and multitudinous voices reached us, and there in the warm atmosphere of hot coffee, comradeship, and almost home-like domesticity stood the local genius of the transformation, Mr. Alec Green.

**The Touch of a Christian Wizard.**

The outside had prepared one for surprises and alterations, but was ever transformation so complete as within? Instead of Pauline's sulky bears and grinning monkeys and the crack of the tamer's whip, there was spread out a landscape of kindliness and recreation as unexpected as it was varied. "You're a wizard, Mr. Green!" I said to myself, "a Christian wizard of the first water. To turn a wild beast show into a half-restaurant and half-school, half-playground and half-church shows a mingling of practical skill with human sympathy that is unique in my humble experience." But we were on duty, and were wanted at once to make the procession in the Royal progress through the building. My own introduction to the gracious lady who was our honoured visitor came later in the evening—very near the roast chestnut stove, in fact, to be precise; so now began our tour of the "exhibition." The shops of the building allotted to us by the authorities reminded me somewhat of a church, with long nave and winged transepts, surmounted in the centre by a dome. Beneath the latter the asphalted floor was devoted partly to scores of writing-tables and partly to the accommodation of some twenty-five billiard tables, which had, I understand, been lent mostly by generous manufacturers. Hundreds of khaki-clad forms bent over the tables, and the free notepaper was receiving, no doubt, the wistful home-longing and the gay-hearted reassurances of many a lad from the Terrier and Kitchener regiments and the bonny Argyles. And at the tables, what wonderful "breaks" and "cannons"! To give some idea of the immense size of the place, let me say that in one part tennis was being played, and in another quite a number of merry fellows were engaged in a sort of shuttlecock and battledore contest. But quieter pursuits were equally well patronised if less in evidence, for no greater mistake can be made about Tommy than to imagine that he is all of one type. In fact, this very diversity of character constitutes the chief difficulty in catering both for his body and his soul.

**Teaching French and German.**

Scores of men, some in khaki and others in dark blue and Scotch cap, were deep in books, and at the library under the side wall a big crowd ceaselessly struggled, while in little cosy corners or educational cubicles, or whatever you care to call them, knots of eager faces peered round little tables struggling with the mysteries of French idioms and German belated verbs. "Say 'I have only a halfpenny' in French," I heard a lady instructor say as I halted to listen, and 'I don't like the Germans'—put that into German." I thought that was about as easy in spirit as it was difficult in language, and I left poor Tommy struggling.

But the centre of interest undoubtedly lay in a screened-off portion where a concert was being held. After being presented, a lady gave us an amusing ragtime song, and then Mr. Yapp mounted the little platform, not to sing, however, but to tell the men that the King's cousin was there, and that she had been instrumental in organising the ladies' committee which was doing for their comrades in France what they were doing there in the White City. The men cheered to the echo. Then a request—Princess Victoria would like to hear the soldiers sing their world-famous war-song, "Tipperary." General clearing of throats and easing of collars—the accompanist gets on the stool, and away they went—yes, and all of us too! What a mighty sound! I thought then, as I have before many a time, that Tommy no doubt could have chosen many a better song, but very many a worse.

"A long way—a long way to go!" Ah! and may a just and merciful God shorten that way by many a cruel mile for such as these gallant singers! Many a stately anthem, sung by professional choirs, have thrilled me infinitely less. All their courage, all their contempt for peril, all their irrepressive youth welled out in that song—the song to which so many have marched to nameless graves in Flanders! Then we inspected the coffee and cakes, the post-office and the library, and heard of yet more contemplated luxuries in the shape of hot baths and hair-cutting and shaving saloons, our guest taking the deepest and merriest interest in all she saw. "It is simply wonderful all you have done," I heard her say. "I shall speak to the Queen about it; I feel sure she will wish to come and see it."

**A Birthday Present for Mr. Green.**

Our couple of hours fled like a dream, and we were putting on our coats, when Mr. Yapp summoned us to a happy little function. It was the birthday of the man who, in conjunction with Mrs. Bernard Coote and her ladies, had been responsible for all this splendid provision for the soldiers, and for what Mr. Yapp, with my assent at least, termed "one of the greatest pieces of practical Christianity to be seen just now anywhere in the world." Well, the staff—his own loyal colleagues, I mean—wished to give Mr. Alec Green a birthday evidence of their affection. And a beautiful evidence it was—a silver-mounted dressing-case.

But I must close on the most serious note. It's all very well to replace lions and tigers with tea-urns and French classes, and make a men's club of a children's show, but what of the—well, what the pupils in the classes would call the *raison d'être?* The reason why is this. The whole of the White City contains no place whatever for social, recreative, educational, and religious life except this building of Y.M.C.A.'s and —yes, and the canteen. Picture a night of soaking rain and mud and gloom such as we often get, and then say where these men are to go and what they are to do. Bear in mind, also, that permits to leave the City are only given about once a week, and so the men are shut up, or rather shut in, to their own military ghetto. The work I saw was wonderful, interesting, necessary, and —Christian.

## "WHY I ENLISTED."

**The Results of Our Popular Competition for Our Fighting Lads.**

WE announce this week the results of our competition, "Why I Enlisted." We shall announce the results of the second competition, "My Hero, and Why," next Friday.

The first prize of 10s. 6d. is awarded to



Driver John Delves, Wellington Barracks, Lichfield, who replied as follows:—

"My two younger brothers enlisted at the outbreak of the war; I enlisted immediately afterwards, realising my place was not at home."

Four prizes of 2s. 6d. each are awarded to:—



Lance-Corporal J. Smith, Cleethorpes, Lincs.

"Having once served my country for twelve years (I resided in Australia), on the outbreak of war I came to England and enlisted, to serve my King and country and the Empire."



Lance-Corporal G. Stimson, Braintree, Essex.

"Because I think that every Englishman capable of doing so should enlist to protect home and country, and be prepared to go anywhere to do so."



Private George Wakefield, Portobello Barracks, Dublin.

"Because, as an Englishman and a lover of freedom, I thought it was my duty at this time to give my services to the King and country for the reparation of Belgium and the defence of British policy."

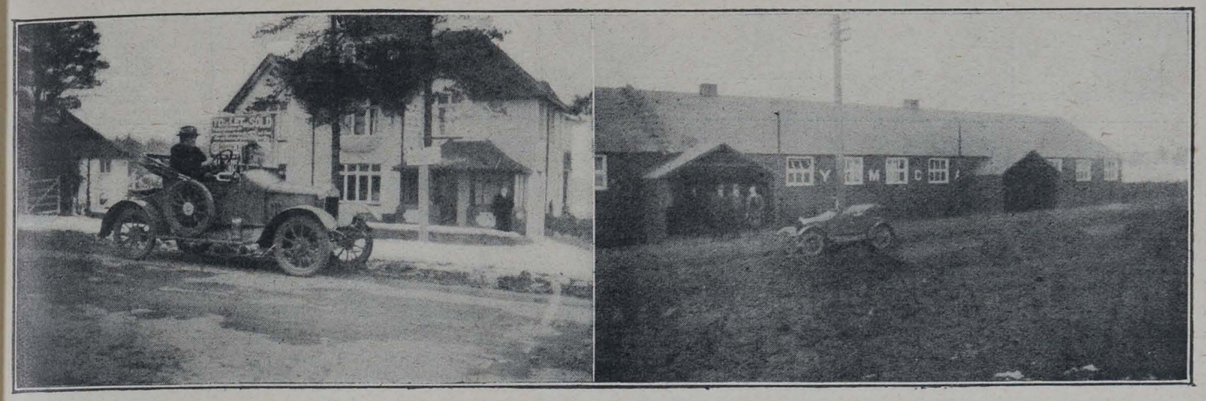
Private R. Poole, Blandford, Dorset.

"The reason I enlisted was to fight for my God, my King, and my country, and because I could not bear to walk along the street at night and see the boys in uniform, drilling to go and fight. I was only seventeen when I joined the R.N.V.R., Tyneside."

Honourable mention is made of the answers by Private W. H. Nicholson, Rifleman H. Spengler, Corporal Logan, Private C. W. Marshall, Gunner A. E. Cook, Sapper Ogle, Lance-Corporal A. Belcher, Private George Bishop, and Private W. T. B. Holtam.

All the papers were of the greatest interest, and the competition evidently provoked a good deal of enthusiasm among the men in camp.





In many parts of Surrey men are in training for the battlefields of Europe. As was stated in these columns a week ago, the Y.M.C.A. has several huts in the neighbourhood of Hindhead, which are proving popular resorts for the soldiers. The house shown above has been lent by a generous friend for the staff of the Y.M.C.A., and is most conveniently situated for both Bramshott and Witley, while the large building in the other picture, situated at the former place, is one of the most substantial and commodious huts in the country and cost £800 to erect.

# CAMP CAMEOS.

*A Talk About the Men who are Fighting for King and Country, and Some of the Things they Say and Do.*

"WELL, you fellows are the limit. I don't care what a fellow's ideas on religion may be, he can't help admitting that there's something in your work. You seem to be everywhere."

We had just opened our large marquee at A——, and the men were flocking in with an easy nonchalance that showed we were old friends.

"I'm jolly glad you've come," said a bright-looking youngster. If we had been here much longer without the Y.M.C.A. some of us would have been in L—— Asylum in a week or two."

"Well, I'm glad we've come, boys; make yourselves at home."

And they did—for nearly three months.

The gallant —th are now in the trenches, and one thanks God that we could "mother" the regiment during the time it was getting fit for the front. It was a strenuous but happy time. Hot tea and coffee to be ready at 5 a.m. meant "reveille" soon after 4; then, just after opening, the Y.M.C.A. barber arrived and commenced operations. On practically every evening a first-class concert was held, followed invariably by family worship, when it was good to hear the deep, manly voices join in old favourite hymns, such as "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," or "Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the Cross."

The memory of one Sunday evening will remain for long. A well-known clergyman from a large neighbouring town took the service; the marquee was filled with men, and the "walling" was taken down from the entire side facing the village street. A large crowd of villagers collected outside in the road, and the ringing tones of the speaker could be heard at a great distance as he spoke of "Things that Matter." The men of the —th and the inhabitants of A—— know the meaning of the Y.M.C.A. red triangle.

At length, after several false alarms, the battalion was "for the front." We saw them marching to the railway station at the town of W——, and, to our consternation, received an ovation which told in no uncertain way that the "boys" had a warm spot in their hearts for the "good old Y.M.C.A."

Let us have a glance at our visitors' book. It makes one sad to turn over the pages, and know that some names are those of men who have "gone West," and that never again shall we welcome them at a reunion concert.

"Welcome to A——," says one.

"Jolly nice time since the Y.M.C.A. has been here."

A third is evidently a budding poet:—

Here's to the men of the Y.M.C.A.
May good luck follow you many a day!

"What *should* we do without you?" says another.

"The House of God in a sink of iniquity." Poor fellow, pretty A—— was certainly not that; but what was behind the statement? Uncongenial mates in the billet, &c. Anyway, thank God he found sympathy and Christian fellowship, at least in one spot.

"Quit you like men; be strong!" Evidently a born fighter.

"Our girls bless the Y.M.C.A." Yes, the facilities provided in the tent certainly were more conducive to regular correspondence than those in a draughty barn or outhouse.

And so one reads on. Here the cultured hand of the professional man, and here an ill-spelled and ill-written line, for the —th, as one of them said, was "a mixed crowd."

From the quiet village of A—— to a great military centre, with some 70,000 troops and Jack Tars, was a change indeed, but at C—— one is brought face to face with the stern realities of war. A great number of men we now serve have been discharged from hospital and have rejoined their regiment, and as soon as fit are drafted out again to the firing line. A world-famous regiment ours is; some of the men are rough diamonds, but the roughest has a soft spot somewhere. "Guv'nor, do us a favour." "Well, it depends on what it is!" "Will yer write us a letter? My arm's a bit stiff yet." "Yes, of course; who's it to?" "The missus." The letter is written, and while the envelope is being directed, "Tommy" signs his name, followed by a row of x's. Evidently the soft spot here is love for "the missus and the kid," and the opportunity for a talk is offered, and a tiny grain of seed is sown, which may, perhaps, bring forth an hundredfold. Fine Christian men some of them are. Here a Salvationist, who has evidently taken a couple of lads under his wing; here a Baptist, who shows with pride a loving letter from his pastor, away in a little country church, and actually a good Wesleyan who with a camera is taking portraits, so as to earn a few shillings to enable him to pay his "class money" in the church at home.

Wonderful escapes from death some have had. A watch is shown which deflected a bullet from the heart and caused it to travel in an extraordinary manner half-way round the man's body. A two-ounce tin of tobacco pierced right through a "housewife," out of which, when it was opened, fell a bullet. The principal trouble here seemed to have been the smashing of all the needles! One man tells us that "fellows come back from the front with different ideas of religion from those they had when they went out. When you get your two chums killed on either side of you, it makes you think."

One lad has had the top of a finger cut off by the spade wielded by the man who was digging him out after he had been buried alive by a bursting shell. Another had a bayonet thrust through his ear by a German as he lay wounded. "He thought he had done me in, but he hadn't," he observed.

A corporal who had himself been wounded in a number of places, and who is now a Y.M.C.A. member, tells the following incident:—"One of our men was a regular country bumpkin, and to the end never rid himself of a terrific 'burr.' Some long time previous to the war he, with a number of others who were going in for stretcher-bearing and first aid work, was undergoing the ordeal of a *viva voce* by the M.O. The doctor asked each man in turn to name a disinfectant. They were all startled to hear the man with the 'burr' in his voice state in emphatic tones that he would use what is presumably a recent discovery in medical science. 'Barcwarlic, sir.' (Carbolic, he meant.) And as 'Barcwarlic' he was known ever after. He went down in the early days of the war, and his chums put a rough wooden cross at the head of his grave, on which was written 'Old Barcwarlic.'"

Every week drafts leave us for the "front." At five o'clock in the morning one hears the band playing "Tipperary," and in a very few hours' time some more of "our boys" are facing death in the trenches. "Tipperary" to some of us is becoming a very sad melody.

We are not perfect men, we Y.M.C.A. workers, but we do honestly strive to lead into the "better way" the men who are laying down their lives or facing wounds and mutilations in the defence of our homeland.

BETA.

5.—*Concerning Conversation.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

IT seems to be a pretty general opinion nowadays, that while there is more speech in society than formerly, there is less conversation. Speech is a habit like walking; conversation is an art like singing. Consequently, all real conversation is a cultivated acquirement. We modern folk talk more and say less. Indeed, a great deal of social life is a sheer waste of time. The days are past when a man could improve the shining hour in the house of a friend. Nowadays we are mostly parrots. We trot out stale old jokes, offer feeble criticism (which we read for ourselves in the morning paper), and give utterance to a few vapid truisms.

* * *

THE older Victorians are firmly of the opinion that we have greatly deteriorated in this respect. Thus, Lady Dorothy Nevill, in her chatty volume of reminiscences, "Under Five Reigns," declares that the conversation of society has totally altered its character. "There is a good deal more of it than formerly," she says, "though the quality has, I think, deteriorated. In the old days a number of people kept practically silent and listened; now everyone talks, or tries to talk, and no one seems to devote any particular attention to what is said, their main endeavour being to get in a word themselves." I fear this judgment is all too just. There was a time when it was possible to pick up a good deal as a humble listener, but the present generation is so intent on making itself heard that the listening days are over. Let a man attempt an interesting conversation in a room, and he will discover that he has subtle enemies on every hand. He will be side-tracked, hoodwinked, and interrupted. People do not wish to listen to conversation; they wish to talk. As talking bores me to distraction, and as I have a sneaking regard for the man who can really lead a conversation, I shun society, and hold fellowship with my precious books. I can sit over my fire and listen to the amazing conversations of Dr. Johnson, and if I am a little drowsy at the end, I have nevertheless a pious feeling that I have enriched my soul somewhat.

* * *

I ONCE knew a man who was a famous gas-bag. He could talk by the hour, the week, or the month. Or, like a jobbing gardener, he could do it by contract. All the time I knew him, I did not hear him say anything. He was a wearisome pest, and a merciful Providence saw to it that our futures were in different directions. I also knew another man who lived alone, and a couple of hours with him was a liberal education. He had read almost everything, and, what is even more important, retained a large part of what he had read. He was a very mild-mannered man, very kindly and hospitable, and anything but a great talker. But if you were unassuming and modest, and ventured to ask a few questions, he would enter upon a most fascinating conversation. I remember on one occasion he went into a very elaborate discussion of the brain, telling me a great many of the famous Dr. Carpenter's views. Although it is many years ago, I still treasure the happiest memories of such conversations. In point of fact, some months ago I went into a mild delirium because on a bookstall I saw a copy of Dr. Carpenter's great book, which I purchased for eighteenpence.

* * *

THERE is a type of pseudo-conversationalist, of course, for whom I have a hearty detestation. I mean the type of man who comes to spend an evening with you, and with a guileless modesty works the speech of the evening round to the subject of the evolution of Icelandic poetry, the constituent parts of unfiltered water, or the precise relationship of Kaiser William to Queen Elizabeth. If you could see him before he comes to your house, you would probably think less of his academic attainments. For there still survives in this age, as in the Victorian period, what is known as the professional conversationalist. Such a person carefully reads up the subject in question in some encyclopædia (which, goodness knows, are cheap enough), and artlessly trots it all out when the hour is ripe. But you can usually detect the brute, for his knowledge, as a rule, is shockingly limited, and he is soon at an end of his tether. If we have nothing to converse about, let us say nothing. There is something really fascinating in the picture of Carlyle and Emerson sitting over the fire, pipes well loaded, the two old men utterly contented, but saying never a word. Well might Carlyle tell Emerson as they parted that they had spent a grand evening together.

* * *

VERY few people indeed can converse on religion in social life. Henry Drummond was one of the very few men who could speak of Christ with perfect naturalness, and without giving a single soul the impression that he was putting on side. When we attempt to converse about religion we invariably alter the tone of our speech. We mangle our words. We appear foolish and unnatural; and in the case of a great many men it is to me a great relief when they return once more to naturalness by speaking about motor-bikes or neckties. It is a thousand pities, because I am firmly convinced that there is no more delightful theme in the world than the subject of personal religion. But here again I must draw a distinction between speech and conversation. Every crank wants to talk about religion, and he talks it until his theories have a stupifying effect on my soul. I protest, on my conscience, I am weary of theological word-spinning. I am utterly sick of religious claptrap. If religion is for anything, it is for life, for the battlefield, for the crowded mart.

* * *

THE men for whom I would be bought and sold, and for whom, if necessary, I would go to prison, are the men who talk very little about the deepest things in life, but who, when they do, speak to some purpose. I detest cheap familiarity in matters of religion. Some men are enough to sicken a Hottentot. I have known men who have spoken to me, with a glib tongue and cocksure air, about such a solemn and awful subject as the return of Christ and His judgment of men. Ten minutes after I have known them to do mean tricks which a bookmaker would blush to perform. Yet I have known others whose words I have hid in my heart. I recall one old man of seventy, marred through much sorrow and suffering, a man whom one would expect to be bitter with the scheme of life, and yet this was his simple conversation with me: "I love my Father so much that I long to throw my arms round His neck and thank Him for all His mercies." I do not think he ever said anything else to me of a religious character.

* * *

TRUE conversation, after all, is only the mind's expression. Unless the mind is full of precious treasures, it is obviously impossible to bring them forth. If we have not the real thing, let us see that the imitation is taboo, and preserve a discreet silence, for—

> If, on our daily course, our mind
> Be set to hallow all we find,
> New treasures still, of countless price,
> God will provide for sacrifice.



If your line of health is "weakly held" strengthen your forces with Bovril

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

THE FINEST COFFEE EXTRACT ON THE MARKET.

*CHOICE IN FLAVOUR AND AROMA. MOST ECONOMICAL & EASILY PREPARED.*

LET IT SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

Send to-day 6d. for cost of postage, packing, etc., and a sample bottle will be sent to you, sufficient for a number of cups of delicious coffee.

THE PREMIER COFFEE CO., 108, Broadwall, S.E.

ENCAMPMENTS.

*MARQUEES & TENTS*

(OF ALL SIZES),

*With CHAIRS, TABLES, COUNTERS, LAMPS, And EVERY REQUISITE FOR CAMP USE,*

SUPPLIED ON HIRE

In any part of the Country by

THOMAS WHITE & Co., Ltd.

Camp Furnishers and Army Contractors,

ALDERSHOT.

Marquees and Equipment supplied for 14 Y.M.C.A. Camps, Season 1913. Numerous unsolicited Testimonials from Camp Leaders. Estimates Free. Telephone: 36. Telegrams: "WHITES, ALDERSHOT."



"He said he was 'The only Gentleman in the Camp.'"

*Trail Tales of Western Canada*, by F. A. Robinson, Secretary of Evangelism of the Presbyterian Church in Canada (London: Marshall Brothers, 3/6 net; Toronto: The Board of Social Service; pp. 255; illustrated, $1.00), is dedicated to Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, and has an introductory page by Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D. (Ralph Connor). As the introduction says, "the book tells of the salvage of the broken driftwood of humanity, in the new West, to the infinite joy of men and to the glory of God." There are fourteen sketch stories in the volume and each of them stirs a sob and calls forth a laugh from the reader. The pathetic and the humorous elements of life are in these tales. Mr. Robinson writes with fidelity and tender sincerity of what he has seen. The man who lives to help men sees far more and far better things than one who lives to exploit them. Mr. Robinson gives some idea in his book of the fearful tide of temptation that sets around a man who drifts to the West and then drifts morally while there. Doubtless the book will have a wide sale among those who like "true stories" told truthfully and artistically.—*The Canadian Presbyterian.*

MARSHALL BROTHERS, LIMITED.
47, Paternoster Row, E.C., & 99, George St., Edinburgh.
124, East 28th St., New York.

## THE KING OF THE BELGIANS' SISTER AS A NURSE.



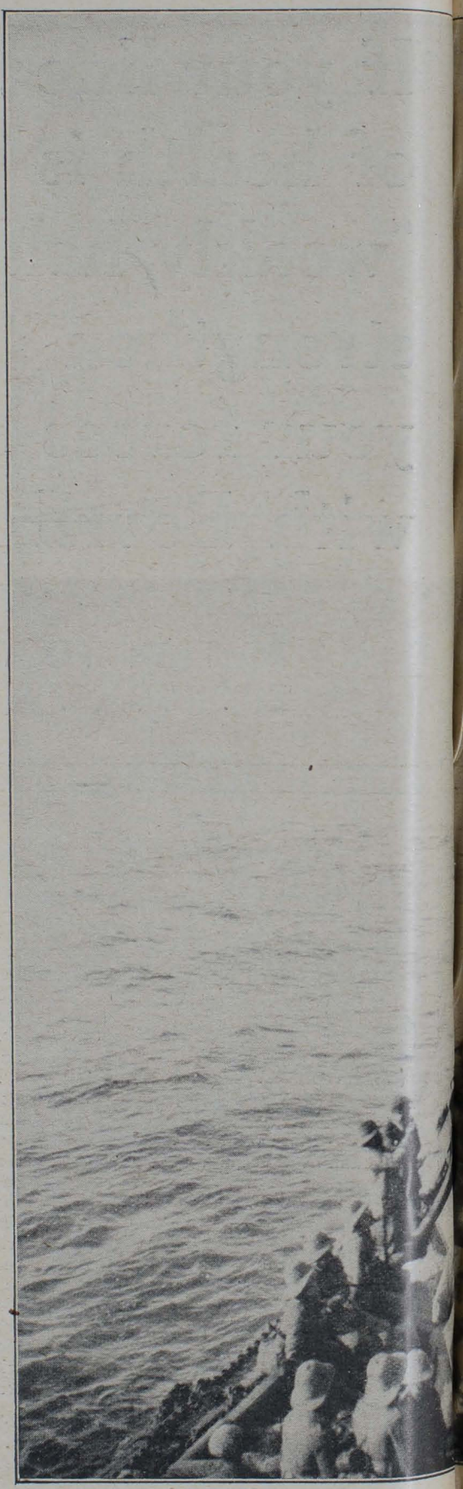
The Duchess of Vendome, sister of the brave King of the Belgians, has opened a hospital near France for wounded soldiers.

## BRAVE BROTHERS WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.




Sergeants R. and H. Hunt, two of four brothers fighting at the front, were recommended for the Legion of Honour but were killed in battle.

## A WAR ILLUSTRATION OF THE FACT



This illustration shows the method adopted in the landing [illegible] at a port in British East Africa. The accommodation for landing being rather restricted, men and equipment were put [illegible] as shown in the picture. All the pictures on this page have been supplied [illegible] Photopress Agency.



## ECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.



## RUSSIA'S FAMOUS LEADER IN THE GREAT WAR.



The Grand Duke Nicholas (on the right), the brilliant leader of the Russian armies, photographed near his headquarters.

## SOLDIERS AT PLAY IN A Y.M.C.A. HUT.



In the Y.M.C.A. huts facilities are provided for recreation, and the way in which the men appreciate this thoughtfulness is seen in the illustration.

# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK




**The Food-Drink that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM** as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/- The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**

# If you are Training in Camp,

ASK FOR

# JACOB & CO.'S

**1d. GINGERBREAD CAKES,**

**1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,**

**TIPPERARY BISCUITS**
(A very popular, rich, sweet variety),

**1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS,**

AND

**1d. CHOCOLATE TABLETS.**

You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

# KEMP'S
## CAKES & BISCUITS
## COMMAND THE PREFERENCE.

Camp Leaders and Secretaries cannot do better than obtain their supplies from us.

**BEST QUALITY AND QUICK DELIVERY.**

*Price List on Application.*

**GEORGE KEMP, LTD.**
**BREWERY ROAD, LONDON.**

# BROMLEY'S COFFEE ESSENCE

In all size Bottles. Special for Camp Use.

*No grounds. No trouble. Made in a moment. As exhibited at Russell Square.*

Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. Camps.

*Write for Particulars and Samples to Manufacturers:—*
JOHN BROMLEY & SONS,
Bloomsbury Works, LEEDS.

## "What £10 a year will do."

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

# NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,
**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

ALREADY we are working in twenty-nine centres in Northern France. There is great temptation to say where, but we refrain. Let it suffice to say that wherever we can go, and where we are most needed, there we are ready to go, and our work is undertaken. At twenty-five individual centres we are represented by a hundred workers. Mr. Oliver H. McCowen, who is responsible for the general organisation of the work in France, spent last week-end in London, and his reports of the work were satisfactory in the highest degree. Colonel Leonard Noble returned on Tuesday from a tour through the centres, and said that the crying need is for still further extension of our efforts. Wherever he went the men were crowding all available accommodation. Services and concerts are crowded, and men are responding in large numbers to the witness, testimony, and appeal of our workers.

***

THE *Times* of February 9 contained one of the most significant letters we have been privileged to read. Last week a quotation was published in *Y.M.* from a Jewish paper, suggesting the possibility of social centres being provided for young Jews in the Army. The following is the unsought testimony of the Jewish chaplain with the Expeditionary Force, Michael Adler, sent, not to ourselves, but to the *Times* newspaper:—

SIR,—I desire to add my testimony to the splendid work that the Y.M.C.A. is performing in France among our troops. No distinction whatever of faith is made by them, and they have been most kind and helpful to the Jewish soldiers, among whom I am now working here. I have received ready consent to hold some of my religious services in their tents and huts, a car was placed at my disposal by them in Havre, and they have most willingly responded to every request I have made to them to forward the spiritual interests of the men of my faith. Again and again I learn from my men how much they appreciate the invaluable work of the Y.M.C.A., and I have witnessed on all sides the services this body is rendering both to the spiritual and the material needs of the British soldier.

It was a remarkable sight I beheld recently in a large camp here in a valley miles from any town, where a new hut had just been erected by the Y.M.C.A. Scarcely had the doors of the half-finished building been thrown open when it was thronged by masses of men, who gave expression to their pleasure by round upon round of cheers for the Y.M.C.A.—their best friend! The soldiers occupied every seat, and sat close together on the floor until not an inch of space was left vacant. When silence had been restored, the organiser of the evening's function announced my presence in the camp, and invited all Jewish soldiers to meet in a small adjacent room which had been prepared for me. By this means my congregation was collected in a very brief space of time, and the purpose of my visit fulfilled in a most satisfactory manner.

I earnestly hope that the Anglo-Jewish community will come forward in giving generous support to the appeal of the Association, so that the provision of huts in every military centre—and the perfection of all their other branches of work—may be expedited in every possible way.

Yours obediently,
MICHAEL ADLER, Jewish C.F.
British Expeditionary Force, France,
February 7.

***

A LEADING article in a Canadian newspaper, commending our work, points the moral admirably. There will be no difficulty in apreciating the value of such an institution as this to men destined for such duties as lie before the soldiers in training. The uncertainty and dangers of the battlefield will doubtless have sobered their minds and led their thoughts into serious channels. But it is a mistake to conclude that only those who are facing the palpable dangers of a battlefield or who are face to face with death on a sick bed are hungering and thirsting for the serious concerns of life.

***

IN every city there are those who are away from home, those who are "faced with novel temptations," and who find in the Y.M.C.A. just such influences as are described by the correspondent above quoted. Out there in Charlottetown there are some hundreds of boys and young men attending school or college or otherwise engaged, and who are "far from home and the influences which usually strengthen them." The Y.M.C.A. is intended especially for these. They need something more than the recreation to be found in sport, in games, in rollicking fun on the streets; they need the companionship of men who will fearlessly warn them against temptations, who will talk to them of the serious things of life. Do the Christian men and women throughout the Province realise the good that could be accomplished—if not to their own boys, then to the boys of others, by the occasional contribution? If only one boy were led into a safer path it would justify any expenditure that could be made in maintaining the Association. And there are hundreds of such boys, many of whom, especially those away from home, need just what the Association has to offer them. If there is any one institution in our midst that should be kept up to its full working capacity, that institution is the Y.M.C.A.

***

NOT all the good work of the Y.M.C.A. in the country and Empire is being confined to the military camps and kindred places by a very long way. That the searchlight of greater publicity beats upon the work done for our soldiers is both just and natural, but it would be as inaccurate as it would be unfair to imagine that other needy causes and classes of the community were being overlooked, or that in localities where there are no Terriers or men of the new Army to provide for, our local secretaries and members and voluntary helpers cannot find any work for their idle hands to do. As an example of this quiet and less sensational activity, take the case of the Croydon Y.M.C.A., which recently entertained to tea and a pleasant subsequent social gathering the inmates of the Croydon Municipal Lodging House. These numbered about eighty men and women. Alderman Lillico evidenced once again his deep interest in more than the routine affairs of the borough by presiding. Mr. W. H. Jarvis and his band of young fellows provided a capital programme, whose variety ranged from Batiste's Andante in G to "A Pennyworth of Electricity" and "Downhearted? No!" This is a good illustration of Y.M.C.A. work, not at the front, but at the rear, and of all non-combatants none present more pathetic and even tragic needs than the inmates of our lodging-houses.

***

WE are sometimes criticised, and that does us little harm. We are often mightily encouraged, and that does us much good. As witness the following: "I am directed by the General Officer Commanding 28th Division to beg that you will convey to the committee and others concerned his grateful acknowledgment for the hospitality provided to the troops of this division at the time of their recent disembarkation at ——— and subsequent entrainment. The very excellent provision made for the comfort of the division, and the personal sacrifice of the staff at the several stalls for supplying refreshments to the men, were very much appreciated, and will long be remembered by all who were so generously entertained. The major-general specially recognises the strain which must have been experienced in the performance of this arduous work, extending over a period of nearly four days and nights, and hopes that this acknowledgment may be some return to those who so loyally assisted towards the welfare of his Majesty's troops."

***

WE have been interested in the correspondence in the *Church Times* anent the C.E.M.S. We are very glad to see that more than one writer has pointed out that the C.E.M.S., in the words of the Archbishop of York, exists, "not to provide institutions and buildings, but men and personal service." Its purpose is clear, viz., to unite lay Churchmen in a definite campaign of Christian service; to unify the personal forces of the parish; to provide for workers for necessary tasks. The clergy have found that the C.E.M.S. has been a most useful ally in their work. Sunday-school teachers, sidesmen, scout-masters, guild officers have all been provided by its agency, while the percentage of men attending communion and the church services has largely increased in those parishes where the society has been efficiently organised. We are the last people to desire to score by comparison with such a body, for we are

considerably indebted to it. Since war broke out its members have come forward as workers for our tents and buildings, and we have many reasons for gratitude. From its headquarters and representatives to some small branches in remote districts we have received ready co-operation. We trust C.E.M.S. members everywhere will accept our heartiest acknowledgment of their fellowship and service. In the same way we would say "thank you" to the representatives of other denominations. Young Free Churchmen are working in happy fellowship with young Episcopalians, and we rejoice in our inter-denominational position, which makes the present national programme possible.

***

ADDITIONAL workers are urgently needed for India and France, as well as England. Full particulars as to qualifications, duties, &c., may be had on application to 13, Russell-square.

The opportunity now facing the Y.M.C.A. is absolutely unique, and the reports received day by day bear testimony to the fact that definite spiritual results are being obtained, and that Divine blessing is resting upon the efforts of our ever-increasing band of salaried and voluntary workers.

May we also appeal for the prayers of all our readers on behalf of those actually engaged in this work, which is never easy, and is often carried on amidst the most difficult conditions possible?

We are not carrying on this work for the benefit of Y.M.C.A. members or of Christian men generally, but for all men in uniform. Following in the footsteps of our Master, we are out to reach the one lost sheep rather than the ninety-and-nine that have not strayed from the fold, and our helpers, like St. Paul, seek to be "all things to all men" that they may by all means save some.

Our work is not perfect. The testimony of our critics is not necessary to bring that fact home, but we desire to make it absolutely clear that as Christian men we are out for spiritual results, and by the blessing of God such are being achieved. We believe that in answer to united and believing prayer still greater things are in store.

We trust any readers of the *Y.M.* who doubt the wisdom of the methods we adopt will make an effort to see the work for themselves, and seek to understand the conditions under which it is carried on. The policy adopted to-day is exactly the same as that that has been carried out in Y.M.C.A. tents in the summer training camps during the past ten or twelve years.

***

THE *Evening News* could not have undertaken a more useful line of work than that done by their Lonely Soldiers' Guild with the following objects:—

1. To put friendless soldiers in touch with those of our readers who are willing to befriend them, by writing them letters and periodically sending them parcels of comforts.

2. To find employment for those soldiers who are disabled through the war, or have been discharged from the Army as medically unfit for further service, by putting them into communication with prospective employers.

3. To find temporary homes for soldiers who are without friends and relations, whilst they are home on leave, from the numerous offers we receive from our readers offering hospitality of this kind.

4. The guild is also very pleased to receive help of any sort either in contribution or kind.

## SEVENTY YEARS AGO—AND NOW.

**A Chat with Mr. Howard Williams on the Past Aims and Present Work of the Y.M.C.A.**

THERE is one considerable disadvantage about Mr. Howard Williams. His character is marked by such a noble reticence and such a common-sense humility that very few people have any idea of the magnificent work he is doing in a quiet way. Nor can I promise to lift the veil. I sat in Mr. Williams's office last Monday for nearly half-an-hour, and I listened to a great many things of topical interest, inwardly thinking that I should be able to make a nice page article out of the whole thing. But when I left I was so gently put on my honour not to mention this, and to treat the other as confidential, that I have very little left. But here's a cheer to the son of our honoured founder! And so say all of us.

I went to Mr. Williams to find out whether, in the early days of the movement, there had been any suggestions or plans for the troops along the lines of the present colossal effort. It was news to me that for over twenty years Mr. Williams has been keen on the hospital side of social work, for all those years ago, in company with three others, he put up a proposal to the Central Association at Exeter Hall of a very interesting character.

He was keen to establish a kind of Medical Corps, with hospital dressers and orderlies, all well trained and fit, in the event of a war breaking out. For one reason and another the plan fell through. Then at the time of the Boer War he again conceived a plan which was doomed to share the same fate. He had a splendid idea for a war hospital. But there were difficulties. First of all, there were no dressers ready; then Sir George's health began to fail, although—grand old sportsman that he was—he was prepared to put down £20,000 for the project; then Mr. Howard Williams himself was eager to go to the front as quartermaster, but he could find no one to take his place at the head of a large and influential business.

Then came the open door. With his own staff and on premises under his own control, Mr. Williams formed a model hospital, which, in a variety of ways, has proved of inestimable service during the present war. Many members of the staff at Hitchcock, Williams are with the R.A.M.C., while over 200 in all have enlisted. The Territorial Association in connection with the firm have the credit for the most rapid mobilisation in London. They were ready within half-an-hour after the announcement of war.

So, while Mr. Williams has not seen the Y.M.C.A. adopt this hospital scheme, he has had the satisfaction of seeing them do a work for the troops of which the honoured founder never dreamed; while he himself has formed a model hospital in his own firm along his own lines.

But I must end with the grumble with which this article commences. I could now commence to be interesting, but I am forbidden to say more. Let me just say that Mr. Howard Williams is rendering a remarkable service to the nation at the present time—a service which is in addition to his position on the Y.M.C.A. and Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Perhaps he will let me write about it a little later on.

It must be a great delight to him that the Y.M.C.A. has grown up so vigorously. As we are never tired of saying, the Association is the honoured ally of the nation, and what it attempted to do seventy years ago it is doing to-day, with the same old spirit of patience, kindness, and love.

## IN A BELGIAN LOFT.

**A Striking Story of How British Soldiers Escaped from the Enemy.**

THERE is a graphic little sketch in the United Free Church *Record* of a Sunday morning in a Belgian loft. There had been a sharp engagement, and the British troops holding a village had been hurriedly forced by great masses of the enemy to retire. In the confusion three Scottish privates and a corporal had been cut off in the streets, and had backed into the first open door they came to. The occupants had fled, and they made their way up a long staircase, intending to find the roof and watch events from there. But it ended in an empty loft, where there was only a skylight beyond their reach. "Better lie low for a while," suggested the corporal as they stood listening to the terrible sounds outside. The Germans were evidently burning, looting, and killing. Now and again they heard screams and the discharge of rifles; sometimes an explosion would shake the building, while the smell of burning wood penetrated to their retreat. This went on for hours. The soldiers knew they would be discovered sooner or later, and expected no mercy.

Suddenly the corporal said: "Lads, it's time for church parade; let's hae a wee bit service here—it may be oor last." The soldiers looked a little astonished, but they piled their rifles in a corner and came and stood at attention. The corporal took out a small Testament from his breast pocket and turned over the pages. "Canna we sing something first? Try yer hand at the 23rd Psalm. Quiet, noo—very quiet."

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

There wasn't much melody about the tune, but the words came from the heart.

Then the corporal began:

"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

As he read there were loud shouts below; doors banged, and glass was smashed. But he went on:

"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." He ended, and his grave face took on a wry smile. "I'm no' a gude hand at this job," he said, "but we maun finish it off. Let us pray."

The corporal stood, with the book in his hand, and the others knelt and bowed their heads. A little haltingly, but very simply, he committed their way to God and asked for strength to meet their coming fate like men. While he prayed a heavy hand thrust open the door, and they heard an exultant exclamation and then a gasp of surprise. Not a man moved, and the corporal went calmly on. After a pause he began, with great reverence, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. That a German officer or private was standing there they realised; they did not see, but they felt, what was taking place. They heard the click of his heels, and they knew that he also was standing at attention. For a moment the suspense lasted, and then came the soft closing of the door and his footsteps dying away. The tumult in the house gradually ceased, and soon afterwards the storm of war retreated like the ebb of the tide. At dusk the four men ventured forth, and by making a wide detour worked round the flank of the enemy and reached the British outposts in safety.



*Our Short Story.*

# A PLOT THAT FAILED.

*Another Story Told Round the Club Fire by One of the Little Party whose Acquaintance we have Already Made.*

By H. MARTYN GILBERT.

OUTSIDE, the night was bitterly cold. All day long the wind had blown with a keenness that cut its way to the very bone, and now, when night had fallen, the snow was dropping in great white, soft flakes, and covering all things as if decking them for a fairy entertainment. The warmth of the club fire was an agreeable contrast to the freezing atmosphere without, and the little group seated round it drew in their chairs and lit their pipes, fully conscious of the comfort of their lot.

"Your're waiting for me to begin, I suppose," said Anstruther, breaking the silence. Anstruther was a good story-teller. He laid everything off with legal precision, and was as careful in his every statement as he used to be when addressing the Bench.

"We lawyers are a much-misunderstood lot," he began, taking the pipe from his mouth and carefully placing it in his pocket—his invariable proceeding when beginning a tale.

"Like all other professions, there have been black sheep amongst us. Money that belongs to our clients is put into our care, and to avoid using it for one's own ends is not always possible to weak human nature. When one man falls, the knowledge of his sin becomes the general property of the public, and thus it is that the unthinking among them regard the whole race of lawyers as a dishonest, rapacious crew who fatten on the sufferings and calamities of too-trusting men and women."

Anstruther paused for a moment, as if to allow the full weight of his remarks to take effect. It was a characteristic of all his references to the profession which he had so long adorned that they never belonged to the past tense. In imagination he was still a busy practitioner, who kept unsullied the honour of the profession.

"But there are compensations," he resumed. "In our clients we sometimes find life-long friends. To us they make known all their private family affairs, and we become the 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' to whom they always turn. Old Tom Brown—that's not his real name, you know, but it will do—was one of these. He could scarcely pull down a tree or put up a fence on his estate without first coming to consult me. My house wasn't very far from his, and in an evening he would take a run over for a smoke and a game at cards. He was good company, and many a pleasant night we spent together.

"Though he was a bachelor, Brown was by no means lonely. With him there lived a niece and a nephew, the daughter of one sister and the son of another, who had been left orphans at a very early age. His attachment to both was deep and strong, though, if anything, I think he preferred the lad. What he saw in him to merit the praise he was always showering on his head was to me a mystery. He was an agreeable enough youth, but terribly selfish. His own interests always came first; after these were served he might have a thought for others, but only then. With the girl, who was three years his junior, it was exactly the reverse. Her nature was frank and generous. She gave to all who asked, and though she was often imposed upon by the crafty knave, her hand was never shut when an appeal was made to her charity. A bonny lass she was, too—one who always brought sunshine and gladness with her.

"'They'll make a fine pair when they're married,' Brown used to say to me, for it was his dearest wish that these two should marry when they grew up. The years went by, the young cousins passing into opening manhood and womanhood. It was time for the lad to choose a profession. He decided on the Army, and his uncle was perfectly satisfied with his choice.

"The night before the young man left home to join his regiment in India Brown came over to see me. 'You know that George goes off to-morrow,' he said. 'I should like to put my house into order in case anything should happen to me before he returns. He and Beatrice are all I have, and I must leave them comfortable.' Then we proceeded to draw up a will.

"'As you know,' Brown said to me, 'I have great hopes of the young people marrying, and both of them are acquainted with my wishes in this respect. But I don't press my views on them. When they get a little older they may not care for each other.'

"This shows you what type of man Brown was. There was nothing dogmatic about him. He might differ from you, and he was never backward in stating his opinions, but seldom did he make the attempt to alter your judgment or to influence your action. We had little difficulty with the will. The estate was settled on George Murdoch; the money was to be equally divided between him and his cousin Beatrice Ballantyne.

"Brown and I met as formerly after the young man's departure. For a while he spoke hopefully of his nephew's prospects. He seemed to be doing well in the Army, and it was with pride that the old man sometimes read his letters to me. But a change came all too quickly. The letters from India ceased to contain descriptive accounts of the life there, and became nothing more or less than whining appeals for money. Brown sent the cheques and said little. He did his best, as was perhaps only natural, to conceal from me for a time the real state of matters, but it was easily seen that there was something very serious on his mind. I did not question him, for I knew that sooner or later he would tell me all.

"I was right in my judgment of my friend. One winter night—just such a night as this, with the snow falling in great white flakes—he made one of his calls at my house. He looked anything but well, and I remonstrated with him for venturing out in such weather. 'I felt that I had to come,' he said in reply. 'I cannot bear this burden alone any longer. I have hinted to you more than once,' he went on, 'of my disappointment with George; it is about him I have come to speak.'

"Then he gave me an account of his nephew's conduct since he had left home two years before. George, he said, had been drinking and gambling very heavily, and to save him from disgrace he had sent him large sums of money again and again, until at last he had been compelled to write to the young man and tell him that he need expect no further assistance. All his efforts, however, to save his nephew's name and honour had been without effect, as just that day he had received official announcement of his ejection from the Army.

"The old man's grief was pitiful to witness. He had always been proud of his nephew; to use a common phrase, he was the apple of his uncle's eye, and this display of ingratitude cut him to the heart. 'Not another penny of mine will he touch,' he declared in a burst of passion. 'No gambler will share in my money. I'll make a new will. Please draw it up for me.'

"I did all I could to induce him to wait a little before disinheriting the young man, but my pleading was in vain; the new will must be written out there and then. This was done without further protest on my part. Everything, including the estate, was settled on his niece, Beatrice. When he rose to go Brown took the will with him. I expected that he would leave it in my keeping, as the other will was in my office safe, and said so to him when I saw that he intended taking it away.

"'I'll bring it back to you to-morrow,' he said. 'I must have it with me to-night.'

"I wanted to accompany him home, but he wouldn't hear tell of it, and he set out alone.

"After he had gone a strange feeling of uneasiness came over me. I was deeply grieved at what he had told me concerning George, though I had been more than half-prepared for some such story; I was sorry, also, at the young man being so suddenly deprived of the estate, which he had grown up to expect would be his some day, and I was angry with myself at not insisting on seeing my old friend to his home. A premonition of some approaching calamity seized me. I became quite nervous, and for a long time sat cogitating. The hour of midnight struck, and found me still pondering over the events of the night.

"Suddenly my melancholy thoughts were disturbed by a loud ring at the bell, and hastening to the door I opened it, to find Beatrice Ballantyne standing there. She was covered with snow from head to foot.

"'I saw your light,' she said, when I had taken her inside, 'and I thought I would ring.'

"'Is there anything the matter?' I asked, alarmed by her pale face.

"'Has uncle been here?' she gasped.

"'Yes," I said, 'but he left at ten o'clock to go home.'

"'Oh, where can he be?' Beatrice cried, bursting into tears. 'Oh, my poor, dear uncle.'

"As speedily as I could I roused the gardener, and, carrying lamps with us, we set out to look for Brown. My collie, 'Rover,' accompanied us, and in spite of all my objections to the contrary, Beatrice formed one of the little party. As I said at the beginning, the distance between the two houses was not very great, so that we had not much ground to traverse. But the difficulty of making a thorough search was increased by the fact of the snow still falling. The wind was sharp and gusty, and sent the snow whirling into our faces with terrific force, chilling and blinding us at the same time. Cautiously we made our way along the lonely road, keeping a sharp look-out on both sides. Not a word was spoken. It was a ghostly-looking procession. Hedges and road were white. Our feet rose from the snow

and fell into it again without making the slightest sound. John, the gardener, led the way, swinging his lantern as he went; I followed, keeping as close to him as I could, and Beatrice trudged on in the rear, with a face as pale as the snow itself. 'Rover' was sometimes in front, sometimes behind, his canine intuition seeming to tell him that we were in search of something.

"Presently, with a bark—the first he had given since leaving the house—he darted forward, and commenced scraping at a heap on the road. I was beside him in an instant. A great fear seized my heart when I approached the object which the snow had covered up—a fear that this white mantle of nature's own creation might be the shroud of my own friend. Hastily John and I removed the snow, while Beatrice stood by holding the lamps. A moment later we knew the truth. With a shriek, which often yet in the stillness of the night rings in my ears, Beatrice threw herself on the body of her uncle, hysterically beseeching him in endearing terms to come back to life. I lifted one of the lanterns up which she had dropped, and held it close to the old man's face. It was a peaceful look I saw there. All the passion which had stamped his features when he sat in my room but a few hours before had disappeared, and now he lay with open but sightless eyes, with the faintest suggestion of a smile on his face, as though he were contemplating some satisfying scene. There was nothing terrible in death as I saw it then. It had come in the guise of a friend, and was greeted with a smile of welcome.

"Death, said the doctor, when he had examined the body, was due to heart failure, brought about very largely by excitement. That, in fact, had been my own opinion. There was no suspicion whatever of foul play, but the very absence of this added to the difficulty of a new circumstance which had arisen. The will which I had drawn up on the night of Brown's death had in some mysterious way vanished. I had given it—given it with a protest, you will remember—to Brown before he left my house. I examined his clothes myself soon after they were taken from the body, and in none of the pockets was there the new will. That was suspicious, to say the least of it. Without telling anyone, I returned next morning to the spot where the body had been found, but my search was fruitless. It rained heavily all that day. By the following day the snow had melted, and I renewed the quest, with a like result.

"After seeing my old friend laid to rest in the pretty little burying-ground, I returned to have a talk with Beatrice. 'I suppose I'll have a home somewhere else,' she said; 'this is George's house now.' 'Yes,' I said, 'but your uncle wished that it should continue to be your home too.' 'On certain conditions,' she added. 'And are the conditions not to your liking, seeing that you speak of going away?' I asked. 'They are not,' she replied, 'George and I will never be more closely related to each other than we are at present.' 'But it's your home still,' I said. Beatrice looked perplexed. 'I don't understand you,' she said.

"Then I told her of her uncle's last visit to me, of his intense indignation at his nephew's conduct, of the new will and its contents, and of its remarkable disappearance. 'It can't be helped,' she said, when I had finished. 'I will be sorry to leave the old home. It was George's home as well as mine, and as uncle always led him to understand that it would be his own property some day, he would be much disappointed if he were to lose it now.'

"'But George may not turn up to claim it,' I pleaded. 'There is no saying where he is now. It would be wiser for him to keep away.'

"'Don't count on that,' Beatrice replied. 'At any rate, the property is his until this new will can be produced, and I will claim nothing unless I have absolute proof that it is mine.'

"This was just like the girl, and just what I might have expected of her. I was hopeful, however, that George might not hear of his uncle's death; as long as he thought the old man to be alive he was scarcely likely to put in an appearance. My hopes, however, were short-lived. Brown had been in his grave for only a week when George called at my office. 'A gentleman to see you, sir," announced the clerk as he ushered him into my room, and judge of my surprise when, on looking up, I saw my old friend's scapegrace nephew standing before me. I was too astounded to say anything.

"The young man saw my astonishment and hesitation. 'You don't seem very pleased to see me,' he remarked. 'To be candid with you, I am not,' I answered. 'I didn't expect you to venture into these quarters so soon.' 'Well, you see,' he went on with amazing coolness, 'I heard of my dear old uncle's death, and I couldn't stay away. I'm master now, as you know.'

"The hypocrisy and greed revealed in these words made me positively angry, but I tried to hide it as I replied as calmly as I could, 'I see you haven't heard of the latest will. A few hours before your uncle's death I drew up at his request a fresh will. It was your misbehaviour which prompted him to take this step, and by it you do not profit even by a penny.'

"My information did not give him the surprise I thought it would. I spoke the words deliberately, and with much gravity, expecting to see them produce a startling effect on the young man, but he listened to me without one sign of astonishment, and when I had concluded he quietly asked me to produce the new document which cut him off from so much that he had come to regard as his own. Again the astonishment was all on my side; the coolness on his. I mumbled something about not having the will in my possession just at the minute, but that he might take my word for it that what I had told him was absolutely according to fact.

"Quick to notice my discomfiture, George pushed his advantage. 'Look here, Mr. Anstruther,' he said, with something very like a threat in his tone, 'I want no nonsense. You were my uncle's legal adviser. If there is a new will, as you say, and which, I may tell you, I don't believe to be in existence, it must be in your possession. Your word goes for nothing. If you can't produce this precious document, the fault is yours. According to my uncle's will, I succeed him in the estate. You can't deny that. I give you three days in which to settle affairs. I'll come back then, and if everything is not ready for me, the Court will then deal with you."

Mr. Anstruther paused in his narrative. A perplexed look came into his face, as if the trouble which he was relating had only reached the point at which he had stopped, and as if he was searching for a solution of the difficulty. Absently he struck a match and lighted his pipe, but his thoughts seemed to wander, for after one or two puffs he took the pipe from his mouth. It fell from his hand to the floor, and lay there unnoticed.

"I was just saying," he resumed some minutes later, "that George Murdoch had threatened me with the law unless I could produce the missing will within three days. He had the pull over me, and in some way he knew it. As you can see, I had absolutely no case unless this will, which I had written with my own hands, could be discovered. In spite of his uncle's wishes and directions to the contrary, the nephew seemed very likely to come into the property. Everything possible had been done to recover the missing document; it was still missing, and there seemed no alternative but to acknowledge defeat.

"I called on Beatrice the same night to tell her of her cousin's reappearance.

"'George has been here before you,' she said, when I had explained the object of my visit.

"'With what object?' I asked.

"'To claim the estate—and me,' she replied.

"'And your answer?'

"'I acknowledged the one part of his claim; the other I repudiated with scorn,' she answered quietly.

"Murdoch is moving quickly, I thought to myself as I made my way homewards. His cousin's refusal to marry him was only what I looked for. She had never regarded him in the light of a lover, and his conduct had done much to alienate any cousinly affection she may have felt for him.

"All hope of preventing the young man's accession to the property being now abandoned, I was busy the next day getting things into order for him, when another new and startling development arose. Another visitor called at my office. This time it was a woman—a woman I had never seen before. She was young, rather faded-looking, and poorly dressed. Her story almost took away my breath. Briefly put, for I am taxing your patience, she declared herself to be the wife of George Murdoch, whom she had married in Madras, and proved her statement by showing me her marriage certificate. After her husband's disgrace they returned together to this country. By chance they arrived on the very evening of Brown's death. Leaving his wife at the inn, George proceeded to his old home to plead with his uncle for another chance. He saw the old man come out, but, for some reason which he was unable to explain, he did not speak to him. He followed him, however, and when he saw him enter my house his quick brain led him to connect that visit with his own misbehaviour, and also to anticipate its meaning to himself. It was smart of him, you will admit, but then George had always been a clever lad.

"Waiting on his uncle, he followed him home. Then, when the old man fell to the ground with the pain of the heart seizure, the crafty nephew searched his pockets, abstracting the will, and nothing more.

"'And there's the will now,' said the woman, with a dramatic flourish of her arm, as she handed me the document which I had thought was lost for ever.

"You may wonder," Anstruther proceeded, "at her reason for bringing the will to me, and why her husband had not taken the precaution to destroy it. I can throw no light on the second point, but the woman was prompted pretty much by a spirit of revenge. Her husband had never been good to her, and I don't think she had been too good to herself. He had abused her very badly, and had let her understand plainly enough that when he came into his property she would not share it with him. She would get an allowance, and could then go her own way. This did not suit the lady. She knew from experience how useless it would be to argue the matter with her husband. If his mind was made up, so was hers; if she could not share his high

(*Concluded on page 117.*)



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

An immigrant who had been helped by three Y.M.C.A. secretaries, at Liverpool, New York, and Chicago, expressed himself thus: "First, tall young Y.M.C.A. man helped me in England, then elderly Y.M.C.A. man helped in New York, and now a short Y.M.C.A. man here. While they are so different in sizes, age, and height, they are so unique in their willingness to help us needy foreigners. The one Christian spirit was at once noticeable in every one of the Y.M.C.A. men by whom I was helped.

"While it is well not to judge a person by his clothes, especially for us foreigners when we arrive, yet it is without doubt one of the safest things for us to trust ourselves to the men with the Y.M.C.A. cap. They are all real Christians, and that makes it sufficient."

***

Birmingham has two hundred members with the colours, Horsham forty-two, Huddersfield one hundred, Bradford the same.

***

An intensely interesting musical lecture on "The Russians" (depicted in their national dress) was given at our Association rooms in Aldersgate, last Friday evening, by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch. His Excellency Baron Heyking, the Russian Consul-General, presided.

***

Birmingham's membership on December 31 last stood at 1,681.

***

Secretaries and camp leaders are warned against a man calling himself Sapper J. M. Cullen, professedly a Royal Engineer, who has committed frauds at Bath and Coventry. A warrant is out for his arrest, and the police should be immediately communicated with if he appears at any of our centres.

***

Since the beginning of November the Y.M.C.A. building at Bath has been filled with soldiers each evening. Although the whole of the social and recreative work has been most successful, the Sunday evening gatherings must be given first place. We have evidence that the hearty singing and the stirring Gospel addresses have been the means of much blessing. A trooper recently wrote: "I don't know how many of us would have fared in the new life and the strange city if we had not found the doors of the Y.M.C.A. thrown open to welcome us."

***

On either side of the city of Zeitoun, in Egypt, the Lancashire Territorials and the New Zealanders are encamped. Taking advantage of this, our workers in Cairo are laying themselves out to the utmost for the good of the soldiers, and have charge of two evangelistic meetings a week in the camp of the Lancashires. Quite a number of men have made courageous witness of their loyalty to Jesus Christ, especially in the Army Medical Corps. Our little band of voluntary workers also frequently take charge of parties of the New Zealanders on their visits to the city—a city, as we know, notoriously fertile in temptation for young fellows.

***

As a further evidence of the diversity of societies that are aiding in the provision of huts, it may be mentioned that the National League for the Opposing of Woman Suffrage has presented the Association with no less than five huts—one at Seaford, one at Worlingham, two at Sandling, and one not yet allotted. Previously we have been generously helped by the W.S.P.U. and by the militants.

***

The annual meeting of the Ryde branch of the Association appears to have been unusually successful, as, indeed, the past year's work has been. Among interesting items referred to in the report was that of the ordination of the assistant secretary, Mr. E. T. Parker, and the information that Mr. A. Laws, another former brother, was labouring in the Argentine under the South American Missionary Society. The Ryde Association has naturally felt proud of its achievement in keeping its splendid course of educational and literary lectures going without a break for fifty-four years. Their Hon. Scout Master, Mr. G. C. Cox, is now serving with the colours.

***

Quite a unique concert was held last week in connection with our Cardiff Association. To begin with, the scene of it was the historic castle, the beautiful residence of the Marquis of Bute. The 8th Welsh Band contributed a splendid musical programme. The event of the evening was the presentation of an active service war badge to Scout Frank Holloway, for services rendered during the war, the badge being given by the War Office through the Scout headquarters.

***

"I think books are even more appreciated than tobacco, for they pass the weary hours of the day when only a few men are needed to keep a look-out and the others sit at the bottom of the trench in idleness." So says an adjutant at the front when appealing for books and papers for the fighting men and the sick. But "First Steps in Arithmetic," telephone directories, and out-of-date guide-books to Harrogate can hardly be expected to relieve the camp and trench monotony. The most acceptable are the sevenpenny and shilling reprints and the fourpence-halfpenny paper-covered novels. It has to be remembered, too, that there are casualties among the books as well as among the men, and a steady stream of reinforcements is required.

***

New ventures were reported at the Torquay annual meeting of the Association, this being necessitated by the presence in the town of the soldiers. They included hot baths, the formation of a rifle club, a civil aid corps, and a free class for the instruction of the troops in French. It is thought that the ladies of the town will undertake the urgent task of wiping off the serious overdraft at the bank of £354.

***

The Mayor of Keighley, Mr. W. A. Briggs, has this year been elected president of the Y.M.C.A. in the town, and he took the chair at the annual meeting a few days ago. Regrets and congratulations go strangely hand-in-hand at our annual meetings just now, for while war lasts memberships must suffer through many enlisting, and finance suffers from obvious causes. Keighley had to face these two causes for regret, its deficiency of £104 on the year's working, and the retiring of its secretary, Mr. A. Stansfield, to take up the work of travelling secretary among the troops in Hull and district.

***

The opening of the Association hut at Stoneywood wireless station brought together many influential friends of the enterprise, including Captain N. W. Oxley, ex-Lord Provost Maitland, and Baillie Sanders. Great satisfaction was expressed at the facilities thus afforded to the troops stationed in Aberdeen, and it is hoped the troops will make as good use of them as their comrades do everywhere else.

***

Since the outbreak of war, in a Yorkshire town which shall be nameless, some ladies clubbed together, in the absence of a Y.M.C.A. tent, to provide for the soldiers in the way of refreshment and recreation. A sort of "afternoon tea" became a popular function between 4 and 5.30, and hundreds of "Tommies" attended. One of the men remarked to a lady helper: "Many of us hated the public-house, but when off duty it was the only place, unless we sat in our tents or walked about the town, making casual acquaintances." The ladies are now meditating handing over their tent to the Association, if they can retain their right to "pour out."

We are desired by Wing-Commander Boothby, of the Royal Naval Air Service, to say that recruiting of the Armoured Car squadrons is finished. Many men already serving in other branches of the Army have written on Y.M.C.A. headed notepaper making application, but the War Office does not allow transfers from the Army to the Navy. Wing-Commander Boothby also adds that men wearing glasses would not be taken on even should recruiting be resumed, of which, however, there is not much chance. If those of our readers who were meditating offering their services to this arm of defence will take notice of this official information, it will save them possible disappointment.

***

Here is a little incident which shows the appreciation which our tent workers receive from headquarters. At one camp a new tent was opened the other day. Two very eminent generals came to the ceremony. In the middle of the ceremony one of the generals was summoned to the telephone by an urgent message from the War Office. He apologised for leaving the gathering, but, as showing his goodwill, he made a special effort to return before the meeting ended, though it involved him in a long walk.

***

Marriages of soldiers have been very frequent lately, necessitating a special order from the War Office on the question. One man came to the Y.M.C.A. secretary and told him shyly that he contemplated being married, and asked whether he would kindly be present at the ceremony. The soldier was rather vague as to the church in which the marriage was to be performed, but "thought it was Holy Trinity, on Saturday." So to Holy Trinity Church, at the appointed time, the secretary went with a bag of confetti. But, alas! it was at another church that the soldier's wedding took place, so the bag of confetti is being saved for another bride and bridegroom.

***

These notes must not degenerate into a monotony of eulogy; at the same time, it is but natural that the novelty of the camp and the new venture of the *Y.M.* should make such words as those spoken the other day by the Bishop of Salisbury by no means unwelcome. After taking church parade service in the Association tent at Parham Down, he remarked: "I think the work the Y.M.C.A. is doing is magnificent. I must also thank you for all you are doing in my diocese, and not only there, but all over the country. We shall all be friends of the Association after the war."

***

One hundred and six reservists of the 8th Irish Regiment left Blackpool a week ago for Canterbury, and were due to arrive at 5 a.m. It was too early to get breakfast or to take the men to their billets. Late on Sunday night the colonel telephoned to the Association to see if our workers could help them. Mr. Arthur Hayes, whose Dickens interpretations have won him hosts of friends in all parts of the country, and his colleagues got up at four o'clock and prepared breakfast. The men were brought to St. George's Hall without knowledge that the appetising smell which greeted them was their breakfast. When they were set down to bacon and chipped potatoes, buttered rolls, and marmalade, there were loud cheers for the "Good old Y.M." Since that day the Y.M.C.A. central hall, "St. George's," has been burnt out.

***

At Conway Morfu Camp a list of addresses where people are good enough to lend their bathrooms is kept. Soldiers come up to our counter, and are told where to go, and given an official card, which is a guarantee of good faith. It is unnecessary to say how much this is appreciated. Twelve men have formed a prayer circle, which meets regularly.

***

Four centres in Clevedon, Somerset, are crowded daily. On a recent evening there were thirty-six definite decisions for the Christian life.

Mr. E. C. Phillips writes of the work at Swindon:—"Concerning the work at Draycott, I may say that my chats with some of the Welshmen have been most interesting. Many of the men look on with pleasure to the Welsh services they will get when the Y.M.C.A. building will be opening. Even yesterday afternoon, when walking along Marlborough-road, I met a man from North Wales. He was one of the officers' orderlies. We soon discovered that we were both Welshmen. Then he began telling me a little of his history. It seems that he had come out for a walk absolutely sick of everything connected with camp life. His thoughts had wandered to his pleasant little home in North Wales, and he seemed ever so sad. However, as this man passed me I noticed R.W.F. on his shoulder-badge, and I suddenly turned around to him to inquire how many Welshmen were at Draycott. In reply he told me there were at Draycott about 1,000 Welshmen. With this much introduction to our chat, we were soon in a serious conversation about home and religion. When I mentioned to him that he should hear the Gospel in his mother's tongue, he took my hand and heartily gave me thanks. We parted with each other, but not before my friend's life was brightened and his face ever so much brighter. When returning to Swindon I got in touch with a Welshman who had fought at the battle of Mons. He is now at Draycott, and intends returning to the fighting line with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. His parting word to me was this: 'Phillips,' he said, 'when the Y.M.C.A. will be opened at Draycott I shall bring to you all the best singers of our company.' So evidently the men at Draycott notice the advantage of having a Welshman among them. But while giving the Gospel to my fellow-countrymen in Welsh, I shall certainly not neglect the Cheshires and other companies that may be there."

***

Mr. Edgar Jones, M.P., who has been assisting the Y.M.C.A. in France, writes in keen appreciation of the service rendered by the Association to the men at the front. "Fortunately," he writes, "the Association has many years' experience of this work at home in the annual camps of the old Militia and Volunteers, and later of the Territorials; so there is no waste, no mistaken effort, no flashy but futile attempts. The service is real, solid, magnificently organised, and worked by experts. The selected workers of the Y.M.C.A. (there is no room for amateurs) rough it through the mud, sleep in bell tents and improvised bedrooms, work from early morning to late at night without regular meals, caring for nothing but the big job that each one has to tackle, from the intricacies of tent poles to the mysteries of French cookies. The attempts to explain in broken speech to the kindly French folk what the work is and how and why it is done mystify and astonish them. They see lorries piled with supplies pass through their streets, and the French sentries salute the badges of the Y.M.C.A. workers in charge with a full-chested 'Les Armies de l'Angleterre.'"

***

The Bishop of Manchester publishes, in his Diocesan Magazine, a letter from a chaplain in Egypt, Rev. R. F. McNeile:—

"When the Lancashire men appeared they filled all the usual barracks, and also a large camp of several thousand men. The latter had nowhere to sit to write a letter, no materials, not a book or paper supplied to them, no one to change their money honestly or to guide them about the place. The exceedingly energetic Y.M.C.A. secretary got to work, put up a large marquee and smaller tents, encouraged by the military authorities, collected books, novels, and magazines, supplied a post-office and all writing materials, arranged lectures, concerts, devotional meetings. The tents are crowded out every day. Another secretary was sent out from England, and voluntary helpers, Government officials take an afternoon and evening each week to be on duty. Numberless letters came from Lancashire—wives, mothers, sweethearts asking to be put in touch with men, or thanking the Y.M.C.A. for what they are doing. Some have sent contributions; one mill girl collected 5s. in small sums from her mill. Someone put a very friendly letter in the *Manchester Guardian*, which produced, I think, £40. But it all costs a fearful sum of money. When not sternly repressed, contractors—even Englishmen—run up their prices most iniquitously, and even apart from extortion the expenses are very large."

The Bishop says that he will gladly forward to Mr. McNeile any sums of money that may be sent to him for this work. "If," he says, "there are churches, especially in East Lancashire, which could see their way to send an offertory, such a gift would be a much-appreciated accompaniment of the prayers that are being offered in all our churches daily, as well as weekly."

***

After five months' work among the Artillerymen attached to the 2nd London Division at Hemel Hempstead, one of the workers told me he had practically got to know every man in the Howitzer Battery, among whom he principally worked, *by name*, and that quite a large number of them had promised to correspond with him when they got out at the front.

***

The three-fold accommodation provided by the Association at Bury, at the central building, at the Barracks, and at New-road School, for the use of the "Bantams" and recruits generally, is being taxed to the uttermost. The pavilion at the Barracks is now open from 10 a.m., and the men simply swarm in during the intervals between the parades. It is wonderful to see them lined up in a queue as soon as the afternoon parade is over, waiting to be served with writing-paper and envelopes. One member of the staff does nothing else but serve them out for a solid hour, and some 1,500 sheets are used daily, excepting Saturday and Sunday. Another member is kept very busy witnessing pledges, while there is a rush for drinkables and eatables. Additional classrooms have been taken into use at New-road School to cope with the needs of the situation, while increased provision has also been made at the central building.

***

The Canadian Artillery have been moved from Salisbury Plain into billets in towns and villages about the plain. On visiting the places occupied one is sure to see a very conspicuous red triangle, with the letters Y.M.C.A. in black printed across it; we know that the Association is with the men whom it would serve. Lieut. Chris. Graham, who is in charge of this work for the Divisional Artillery, has not been able to get quarters in every village, and where this occurs the men feel that they are indeed unfortunate.

***

Comfortable rooms have been secured and are being used in at least a dozen places. Mr. Graham secured the use of the Corn Exchange in Devizes for this work, but as he found it to be an unsuitable place, he has removed to very pleasant and comfortable quarters in the premises formerly occupied by the Devizes College, Market-place.

***

In Potterne the Association has secured the use of the Temperance Hall; in Great Cheverell, Edington, and Market Lavington the parish rooms; in Tinhead, West Lavington, Easterton, and Wedhampton, the Wesleyan S.S. rooms; in Urchfont and Chirton, the day schools after school hours; and in Marden the Baptist Chapel.

***

All of us are feeling deeply grateful for what the men are receiving at the hands of villagers. Concerts are often supplied wholly by others than soldiers; of course, the men have their own "sing-songs" and good times apart from this.

***

A letter from a chaplain from a Casualty Clearing Station, B.E.F., reads:—"I should like also to say that no one appreciates more than I do the work of the Y.M.C.A. It has done wonders in the way of brightening and influencing for good the soldiers at home and abroad."


# Y. M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNEY.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*Contributions are invited. The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, articles of general interest, and photographs of current events, whether relating to purely Y.M.C.A. matters or to more general topics. All accepted contributions and photographs will be paid for. Stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed in case of rejection.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*




## OVER THE BORDER.

### A Brief Review of the Camp Work in Scotland.

ONE of the most isolated training centres in the country is that at Nigg, in Ross-shire. Two large camps have been laid out on the bleak hillsides overlooking the sea. The Y.M.C.A. has two very large and well-equipped Institutes there, which, in the words of the Commanding Officer, are "a perfect godsend."

A feature of these Institutes is the cinematograph outfits which have been installed. The weekly shows are greatly appreciated by the men, and large numbers pay the small charge for admission.

A recent visit from Mr. G. T. B. Davis, of the Pocket Testament League, had good results. Over 200 men accepted copies of the Testament, which involves the reading of a passage daily.

Great difficulty has been experienced by the Association in getting stores for these centres, as they are so far from town or railway station. A horse and cart have had to be purchased in order to meet the need.

Most effective spiritual work is being done, led by several students from the U.F. Church College, Edinburgh. "Soldier" Moodie visited these centres recently, and had most successful meetings. Large numbers of men made personal decisions for Christ, and the Y.M.C.A. workers were greatly encouraged.

---

An outstanding feature of the work at the Y.M.C.A. Institute at Cupar, Fife, is the fine concerts, which are arranged weekly. Local friends are interesting themselves greatly in this work, and provide splendid programmes of vocal and instrumental music, as well as giving invaluable assistance in staffing the Institute. Last Saturday evening a special treat was given to the men, when the City of Dundee Select Choir gave a concert. Brigadier-General Lee occupied the chair, and was accompanied by his staff and a number of officers. The sale of programmes and a collection produced over £8, which, after deducting expenses, was given to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

---

On the strongly fortified island of Inchkeith, in the Firth of Forth, a fine Institute has been built, and is now under way. The confinement and loneliness of the garrison on this island have been considerably relieved by the agency of the Y.M.C.A., and the greatest possible use is being made of the Institute.

Weekly concerts are organised, at most of which the officers are present and take part. It is not possible to get the help of civilians in these entertainments, but there is a great variety of talent amongst the men. A cinematograph outfit, kindly presented by Mr. James Macdonald, Edinburgh, has been established, and is now in operation. The weekly paper published by and for the troops on the island contains eulogistic reference to the work of the Association.

---

At Windygates, Fife, where the Y.M.C.A. is at work among troops billeted in a distillery, a wonderful work of grace has been going on for many weeks. In one week four men made definite decisions for a Christian life, and in the case of two of them the change produced in the conduct of the men was so great that the company officer sent for them, and asked what had happened to them that their lives were so changed. The lads told him respectfully but quite firmly that they had become Christians, and were desirous of leading quiet and consistent lives. The officer was not slow to express his surprise and pleasure, and said he thought he would send more of his men in for treatment. Last week there were no fewer than nine outstanding cases of conversion. One sergeant, one corporal, and seven privates publicly avowed their faith in Christ. Mr. J. J. Smith, who is in charge here, has been greatly encouraged in this work by the splendid results which have followed.

An Anti-Gambling League has been started, and quite a number of names have been put down on the scroll, which is hung on the wall of the Institute.

The Magistrates and Town Council of Hawick have generously placed the fine Town Hall at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A. for work amongst a large number of troops who have recently been billeted in the town. The opening concert was most enthusiastic, and was presided over by Colonel the Honourable Thomas Cochrane, who was accompanied by Lady Cochrane and many of the officers. At the conclusion the men gave three hearty cheers for the Y.M.C.A.

The work here is in charge of two divinity students, and a committee of townspeople are rendering great assistance in the catering department and in the organisation of concerts.

---

One of the earliest of the wooden Institutes to be erected in mobilisation camps is that at Fort Matilda, near Greenock. It was opened in October, and so successful was the work that a second Institute has been asked for. This was opened on January 15. There was a large muster of men at the opening ceremony, when Sir Andrew Pettigrew, chairman of the Scottish National Council, occupied the chair. Sir John M. McCallum, M.P., Colonel Roberts, fortress commander, Lieut.-Col. Quentin Agnew, commanding Royal Scots Fusiliers, and Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P., joint convener of the camp committee, took part in the proceedings. Both commanding officers paid striking tributes to the effective work being done by the Association at this camp under Mr. C. G. Roger, evangelist.

This Institute is the largest under the direction of the Scottish Y.M.C.A., and is 190 ft. long.

---

Fully twelve months ago the Scottish National Council, at the urgent request of the ministers and magistrates of Invergordon, launched a scheme for the erection of a Sailors' Home at Invergordon, in Ross-shire. Owing to representations made by the Admiralty this scheme was delayed. Now, however, owing to the war, the situation in Invergordon is becoming acute, and the Admiralty has given instructions that the building of the Home is to be proceeded with as early as possible, and has given practical assistance in the shape of a large grant-in-aid.

In order to raise funds for this scheme, an influential meeting was held in Paisley on January 21. Sir Thomas Glen Coats occupied the chair, and the scheme was put before the meeting by Sir Andrew Pettigrew, Messrs. H. Lightbody, and James Mackenzie. Sir John M. McCallum, M.P., Mr. David Buchanan, Provost Robertson, Mr. William Crawford, J.P., also commended the scheme. A committee of ladies was appointed to raise funds locally.

---

We have received the following appreciation from an officer in Scotland, who has since gone to the front:—

Rain, wind, cold, mud, leaky tents, no mess! Battalion gone to the front! Left behind to clean up and forward baggage. Such was the plight of two officers at the end of December. Could the Y.M.C.A. possibly give them a meal?

Not only were they furnished with breakfast, lunch, and supper daily for nearly a fortnight, but mattresses, camp beds buckets, and innumerable other comforts were supplied. Nothing was too much trouble, and the greatest joy of all was the spirit in which all this was done.

A few days later a regiment arrives from India in the early hours of a December morning. The officers are in thin khaki shorts. Perished with cold; no opportunity of getting their mess going in time for breakfast.

The Y.M.C.A. again supplied the necessary; not only giving them breakfast, but also lunch and dinner.

All this was done by a staff which at the time was working at high pressure to supply the wants of the rank and file of a whole brigade.

The charges made for these services were certainly not more than sufficient to cover the cost price, and the writer, who is one of the two officers mentioned at the beginning of this letter, hopes that the Y.M.C.A. will make any use of this letter that they may think fit. It is but a poor remuneration for the kindness and consideration shown.

Of the Dundee Y.M.C.A. Bible Class no fewer than 220 young men have gone to serve their country. In addition to these, other twenty-one young men, who are members of the Association, but not of its Bible-class, have also enlisted, making a total of 241.

---

## "A REGULAR GODSEND."

A Y.M. who didn't believe in the Y.M.C.A. *left* his business one week recently and was *right* in France the next. Rather swift, even for these days, but he had joined the A.O.C., so didn't want much *training*, although he had twenty hours of boating and "nearly everyone *sick*. Ugh!"

Now comes the point. He soon wrote me a letter on "triangle" paper, and remarked: "You will see by above heading that I have sunk my prejudice and gone to the Y.M.C.A., and it's jolly nice, too."

So far so good, but there's an end as well as a beginning to most stories, however prosy. Letter No. 2 took *six* pages of Association paper, and included the following: "I don't know what I should do without the Y.M.C.A. I go there every evening for an hour. It's used to its full extent. Hundreds of men go there every day, and although we have not all the conveniences there that are had in England, it's a regular godsend. Just the right thing in the right place."

I don't think he will need much pressing to join our local branch when he returns.

Last week over 1,000 soldiers left our city for elsewhere, and were sorry to go. Our rooms have been freely open to them for recreation, letter-writing, weekly concerts, reading, Sunday teas, &c., and have been fully appreciated by the men, some of whom have joined the Pocket Testament League.

Another encouragement is worth recording. A man, who has had no sympathy with our Association previously, spontaneously offered a donation to our local Y.M.C.A., and said he was also going to send a cheque to the Council in London. The reason is that his boy, away in the Army, has been writing to him on the "triangle" stationery, and in other ways has felt the benefit of our work. May thousands of others express their thanks in such a practical way! And so say all of us!

CHAIRMAN OF GLOUCESTER Y.M.C.A.

---

## A PLOT THAT FAILED.

(*Concluded from page 114.*)

position with him, she was determined that they would both remain as they were. So, while her husband lay in a drunken sleep, dreaming, perhaps, of his greatness, she took possession of the will and brought it to me.

"Murdoch returned as he had promised, but I soon showed him that the game was up, and he disappeared, along with his wife, just as quickly as he had come. The woman reappeared about a year later, having left her husband, who was never heard of again. Beatrice, with her usual goodness of heart, provided for her, and she showed in many ways that she was not ungrateful for the kindness.

Anstruther once more lighted his pipe, and smoked vigorously, as an indication that his story was finished. But the last word had not been said.

"What of Beatrice?" asked Davidson, who liked to have every story properly capped.

A sly smile lit up Anstruther's face as, pausing for a moment in the enjoyment of his pipe, he quietly made reply: "Beatrice gave another demonstration of her good sense by choosing an excellent man to be her father-in-law. She married my son."

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### The Virtue of Cheerfulness.

THERE is no doubt about it. It is the testimony of all who have to do with them, in cold watches out in the North Sea, in the muddy trenches, and in the camps at home, that the cheerfulness and gaiety of our men, sailors and soldiers alike, are things to marvel at. They have put a new and splendid crown even upon their courage. It has become a point of honour with them all to make a joke of discomfort, and even to bear pain with a smile.

If only this infection of cheerfulness might spread to all those who remain at home! For the virtue is one very well worth learning. And it is high time that the tradition was broken which associates moral excellence exclusively with a funereal heaviness of manner, and denies the favour of the Lord to him who, as Goldsmith has it, "carols as he goes."

At New Year time a friend sent me what is called a "Kewpie," a little marble statue of a chubby child with an absolutely irresistible grin upon his face. There he sits upon my study mantelpiece, and smiles to me all the day. And however blue and gloomy I feel, I simply *have* to smile back! Two days after he came I capitulated, and now I think he is getting at you through this column.

It is good for us all to learn to smile and be cheerful, even when we feel least like it. It pays, too—all the time. You can safely prophesy that the man whom you hear singing as he trudges through his valley, like the pilgrim that Bunyan's Christian heard, is going to get safely and honourably out of it somehow. The Lord Himself will deliver him, as He delights to deliver those who face life smiling and unafraid, and meet His Fatherly discipline with a stout heart. Here is a bit of homely Scots wisdom, from a delightful new volume, "Auld Saws," by T. Whyte Paterson—English readers can apply to the nearest Scot for a translation :—

Keep up yer hairt! An' still be haudin yont;
The langest, dreichest mile, ye'll fin', gangs past;
Ae ither step, an' that's anither less;
An' mind!—The farer east, the shorter west.

A very sure way to help your fellows up their hills is to breast your own as bravely and gaily as you can. There is a story in Lockhart's "Life of Scott" about a man walking one dark, foggy night along a quiet London street, keeping his heart up by reciting aloud the closing lines of "Marmion." He has just said the words, "Charge, Chester, charge!" when out of the darkness a voice replied, completing the line, "On, Stanley, on!" Another lonely wayfarer, who had heard and answered the call! The two met under a lamppost, shook hands, and went on their cheerful way.

A buoyant spirit always helps others. Strike a cheerful note, and your brother's heart will ring with the echo. You sing out to yourself the order to "Charge," and he, too, will pluck up heart in *his* fog to bid himself march "On, Stanley, on!"

Cheerfulness, after all, is only faith in God materialised and made visible. The happy warrior is only acting his trust in the Fatherhood and overruling wisdom of God. He is declaring his conviction that there is a "smiling Face" behind the "frowning providence."

And when God's breath blows all these mists afar,
I know that I shall see the things that are.

It is the faith of Jesus Himself, to which He is very willing to help us all.

There are many kinds of Christians. But there is one kind that is none too common, yet of great value, diffusing hope and healing like the breath of morning—the "cheerful" Christian. Let us all try to be that kind of Christian, at least.

---

Sir A. Conan Doyle, in his history of the Boer War, tells us how on one occasion a comparatively small detachment of the British Army was surprised by a force of the enemy twice its strength. The British were driven back upon their camp, and the Boers occupied a commanding position from which they were enabled to pour volley after volley into the English lines. The British wounded in the earlier part of the action found themselves in a terrible position, laid out in the open under a withering fire. One of this number, a corporal in the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, tells the story himself: "We must get a red flag up or we shall be blown off the face of the earth." He says: "We had a pillow, but no red paint. Then we saw what would do instead. So they made the upright with my blood and the horizontal with Paul's." This grim flag, the blood-red cross upon the white background, was respected by the Boers. Those lying beneath it were safe. Even so, beneath the blood-stained Cross of Christ we find our safe refuge.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 12th.**—Luke viii. 1-15. *They which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it* (verse 15). The way we use our Bibles has a direct connection with the way in which we live our lives. Let there be an *honest* submission to its teaching, a *good* desire for its guidance, an intelligent grasp of its meaning, and a persistent endeavour to *keep* it in practice.

**Saturday, 13th.**—Luke viii. 16-25. *My mother and My brethren are these which hear the word of God and do it* (verse 21). Here we see the close connection between a good home life and a God-fearing life. Both are suited to every true instinct in our nature. The more we know of God, the more do we realise the necessity of love and obedience in the home, and as we practise what we know we become more capable of learning what our Heavenly Father wants to teach.

**Sunday 14th.**—Luke viii. 26-39. *Jesus sent him away, saying, Return to thine own house* (verses 38, 39). The devils *besought* Jesus, and the people of this town *besought* Him, and in both cases got their desire. This new disciple alone had to listen to a refusal, evidently because he alone had a heart to accept Jesus' better choice on his behalf; and so he was sent to begin his new life by carrying the glad news to his old home.

**Monday, 15th.**—Luke viii. 40-56. *Fear not, believe only* (verse 50). Some one had come to tell Jairus that it was too late for Jesus' aid, whereupon Jesus, in the words quoted above, stepped in to defend the poor father from any such despair. The word of God is intended to assure us of Christ's help in every path of duty, and that what is right is unfailingly possible when entrusted to His care.

**Tuesday, 16th.**—Luke ix. 1-17. *Looking up to heaven, He blessed . . . and brake* (verse 16). Jesus knew the necessity of having God's company at, not merely this, but every meal. He claimed His Heavenly Father's presence, and was consequently assured of His Father's blessing on the food. No meal is complete if God be absent, and so when we SAY GRACE let it mean an invitation to our Heavenly Father to attend and preside.

**Wednesday, 17th.**—Luke ix. 18-36. *Whom say ye that I am?* (verse 20). All through the Old Testament there had been the promise of God's MESSIAH, or ANOINTED ONE (the meaning of CHRIST), who should come in God's good time and put all things right. The disciples recognised in Jesus the fulfilment of this prophecy. Others, because He did not fit in with their wishes, rejected Him. To each of us the question comes as a call to personal decision.

**Thursday, 18th.**—Luke ix. 37-50. *Bring thy son hither* (verse 41). One great object of all home life should be mutual help in coming to Jesus. Each member of the family needs His healing touch, and it is important for each one to consider how far his example is on the side of Christ. Note the conclusion; Jesus healed the child (or lad).

---

A story is told of the late W. T. Stead, who perished on the *Titanic*: Towards the end of his life he abandoned a lucrative position on the Press for conscientious reasons. "Can you afford to do this?" a friend asked him. "Well," he said, "you see, I have a very wealthy partner." "Who is he?" "God Almighty!" was the reply.

## Board.

**Kingston Hall,**
**7, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.**
Newly decorated and handsomely furnished. Spacious Drawing and Dining Rooms. Is pleasantly situated in one of the healthiest and most open parts of Central London, overlooking large private gardens with tennis court, to which visitors have access.
Close to Tube, Train and Bus, to City and West-end, the principal Northern Termini, and the Central Y.M.C.A.
Electric Light, Baths (h. & c.). Sanitation modern and perfect. Excellent Cuisine, under personal supervision.
*Terms by arrangement for Board and Residence.*
**Bed and Breakfast from 3/6.**
Address—PROPRIETRESS. 3

From **24/-** per week.
**Y.M.C.A.**
55, Old Steine, Brighton.
The Best Place for a **HAPPY HOLIDAY.**
**Excellent accommodation.**
Reading Room, Smoke Room, Gymnasium, Library, Billiard Room. Music Room, Swimming Arch, **Refreshment Bar** & every convenience and comfort.
**REDUCED RAILWAY FARE** and Cheap Tickets for Swimming Bath, Palace and West Piers, Electric Cars, etc.
BRIGHTON has four miles of Sea-front, two Museums, Aquarium, Library, Art Gallery.
**SPLENDID WALKS OVER THE DOWNS & PARKS.**
Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. Men.
**8/6** per Week-end.
**BRIGHTON**

**34, DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.** Comfortable bedrooms, use of sitting-room, 8/6 and 7/- per week. Breakfast and tea if required. Convenient for City and West End.

**CANONBURY, N.** 8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road. Comfortable home for young fellow. Substantial breakfasts. Full board Sundays, 10/6. With meat teas and light supper, 15/- W 2

## Miscellaneous.

**BEGIN TO READ YOUR GREEK NEW TESTAMENT** at once. Simple, rapid method, will greatly interest you. A powerful aid to Scriptural study. By correspondence. Easy terms. Write immediately, enclosing stamp.—Box 77, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row.

**REGIMENTAL BADGES**
Of any Regiment in the British Army. Enamelled in correct heraldic colours.
**1/6 each. Post Free.**
Special quotations for large quantities.
Medal Ribbons and Bars of every description in Stock.
**BOTLY & LEWIS,**
'Phone 172. 25, KING ST., READING.



**TO THOSE IN CAMP.**

**Rotary Real Photo Post Cards**
OF ALL THE
**Men who are Making History**



*Also* Topical Greeting Cards

*Also* Topical Comic Cards

**CAN BE OBTAINED AT ALL Y.M.C.A. CENTRES AND CAMPS.**

**CAMP LEADERS**
should note that
**SUN COFFEE**
is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.
*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*
QUALITY RIGHT. PRICE RIGHT.
*Write for terms to*
ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,
19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.
ESTABLISHED 1812.

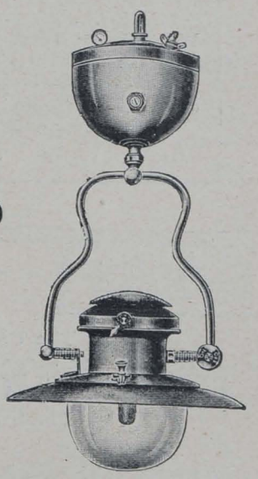


**HOME'S—— Winter Camp Drinks**
GINGER CORDIAL,
GINGER MINT,
PEPPERMINT.
*For full particulars apply to*
G. Y. HOME & CO., Redcross St., BRISTOL.
*Pioneers of LEMON SYRUP and all Fruit Cordials.*

**THE LAMP that is USED by the Y.M.C.A.,**
By The WAR OFFICE & The ADMIRALTY,
The RED CROSS SOCIETIES,
MILITARY CONTRACTORS, &c., &c., &c.,
IS THE
**BLANCHARD (British Made)**
**INCANDESCENT OIL LAMP**
BECAUSE OF ITS
**EFFICIENCY, RELIABILITY AND ECONOMY.**
NO PIPING. CAN BE REMOVED NO SMOKE.
NO WIRING. WHILST ALIGHT. NO SMELL.
NO DANGER.



Model 1133.—100 c.p.
As used by the WAR OFFICE.



Model 1307.—300 c.p.
As used by the Y.M.C.A.

*Write for Catalogues and Price Lists to—*
**BLANCHARD LAMPS (BRITISH), LIMITED,**
151, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
Telephone: 2973 City. Telegraphic Address: "Farringter, Smith, London."

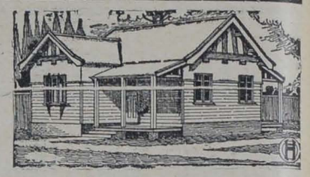
DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Bungalows, Temporary Buildings.



and other Portable Erections.

Lodges, Cottages, Gymnasia, Billiard Rooms, Village Halls, Garages, Stabling, &c. . . .

*Consistently careful Construction, Reliability & sound Craftsmanship.*

EXPERT DESIGNS, LISTS, an ESTIMATES FREE.

E. B. HAWTHORN & CO.

*The Reading Portable Building Specialists. Contractors to the War Office. Builders of the Y.M.C.A. Huts at Bordon Camp and Newcastle (Staffs.)*

42, LONDON WORKS, READING.

"At the Front"




Since War broke out OVER 1,000 OLIVER Typewriters have been bought by H.M. Government for Military purposes.

Oliver Typewriter Co., Ltd., 75, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

ALWAYS "AT THE FRONT."

"A good digestion"

—an excellent wish, which may be realised by taking the "Allenburys" Diet.

It affords an ideal food for those of weakened or temporarily impaired digestion.

It is prepared from rich milk and whole wheat—the two vital food elements, combined in a partly predigested form.

MADE IN A MINUTE— Add boiling water only.

Large sample will be sent for 3d. stamps.

The Allenburys DIET

Of Chemists 1/6 & 3/- per tin.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, London, E.C.

ORGANS £5 17 6 ORGANS

The Finest Organ for the Home, the Mission Hall or Small Church.

£7 8 6 THE UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN. £8 9 6

Full Illustrated Lists Free on Application. INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.

*SOLE AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN:—*

MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Keswick House, Paternoster Row, E.C., & 9, North Bank St., Edinburgh.

ORGANS £12 17 6 ORGANS

PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—*February* 12, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***

# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 6. Vol. 1. FEBRUARY 19, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.

## POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE

Headquarters: 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

President: Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A.

### 100,000 League Testaments

**ARE URGENTLY NEEDED**

**To help in Evangelising the ARMY and NAVY with the Word of God.**

In addition to the work undertaken by the Pocket Testament League in giving God's Word to our Soldiers and Sailors, at Home and Abroad, **Mr. GEORGE T. B. DAVIS, B.A.**, the International Secretary, is conducting a LEAGUE CAMPAIGN in

### SCOTTISH MILITARY CAMPS

with many signs of Divine blessing, during the first portion of his tour, covering over 1,000 miles.

**PLEASE PRAY EARNESTLY for this special effort.**

### A MESSAGE FROM FRANCE.

One of the leaders of the work among the troops, writing from France, says:

*"I am sadly in need of more Testaments. The men are clamouring for them. Please send more as soon as possible."*

**Every Donor of 10s. will receive a Specimen Testament**

(which contains Special Features for Soul-Winning Work not found elsewhere).

Send for Free Copies of the "Prayer Circle" Card, and help us to PRAY THROUGH to victory for the salvation of the Soldiers and Sailors.

**GIFTS may be sent to Miss E. WAKEFIELD MACGILL, Hon. Sec., Pocket Testament League, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.; or to the Office of "Y.M."**

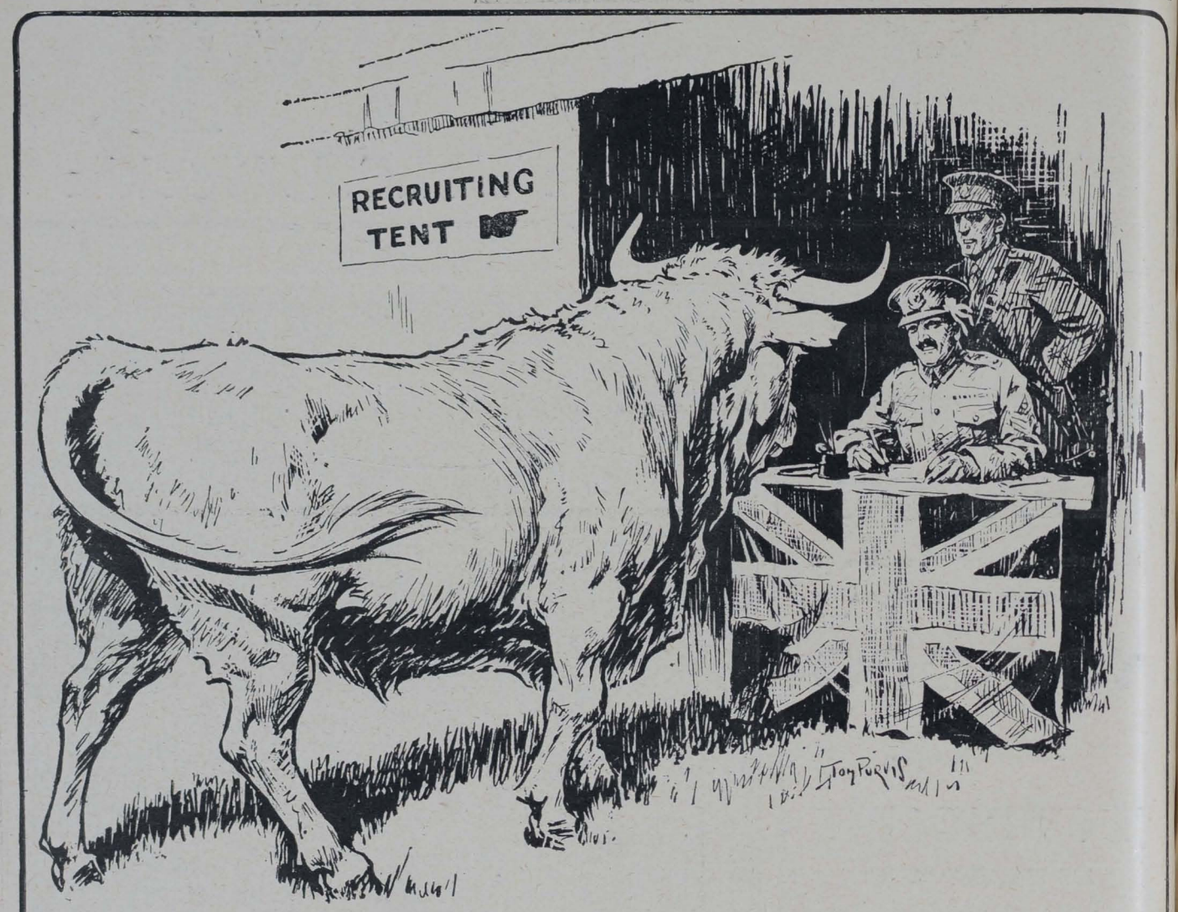


GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN.

**Another of Britain's gallant commanders in the field, General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien has proved his qualities on more than one battle-ground. He believes in trusting men, and has rarely been disappointed.** *Photo: J. Russell and Sons.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.

LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. V.—General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien 124
THE PLUCKIEST MAN IN THE CAMP. A Short Story. By Joseph Hocking (with Portrait of the Author) ... ... ... ... ... ... 125
THE LONDON CENTRAL Y.M.C.A. IN PICTURES ... ... ... 127
PEN PICTURES FROM THE FRONT. By the Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt, M.A. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 128
THE CANADIAN Y.M.C.A. WITH THE COLOURS (with Illustration) 129
BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 6.—"The Man with a Grievance" ... ... 130
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. (Illustrated) ... ... ... ... 137




British Bull:—

"*My* place is at the front—

"I hear they
"want more
"BOVRIL"

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

S.H.B.

# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 6. Vol. 1. FEBRUARY 19, 1915. PRICE 1d.

### MORE PRACTICAL THAN PATRIOTIC.

A clergyman was descanting to the boys in a day school on the necessity of growing up good and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks by appealing to their patriotic feelings, he pointed to a large flag hung up on the wall of the school, and exclaimed, "Boys, what is that for?" A little urchin, who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, shouted out, "To hide the dirt, sir!"



MEMBERS OF THE LONDON CENTRAL SERVING WITH THE COLOURS.

1.—Sergeant A. E. Harley-Mason, 15th Special Company National Reserve. 2.—W. G. Stedman, B Company 6th Seaforth Highlanders. 3.—Lance-Corporal H. L. Willson, B Company 9th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment.

### APPLIED AGNOSTICISM.

"I am an agnostic," remarked a young man, in a proud and dignified tone of voice. "And an agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An agnostic," replied the smart youth, in a manner full of pity for the old man's ignorance, "an agnostic is a fellow, don't you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," was the reply; "but how does it happen that you are so sure you are an agnostic?"

### BE NOT AFRAID TO PRAY.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right;
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, and sick with long delay:
Pray in the darkness if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, that ask of Heaven,
Though it be that thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be.
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### A NEW "LINE" FOR PUBLISHERS.

An old lady went into a Brighton book-store the other day with an order which was rather difficult to fill. She said to the clerk at the counter: "Do you keep Bibles?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I want a small pocket Bible in very large print."

A soldier writes home from the front to say that the first paper he has seen for weeks is *Y.M.*, which some friend kindly distributed among the men. There he read about the Pocket Testament League, and promptly wrote to London for a copy of the little book, as there was neither a Bible nor a Testament among his squad.

### A GREATER REFORM THAN "THE REFORMATION."

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. One day he was found by his father in a very serious humour. "What is the matter with you, Tom?" asked the bishop; "what are you ruminating on?"

"A greater work than your lordship's 'History of the Reformation,'" answered the son.

"Ay! what is that?" asked the father.

"The reformation of myself, my lord," replied the son.

Four workers left England last Monday to co-operate with our workers in India in service for the British Territorials there.

An Irish secretary, addressing Scottish troops on Salisbury Plain, said fervently and apologetically, "Of course, Irishmen need salvation just as much as Scots." Scottish Chaplain, aloud: "Emphatically so."

Recently a group of workers left England on a trooper to take part in work in India. Expecting to voyage with hundreds of soldiers, a complete plant for social service was laboriously collected, and taken aboard. That troopship sailed with two Tommies, a large group of officers, and a full complement of *lady nurses*.

Do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers! Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Pat Ryan, of the Connaught Rangers, thought he ought to do something to celebrate his birthday. Without telling a soul, he went out of the trenches in the afternoon, and came back after dusk with two big Germans in tow. How or where he got them nobody knows. The captain asked him how he managed to catch the two. "Sure, and I surrounded them, sorr," was the answer.

"The war may redeem the world; it may lift it out of contented mediocrity and growing materialism; it may give a taste for public duty which may never die away; it may weld classes together into a brotherhood which nothing can break; it may cast out of Europe an evil spirit even though the evil spirit tears Europe as he goes out; it may produce, when that evil spirit has gone out, permanent peace."—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

### THE Y.M.C.A. IN QUAINT PLACES.



V.—An interior view of a disused stable which is being put to a patriotic use.

## PLYMOUTH Y.M.C.A. AS HOSTS TO A THOUSAND POOR CHILDREN.



This interesting picture shows the Plymouth Y.M.C.A. entertaining a thousand poor children to a much-appreciated treat a week or two ago. After tea, the tables were cleared, and a cinematograph show was given.

### A BRAVE MAN!

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there from under the bed I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy!" exclaimed a woman—"the burglar's legs?"

"No, dear, my husband's legs. He had heard the noise, too."

### THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn,
In a place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their path,
Where the highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend of man.

I see, from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who pass with the ardour of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend of man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night;
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live I in my house by the side of the road,
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—and so am I—
Then, why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend of man. WALTER FOSS.

### AN UNHAPPY ACCIDENT.

An early morning customer in an optician's shop was a young woman with a determined air. She addressed the first salesman she saw. "I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses, sir, of extra magnifying power."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the salesman; "something very strong?"

"Yes, sir. While visiting in the country I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"No, not exactly that; I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

"I started cleaning Fred's buttons when he came home on short leave last Saturday," said the wife of an infantryman. "I did not like to see them looking as if they were covered with lampblack. But he stopped me directly he found what I was doing. 'You'll get me six months if you do that,' he said. 'Why, we daren't let the buttons shine, or they would make a good mark for the Germans.' But it did seem a pity, and he so careful of his uniform," added the wife with a sigh.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### V.—GENERAL SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN.

ONE of the wedding gifts which General Smith-Dorrien prizes very greatly is a beautiful silver statuette of a Gordon Highlander. There is a story belonging to this gift, which was presented by every man in the regiment.

It was at Doornkop, in the South African War, that the swift and wise action of the General was of the highest value to the Gordon Highlanders. They had made a brilliant but highly dangerous dash uphill, and were in great peril of being cut off from their comrades and surrounded by the Boers. General Smith-Dorrien rode out alone, crossing the enemy's front amid a shower of bullets, and was fortunately successful in turning back the Gordon Highlanders. Is it surprising that the whole regiment united to give him the statuette as a souvenir?

It was at Aldershot that General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien put the soldiers on their honour, and relaxed certain restrictions which had hitherto been enforced. He has always believed in trusting men, and he has not been disappointed.

If a man is himself brave and kindly, he will always find that others will follow him—even unto death.

### PRAISE FOR "Y.M."

A provincial secretary sends us the following characteristic message:—

When I knew of the coming of the *Y.M.*, I confess I had many misgivings. I did not think it was wanted, and mentally collated every conceivable criticism. Because I viewed it with certain doubts, I was in duty bound to follow it closely, else my criticism would have been unfair.

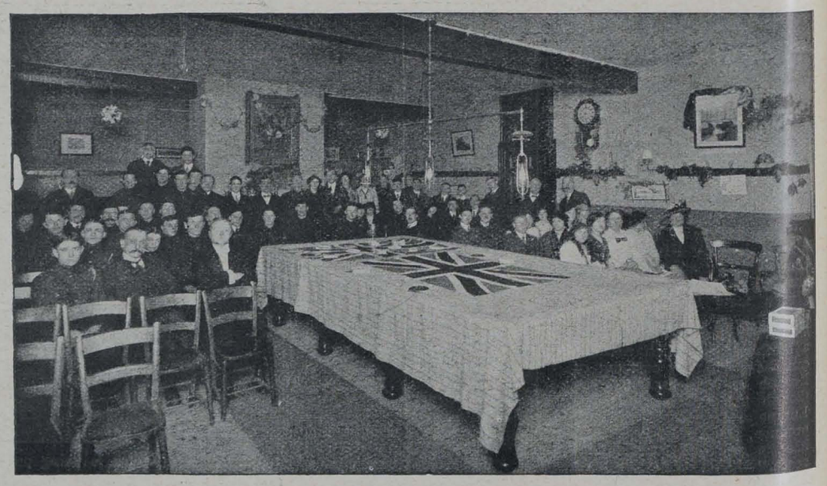
I am caught in my own net. Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 have convinced me of the need for, and the value of, the publication; and so long as the standard is kept up, I shall certainly push it.

We have already found a man to make it his job to push it amongst our fellows in and out of this building.

Congratulations, and success to the *Y.M.*

As an architect met a lady of his acquaintance in the street he remarked that he had just been to see the nave of the new church of which they were both members. "You needn't mention names," said the lady, with an apprehensive glance; "I know the man to whom you refer."

## MAKING THE GALLANT HIGHLANDERS AT HOME.



An Evening with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Bedminster Y.M.C.A.



*Our Short Story.*

# THE PLUCKIEST MAN IN THE CAMP.

*A Story Related by a Soldier, and Now Set Forth for "Y.M." Readers by*

JOSEPH HOCKING, Author of "All for a Scrap of Paper," &c.

SCENE: A SOLDIERS' TRAINING CAMP.

"YES, the life here is strange to us. You see, a few months ago none of us ever thought of becoming soldiers, and to be dumped down in a place like this knocks all stuffing out of a man. Here we are, a strange crew, all mixed up together. There are thirty thousand men altogether, and we have come from all sorts of places. Most of us were working chaps, while others were evidently swells before they joined. Still, on the whole, we get on well together."

"But," I asked, "do you realise why you are here, and what possibly lies before you?"

"Realise what lies before us! I should think we do. Not that we are afraid. It is not that so much—all the same, it is terrible; sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night, and then it all comes to me. We may be ordered to the front almost any day now, and we know what that means. Of course, we get all the papers and read the news. The Germans are terrible fighters, aren't they? Only last night I woke up in a terrible sweat. I fancied myself in the trenches, and I saw the Germans coming towards us, while my legs were tied. You know how it is, sir, when you are in a dream. Everything seems to be wrong. Still, I don't believe we shall run away when the time for fighting comes."

"And what is the feeling of the other men about going to the front?" I queried.

"Oh, we mean to do our bit all right, although the pluckiest of us have our bad times. You see, it is no fun going to meet a lot of men who mean to kill you if they can; and we are young, sir, and don't want to die. Still, if there is one thing we despise here it is cowardice. Almost everything is forgiven except showing the white feather. A man can be almost what he likes if he is plucky. Sometimes we have discussions as to what we shall do and how we shall feel. Some time ago we had a sort of debate as to who were the bravest men in this camp, and it had a curious result."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, sir, our battalion came down here from the North of England—why, we don't know; it is not our business to know, we just do what we are told. We had just enlisted, and we hadn't even got our uniforms. There weren't enough to go round, and I tell you when we drew up at the station we were a funny-looking lot.

"Some had their holiday clothes on, some looked as if they had just come from the factories and coal-pits; a few there were who were altogether down at heel, while three or four were evidently swells. You have heard that song, haven't you, about the Absent-minded Beggar? Well, we were just like that—it was 'duke's son and cook's son' with us. There was one chap especially who, I could see in a minute, was no ordinary Tommy. He had a kind of way with him which marked him out from nearly all the others. His clothes were cut by a swell tailor, and he wore a ring which was worth twenty pounds if it was worth a penny. Dick Hereford he called himself, but whether that was his real name or not I don't know. Anyhow, he didn't put on any side, and behaved to us just as if we were his equals. He made a smart soldier, too, and you could not get away from the fact that he looked just as superior to the rest of us after we had got our uniforms as he did before. We hadn't been in camp a week before he became a kind of leader. You know how it is sometimes. Some men have a way with them, and others follow them as a matter of course. Plucky? I should think he was plucky. I don't believe that fear ever entered his heart, and we always said that whoever else was a coward it could not be Dick Hereford.

"Well, as I was saying just now, we had a debate as to who was the pluckiest man in the camp, and, almost without exception, we voted for Hereford.

"I may as well confess it, whatever may be said about the others, our company was anything but religious. Of course, we went to church parade on Sundays, and that sort of thing, but some of us had got into the way of thinking that if a chap was religious he was a sort of 'swab,' and we professed to despise him accordingly. I don't know why we should, because a great many of us were brought up in good religious homes, and went to Sunday-school, and I expect a lot of us said our prayers when we went to bed at night, only we were all afraid to let anyone see us.

"There were sixty who slept in our hut, and I never saw anyone kneel down before getting into bed.

"We have lots of fun here in the camp—concerts, entertainments, boxing matches, and all that sort of thing—and it was at these boxing matches especially that Hereford showed his superiority over us. There was not a man of us who could stand up against him. You see, he had been to one of these public schools where they teach boxing, and I never saw a man who could use his fists better, and this leads me on to the story I have to tell. As I said just now, Hereford got the reputation in the camp of being the pluckiest man in our regiment and the best boxer, and our chaps went round boasting about him, and saying that there was not a man in the whole camp who could stand up against him. Mind you, Dick Hereford never boasted; he was not that sort.

"Well, one day a note came to us from the artillery regiment stationed about a mile away, just beyond the trees there. The note suggested a boxing match, and contained a challenge that five of their men should meet five of our men. We saw what it meant in a moment; they were jealous of Dick Hereford, and didn't like the idea of playing second fiddle to him. We learned, too, that they had a regular trained pugilist among them, a man by the name of Nick Symonds, who had appeared in the London music-halls and that sort of thing. Of course, they believed that Symonds would half kill Dick, and establish their superiority.

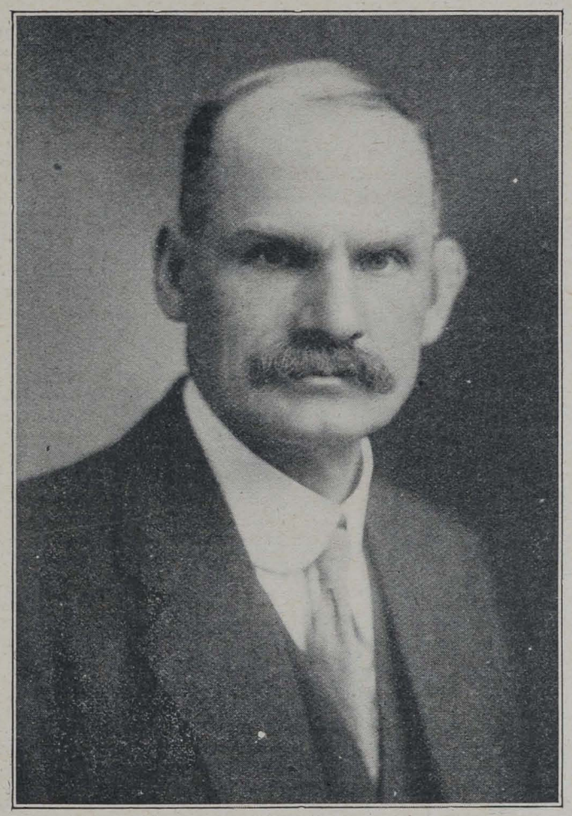
"'What do you say about it?' I said to Hereford when he had read the note.

"'Why not?' was his reply.

"'I know what their game is,' I said; 'they are jealous of us, and they have a man who wants to lick you.'

"'Who is he? What is his name?' he asked.

"I told him that he was a professional fighter, and for years earned his living by going round and giving exhibitions in boxing. I saw Hereford look thoughtful, and several of us watched him, wondering what



MR. JOSEPH HOCKING,

the celebrated author, from whose pen a short story appears on this page. *Photo: Haines.*

he would do. As I said, he was a sort of leader among us, and we knew we should have to depend on him if we were going to make anything like a show.

"'If we refuse, they will say we are afraid of them, won't they?' and I noticed a curious look in his eyes.

"'There is no doubt about that," I replied. "I'll tell you what we will do: we will accept their challenge on condition that Nick Symonds is not in their gang. We will say it is not fair for amateurs to box with professionals.'

"'No,' he replied, 'that won't do. Either we must refuse them outright, or let them send whom they like.'

"'But just think,' I said; 'not one of us can stand up against Symonds.'

"I saw Hereford turn pale, and I thought his lips trembled. I knew what he was thinking about. It meant that he would have to be Nick Symonds' man.

"I must confess that I felt a bit anxious myself. If we refused, we should be laughed at everywhere. We should be called cowards, too, and if there is one thing we are afraid of, it's that. 'Look here,' said Hereford presently, 'can you fellows stand being called cowards?'

"We were all silent at this, because it all depended upon him.

"'I tell you what,' I said presently, 'if you accept the challenge and lick Symonds you will establish yourself as the pluckiest man in the camp.'

"'We will send over word that we will accept,' he said, quietly, 'and tell them to fix up the date.'

"The next day everything was fixed up for the following Thursday night.

"When Thursday came a big crowd squeezed itself into one of the huts. You see the news had got abroad of what was going to take place, and everybody was eager to see what the result would be.

"'But would not your officers prohibit the meeting?' I asked.

"'Oh no, sir; friendly boxing matches are not prohibited, and that is all this was supposed to be. All the same, I can tell you we were trembling in our shoes, and many of us were sorry that things had turned out as they had. More than one of our fellows had tried to persuade Hereford to back out of it, because we believed that Symonds meant mischief. Whether Hereford was afraid or not I don't know; certainly he said nothing.

"On the Wednesday night I got him alone, for although he was a swell and I had only been a working blacksmith, we had become quite good pals, and he never put on any side with me.

"'Try to get out of this Dick,' I said. 'I know some of those artillery chaps don't like you because you are a gentleman, and because they are jealous of you. There is no doubt about it, this Symonds is a terrible fighter, and I don't believe he means any good.'

"'But to be called a coward!' was his reply. 'I can stand anything but that; besides what sort of soldiers should we be, and how should we face death as we shall have to face it soon, if we are afraid to stand up in a boxing match? No, no, we will see it out.'

"As I said, when Thursday night came the hut was jammed full, and there was a grim look on the faces of all the men when the proceedings commenced. Of course, all the other matches were quickly finished; everybody knew that the real crux of the thing was between Hereford and Symonds.

"I am not going to try to describe the fight, although I was never so much interested in anything in my life. Symonds was the better boxer; that is, he knew more tricks than Hereford did. All the same, Dick came up smiling every time; never lost his temper, never lost his head, and, what was more, he never knew when he was beaten. Would you believe it, sir, before the evening closed he was master, and he was admitted to be master, too, even by Symonds himself; and presently, when all the artillery chaps had gone back to their huts, we were simply wild with delight. I don't know how it is, but I am told that at these big public schools it is the chap that can do something with his hands and feet who is thought most of, and not the cleverest scholar. It is the great footballer, the great cricketer and great boxer who is thought a thousand times more of than the clever chap who is top in all the examinations. Anyhow, we thought more of Dick Hereford that night than we thought of the Prime Minister.

"'Who is the pluckiest chap in the camp?' some one shouted; and every man of us bellowed out as a reply, 'Dick Hereford!'

"Dick said nothing to all this, although I could see he was pleased. What chap wouldn't be? He had licked a professional boxer, and had by sheer pluck made himself master of the camp.

"There was one chap, however, who during all the excitement had said nothing, but who had stood by with, as we thought, a fearful look in his eyes. He had only come into the camp the day before, and as luck would have it had to sleep in the same hut with Dick Hereford and sixty other chaps. He, too, looked like a swell, although he was utterly different from Dick. That is, he hadn't the same 'happy-go-lucky' ways that Dick had. He wouldn't stand other fellows treats, and I could see that he felt frightfully miserable at the language which lots of our men used. He was called 'Michael Penrose,' and came from one of the western counties. I don't know why it was, but everyone seemed to dislike him, and as is nearly always the case when a new man comes into camp we played tricks on him. It was very late when presently we got into our sleeping hut, and although we were 'dog tired,' for we had had a hard day, nobody seemed to think of going to bed. We were all talking about the plucky way Dick Hereford had stood up to Nick Symonds and had come off best man. A score of us shook hands with him again and again.

"'You are the pluckiest man in the camp, Dick,' we shouted repeatedly. Presently things became a bit quieter, and the chaps began to prepare to go to bed.

"You see the kind of bunks we sleep on, don't you, sir? Here they are all fixed round the room; every man is allowed about three feet six inches space. A pack of straw is placed here upon these raised boards. There is not much spring-in them, but there's just a little. As you will see, too, privacy is out of the question.

"After a bit there was a yell in the room, and on turning to discover what it meant I saw the chap called Michael Penrose kneeling down by his pack of straw saying his prayers.

"'Here's a religious swab!' shouted some one.

"'That is why he looked so miserable during the boxing match,' said another.

"'We can't stand any religious swabs here,' cried a third. 'What shall we do to him?'

"Michael Penrose seemed to take no notice, and went on saying his prayers. The light was not very good, but I could see that his face was very pale and his hands trembled.

"It was the first time I had ever seen any one saying his prayers like that in our hut. In fact, I don't think one of us had pluck enough to do it. As I said, I expect a lot of us said our prayers to ourselves when we were lying down, especially when we thought of the danger that lay before us, but not one of us dared to publicly kneel whilst scores of chaps jeered at us. I feel a bit ashamed of myself now, because I was one who laughed the loudest at Michael Penrose's action, and all the time I knew I hadn't got the pluck to do what he did.

"'What shall we do with the "sky pilot"?' shouted some one.

"A dozen suggestions were made, which, although they aroused great laughter, seemed very silly, for, after all, the fellow was doing no harm. A minute later half-a-dozen men were jumping on him and pulling him round the room.

"'No religious swabs here,' they cried.

"All the time Michael Penrose said nothing, although I could see by the look in his eyes that he keenly resented what the others were doing. I noticed, too, that he was by no means a weakling. He was not so tall as Dick Hereford, neither did he move with the same springy step, but he must have been at least three inches bigger round the chest.

"'Look here,' cried one fellow, who had had a drop too much beer, 'will you fight?'

"'No,' replied Penrose.

"'Do you mean to say you will stand all these chaps have been saying and doing, and not stick up for yourself?'

"Penrose didn't say a word.

"'A nice soldier you are,' shouted another.

"'A blooming coward,' rejoined another.

"'No,' said Michael Penrose, 'I am not a coward.'

"'If you will not fight, you are. I say, chaps, whose the biggest coward in the camp?'

"'Michael Penrose!' And the reply was a regular yell throughout the room.

"'And who is the pluckiest chap in the camp?'

"'Dick Hereford!' And the answer was a great cheer.

"All this time Hereford hadn't spoken a word, and if his face was pale when he had first stood up before Symonds, it had become almost deathly white now.

"'Wil't 'a feight?' It was a Lancashire man who spoke.

"'Certainly not.'

"'Then I tell thee tha'rt a coward.'

"'No, I am not a coward.'

"There was a tremor in Penrose's voice, although he spoke quietly.

"'But I think *you* are a coward,' he continued.

"'I a coward!'

"'Yes, you are. Any man is a coward who dar'nt do what he believes to be right, and who tries to do harm to one who is seeking to act up to his convictions.'

"There was silence at this; things were turning out differently from what we expected.

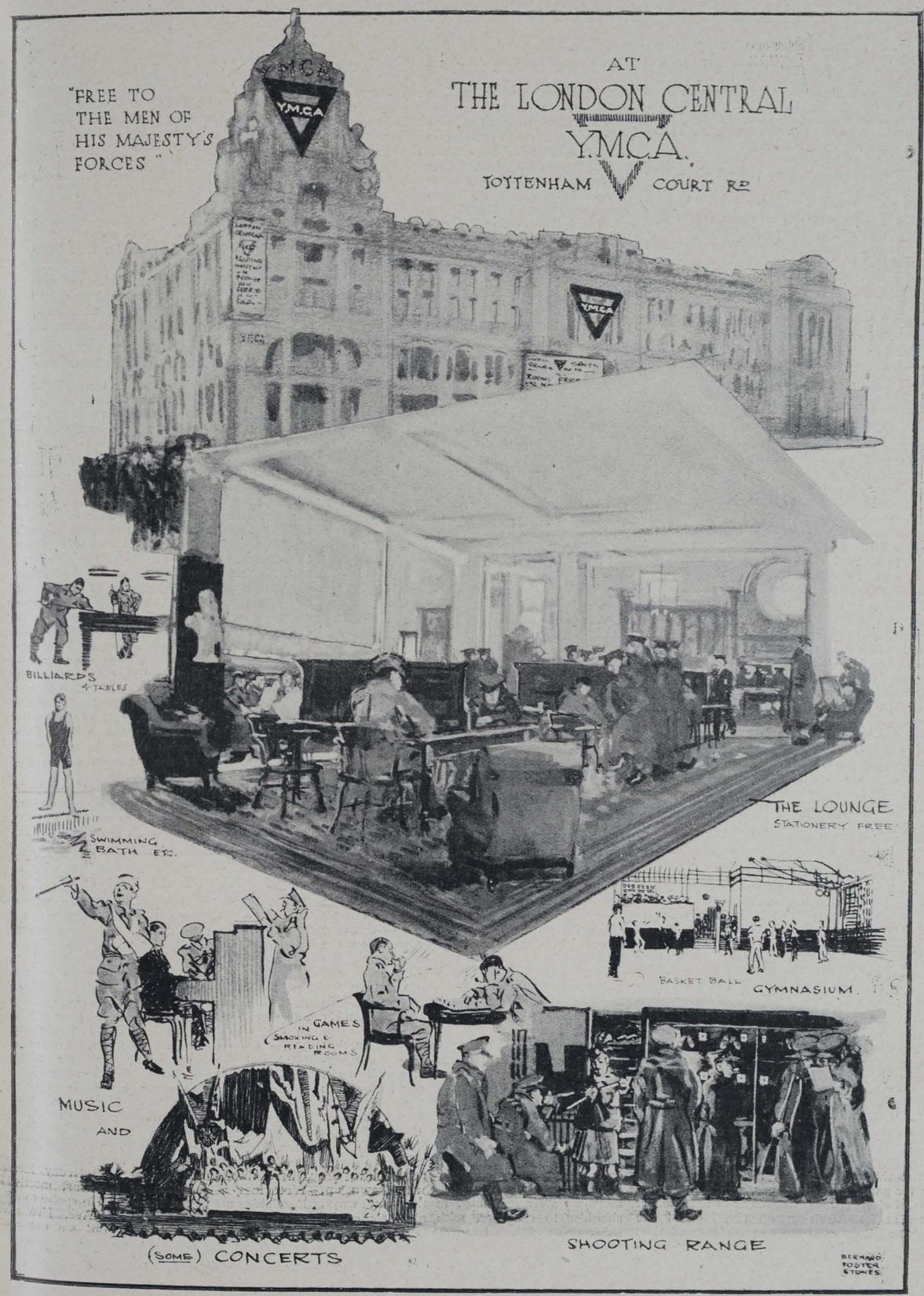
"'Every religious swab is a coward,' shouted someone, and we all waited quietly to hear what Penrose would reply.

"'Look here, you chaps,' he said presently, 'I don't interfere with you, and I don't see why you should interfere with me; and just let me say this—I, like you, have joined the Army to fight against a great wrong. We believe that the Germans are acting as bullies, and we mean to stop their bullying. To me it is a religious duty. If I didn't believe that, I should not be here. That is why I was asking God to help me to play the man.'

"I believe there were scores of us who felt downright ashamed of ourselves then, but

(*Concluded on page 142.*)





# PEN-PICTURES FROM THE FRONT.

## *A Vivid Impression of the Association's Work in France.*

**By the REV. LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, M.A.**

The writer of the following article, who is at present on service for the Y.M.C.A. in France, is a well-known Scottish preacher and poet. This interesting story of the work on the Continent is taken from the *Scotsman*.

THIS great war has moved all classes to sacrifice and service. And those who, for various reasons, have been unable to carry a rifle and serve in the ranks find opportunities and openings for helpfulness in such a crisis. Amongst the movements that are using the energies of such people, one of the most important at the present time is the Y.M.C.A. It is the "Young Men's Christian Association," but the adjective "young" here is not restricted by any age limit. The only limitation is usefulness or the reverse. The requisites for successful employment of its resources and opportunities are brains, foresight, knowledge of humanity, strength of constitution, and common-sense.

### A Friend in a Foreign Land.

It strikes an Association like this that at the present time there are multitudes of young men in khaki who are away from home because the liberty of Europe and of our Empire is distinctly threatened by a great military ambition, equipped with modern scientific methods of warfare; that many of these young men are free from home influences for the first time in their lives, and the comfort and health of their bodies and souls have to be looked after. They are only too apt to forget the examples of devout Christian parents, and to fall, perhaps, into evil habits from mistaken ideas of what is expected from a soldier, and because of their inexperience of the temptations that lie in wait for them in strange cities. And besides, they are sometimes home-sick, in camps and in barracks, amidst discomforts unspeakable, of mud and cold and rain. Now, the Y.M.C.A. sets before it as an ideal the facing of all these necessities and difficulties, and the helping, wherever it can, to provide home-like influences, which shall keep the life of the young soldier up to the level which those who love him would most desire.

How does it set about it?

### When the Troopships Arrive.

Well, in a land like France at the present moment there are certain bases at which troops are kept in camps after their arrival until they are sent further forward towards the fighting line. It is a fine thing seeing a troopship coming in. The decks are crowded with men in full kit, and every dialect of the kingdom may be heard. The fellows are all interested in the land they have arrived at, though they usually have no idea what town they have reached. The bustle and business of arrival, both on shore, where the French are shouting, and on deck, where the Lascars chatter, being got over, the soldiers are marched off, and drawn up in the great sheds which line the quays. Then the Y.M.C.A. has a busy time. Sometimes thousands pass in a continuous line before the counters of the Association's shed, getting tea and coffee served as fast as the willing hands of the workers can deal these out to them. Then they return to the counter for paper and envelopes, which are given free of charge, and the soldier is the keenest man at letter-writing on the face of the globe. Of course, one can understand this. There is usually a sheet for his wife or sweetheart, one for his mother, and one for his chum. For the most part, with many, the letter takes a long time to evolve. A man who could keep a brisk enough bit of repartee going on a London 'bus or in a bar finds it almost impossible to scrawl down half-a-dozen words of a message. One such came to me and handed in a postcard, on which he had written only his regimental number. I said. "But what is your message?" "Blowed if I can make one, guvnor," he bashfully muttered. "And I've sore muddled my bloomin' brains trying to. But it's to my brother, and he'll know." "Why," I replied, "he'll never even know probably who is writing home. You haven't even signed your name. What is it?" "Bill's my name," he answered, sheepishly. "Well, then," said I, "why not write something like this?" And I scribbled, "Here I am, safe and sound, on my way to have a slap at my namesake, Bill." His face shone with delight, and he gave a sigh of relief. "That's just what I was hunting for!" said he. And immediately a little crowd pressed forward, holding out their postcards, and crying, "Here, guvnor, write that for me, too. My name's Bill also."

Officers and men alike are thankful to get some warm food, the chance of stretching their legs after the unaccustomed voyage, and an opportunity of sending back a word or two to those they have left behind in the old country, which, alas! they may probably never see again.

### The Soldier and His Songs.

At the camps the same opportunity of warm food and letter-writing awaits them in the Y.M.C.A. huts. And in all these buildings there is also the social gathering which they dearly love. At night they settle down to a "sing-song," the songs being provided by volunteers, who send in their names to the chairman. Quaint enough are some of the programmes—a few music-hall ditties, with a chorus, always very heartily sung—some old folk songs, and some nonsense lyrics. But whatever happens, they must have a chorus, if possible in waltz time. The songs which they enjoy most must be deeply charged with sentimentality. The more doleful and dirge-like the better they are appreciated. They love to listen to the story of the little girl who died, or the lonely grave in a distant land, or the long farewell, with the cottage by the brook thrown in. And always the waltz chorus rocks its way out of the brawny-throated men. Their sentiments are always on the side of the oppressed, the lonely, and the dying. The "gods" of a theatre are not more soundly on the side of right than are the audience in a soldiers' "sing-song" in the Y.M.C.A. hut, in the middle of a muddy camp in France.

But the Y.M.C.A. has to remember that the life is more than meat. The main purpose of its mission is spiritual, and it is out to steady the weak, and to try to win souls for Christ. Certainly you can serve God by dishing out coffee or tea to hungry men in khaki, but you cannot forget that there is also a soul in khaki for whom God's Son died on Calvary. And these souls are going on soon, far beyond your reach, into the front of battle. You see them drawn up, morning after morning, in the miry ways, shoulder to shoulder, with all their equipment on, and you have entirely missed the mark of your purpose if you have not tried to touch their hearts for Christ. Brave fellows! They all know what it means. They are up against the greatest truths of life and death. They are thinking of things too deep for words. When you have taken up the matter, at the close of the evening, and when, all together, they have sung some of the simple songs of faith out of the little treasury of Christian hymns, and you have spoken of the things of the soul, you can feel, as if you passed your hand over their hearts, that they know, that they are remembering, that they have been near to life's solemnities. And then that great hymn, which should, in a very special sense, be a soldier's hymn in such a time as this:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!—

how it hushes and moves the souls that are far from home, and to-morrow they are going on towards Eternity, never to be seen again by you, perhaps, till you meet them with Christ.

### The Work and the Workers.

Some of the fellows come up and thank you for your words of remembrance, slipping a message they have written on a scrap of paper into your hand—a word or a phrase—"Good-bye, God bless you," or "God be with you till we meet again." And just their name and regimental number, it may be, at the foot. Perhaps they ask you to drop a note to their mother, or wife, or one as dear, and it is a fine thing to help them.

So the Y.M.C.A. learns the value of discipline, of self-surrender, of brave willingness to do and to give in service and in sacrifice; and, above all, the deep value for the human soul, of the sacred memories of home. At the same time, the Y.M.C.A. is an example of these very graces. For those who serve coffee and who labour in all the varied fields of work are voluntary helpers. They are from all ranks of society, from every profession and class. But they also lay aside every distinction for the happiness of doing things for others, of helping and comforting those who are far from home, and of trying to deepen in the souls of those whose lives come into touch with theirs in this great crisis the sense of the nearness of the unseen, the eternal, and the ideal.

There is no higher work, and everybody who prays at all should have a prayer over, or a little corner in the prayers they already have, to spare for the work and the workers.

---

## IN PRAISE OF THE SCOT.

WRITING to a friend in Stirling, where he was previously acting as assistant in the English department of the High School, the Rev. J. K. Thomson, M.A., Edinburgh, who is engaged in Y.M.C.A. work amongst the troops at one of the bases in France, along with the Rev. L. Maclean Watt, Edinburgh, says:—One effect my residence here has had upon me is to make me rabidly proud of Scotsmen. There are no troops like them. To see a Highland regiment go by with the pipes skirling and the braw, big, brawny lads swinging along together, gives one an electric feeling. "Man," said Maclean Watt to me yesterday, "if I weren't a Scotsman, I think I would shoot myself in pure chagrin." Our Highland regiments have suffered very badly. Naturally, they are always sent where things are hottest. Yesterday Mr. Watt met a battalion of Gordons, mostly Banffshire men, just landed. He spoke to a sergeant, who remarked: "Aye, I've a ha..tle hefty chiels here. Gin' we get a breenge at the Germans we'll gi'e them a fleg."





On Salisbury Plain the men from Canada are training hard for the great task before them on the Continent. In the above illustration they are seen marching over a piece of rough ground, in order to become accustomed to the conditions which they may have to face when they are brought into contact with the real thing. *Photo: Photopress.*

# THE CANADIAN Y.M.C.A. WITH THE COLOURS.

## *How the Association is Helping the Canadian Soldier to be a Credit to the Empire and to be Worthy of His Place in the Great War.*

"WHEN Britain is at war, Canada is at war." The truth of this statement was clearly seen when, without a dissentient voice, the Canadian Government decided to send as many men to help the motherland as she could possibly raise. The Canadian Y.M.C.A. could not but follow in the footsteps of the Association of the Old Land, and send the choicest men to be found to make her contribution to the welfare of the soldier-boys.

The first Canadian Contingent—32,500 strong—was mobilised near Valcartier, a little village in the valley of the Jacques Cartier River, eighteen miles north of the city of Quebec, and there among the Laurentian Hills "our boys" prepared for the fight. Here the Canadian Association prepared to do its best work.

Our main encampment was near the centre of the great camp, and was within easy reach of most of the men. As usual, one of the features of our work was the canteen. This was more than a money-making scheme; it was rather a money-saving scheme for the soldiers, for we found that many of the private canteens were charging double or treble the legitimate prices, while the Association stuck to city rates. It was a noteworthy fact that when the Y.M.C.A. prices were submitted to the Camp Commandant, they were sent around to the other canteens as the standard required.

Another feature was the post-office and writing tent, where free stationery and reading matter were distributed. This was busy all day, and supplied a great need. One of the secretaries, Mr. W. W. Lee, who is now with our troops on Salisbury Plain, went into Quebec every night, and took commissions in for the men. He purchased anything they required. He generally had about seventy-five watches to get repaired, and one day he had no fewer than 131.

The athletic programme was not forgotten. Three experienced physical directors were in charge, and they kept the boys busy. Football and baseball were engaged in, and leagues in each were held. On one night twenty-three games of baseball and twenty-six games of football were played. In addition to this, each night two events were held, such as broad jump or half-mile. In one notable week over 3,800 athletes took part.

Every evening social and religious meetings were held. A moving picture show was held in our large tent, and we always had an audience of over 1,000. Between the films we had our religious programme. We always had several hymns and a straight address. Our boys can sing "Rule, Britannia" and "The Maple Leaf," but they sing "O God, our help in ages past" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" far better. They liked to sing "Mandalay" and "Tipperary," but "Where is my wandering boy?" and "I need Thee every hour" drew a greater response from them. Every night an opportunity was given the men to make a decision for Christ, and during the five weeks of camp over 2,000 came out boldly and took their stand on His side.

This was only one of our meetings. We had several every night. The Government had a large moving picture show in the open air, and there would be an audience of from four to ten thousand men. The Y.M.C.A. always held a short service here, and one of the best speakers spoke for ten minutes. Again, we had three or four camp-fire meetings a night. The attendance at these ranged from fifty to five hundred. At these services we had the assistance of some of the most successful speakers for men in Eastern Canada.

To follow up the work done at Valcartier, the Canadian Association sent over seven secretaries to co-operate with the British Council in the work with the Canadian Contingent. It is expected that these men will be able to accompany the troops to the front.

The Second Contingent, 22,000 strong, has been mobilised, and a third of the same strength is in the process of mobilisation now. As the cold weather at Valcartier would render a camp there impossible, these contingents are mobilised at different centres, spread across the country from Halifax on the Atlantic Coast to Vancouver at the Pacific. The Association is at work at nearly all of these centres. The men are housed in buildings in exhibition grounds or in factories, and the Association has a building handy. The work is carried on on the lines followed at Valcartier, but more intensive work is possible. At most of the centres the Association runs the "dry" canteen, where non-alcoholic drinks and necessaries are sold.

Evangelistic work has been very successfully carried on among the men at all camps, and some of the very best ministers in the country have led the work. In many of the centres the Pocket Testament League has been in operation, and has done good work. Temperance societies have been in operation, and the Christian Endeavour Society has been formed. This society is composed of soldiers who are willing to give themselves to act as a shield to their weaker brethren in the war with temptation, and many a noble chap is serving his Master in this way, and is helping to save his comrades from defeat.

The Canadian Association has tried in the above ways to help the Canadian soldier to be a credit to the Empire, and to be worthy to fight for the great cause of peace and goodwill to men in the terrible war of the nations.

*6.—The Man with a Grievance.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

THE man with a grievance has never received justice in this topsy-turvy world. In some ways he is a benefactor of the race. He is a kind of moral angel who stirs the stagnant pool of social indifference. Without him life would be flat and dull. Sometimes, of course, he becomes a nuisance, but then, it is possible to have too much of any good thing. Life would be too level without the fret and whine of the man who hugs a grievance to his breast. If he is not exactly the spice of life, he is, at any rate, a very picturesque figure, whom I, for one, should be sorry to lose.

* * *

IT must not be imagined for a solitary moment that the man with a grievance thinks he is ever a nuisance. He has not the slightest desire to cause any inconvenience. Sometimes, indeed, when in an unduly obsequious mood, he is inclined to apologise for his very existence on this planet. The man with a grievance must not be confounded with the agitator. The agitator is a far more useful member of society than the peace-at-any-price party are disposed to believe; but he is something totally different from the man with a grievance. The agitator wants a change; the man with a grievance wants justice. The agitator may or may not care a penny piece for the cause of his agitation; the man with a grievance is smarting under a terrible sense of injury. The agitator (if you know how to go about it) can soon be restored to more peaceful paths of life. A friend of mine, a well-known member of Parliament, who represents a large industrial constituency, has a very happy way of settling agitators. His agent informs him of the agitation in question, whereupon the M.P. arranges for a dandy little dinner party at the best hotel in the town, feeds the agitators, provides them with the pick of Havana cigars, and charms them with an excellent musical programme. When this is all over, the agitation is forgotten, and the M.P. goes forth once more to the roaring accompaniment of "He's a jolly good fellow."

* * *

BUT you cannot get rid of the man with a grievance in such a fashion. Food tempts him not, for, like the man of old, his tears have been his meat by night and day. You cannot muzzle him with a fat cigar, nor stifle his complaint with a rhapsody of Liszt. For, you must know, the essential genius of the man with a grievance is the fact that he must talk about it. If I may adapt a famous expression of the late President Lincoln's, he must either talk about his grievance or bust. There is, however, an alternative. If he declines to bust and cannot find a receptive auditor, he can air his grievance by writing.

* * *

WHEN he writes to a newspaper, the man with a grievance is usually anonymous. You can usually spot him under the guise of "Pro Bono Publico," or "A Lover of Justice," or "A Truth-Lover." If he happens to be a religious man (as he very often is), he may sign himself with a text (to which no one ever takes the trouble to refer, so the text signature is a case of love's labour lost). He usually writes under the sense of urgency, and avers that it causes him great pain to suggest that Mr. Brown is departing from the tried and well-trodden paths of rectitude, &c.—*but!*

* * *

SOMETIMES the man with a grievance does nothing at all in the eyes of the outside world. His grievance is confined to his own house, and his wife and family have it with each meal of the day. It becomes a kind of lens, through which he interprets the facts of life. William Black, in one of his novels, has a Mrs. Stewart, who is a good type of the mood I have in mind. She was always hugging some injury and smarting under some supposed injustice. If anything, the confined grievance is worse than the expressed grievance, for the simple reason it usually drives the inmates of a home cranky with distraction.

* * *

IT is somewhat amusing to observe the things which provoke this spirit of grievance. I know one man at the present moment whose grievance is that a certain Prime Minister promised him a knighthood, and did not stay in office long enough to fulfil his promise. It must be a picture to watch the man as he gloats over the Birthday List or the New Year honours. How he must writhe as he sees the name of some man well known to him! How he must grudge the alteration from Mr. John H. Brown to Sir John Honesty Brown, Bart.! I imagine there must be a good deal of heart-burning also in the Navy and Army. We are all keen on promotion, but there is one type of promotion which is a kind of crossing the Rubicon; I mean the passing from the non-commissioned to the commissioned. It is hard to be left behind and dine in the same old mess when a comrade leaves you for the officers' table.

* * *

ON the whole, the man with a grievance is a useful kind of person. He prevents us from falling into the luxurious lap of a selfish complacency. He is always stirring up the stagnant pool, and sometimes stirring up the sleeping mud. But he is not so bad, after all. He honestly feels that life has been unfair, and he suffers from the strange delusion that he has been swindled by the fates. The difficulty is that, not seeing himself as he is to be seen, he cannot imagine that he has nothing to wail over. I am firmly persuaded that, taking all things into consideration, we get as much as we deserve in this life. Of course, there are some very sad exceptions, but I do not think there are nearly so many real grievances as people make out. If we knew all the circumstances of the man with a grievance, and could sift and weigh all the facts, I think we should agree that no injustice had been served him. Occasionally there are some painful miscarriages of justice, but happily they are few and far between.

* * *

IT is not easy to say which is the best form of grievance, the written, the spoken, or the confined. The first is exasperating, the second is nauseating, the third is intolerable. The first, perhaps, is the most quickly dealt with. You can easily burn the letter and its pious text signature. I certainly think it is a good rule to ignore all anonymous correspondence with a measureless contempt. Indeed, all correspondence of this character should be taken with a grain of salt. First, because the man is out of proportion when he writes the letter; second, because he exaggerates his own importance; third, because things are never so bad as the man paints them; and fourth, because it isn't a bad kind of world, after all. Of course, no man with a grievance reads this page; but if he did, I should be disposed to offer him this homely counsel: "My dear chap, give up chewing the cud, assassinate every portion of self-pity that you find in your weary breast; turn your face to the wall to see it is firm and strong, and then put your back to the wall, and, with a smiling face, stick it out." It will all come right in the end.



THE IDEAL COFFEE for CAMPS

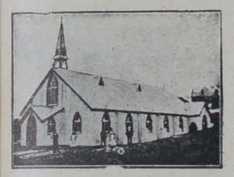
BRANSON'S COFFEE

One of the Camp Leaders writes: "Your Coffee is very popular."

*Sample and prices on application to*

**BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,**
**Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.**

**IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS**
**OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**



*Plans & Specifications free on application.*
*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*

**CHURCHES & CHAPELS**
**A SPECIALITY.**

Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

**W. J. CEARNS,** — SUCCESSOR TO — **F. SMITH & CO.,**
CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,
Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.

**IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.**

CLARNICO LONDON.

THE TRADE-MARK OF DISTINCTION.

There is such a fascinating distinction with

**CLARNICO CONFECTIONERY.**

Something exclusive, something unique; possessing that little extra "moreish" flavour which makes just the difference, so much appreciated by discriminating people. In the selection of over 1,000 different varieties there's a flavour for every palate.

*Sold in Y.M.C.A. Tents, and by Confectioners everywhere.*
*Made by*
**CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd.**
**LONDON.**

BY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

To H.M. King George V. To H.M. Queen Alexandra.

**148 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS.**

**Jeyes' Disinfectants**
**FLUID — POWDER — SOAP.**

**Jeyes' Fluid**
**Best and Safest for all Purposes.**

**Jeysol**
**(Jeyes' Soluble Fluid)**

The British substitute for Lysol, of absolutely equal efficiency, and making a *clear* solution.

Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection sent free on application to:—
**Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., 64, Cannon St., London, E.C.**

**CARR'S BISCUITS**

Have you tried Carr's Celebrated

**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack. ::

**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**

Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LIMITED CARLISLE.

# LEARNING THE ART OF WAR AMID THE SCENES OF OUR INVIOLATE ISLAND HOME.





All over our land to-day the sons of Britain are preparing to meet the foe of King and country. The 9th North Staffordshire Regiment, now training at Hastings, have been spending a good deal of time in practising the building of bridges and rafts on the lake at Alexandra Park. In our illustrations they are seen (1) erecting a pile bridge, and (2) on a tarpaulin "mid-ocean." There are no fewer than sixty-two men on this seemingly frail structure.





The Royal Field Artillery are here seen hard at work on their gun drill on Salisbury Plain, while the other picture shows some of the recruits of Kitchener's Army watching their officers firing on the pebbly beach at breezy Brighton. *Photos: Photopress.*

"What £10 a year will do."

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

**NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE**

£10 paid yearly by a man age 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,

**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**

**ENCAMPMENTS.**

***MARQUEES & TENTS***

(OF ALL SIZES),

***With CHAIRS, TABLES, COUNTERS, LAMPS, And EVERY REQUISITE FOR CAMP USE,***

**SUPPLIED ON HIRE**

In any part of the Country by

**THOMAS WHITE & Co., Ltd.**

**Camp Furnishers and Army Contractors,**

**ALDERSHOT.**

Marquees and Equipment supplied for 14 Y.M.C.A. Camps, Season 1913. Numerous unsolicited Testimonials from Camp Leaders. Estimates Free. Telephone: 36. Telegrams: "WHITES, ALDERSHOT."

**WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?**

THE LEADING AUTHORITIES say:

**DRINK KOPS ALE**

**(NON-ALCOHOLIC).**

**Read the following from J. E. K. STUDD, Esq.:**

"I have much pleasure in stating that during the past few months I have used **Kops Ale** as a drink and found it very agreeable and refreshing. I think it ought to supply the needs of those who have hitherto complained that their objection to total abstinence was the absence of a palatable liquid. I sincerely wish your efforts every success."

**Recommended also by**

**CANON WILBERFORCE, DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, THE "LANCET," etc., etc.**

**TRY KOPS ALE with your Luncheon, Dinner, Supper, or whenever Hot and Thirsty.**

**KOPS BREWERY,**

**FULHAM, S.W.**

**And WESTERN ROAD, BIRMINGHAM.**

**ORGANS** **£4 17 6** **ORGANS**

The Finest Organ for the Home, the Mission Hall or Small Church.

**£7 8 6 THE UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN. £8 9 6**

**Full Illustrated Lists free on application.**

**INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.**

*Sole Agents for Great Britain:*

**Marshall Brothers, Limited - - - 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.**

**ORGANS** **£10 12 6** **ORGANS**

**FOR ROUTE MARCHES.**

**Fry's**

**SUPERIOR**

**Chocolates**

ON SALE AT THE

**Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.**

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

**PORTABLE STABLING.**



Single Loose Boxes - from **£12 7s. 6d.**

BUY "READING SERIES, BETTER BUILT" BUILDINGS, GARAGES, GREENHOUSES, GYMNASIA, BEACH HUTS, BUNGALOWS, BILLIARD ROOMS, SHELTERS, STUDIOS, SHEDS, & other PORTABLE BUILDINGS.

*Consistently Careful Construction. Estimates, Designs, Lists Free. Send NOW.*

**E. B. HAWTHORN & CO.**

**The READING PORTABLE BUILDING EXPERTS,**

*The Builders of the Bordon Camp and Newcastle (Staffs) Y.M.C.A. Huts. CONTRACTORS TO THE WAR OFFICE and ROYAL FLYING CORPS.*

**42, LONDON WORKS, READING.**

**CAMP LEADERS**

**should note that**

**SUN COFFEE**

**is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.**

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

**QUALITY RIGHT.** **PRICE RIGHT.**

*Write for terms to*

**ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,**

**19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.**

ESTABLISHED 1812.




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

THE death of Herr Helbing, national secretary of Y.M.C.A.'s in Germany, is announced. He was with us last July at the Boys' Work Conference at Oxford, though he had actually retired from his official position. He was a living exponent of the virtues of his people, being a great organiser, a strong-minded leader, a careful student, and a devout Christian. We know that he was wholeheartedly German in his sentiments in regard to this war, which is exactly what we should expect him to be. A mutual friend says that at the beginning of war he "would have eaten an Englishman at every meal." Towards the end his views were much milder. One of his last conversations at Oxford was with Mr. A. K. Yapp, and laughingly it ended on a threat that the Germans would send a "Zeppelin" to deal with us. Little we dreamt then that the "laughing threat" would ever materialise. Herr Helbing died in Belgium. In the absence of fuller information, we may be sure that he was there in the interests of the work to which he had devoted his life. He did a great work for Germany, the fruits of which will be more clearly seen in the progress and development of a Germany at peace than in the Germany of the moment.

***

EVERYONE who has had any experience in connection with work in military camps will be glad to see that a new Army Board has been appointed to consider and deal with all questions of administration in connection with garrison and regimental institutes at home. We do not propose to express any opinions which might embarrass the committee in its work, but we shall watch the records of its work with the keenest interest. We trust that a complete and thorough investigation will be made into the whole question. The Board is admirably composed, the Army, the House of Commons, and commerce all being well represented.

***

"DIPLOMATIST," following the letter of Rev. Michael Adler in Monday's *Times*, serves the Association movement well in the following letter:—"I can confirm from my own observation the testimony to the splendid work that the Y.M.C.A. is performing among our troops, to which reference is made in the letter from the Rabbi Michael Adler in your issue of the 9th inst. This Association deserves the support of all creeds, and, apart from the appreciation shown in this letter of the services rendered to the Anglo-Jewish community, it may be interesting to your readers to know that I recently heard from a well-known Roman Catholic chaplain to our British forces that he was told by a high dignitary of the Roman Church in America that there was only one thing which he envied the Protestant Church, and that was the organisation of the Young Men's Christian Association."

***

AS showing the world-wide and international character of the Association's activities during the present struggle, some details furnished by the headquarters of the World's Committee in Geneva will be found interesting, particularly as coming from this neutral source:—Count de Pourtales of France, president of the Paris Association, is directing the hospital of the Red Cross, and the Association building has been turned over for this purpose. Secretary Karl Brauer, who is in charge of the soldiers' relief work, has been killed while at the front. Mr. Edmund Dechy, of the French National Committee, has also been killed at the front. Secretary A. Haussman, of the Stuttgart Association, in Germany, and secretary H. Streichler, of the Heilbrom Association, have also been mortally wounded. These are only a few of the casualties amongst Association national leaders on both sides of the fighting line. Mr. Wihtolin, formerly immigration secretary of the Association, and an officer in the Russian Army, has been taken prisoner, and is at present in Halle, Germany. Mr. Birmele, president of the Association in Sulzern, Alsace, has been taken prisoner by the French; and so we might continue the story. At Rheims the Association building has been completely destroyed by the bombardment. In East Prussia, where the Russian invasion has taken place, 90 out of 111 of our Associations have been destroyed. At Munster, in Alsace, the Association building has been severely damaged by both German and French shells. In Belgium only one of the Associations has weathered the storm, so far as is known, and that is the one in Brussels, where they are rendering valuable service as a relief agency. There are fifty beds in the building. President Otto Stockhausen, of the great Association in Hamburg, who was on the National Christian Student Federation Committee for Germany, rendered great service at the front up to the time of his death. In Paris the Central Association located in the Rue de Tredise and the two branch buildings located in Fauborg St. Antoine and Montmartre have given up their entire structures to be used as Red Cross hospitals. The massive Association building in Stuttgart, Germany, is used as a hospital for both German and French wounded, and devotional meetings are held for the French prisoners in the French language daily and for the Germans in German. The latest information from Petrograd is that the main Association building has placed its large hall "to be used as a hospital for the wounded." In Switzerland itself there has been general mobilisation in order to defend the neutrality of the country, and the Association movement has organised 450 premises in connection with the armed camps in Switzerland, where reading and writing materials are freely distributed, where personal counsels with men are held, where letters can be mailed, and entertainments and religious exercises help relieve the brutalising effects of this conflict surging around Switzerland.

THE experiment in Dublin of taking the notorious Bolgars public-house is proving very successful. General Hill, who commands the Dublin district, and who made the order for closing the public-house under its former management, called on our Association the other evening, and warmly complimented the secretary on the work and the new order of things. The whole city is talking of the new enterprise.

***

THE phrase with which "Eye-Witness" has made us all familiar—"establishing a superiority over the enemy"—is capable of a deeper application than that of gunnery or aviation, noteworthy and fortunate though these are. As a matter of fact, it is abundantly evident that manhood itself, the nervous and moral quality of the human element, is not only as important as the implement—the gun or the aeroplane—but is absolutely essential to the machine's success. This is an encouraging fact for all those whose prime concern is with the making of manhood, and should put additional ardour into our work. More than that, it helps to lift the weight of that nightmare, oppression, which this war, especially in its earlier months, imposed upon us by its evidence of the almost invincible power of mere mechanism. Ultimately, once again we learn it is the man that counts. Once again it is morals, and not muscle, that ensure victory. The finest scientific genius and the deadliest mechanical skill and appliance are shorn of half their effectiveness if placed at the disposal of men whose nerve and *morale* have been depleted by intemperate and profligate living. Putting it, therefore, on a plane far lower than the one upon which our motives are accustomed to move, the conversion of our troops to the godly, righteous, and sober life is a defensive and aggressive desideratum of the first importance.

***

IN this emergency hour, when all our efforts, both of Church and State, are concentrated upon making our forces physically and morally fit, it seems almost unworthily self-interested to speak of the reflex influence of our work upon ourselves. And yet that influence has already been immense, and will be greater yet. In the matter of this glorious rebound the work of the Association is eminently conspicuous. Take, for example, the question of the brotherhood of all the Churches. It would be foolish and short-sighted to deny the many and serious differences in doctrines and usage that divide them, and in times of tranquillity the gulfs seem unbridgeable, even to the most stalwart faith. But now that our hour of national agony has come, what do we see? Under the neutral flag of the Y.M.C.A.—neutral, that is, in that it is interdenominational—the Churches of every creed and ritual have in a most astonishing measure pooled their evangelistic resources no less than their entertainment and refreshment provisions. Bishops and laymen, clergy and ministers, and men and women workers of all and every conceivable religious organisation and institution are to be found serving and speaking under the same roof,

sitting on one common committee, singing the same hymns, and preaching—as who could preach at such a crisis any other?—the one and only means of human redemption. In the presence of such an almost undreamed-of spiritual phenomena can any one deny that the Christian men and women of this nation, of all ranks and creeds, will reap from the emergency of the hour and the work of the Y.M.C.A. an incalculable harvest of mutual affection, understanding, and sympathy?

***

ANOTHER step has been taken, as dramatic in its effects as it will be far-reaching, in the process of European prohibition of alcohol. By an overwhelming vote of the Chamber France has suppressed for ever, and not merely for the period of the war, the sale of absinthe, the favourite little green drug of Paris. France thus follows in the footsteps of Russia, who, through the mouth of the Czar, has decided to abolish for ever the Government sale of vodka. Absinthe and vodka are the two most characteristic forms of alcoholic liquor in Europe. The French variety derived its peculiar aroma from wormwood, and its familiar green colour was obtained from the green leaves of the plant, together with hyssop and mint. But whatever other ingredients were added to make it palatable, absinthe contained from 70 to 80 per cent. of alcohol. As *The Times* puts it, "It lived to see and to help many minor versifiers into their graves. It was also the favourite appetiser before meals. To 'absinthe' oneself had become a verb ('when in doubt, absinthe yourself')." We congratulate our Ally on her courage in putting her foot down for ever upon this powerful destroyer of her young manhood. The moral gain to the nation cannot be overestimated.

***

A VERY moving incident has just occurred at one of the churches in Camberwell, which shows that nothing brings home the sense of duty like the going down in the fight of someone known and beloved. The popular leader of a young men's class offered for service, leaving the eighteen members at home. Now the news has come that their brave leader has given his life for his country "somewhere in France," and the very next day the whole eighteen joined the forces.

## GHURKAS AND THE GAELIC.

CORPORAL CHAS. REGAN, of the Cameron Highlanders, who is home on furlough after leaving hospital, relates an incident illustrating the zeal of the Ghurkas. His battalion contained quite a number of typical men from the North, who indulge in "the Gaelic" on every available opportunity, and two of these warriors, conversing in "their own language" one day, were surprised by a party of the Ghurkas, who, mistaking the Gaelic for the German language, and knowing that the enemy frequently send out their spies in the garb of captured Britons, took the Highlanders in charge, despite their indignant protests, and delivered them into the hands of their amused compatriots.

## SOME OPINIONS OF THE WEEK.

### An Archbishop's Grave Pronouncement.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, in opening the sitting of the Upper House of Convocation last week, said he imagined that not one of their lordships entertained any doubt that our nation could not, without sacrificing principles of honour and justice, more dear than life itself, have stood aside and looked idly on at the present world conflict. Fearful, devilish, calamitous as a great war must be, there was something yet worse. To stand selfishly aside while vile wrong was perpetrated in a matter wherein they were concerned would, if he might use the phrase, debase the moral currency of a people far more than the joining in warfare, terrible as it was, for rolling the wrong back. What they had to do was to set themselves to uphold, as God should show them how, the principles of stainless honour, of firm self-control, of fearless championship of what was true, of resolute clemency to the weak or the vanquished, and of abstention from everything that was merely vengeful or that could possibly degenerate into cruelty or hate. On that behalf their voices in the Church of Christ could be perseveringly uplifted and the days might be upon them ere long when they must uplift them loudly. They wanted to secure that the rally of their manhood and their womanhood should be a rally wherein there should be no cause for shame. That was their sacred privilege, while they were bidding men respond ungrudgingly to their country's call, and were bringing God's comfort where they might to shadowed homes.

### A Free Church View.

Discussing, at Hampstead on Sunday evening, "Is War in God's Plan?" Dr. Horton said:—"At the present moment, however men may criticise war and protest against it, no one can show how this country can secure her permanent existence, the unity of the Empire, against the desperate purpose of a powerful and determined foe, except by war. We have been compelled to take up arms in self-defence against the avowed intention of a great country to annihilate us as a people and as a Power. It seems to me quite futile and quixotic, and even injurious, to talk about the evils of war and to denounce it as un-Christian, unless the person who does so is able to show how we could have acted otherwise in the present situation, unless the man who passes these criticisms can honestly say that if he had been at the helm of the State in the month of July he would have acted differently from the way in which his Majesty's Government then acted. . . . We may be encouraged because we see—surely we are not deluded—that war is reaching its termination in the horror which is called Armageddon. The nations and the armies are marching to a temporary destruction in order to establish the permanent peace of the civilised world."

### From a Scottish Pulpit.

Dr. John Kelman has just returned to Edinburgh after a six months' voyage in search of health. Preaching at Free St. George's he said:—"This war has gone clean past us all—past all individual cases of failure or success. Amid such pains and grief and unintelligible horror, these are wholly insignificant. Coming back suddenly out of the vast silences of the ocean, one feels the tremendous greatness of the hour, and I have not yet had time to understand what it is one feels. The first impression is a kind of incredulity. The whole thing seems so impossible. The world is at a standstill, and there is this incredible Inferno everywhere. Those of us who have believed in life and revelled in it see now the gospel of life and peace dipped in blood and tears. God is humbling the earth, for it is a humiliation to all the earth after all these Christian centuries that such things should be possible, that such things should be taking place. It is a call to all the world, and not to one nation only, for pause and reconsideration. Our ideals, our preaching, our boasted advance in civilisation—why have they failed to make this carnage impossible? It is not an hour for hymns of hate on either side. It is not an hour for any personal recrimination, or for any violence of feeling of that sort. We are far, far beyond all that. All sane and wholesome minds on either side have gone far past that kind of thing. The race of man stands humiliated to-day before the ages. What future centuries may do we cannot tell, but the first nineteen centuries of Christianity have failed to cope with the human situation and to solve the human problem. As the Saviour of the individual Jesus Christ has been understood, and He has brought salvation to countless millions, but He has not received the nations for His inheritance."

### Old Problems Newly Emphasised.

Dr. Helen Wilson, of Sheffield, has for years fought a brave fight on behalf of purity. In a thoughtful article in the *Shield* she says:—

"The Great War has brought into startling prominence certain social problems—not new problems, but placed in a new setting, so that they force themselves on the public attention.

"One of these problems has been forcibly set forth by Miss Jane Addams, in her book, 'The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets.' Just now the spirit of youth, the desire for adventure, for romance, for companionship of the other sex, is putting forth its bewildering claim not so much in the streets of great cities as in the country districts, whose quiet monotony has been disturbed by the establishment of training camps. Thousands of young men removed from all their normal surroundings find their evenings and their Sundays unoccupied and blank. Meantime the girls of the district, moved by the arrival of all these lads in khaki, moved too by a patriotic exaltation that finds no legitimate outlet, are in a state of abnormal excitement. This is especially true of the very young girls, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years of age. Everywhere the complaint comes that the parents seem to have no control over their daughters. . . .

"The remedies have been well discussed, and they cannot be too widely known. The fundamental requisites are the same in peace and in war, for men and for women, though circumstances require differences in the practical working out. These fundamental requisites are:—

"1. Provision for the right use of leisure.

"2. Discipline and protection.

"3. Definite warning, teaching, and ethical appeal.

"4. Humane care for the diseased.

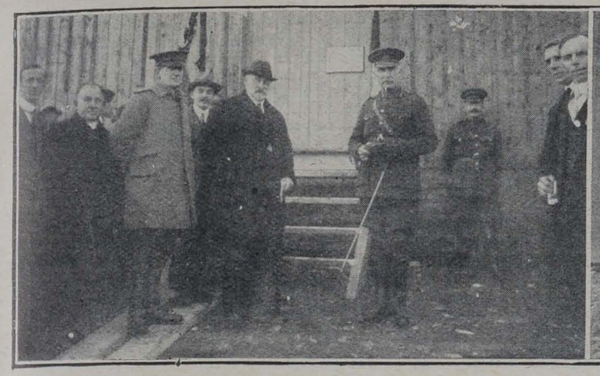
"The Christian women of Britain must fight in this war, combating the ignorance of the growing girlhood and the indifference of many parents."

### What the New Army Reads.

Some interesting comments on the books the new soldiers read were made in the *Daily Chronicle* last week by a lady librarian who had evidently been working at the White City:—

"Whatever the differences in class and education, the great majority of our readers have the same tastes in literature. They demand books of action, adventure, mystery, sensation, and highly coloured romance. Rider Haggard heads the list of favourites, but the Baroness Orczy and Conan Doyle run him very close. Rudyard Kipling's works seldom remain long on the shelves, but there is not such an insistent demand for him as for the above-mentioned writers, partly, I think, because his style is too elusive to be readily understood by an untrained intelligence, and partly because his books are not to be obtained in the small cheap editions. The average Tommy prefers a sevenpenny which he can tuck away in a tunic pocket, and read at odd moments, without too much mental strain. Jack London is a popular favourite, and Marie Corelli has a considerable following (though Hall Caine is seldom asked for), while there is a more sentimental contingent which craves for the stories of Florence Barclay and Charles Garvice. The works of female authors overflow our shelves, but (with the above exceptions) they are seldom taken out. One or two youths, presumably dog-lovers, have taken out that delightful story, 'A Lame Dog's Diary,' but in each case they have brought it back half-read, and indignantly complained that it was quite different from what they expected."







At Scoveston, in Pembrokeshire, as in other parts of the country, the Y.M.C.A. is ministering to the comforts of our soldiers. The first of the above illustrations shows the opening of the hut at Scoveston by Sir Stafford Howard and General Campbell, while in the second are seen men of the Territorial Engineers after completing a temporary roadway to the hut.

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

THE many troops stationed at Newhaven have had to say "farewell" to a real good friend during this last week-end, for the Venerable Archdeacon Southwell, chaplain to the 4th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment (Territorials), has received orders to proceed to the front. The reverend gentleman, who went under canvas with the battalion in July, and afterwards accompanied them to Newhaven in August, after war was declared, has acted as Chaplain to the Forces at Newhaven, and has carried out his duties so thoroughly and with such a genial spirit, that the news of his impending departure was received with universal regret. He has collected huge quantities of reading material and games for his "boys," and has recently had the pleasure of seeing a splendid hutment, fitted complete as an Association reading, writing, and recreation room, take the place of the tent near the recreation ground. He held a brief service every evening, and was particularly liked for the kindly personal chats he would give to one and all who chose to go to him for advice.

***

The excellent hall at Boxmoor has been much appreciated by the troops billeted in the neighbourhood. Last week there were two special entertainments given, one an excellent concert, at which the chaplain, the Rev. W. T. Money, contributed a capital song. The other was a lecture on the war, at which Mr. Money presided. Mr. Flatt, who has charge of the work, has kept things going in a useful manner.

***

The literary tastes of the soldiers are disclosed by the books they mostly borrow from lending libraries at the Y.M.C.A. huts. Stories by Charles Garvice, Joseph Hocking, A. Conan Doyle, and W. W. Jacobs are always in demand.

***

As showing the appreciation which the officers feel for the Y.M.C.A.'s work at the camps, several handsome donations have been made by officers, accompanied by kind expressions of thanks. "You have added 10 per cent. to the efficiency of men by your work," said an officer the other day to a Y.M.C.A. secretary.

***

The Public Hall was packed every night last week, a special effort being made by the Slough Y.M.C.A. to augment their funds for carrying on the good work amongst the soldiers. No fewer than five special concerts were given last week by ladies in the district, and the splendid way they were supported by the townspeople must have been encouraging to the council of the Y.M.C.A. to proceed with the excellent efforts already made for the entertainment of the troops quartered in Slough. On Saturday evening Mrs. Despard (sister of Field-Marshal Sir John French) addressed a very enthusiastic audience. The ladies responsible for the concerts held last week (under the patronage of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein), were Mrs. Allhusen, Mrs. T. H. Rendell, Mrs. Weaver Adams, Mrs. Walter Judd, and Mrs. Chinchen.

***

Northampton has six centres for the great crowd of troops stationed there. The Marquis of Salisbury, commanding the division, is keenly interested and thoroughly approves the whole programme. Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland was the speaker at the first of a series of bright Gospel services in the Town Hall on Sunday evening last.

***

Bath Attendant Rayne on January 25 saved the life of a young Canadian soldier, who had got out of his depth, and would have been drowned but for the action of Rayne, who dived in, fully dressed, and brought the man to the side, where he was taken out and first aid rendered. Fortunately, Rayne had recently taken a course of lessons in life-saving, and was able to make good use of the knowledge gained.

***

Present members and associates on active service will, upon the expiration of their current ticket of membership, be offered one year's renewal free of charge.

***

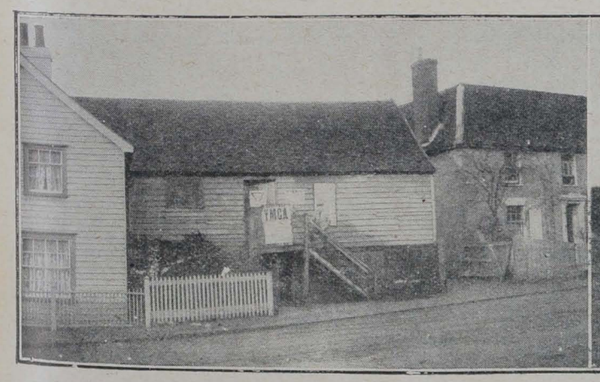
Fifteen students of George William's College have been awarded the sessional certificate in connection with the course on the Development of Literature by Professor Hudson; seven of these have been awarded the certificate of merit; two the certificate of merit, with special distinction; three have been commended, and one has received the sessional certificate in honours.

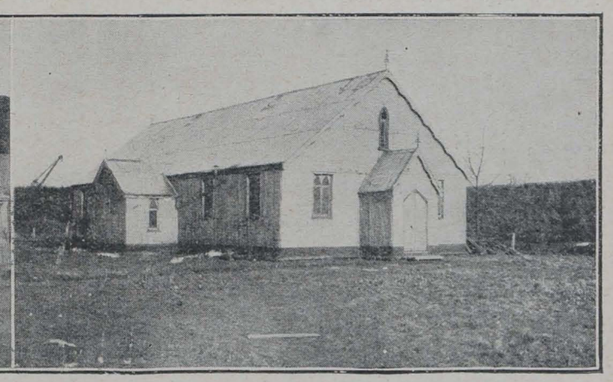
***

In the Lichfield Barracks on Sunday evening last the service was conducted by two privates of the R.A.M.C. Before enlisting four months ago one was an art master and the other a Presbyterian minister.

***

Bolger's public-house, in the main street of Dublin, has been opened as a down-town centre of Association work among the troops.



**An old Meeting House now in use as a Y.M.C.A. Room at Great Clacton, Essex, and an Army Y.M.C.A. Hut in France.**

Gifts come to us in an interesting variety. The ladies of the British colony in Paris are providing a hut. The "Cats and Dogs of England" have given half the price of a hut, and are still giving. Lady Broadbent is organising a "Children's Hut" scheme, and there is every prospect of notable achievement. A concert was given last Saturday night to the Territorials in a large centre. A collection was taken on behalf of the band. The bandmaster, however, returned it as a donation to Association funds.

***

The sons of one of our Bishops, writing to his father from South Africa, described the Association as "the slickest thing I have found in South Africa."

***

Mr. J. A. Pease, the Minister for Education, warmly eulogised the Association's work in keeping the men ever bright and cheery. Illustrating the spirit animating our men, he said that only a few hours previously he was travelling with one of our greatest sailors, who had been repeatedly in battle in the North Sea during the present war, and he told him that in the last fight against the big cruiser squadron the cheeriness of our men was most remarkable. Not only did the engineers and stokers, when they heard the shells hammering on the outside of their vessels, shout in a cheery way "Come in," but after the first few shells had fallen on the *Lion* and *Tiger*, to every shell that followed and landed among the men they gave a cheer. That was the fighting spirit of the British sailor, and the same spirit animated the troops at the front during the period of retirement from Mons to the Marne and those many weeks in the trenches. The work of the Association in ministering to the comfort and happiness of the men promoted that spirit, said Mr. Pease.

## A COMMUNION SERVICE WITHIN SOUND OF THE GUNS.

THE Rev. Oliver Russell (Leckie Memorial U.F. Church, Peebles), chaplain with the 8th Royal Scots, in the course of a letter to his congregation, describes a communion service at the front. He says:—It was held on Sunday morning at 11 a.m., and all Church members were invited to attend. Previously I had met with those desiring to join the Church for the first time. We met in a granary, which was so packed that the elders could not pass through with the elements, which had to be handed by the communicants over their heads to those behind. Through the open door came the sound of distant rifle fire, while occasionally the building shook with the sullen booming of our own heavy guns, whose shells went shrieking overhead. The bread was ration bread, and the wine the ordinary red wine of the country. The communion table was a washstand, and the vessels were kitchen bowls. Before the sacrament was dispensed those joining for the first time stood up from the floor on which all were sitting, and there, in the presence of their comrades, with the noises of battle in their ears, one officer and seventy-three men professed their faith and their desire to follow the Prince of Peace.

## THE SINGING BRITISH SOLDIER.

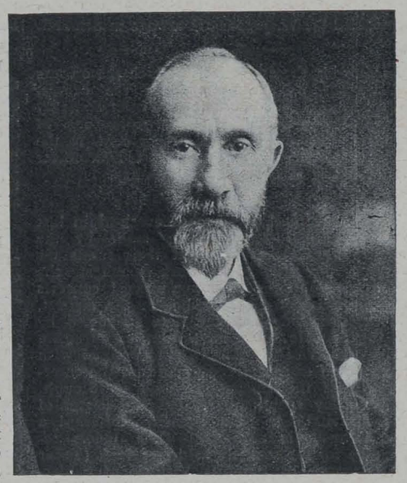
THE good humour of these brave Englishmen is unfailing, writes a Frenchman. They sing as they go out to the trenches, they sing as they come back plastered with mud, and distributing cigarettes and chocolates. They sing gaily as they pass the little cemetery where their dead comrades are buried, and as they pass on the road their dead comrades, whose places they are going out to fill. Thus the dead come and go, and nobody seems to care. That is the philosophy of the hour.

## A JUBILEE MEMBER.

### Mr. James Buchanan, of Paisley, and his Long Record of Good Work.

THOUGH the Y.M.C.A. numbers amongst its members many who have given to it long and faithful service, it is the lot of few to become jubilee members. This unique honour belongs to Mr. David Buchanan, who has just completed fifty years' active membership of the Paisley Association. Joining, on February 3, 1865, the Paisley Young Men's Sabbath Morning Association, he has since then, without interruption, given of his best in everything pertaining to the well-being of young men.

Away back in those early years Paisley boasted several young men's societies, and Mr. Buchanan, faithful to the maxim that unity is strength, was one of the prime movers towards the amalgamation of the separate bodies. There was a difficulty of "basis," but a spirit of compromise manifesting itself, the desired "fusion of forces" took place in the year 1873, the body thus created being known from this onward as the Y.M.C.A. The element of possibility and the spirit of optimism animated those early pioneers, and the event referred to is the germ from which has sprung the vigorous Paisley Association. When Mr. Buchanan joined in 1865 there were thirty-eight members; in this year



Mr. David Buchanan, Paisley Y.M.C.A.

of grace the association has 1,124 members on the roll. That spells but one word—Progress. It is in the attainment of that success and the realisation of that phenomenal expansion that the earnest work of Mr. Buchanan is made clearly manifest. He alone, of course, did not accomplish that, but the measure of honest "spade-work" he got through is incalculable. While in no sense a background figure, he has performed continuous and unostentatious work, which, being free from the glaring limelight—and possibly from the ready recognition of immediate contemporaries—has not been realised.

Retaining, unalloyed, the vigorous pioneering spirit, himself a frank and unaffected personality, gifted with a practical mind and "an eye to the essentials"; possessed of business acumen in a marked degree—all those qualities, and more, he has placed upon the altar of service, and has been one of the powerful energising forces to which we owe much of our success. In his career he has "risen from the ranks," from private to president, and, by a curious coincidence, relinquished the presidency when entering his jubilee year.

And now, though approaching the three-score years and ten, his energy seems unimpaired and his enthusiasm unabated. Though rich in years and experience, he is yet at heart a young man, and seems symbolic of the spirit of perennial youth. He is a personality—we had almost said an institution—in the Paisley Association, and holds a position in the minds and affections of Y.M.C.A. men peculiarly his own.

As marking the celebration of his jubilee—an event without precedent in this Association—the members met in a social capacity on Tuesday evening, 9th instant, when Mr. Wm. Crawford, J.P., president, presented Mr. Buchanan with an illuminated address and photo-album, at the same time conveying to him the good wishes of all the members. Mr. Buchanan, on rising to reply, was greeted with prolonged cheering. After he had returned thanks he gave, in a reflective mood, a *résumé* of the Association's life and work throughout the past half-century, asking everyone present to put "their best into it, as it was the biggest asset in the world." Thereafter Provost Robertson, our civic chief, and Sir John M. McCallum, M.P., representative for Paisley, paid unstinted tribute to the guest of the evening, the latter characterising Mr. Buchanan as "a perfect Christian gentleman."

In closing, may we hope that in the coming days, as this half-century of service and usefulness recedes into more accurate perspective, there may come to him the full realisation and recognition of that sublime yet simple truth—that there is "a true balance in the strange, simple economy of life, that one gets from the world in happiness what one puts into it in service." From a comfortable home circle, commercial prosperity, the possession of a myriad of friends, the respect and admiration of all who come in touch with him—from such facts may there come and rest with him that deep and abiding peace and contentment which are the hand-maidens of all true happiness.

R. T. F.

## PERSONAL.

### Brief Facts and Incidents of General Interest.

An officer of the Coldstream Guards told a very remarkable experience of his own to the gathering in the Association Room at Braintree the other night. Many episodes of the war in which the officer himself had taken part were described, including the retreat from Mons and the battles at the Marne and Aisne. Several times he had a narrow escape, and a great number of his personal friends and comrades were killed or wounded. He himself was at length wounded by a shell that burst a few yards from him. The fragment of shell which struck him was somewhat checked in its force by striking a Bible carried in his hip pocket. Strangely enough, the missile cut through the Bible to the 91st Psalm, a quotation from which had been written by his mother in the flyleaf of this Bible. By a series of remarkable coincidences he was enabled to reach the base hospital in time for an operation which, if delayed, would have cost his life, and he was there to-day, he said, an example of the protecting hand of God. He did not wish his hearers to look upon religion as a kind of life insurance, but whether God called a man to live or die it was better for him to have put his trust in Him and to be ready for either call.

Extract from letter from Mr. F. H. Bastin, Ferozepore, Punjab, India, to his employer:—"Now a word about myself. I spent a most enjoyable Christmas, better than I bargained for away from home. I had a week, so a party of fifty went down to Delhi and saw the sights, also on to Agra. Really, I cannot describe the various buildings—old tombs and palaces much too wonderful. The Taj Mahal is beautiful—all white marble. We were shown round and catered for by the Y.M.C.A., who are great friends to us out here, and here at Ferozepore we have a nice Y.M.C.A. bungalow where we spend many a happy evening. We arrived back from Delhi in time for Christmas Day. Had a very good dinner, plenty to eat—turkeys, geese, plum puddings, &c."

By the death of Mr. Jesse Page, Association work in North London, and especially at Hornsey, has lost a devoted friend.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught inaugurated a four-day campaign to raise £5,000 for Ottawa.

Tara Pada Ghose, of Calcutta, has sent a donation of £5 towards our work in France.

On a recent Sunday 700 men attended the afternoon meeting, and 1,100 were present at night. Mr. Tom Wann secured 340 pledges.

Mr. A. W. Mackintosh has been appointed assistant secretary at Londonderry.



## ROYALTY ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

### A Brief Sketch of his Majesty's Visit to his Loyal Troops in Training for the War.

THE King is coming! the King is coming! Such had been the rumour among the troops on Salisbury Plain for at least a week. But when would he come? That was the question on numberless lips. Prophets, however, abounded, and with a knowing nod ventured to fix the date, only to be smiled at by those who realise how expedient it is that the movements of his Majesty just now should be guarded by secrecy and caution.

On Wednesday, the —th, however, rumour crystallised into something definite and certain. Sundry orders were received by commanding officers; early parades were ordered, and all round it was felt that the visit was really coming off. And this conclusion was correct; the King, indeed, was coming on the morrow, and the troops were alive with pride and expectancy.

Sleeping in the lines of the Highland Brigade, the writer was early astir, and greeted a grey and drizzling dawn. From a weather point of view, the prospect for the day was therefore not pleasant. All round were the ever-present mud and slush. Overhead drifted dark and threatening clouds, which boded still more to aggravate the difficulties of locomotion. But the Plain has many moods, and shortly after breakfast bits of blue and shafts of sunlight appeared, and the heavy grey melted away. It was to be Royal weather after all.

By this time the Plain was astir, and at twenty-five minutes past eleven a pilot engine was seen steaming slowly towards Lark Hill. In an instant carpenters, labourers, fatigue parties, and others stampeded towards the line. A small train then appeared. Apparently it was made up of a saloon carriage and tender, and flags were flying on the front of the engine. A follow-up engine brought up the rear. The quiet, stealthy way in which they steamed to the place of review was striking.

Now, whatever may be said as to the soldierly finish of the Canadian troops, much must be allowed for the fact that they have been severely handicapped in their training by the terrible weather conditions experienced during the four or five months. As a body of men they may be justly described as one of the finest ever got together in the defence of the Empire. This was evidently the feeling of the King and those who walked with him up and down their stalwart lines. It was a magnificent sight. And they are not only splendid in physique, but they are keen as razors to meet the foe and do their part in maintaining the honour and integrity of the Empire.

The King spoke to the men and said how much he should have liked to go with them. This evoked loud cheers. Lord Kitchener, in his turn, eyed them closely, and was evidently more than pleased by what he saw. The send-off of his Majesty, however, was even more impressive than the inspection itself. While the King was at lunch masses of infantry came over the muddy slopes and lined up near the railway track. At the same time the artillery and cavalry massed on the slopes running down near the newly erected Y.M.C.A. tent. This sight was something to be remembered. Both men and horses looked wonderfully fit, and inspired the feeling that with their infantry comrades they will give a good account of themselves when at the front. Shortly after, back streamed the little procession. Along went the pilot engine, and then slowly and smoothly came the small Royal train. Standing near the railway line, the writer was able to get a close view of our heavily burdened monarch, and it was quite clear as the train ran slowly along that he was deeply moved as he gazed keenly at the troops massed before him. And it was equally plain that the men and officers realised this, and with rending cheers and waving swords they gave him unmistakable assurances of their loyalty and devotion.

In a moment or two all was over, and, quickening its pace, the Royal train was soon out of sight.

H. HARGREAVES.

## "THE PRINCESS VICTORIA" RESTAURANT OFF TO THE FRONT.



H.H. Princess Victoria, the President of the Auxiliary Committee, has from the beginning shown the keenest interest in a scheme for providing motor-restaurants at the front. In this picture the first such restaurant is seen, which is to be known by the name of "The Princess Victoria." Reading from left to right, the names are Mr. Bernard Cowton, the Countess Wimborne, the Hon. Elizabeth Dawson, Lady Edgerton, the Countess Falmouth, the Countess Bessborough, Mrs. Webley, Mrs. Edgar, and H.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

## HELPING YOUNG MEN TO FORM HIGH IDEALS AND FRIENDSHIPS.

### The Testimony of the Late British Ambassador to the Y.M.C.A.

Lord Bryce, late British Ambassador to the United States, author of "American Commonwealth," writes as an observer of the Association's Service in America and in British camps.

I CAN say with pleasure and with truth that wherever I have had the opportunity of observing the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, it has been rendering admirable service. In the great cities of South America it has already shown itself a powerful force for good, both among the native residents in those cities and the young men who come there for business purposes from Europe and from North America. In the United States and Canada it has been and is to-day one of the most active and pervasive agencies for helping young men to form high ideals, as well as for directing them into the paths in which they can best serve their fellows in a true Christian spirit.

Here in England we are now grateful to it for what it has done in coming forward to look after those who have come in patriotic ardour from Canada and Australia and New Zealand to stand by the Mother Country in arms, providing them in the camps with places of social intercourse and recreation.

## THE KAISER'S CHEQUE.

ALL Australasia is said to be laughing over the predicament of an Australian missionary society. It appears that just before the war the Kaiser sent this society a cheque for £1,450, the money to be spent on mission work in German New Guinea. The money came to hand after the war broke out, and when German New Guinea was German no longer; but the society was perturbed because it could not return the money, "trading with the enemy" being unlawful—and there was no German colony left to spend it in. The honest treasurers, after a period of hesitation, finally decided to spend the money on missionary work in that part of the missionary field which would have been German had it not been meanwhile made British; and, as the same natives will be evangelised in any case, the decision seems common-sense.

## WHY HE WOULDN'T BUY HAYDN'S MUSIC.

As Haydn was amusing himself one morning in shopping, he inquired of the music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music.

"Certainly," replied the shopman, "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's."

"Oh," returned Haydn, "I'll have nothing to do with that."

"How, sir! you will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! And pray, what fault have you to find with it?"

"Oh, plenty; but it's useless talking about it, since it does not suit me; show me some other."

The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, "No, sir; I have music, it is true, but not for such as you," and turned his back upon him.

As Haydn was going away, smiling, a gentleman of his acquaintance entered, and accosted him by name. The music-seller, still out of humour, turned round at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop, "Haydn! ay, here's a fellow who says he doesn't like that great man's music."

The Englishman laughed, an explanation took place, and the music-seller was for the future acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

# SIGN, PLEASE!

*A £5 Prize Offered by "Y.M." for a Simple Competition in which All May Take Part.*

In order to extend a knowledge of "Y.M." and to introduce it to new circles of friends, the Editor is offering a prize of £5 to the reader who shows the greatest interest in a new and simple competition.

This competition is open to every reader of the paper. The man in camp has an equal opportunity with the man in the street; the money can easily be earned by a little effort. The conditions can be explained in a few words.

Take the copy of "Y.M." which you hold in your hand and get as many signatures written on it as you can. The white edges surrounding the printed matter offer plenty of space, and any one who likes to devote an hour or two to the pleasant task of securing names can easily procure signatures, which may be written either on the white edges or on the printed page itself. Of course, if one number is covered over in this way, another copy may be purchased and put to a similar purpose. There is no limit to the number of copies that may be used and filled up in this way. The prize goes to the reader sending in the largest number of signatures, the reward of industry being a cheque for £5.

All that is necessary, therefore, for the reader to do is to take this copy of "Y.M." and ask a friend to sign his or her name on any part of the right-hand pages, either on the margins or over the printed portions, beginning on the outside cover, and when that is filled up, passing on to the first right-hand page, continuing the process until as many signatures as possible have been obtained. We suggest the right-hand pages only for the signatures, because if these were written on both sides they might lead to confusion.

Another point! It is quite probable that friends to whom the paper is submitted for signing purposes may wish to make an effort to obtain the £5. That need not preclude them from signing the copy submitted to them. As a matter of fact, the signature of a competitor will have a double value. Such a signature will count as two instead of one. Competitors, therefore, who are signing the copy of a friend should mark a 2 at the end of their own signature.

We offer this prize in order to widen the interest in the paper, and to bring it before the notice of those who have not already seen it. Every copy submitted for signature advertises the paper, and we believe that "Y.M." has only to be known in order to be bought and appreciated.

All you have to do is to take this copy of "Y.M." and get as many signatures written on it as possible on every right-hand page, beginning on the first. The signatures of other competitors count double, so that it is to your interest to get as many as you can, not only to sign your copy, but to take part in the competition.

The competition will remain open till March 8.

As soon as every signature has been obtained the reader competing for the prize should sign the accompanying form, giving full name and address, and stating the number of names contained on the copy. All copies bearing signatures must be addressed to the Editor, "Y.M.," 13, Russell-square, London, W.C. The award will be announced in our issue of March 12.

---

The signatures contained in this copy of "Y.M." have been procured by me in accordance with the conditions set forth above.

Name .....

Regiment.....

Address .....

.....

No. of Names.....

---

**The prize winners in our second competition, "My Hero and Why," are Gunner A. E. Cook, Seaman James White, and Private John Lewis.**

## THE FIGHT FOR CHARACTER.

**An Appeal to Boys for the Highest Things in Life. By President Henry C. King, Oberlin College.**

POSITIVE self-control means that you are *to attend to something else* than the temptation which threatens to engulf you, to replace that tempting thought with some other. Do not merely fight a thought. You cannot get rid of a thought—this envious, foul, hateful idea that is in your mind—by simply saying, "I won't think of that another minute." All the while you are saying this you are persistently keeping it in mind, you *are* thinking of it. You can get rid of it in just one way: by thinking of something else. You must take the positive way out. The law is simply this—it is a very simple law: you cannot have an empty mind, and you cannot think of two things with concentrated attention at the same time. As you try to follow this suggestion, it may seem to you that you can think of two things at the same time, but you will be mistaken. The trouble is in lack of concentrated attention. When you seem to be thinking of two things at the same time, you are really thinking first of one thing, then of another—letting the thought you ought to hold be broken in on continually by the tempting thought. Only keep your attention steadily fixed upon the consideration that ought to hold, and it will hold you.

And positive self-control will mean, further, that you are to *resist the evil with the good;* that you are not simply to stop doing bad things because they are bad, but you are to get into the attitude that Spinoza calls the attitude of the freeman, and have done with the bad because you have something a great deal better to do. Change your negatives into opposite positives. I have little hope for a man who goes through his life saying, "What is the harm?" What kind of attainment can a make make in his moral life if his one great question is, What is the harm? and he does not replace that question with this other, What is the very best thing that is now open for me? For next to the bad the good is the worst enemy of the best. We must try Chalmers's "expulsive power of a new affection."

And that will mean that every temptation we shall take as a *positive opportunity,* and it may be just that. And when next you are under the pressure of strong temptation remind yourself that you have the opportunity now to prove your loving loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ. You have your opportunity of conquest, of victory.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,
12 & 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A. (COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNEY.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*Contributions are invited. The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, articles of general interest, and photographs of current events, whether relating to purely Y.M.C.A. matters or to more general topics. All accepted contributions and photographs will be paid for. Stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed in case of rejection.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*




## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr
(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### Chambers of Imagery.

THERE are some very clever people who profess to be able to estimate a man's character by the furnishings of his room. This may be very hard lines for the fellow who lives in hired lodgings! The artistic atrocities upon the walls or the ornaments upon the mantelpiece might amount on this theory to the offence known as defamation of character! But if you limit it to a man's own inner chamber of the mind, then it is not only absolutely true, but it is one of the solemnest facts in life.

There is a strange story in Ezekiel about the prophet, in a vision, coming upon a secret chamber, where the ancients of Jerusalem, nominal worshippers of Jehovah, were swinging censers of incense before idols and abominable things painted upon the walls. That was a sad showing-up for the sham professors, and the witness against them was unimpeachable. For the images a man worships in his secret chamber, whatever his outward profession may be, are an infallible index of real character.

But, you may say, no one can get into a man's secret chamber to see the images he bows to there. Neither he can, but there is no need to force an entry, for, sooner or later, the images themselves come out! That's the solemn truth. You do learn in the long run what a man worships in his "chambers of imagery."

For one thing, it begins after a while to write its story on his face. The man who worships idols of the flesh, even though it be in secret and unknown to his dearest friend, begins by-and-by to look the part. The secret tippler, whose god is Bacchus, comes at last to carry a plain record of his habit with him every time he ventures out upon the public street. There are no face architects to be compared to the images we worship in the innermost chambers of our minds.

But the worship reveals itself in life and conduct also. Readers of Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde" may be perplexed that such a monster as Hyde could be the outgrowth from Dr. Jekyll's outwardly blameless life, unless they note the fact, which the author states, that Jekyll, for all his correct conduct, was guilty of secret and repeated sin. Hyde is that sin declaring itself outwardly. The real roots of life, like the roots of a plant, lie in the dark, hidden and secret. But, like the plant roots, they send shoots up by-and-by into the light, where all men can see. The impure mind will teach the tongue to speak its message if you give it time enough. Spite and jealousy will boil over like a pot some day. "There is nothing covered," said Jesus, "that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known."

That is a tremendously solemn fact, gentlemen. But it has two sides. What if the secret worship be of things pure and lovely and of good report? That comes out, too, just as inevitably. The picture on the walls of a man's secret devotion may be that of the Master Himself, of the things He loves, and would have His friends love, too. With many, many thousands this is so. Far more in secret than in public they bow before that Image, and hold fellowship with Him when no one sees. And that can as little be concealed ultimately as the other sort of worship. That, too, sends up its shoots into the light. If Christ's Image is enshrined in your secret heart, something of Christlikeness will show in your life, and your neighbour will see it though you don't. You cannot offer incense in the secret chamber without the odour of it gradually filling the whole house. A man's real religion is just his secret religion, and the secret is escaping day by day.

## DR. CHARLES KNAPP'S NEW BOOK.

"The Acts of the Apostles," with Introduction, Maps, and Explanatory Notes. By Charles Knapp, D.D., Junior Chaplain of Merton College, Oxford. London: Thomas Murby, 6, Bouverie-street. 1s. 6d. net.

The Rev. Dr. Knapp is the honoured president of the Oxford Y.M.C.A., and, therefore, his new book finds a warm welcome at our hands. About a year ago Dr. Knapp produced a little manual on St. Mark, in which he set forth in a very clear and cogent fashion the results of modern scholarship on the life and times of Jesus. The present volume is in reality a continuation of the teaching then begun. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that it is a worthy companion volume. Accepting the well-established Lukan authorship, Dr. Knapp gives a most illuminating exposition of the main features of the Acts. Indeed, the book is so well arranged that the chapters soon become an exegetical commentary on the whole. The text is printed at the top of the page, and below, in double columns, we have most valuable notes. There is nothing in this book to frighten any average intelligent reader. Dr. Knapp says in his preface that it is intended chiefly for the use of the upper forms of our public schools, theological students, and teachers; we would put in the plea that it should be adopted by the Associations as an ideal text-book for Bible study.

## SHORT NOTICES ABOUT BOOKS.

"The Human Form in Action," by F. W. Stevens (27, Chancery-lane, W.C.), is a capital little hand-book, dealing with physical exercises. A number of diagrams are given throughout the book. The only objection we have to the work is the price. 1s. 6d. net for sixty pages, even though the paper is good and the illustrations clear, is a bit stiff.

We can warmly recommend Marlborough's "Practical Manuals of Conversation" (1s.), the latest of which series is the English-French-German-Dutch. A large number of ordinary sentences are given in the four languages, so that a man could find his way through the four countries, even though, without the aid of the manual, he knows not a word of any language but English.

An excellent introduction to a commercial education is given by Mr. James Stephenson, M.A., B.Sc., in "The Principles of Business" (Isaac Pitman, 2s. net). Dealing in a comprehensive fashion with the classification of occupations, the divisions of commerce and endless other matters related thereto, the book should prove of the greatest value to those who are just starting out in the great world of business.


## HOMES FOR BUSINESS YOUNG WOMEN IN LONDON.

GARFIELD HOUSE—
8, Fitzroy Square, W.

HYDE HOUSE—
10, 11, and 12, Bulstrode Street, Welbeck Street, W.

LINCOLN HOUSE—
12, York Place, Baker Street, W.

MORLEY HOUSE—
14, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W.

BENTINCK HOUSE—
8, Endsleigh Gardens, Tavistock Square, N.W

DOMGAY HOUSE—
11, Fitroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W.

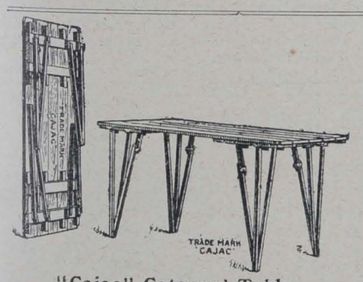
WOODFORD HOUSE—
28, Duncan Terrace, Islington, N.

ADA LEWIS HOUSE—
31, Draycott Avenue, Sloane Square, S.W.

VICTORIA HOUSE—
47, Princes Square, Bayswater, W.

TERMS UPON APPLICATION.

## EMERGENCY FOLDING FURNITURE OF BEST BRITISH MAKE.



"Cajac" Caterers' Table.

Handiest for
CAMPS, INSTITUTIONS, MISSION HALLS.
*CLOSE FOLDING, VERY RIGID, VERY STRONG.*

**The "CAJAC" Tables are Unequalled for Excellence :: of Manufacture, Strength and Convenience. ::**

*Stocked in Six Sizes.* *Write for Prices.*

Also FORMS, CHAIRS, TRESTLES (for loose table tops), in great variety.
Illustrated List on application.

Works cover 2½ acres. Fitted with the most up-to-date machinery obtainable.

**ALLAN JONES & CO., Hatherley Works, GLOUCESTER.** *Telegrams: "Lattistep, Gloucester." Nat. Telephone: No. 55 Gloucester.*

## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

### ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE. SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**

**30 words for 2/-.**

**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**

*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."



## Board.

**CANONBURY, N.** 8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road. Comfortable home for young fellow. Substantial breakfasts. Full board Sundays, 10/6. With meat teas and light supper, 15/- W 2

**55, PETHERTON ROAD,** Canonbury Station. Board-residence, late dinner. Bath (h. & c.), gas, and piano. Every convenience. From 15/- per week. 5

**22, DOUGLAS ROAD,** Canonbury, N. Very comfortable home, liberal table. Bath, piano, garden. Easy access to City and West. Near station and tube. Moderate; well recommended. 6

**23, PETHERTON ROAD,** Highbury. Board-residence, refined home for gentlemen. Late dinner, double and single rooms. Terms moderate. Highly recommended. 7

**30, CALABRIA ROAD,** Highbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for City gentlemen. Board as required. Moderate terms. Visitors 2/6 bed and breakfast. Penny fare City. 10

**58, FINSBURY PARK ROAD,** Finsbury Park. Superior homely board-residence; temporary or permanent. Close to tubes, trams, parks. Bath, gas, piano. Very moderate; well recommended. 11

**13, MILDMAY PARK.** Bedrooms, gentlemen from 6/-; use of sitting-room. Visitors, bed and breakfast, 2/6. Motor 'buses to City and West End. Well recommended. 12

**LONDON.** Bernard's Private Hotel, Granville Square, King's Cross Road, W.C. Quiet, comfortable, central. Bed and breakfast from 3/6. Best in city at price. Reduction to Ministers.—Stamp, MANAGERESS.

**LONDON.** Private Residential Hotel and Boarding House, Leicester House, 6, Bedford Place, W.C. Central for business or pleasure. Good table. Recommended by Rev. Dinsdale T. Young and others. Bed and breakfast from 4/-. En pension from 31/6 weekly. Separate tables. No extras. Stamp.

## Situations Vacant.

**CARPETS and FURNITURE.**—Wanted, Young Man for this department.—Apply, with all particulars and photograph, F. Cape & Co., St. Ebbe's, Oxford.

**DRAPERY.**—Junior Young Man required, able to serve through. State weekly wages (to live out).—AMOS PRYER, The Cash Draper, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

**BOOT TRADE.**—Wanted, Young Man as Junior Assistant. Good reference and ability. Age, salary, &c., T. W. COE, 14, Preston Road, Brighton.

## Miscellaneous.

**BEGIN TO READ YOUR GREEK NEW TESTAMENT** at once. Simple, rapid method, will greatly interest you. A powerful aid to Scriptural study. By correspondence. Easy terms. Write immediately, enclosing stamp.—Box 77, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row.

**EDWARD NEWLING,** High-Class Tailor, Ladies' Habit Maker, has opened further shop premises, 4, Hart Street, W.C. Expert cutting and fitting. Lounge suits, 3 guineas; coat and skirt, 3½ guineas. "Eskdale" Coats, 50s., ready to wear. Nearest tube, British Museum. O 1899

**PORTABLE ORGANS** for Christian Workers. £5 5s. od. Open-Air Meetings, Bible Classes, Carriages, Lodging House Work, Tent Meetings, Seaside Gospel Meetings. Lightest made (regd.). Send for list from maker, F. HARLAND, 106, Wenlock Street, Hoxton, London. O 1688


## THE PLUCKIEST MAN IN THE CAMP.

*(Concluded from page 126.)*

there were some who determined on having what they called their fun.

"'Play the man!' shouted a big collier from Yorkshire. 'If tha'rt a man, tha' wilt stand up to me.'

"Penrose was quiet for a minute. 'Look here,' he said, 'I want to make a bargain with you. If I will stand up to you, as you call it, will you in future let me go my own way unmolested, as I will let you go yours?'

"'Aye, I will,' was the reply.

"'Come, chaps, let's see fair play.'

"I saw Dick Hereford's eyes sparkle at this point, although up to the present he had not spoken a word.

"The Yorkshire collier took off his tunic and bared his mighty arms, and everyone felt that he would make short work of Penrose.

"When the latter was stripped, however, we were not so sure. His great depth of chest revealed itself, and although his arms were as white as ivory, they looked hard and firm.

"He stood up before the collier with a smile of easy confidence on his face, while we all made a ring and waited.

"Five minutes later the collier declared he had had enough, while the rest of us stood around wondering and whispering.

"'Now,' said Penrose, 'I have kept my word. You keep yours.'

"It was at that moment that Dick Hereford stepped forward.

"'Chaps,' he said, 'just now you said I was the pluckiest man in the camp, but you are wrong. Penrose is the pluckiest man here; he has been true to his convictions, while I never have. I was taught to pray as a boy, but when I came here I was afraid of what you fellows would say if I knelt down and prayed as I used to. I was a coward, but Penrose was man enough to do what he believed to be right, and didn't fear your sneers. He is the pluckiest man in the camp, and if he will have me for a pal, well, I should like to be. Will you shake hands, Penrose?'"

"The other held out his hand gladly, and I could see as they looked on each other that they meant to be friends.

"'What school were you at, Penrose?' asked Hereford.

"'Clifton,' was the reply. 'And you?'

"'I was at Harrow. By George, you have taught us all a lesson to-night, old man.'

"And then Hereford, his face pale to the lips, went to the corner of the room where his bed was, and, before us all, knelt down.

"The silence in the place was like the silence of death. Each of us felt, I think, there was some influence at work which we hadn't felt for months, and as I looked round the room a few minutes later, I saw that at least twenty men were on their knees.

"Ever since then Michael Penrose has been spoken of as the pluckiest man in the camp."

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 19th.**—Luke ix. 51-62. *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of* (verse 55). To be a Christian means the control of our hearts by the Spirit of Christ. Consequently in our dealings with others the question that He would urge is, "What would Jesus have done in your case?" The reply will be sure to suggest the avoidance of every unkind act or angry word, much as it may cost us.

**Saturday, 20th.**—Luke x. 1-12. *The Lord sent them two and two* (verse 1). Jesus provided His disciples with companionship, carefully selected by Himself. Nothing is more important for boys and young men in the making of their friends than to seek God's guidance. A good test is whether that particular companionship is likely to lead to occupations and pursuits where Christ "Himself would come." His presence does not make things dull, but does make them wholesome.

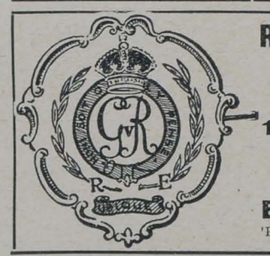
**Sunday, 21th.**—Luke x. 13-24. *No man knoweth . . . who the Father is but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Him* (verse 22). Jesus came into the world in order to introduce us to His Heavenly Father. He is, as it were, our window by which we look into heaven and see the Father, but it is only those who accept Jesus as their Saviour who can be personally introduced to Him and know Him as MY Father.

**Monday 22nd.**—Luke x. 25-42. *When* he saw *him he had compassion on him and went to him* (verses 33, 34). The Samaritan acted upon the evidence of need which he saw. We are in constant danger of limiting our sympathy to a course which will not cost too much, or which is about as much as others would do. Some such reasoning may have weighed with the priest and Levite, but "let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus" (Phil. ii. 5).

**Tuesday, 23rd.**—Luke xi. 1-13. *Lord, teach us to pray* (verse 1). The praying of Jesus evidently gripped the imagination of His disciples. They saw how near and real to Him was His Heavenly Father. Men often look upon preaching as the most prominent Christian task, but with Jesus it was praying. It is this habit which the youngest can begin and which the oldest will never exhaust.

**Wednesday, 24th.**—Luke xi. 14-28. *When a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him* (verse 22). The Gospel is the good news of the Saviour, who is stronger than sin and than the Master of sin, the Devil. Christ undertakes not only to forgive the sins of the past, but to set boys and men free from the force of sinful habits. This is what the Kingdom of God (or reign of Christ) is intended to mean to our own personal experience.

**Thursday, 25th.**—Luke xi. 29-44. *A greater than Solomon is here* (verse 31). The Old Testament describes many persons who, like Solomon, were in some measure signs to their generation of the Christ who was to come. We, who enjoy the privilege of having before us the life and teaching of Christ Himself, will be called to a proportionately strict account of how we have used our opportunity. Let us "take heed" (verse 35).

**REGIMENTAL BADGES**

**Of any Regiment in the British Army. Enamelled in correct heraldic colours.**

**1/6 each. Post Free.**

**Special quotations for large quantities.**

Medal Ribbons and Bars of every description in Stock.



**BOTLY & LEWIS,**

'Phone 172. **25, KING ST., READING.**







***BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.***

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

Benger's Food is especially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

**BENGER'S Food**

*is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.*

Benger's Booklet—A little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
*Branch Offices*—NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William Street, SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt Street.
*Canadian Agents*—**National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel Street, Montreal,** and Branches throughout Canada. 189

**The New Flavour**

**H.P. Sauce**

is such a welcome change to the old-fashioned kind of Sauces.

A little of this delightful British Sauce should be on your table now.

H.P. Sauce is a real war time economy, it gives a delicious flavour to everything, helps to use up anything and wastes nothing.

*Large Bottles, 6d.*

## A Selected List from the Catalogue of THE ASSOCIATION PRESS,

Including General Religious, Bible Study, Teacher Training, Personal Work, Boy Life, Physical Education, Immigrant and Miscellaneous Publications.

**BARBOUR, C. A., Editor.**
**Bible in the World of To-day.** Cloth ..... 3/6.
An up-to-date presentation of the place and power of the Bible in modern life, showing how we got our Bible, reasons why it should be studied, and practical suggestions as to methods of study. Contributions by leading Bible teachers and students of this and other countries make it a symposium of unusual value and interest just at this time when so much emphasis is being placed on and attention given to this subject.

**BAYLEY, FRANK T.**
**Can the Modern Man Pray?** .....6d.
This little book describes the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man" that "availeth much." A helpful gift to put in the hands of young men perplexed about their personal relations with God.

**BOSWORTH, E. I.**
**Call for Character.** Cloth.....1/- net.
Paper..... 3d.
An appeal to use one's life for the highest purpose.

**BROWN, JOHN RICHARD.**
**Jesus, the Joyous Comrade.** Boards.....2/-.
Written to correct the too exclusive consideration of Christ as a man of sorrows. He is here presented as the strong leader of strong men; as one who enjoys doing hard things because he sees victory at the end. A character-building book on the order of the widely useful "Second Mile" by Harry Emerson Fosdick.

**COOPER, C. S.**
**College Men and the Bible.**
Cloth, gilt top, illustrated..... 5/-.
Paper Boards ..... 2/6.
"In my judgment it will be found of very great value to the constantly increasing class of college men who are giving time to Bible study."—*President David Starr Jordan, Leland Stanford University.*
Fathers, mothers and friends of college men will find it invaluable in enlisting them in the study of the Bible. The bibliography, by a large group of experienced men, is the last word on Bible reference literature.

**COULTER, J. E., Editor.**
**Stones from the Brook.** Scripture passages selected and grouped. Vest pocket style, 50 pages. Fifteen thousand have been sold..... 6d.

**FOSDICK, H. E.**
**Second Mile.** Boards ..... 2/-.
Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain, said Christ, and our author deals with the glories of this second mile. It is a book for the person determined to win, a book of inspiration to accept the extra duties, beyond those on the program.

**HOAGLAND, F. B., Editor.**
**"Yours."** Introduction by C. H. Yatman.
More than 40,000 sold.
Per hundred ..... 13/-.
Single copies ..... 3d

**JEFFERSON, CHARLES EDWARD.**
**Essentials.** ("Fundamentals.")
Boards ..... 1/6 net.
A strong and clear aid to one's faith in the Scriptures after all the criticism and discussion.
**Next Step.** In book form ..... 1/6 net.
Condensed for use as a tract ..... 3d.
A timely gift for new converts; specially useful in following up the results of evangelistic campaigns.

**JOHNSTON, HOWARD AGNEW.**
**Famine and the Bread.** Cloth ..... 5/-.
"A volume of experiences, anecdotes and observations which show the need of Asiatic men, women and children for the bread of heaven and the hunger with which some are receiving it. These stories are exceptionally readable and the book is attractively illustrated."—*Missionary Review of the World.*

**KING, HENRY CHURCHILL.**
**Fight for Character.** Cloth.....1/- net.
Paper..... 6d.
An address calculated to stir the reader to make the struggle which high character costs.

**MOTT, JOHN R., Editor.**
**Claims and Opportunities of the Ministry.**
Cloth..... 2/6.
Ten chapters by leading educators and clergymen, with an introduction from a letter by former President ROOSEVELT. Carefully planned to aid those who are seeking to turn the strongest young men toward the ministry as a life work.

**MOTT, JOHN R.**
**Future Leadership of the Church.....** 2/6
A searching study of the need for men of the highest type in the ministry and suggestions looking to the meeting of this need.

**OBER, C. K.**
**Out of the Fog.** Introduction by DR. GRENFELL. Boards, illustrated ..... 2/6
Dr. Grenfell, when he heard how C. K. Ober, as a reckless young fisherman, had been delivered from the sea after drifting fog-bound for eight days in an open boat, said, "Write it!" When he read the manuscript he said "Great!" A father handed one of the first copies to his growing sons, who read it through with intense interest. A New York business man writes that he has bought his twenty-eighth copy for presentation, and that he held the interest of his church prayer meeting for half an hour, from its pages.

**PARKHURST, C. H.**
**More than Men.** ..... 2/-
A clear, forceful presentation of spirituality as the basis of service. The author has put into this book, in striking phrases, the positive elements of a Christian.

**ROBINSON, G. L.**
**Abiding Value of the Old Testament.**
Boards ..... 1/6 net.
The best possible introduction to Old Testament Bible study. Clear statement of the reasons for retaining the Old Testament both as a necessary interpreter of the New and because of its intrinsic value.

**SMITH, FRED B.**
**Men Wanted.** Cloth ..... 3/6.
The author, who is well known as "The greatest living Evangelist to Men," and who has for years refused urgent calls from publishers and the public for a book, has at last yielded and written a message in his own vigorous style. After a trip through the cheap lodging houses of the Bowery, Mr. Smith came to this conclusion, "There are too many men in the world." Later he decided that there are not enough of the right kind. His book shows how to get out of the "Too Many" class into the "Not Enough" class. Although much of his work has been getting men started right, he is just as deeply interested in what happens beyond the turning point, as he proves in the chapter, "The Dynamic of Life's Best." It is pre-eminently a men's book.

**SPEER, ROBERT E.**
**How to Deal with Temptation.**
Boards.....1/- net.
**Things That Make a Man** .....3d.

## BIBLE STUDY COURSES.

**BOSWORTH, EDWARD INCREASE**
**New Studies in Acts.** Cloth..... 3/6.
Paper ..... 2/6.
Nineteen studies of the important incidents and truths of Acts put together in clear and attractive style.

**KENT-SMITH.**
**Work and Teachings of the Earlier Prophets.** Cloth, 3/-; paper, 2/-
This series in the earlier Hebrew prophets is prepared with a view to giving the student a personal acquaintance with these inspired writers. The application of their vital messages to present-day life is also shown.

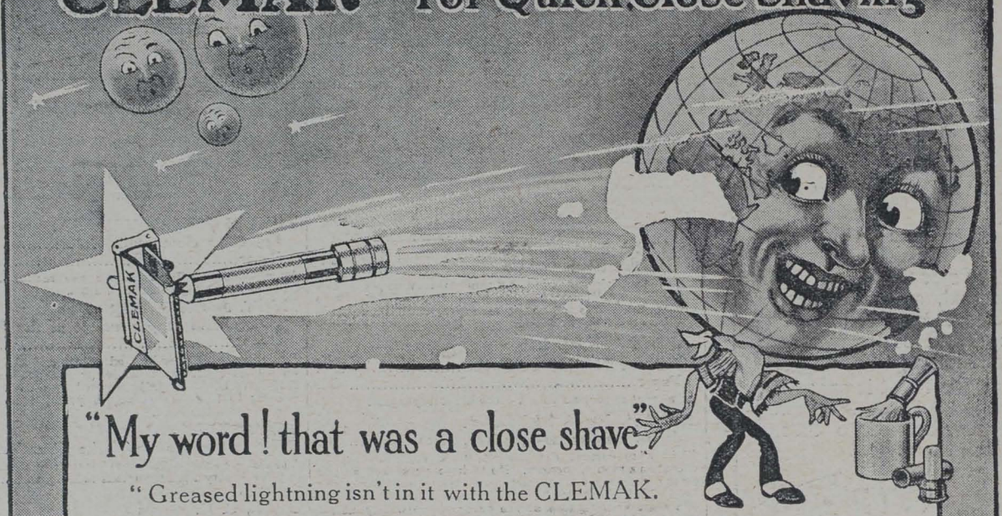
**McFADYEN, J. E.**
**Ten Studies in the Psalms.**
Cloth, 3/-; paper..... 2/-
These studies are for devotional use, ten representative Psalms being treated, with the development of the student's spiritual life especially kept in view.

**MURRAY, W. D.**
**Message of the Twelve Prophets.**
Cloth, 3/6; paper ..... 2/6
Twenty-eight devotional studies of the minor prophets. Each book dealt with forms a study in itself for one or more weeks. Chronological charts give the place of the prophets in the history of the Hebrew people.

**ROBINSON, GEORGE L.**
**Book of Isaiah.** Cloth ..... 3/6
Paper ..... 2/6
The author is recognised as one of the most discerning and effective interpreters of Israel's Commoner prophet. Fifteen studies.
**Leaders of Israel.** Cloth ..... 3/6
Paper ..... 2/6
A strong course of studies in the Old Testament. The character of Israel's leading men and the history of that people from Abraham to Christ are portrayed. There are twenty-five lessons, with many maps and charts of peculiar interest and value.

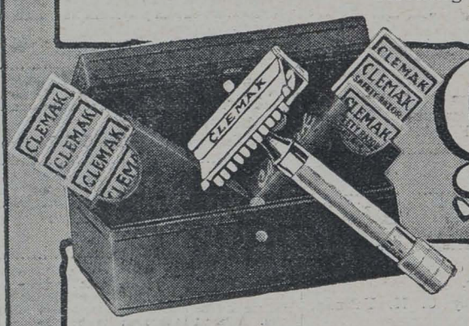
**MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD.,** London: 47, Paternoster Row, E.C. Edinburgh: 99, George Street, New York: 124, East 28th Street.

# CLEMAK —For Quick Close Shaving




"My word! that was a close shave"

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever.




## CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

**5/-** Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and **seven** blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, **Twelve** specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop

**10/6**

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.




A useful **PRESENT** for our

**SOLDIERS. SAILORS**

and **TERRITORIALS.**

**OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c.,**

or from the

**CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.**

*The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.*

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.


Printed at St. Clements Press, Ltd., Newspaper Buildings, Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, W.C., and Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C., 99, George Street, Edinburgh, & 124, East 28th Street, New York.—*February* 19, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

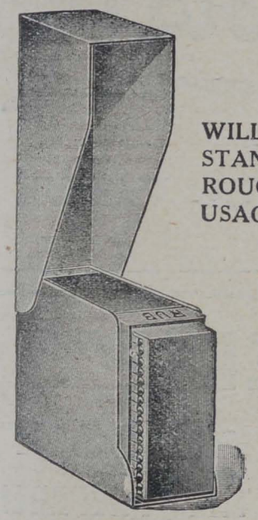
No. 7. Vol. 1. FEBRUARY 26, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



BRYANT & MAY'S

## "SERVICE" MATCH BOX COVER

(*Reg. Design No*, 642237).




WILL STAND ROUGH USAGE.

KEEPS MATCHES, BOX & STRIKING SURFACE **DRY IN ALL WEATHERS**

*Specially designed for* **ACTIVE SERVICE— AFLOAT & ASHORE.**

Enclose one in parcels of 'Comforts' to friends on Active Service.

*Obtainable (in all metals) of Outfitters, Silversmiths, Stores, Tobacconists, Etc.*

**BRYANT & MAY LTD.,** Fairfield Works, Bow, LONDON, E.




GENERAL FOCH, CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE.
In his latest-published despatch Sir John French mentions General Foch as one of those whose valuable help and support he has "once more gratefully to acknowledge." General Foch is confident of victory, and his troops share his confidence.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT Y.M.C.A. MEN ... ... ... ... 147
LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. VI.—King Albert of the Belgians... 148
IS THE TALL MAN THE BEST SOLDIER? By M. S. Pembrey, M.A., M.D., Lecturer in Physiology, Guy's Hospital ... ... ... ... 149
ON THE "ARETHUSA" WHEN THE GUNS WERE ROARING. Historic Naval Battles Graphically Described by One of the Men Who Took Part in Them (with Illustrations) ... ... ... ... ... ... 151
RECRUITING IN A LONDON COLLEGE. (Illustrated.) ... ... 153
BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 7.—"On Dressing Windows" ... ... ... 154
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD... ... ... ... ... ... ... 163

"Bournville" (Reg. Trade Mark) Cocoa &
"Cadbury's" (Reg. Trade Mark)
MILK Chocolate

BOTH OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE

GOOD! ITS MASON'S
MASON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE




EXPELS THE OLD METHOD

An Agreeable, Stimulating and Sustaining Beverage. Instantly Prepared and most Economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

*Of all Grocers and Stores, or a Sample Bottle Post Free for : Nine Stamps. :*

NEWBALL & MASON,
Nottingham.

"What £10 a year will do."

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

£52 : 8 : 10 a year (payable half-yearly), or alternatively £569 in cash.

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,

Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.

KEMP'S
CAKES & BISCUITS
COMMAND THE PREFERENCE.

Camp Leaders and Secretaries cannot do better than obtain their supplies from us.

BEST QUALITY AND QUICK DELIVERY.

*Price List on Application.*

GEORGE KEMP, LTD.
BREWERY ROAD, LONDON.

Y. YMCA M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 7. Vol. 1. FEBRUARY 26, 1915. PRICE 1d.

### A CAREFUL SCOT.

A Scotsman visited London for the first time to "speer roon," as he termed it. On his return to his native village he informed a companion that it was a gran' place, but that the people were no half honest. He'd had his "doots" all through the week, but satisfied himself of the fact on leaving. Asked how he tested the matter, he said: "Ah bowt a box o' pins labelled 1,000 for a penny, and on counting them in the train I found them seventeen short!"

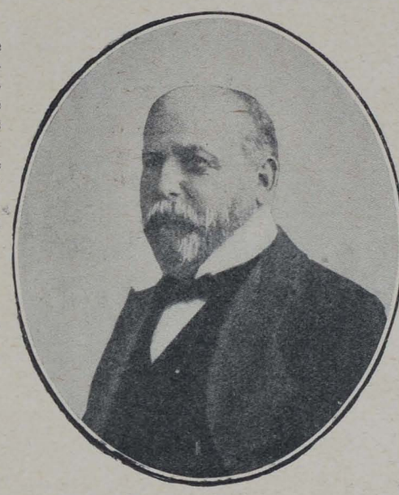
### WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

A woman agitator, holding forth on the platform and presenting the greatness of her sex, cried out: "Take away woman and what would follow?"

And from the audience came a clear, male voice: "We would."

"You'll have to take off that mask," ordered the policeman, as he stopped the motor-car. "It's frightening everyone who sees it."

"But I'm not wearing one!" exclaimed the man in the motor.



SIR WM. FRY, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
President of the Mid-Ireland Y.M.C.A. District. A paragraph describing Sir Wm. Fry's connection with the Y.M.C.A. appears on another page.

### TOO GREAT A COST.

Caroline, Queen of George II., lived in St. James Palace, and thought that the adjoining St. James Park, belonging to the public, would make a nice palace ground. She asked the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, what it would cost to shut it up and make it a Royal garden. "Oh, a trifle, madam," answered the cynical Premier. "A trifle, Sir Robert!" answered the queen; "I know better. It will cost much, but I wish you to tell me the cost as near as you can guess." "Why, madam, I believe the whole will cost but three crowns," rejoined the Prime Minister, looking her calmly in the face. The queen, seeing that Sir Robert meant the crowns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, answered, "Then I will think no more about it." The awful cost of covetousness is very often, not only human life and earthly honour and position, but eternal life and heavenly crowns.

### REMEMBERED TOO WELL.

Sharpe: "Did your aunt remember you in her will?"

Wise: "She remembered me so well that she didn't mention me in the will."



LIEUT. EUSTACE FIELD.
Mr. Eustace Field is General Secretary of the Southport Association. Enlisting early in the war, he has already received a commission, and is at present with the 7th (Res.) Lancs. Fusiliers.



The Late Herr Helbing (on right), National Secretary of Y.M.C.A.'s in Germany, with Mr. A. K. Yapp, English National Secretary. A reference to Herr Helbing's life was made in last week's issue of *Y.M.*



MR. SWYMMER RADFORD.
Mr. Radford, of Bristol, is, perhaps, the oldest permanent camp worker on the Y.M.C.A. staff. He began life as a drummer boy, became a butler, being known as the "teetotal butler." Converted in 1849, he has given himself devotedly to Christian work.

## A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

**The Headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. at Canterbury Burned to the Ground.**

THE accompanying pictures tell only too well their own story. St. George's Hall, in the main street of Canterbury, had been for some months the headquarters of a splendid military work in that ancient cathedral city, and had been the means of attracting great numbers of the men under training there. Recently it was burned to the ground, and the illustrations show all that remains of the building.

The Y.M.C.A. staff is seen standing on the ruins. Reading from left to right the names are:—1. Miss A. McFarlane, Canterbury; 2. Miss Tassell, Canterbury; 3. Miss McFarlane, Canterbury; 4. A. W. Hayes, Nottingham; 5. Mrs. A. W. Hayes, Nottingham; 6. Mrs. Canon Potter, Canterbury; 7. Mr. Bruce, London; 8. Miss Helnore, Canterbury; 9. Mr. Gardiner, solicitor, Canterbury; (back row) 10. Mr. Hey, Burnley; 11. Our Boy Scout; 12. Mr. Russell, London; 13. Mr. Miles, Tunbridge Wells; 14. Mr. Dale, Rouen; 15. Mr. Gray, Canterbury.





Two Views of St. George's Hall after the flames had reduced the splendid building to a mass of ruins.

On a recent Sunday evening Mr. A. J. C. Thomas, one of our leaders, addressed the congregation from the lectern at the St. Silas, Handsworth, Parish Church on Y.M.C.A. work in camp. A collection was taken at the close amounting to £17 8s. 6d. for the purpose of purchasing Pocket League Testaments. Mr. Thomas and his co-workers have had remarkable success in personal dealing with soldiers. Since October they have at their particular camps dealt with thousands—over 2,150 have joined the Pocket Testament League, and 1,039 have confessed Christ.

## A GREAT WOMAN.

MRS. ROBERT E. SPEER writes a wonderfully sympathetic article in the *North American Student* on the life of Miss Grace H. Dodge, who has passed away. We quote a particularly beautiful paragraph:—

"God was her loving and infinitely tender Father, the Father 'of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.' Jesus Christ, His Son, was to her the Way, the Truth, and the Life, come that we might have joyous life and have it more abundantly, and the Holy Spirit was her indwelling Comforter and Counsellor—Christ in us, the hope of glory. Prayer was like breathing, and she did everything, thought everything, planned everything in terms of the coming of His Kingdom. Because of this she saw life steadily and saw it whole, and little things had infinite significance as part of this great unity.

"Nothing was ever put off; far-reaching plans were made years ahead, and because of this, and because of her absolute punctuality she was able to carry on her many divergent interests without the slightest confusion and without ever seeming pressed or hurried. There was often a charming little quizzical expression in her eyes as she saw the disturbance left in the wake of the fussy, harassed, self-important type whose affairs were to hers as the running of a motor launch is to the management of a fleet, but I never heard her make fun of anyone. With a keen sense of humour, she was incapable of satire, and if she had unfavourable judgments she did not speak of them."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### VI.—KING ALBERT OF THE BELGIANS.

BEFORE King Albert came to the throne he had served a splendid apprenticeship to kingship. He has worked in a mine, driven railway engines, and studied all kinds of manufactures. He went so far as to disguise himself as a newspaper reporter and visit several seaports in Europe. He was ambitious for the prosperity of Antwerp, and in 1908 paid a private visit to Belfast, to see the great shipbuilding yards.

Suspicious of the attempts to hide the Congo atrocities under "official" denials, the Prince went to the Congo, and saw for himself the conditions of life out there. Soon after his return the era of reforms set in. He went to the United States in order that he might study the stirring life of great modern cities in America.

When he came to the throne, all this industry and knowledge were of the highest advantage to Belgium. The King invited any man of science, commerce, politics, or art who had new ideas to communicate. When the war overwhelmed his gallant subjects, King Albert shared their dangers, sorrows, and losses. He stands before the world as a great king and a great man. His career shows how one man's eager quest for knowledge and undaunted faith can inspire a whole nation.

## DEFINITION OF A PILGRIM.

A good story is told of one of his Majesty's inspectors of mid-England. Examining a school on one occasion, Mr. K—— inquired, "What is a pilgrim?"

After a pause a sturdy little imp boldly answered, "A pilgrim is a man, ple's, sir."

"A man?" returned the inspector, severely. "That won't do. Tell me some more about a pilgrim."

Another pause, broken by the examiner this time. "*I'm* a man, you know," he said, rashly, "am *I* a pilgrim?"

Here followed no pause, but the prompt rejoinder: "Oh, no, sir; a pilgrim's a *good* man, sir."

It was rather the bystanders than the questioner or the questioned who did not know which way to look.

## A SNOB WITTILY SNUBBED.

At a railway refreshment room one of the passengers was hungry and in a hurry. "Please pass me them pertaters, mister," he said, addressing an elegant gentleman who sat next him.

The latter slowly focussed his gold eyeglass on the speaker. "Did you think I was one of the waiters?" he asked, icily.

The others held their knives and forks suspended in mid-air, expecting to see the man shrivel up; but no such phenomenon took place. He turned, and beckoned to the nearest waiter.

"George, come here, please."

"What is it, sir?" asked George.

"I want to apologise to you, that is all. You see, I mistook this party here for you, but I hope you won't be offended at it. Now, pass me them pertaters, and we'll go on with the rest of the meal."



# IS THE TALL MAN THE BEST SOLDIER?

*A Striking Contribution to One of the Absorbing Military Questions of the Hour.*

By M. S. PEMBREY, M.A., M.D.

*(Lecturer in Physiology Guy's Hospital, Examiner in Physiology University of London, and formerly on the Advisory Board of the Army Medical Council.)*

WHEN I was asked recently by the Council of the Royal Sanitary Institute to open a discussion upon the question whether tall or short men make the better soldiers, I agreed, because it appeared to be a suitable time. During the opening stages of the war the standard for recruits was raised for a time, then restored, and later on reduced when the so-called "Bantams" were enlisted. Can this lowering of the standard be defended, and, if so, are there other arguments than those of necessity? The official view that height in a soldier is an advantage is a reflection of the general view of the layman.

### The Danger of Popular Views.

There is often some truth in an opinion which is held by the mass of the people; it is necessary, however, to consider the evidence, for popular views may be based on insufficient data or traditions handed down from times when fighting was very different from what it is now.

There will be no difficulty in proving that there is no evidence to justify a dogmatic opinion. The civilian has no experience of active service; the military men who have served in the field during the minor wars in the past have an experience based upon a small but highly-trained regular army, which was recruited in times of peace from a limited portion of the population. During peace height is a recognised standard for recruits, for most men will agree that a tall soldier is more imposing and dignified than a short man. An unjustified bias may thus arise in favour of the tall man.

A definition of terms is a necessary preliminary to an examination of the evidence. A man may be considered tall when his height is four or five inches greater than that of the average of his countrymen; on the other hand, he is short when his height is a similar number of inches below the average. All comparisons must take into account racial differences. A typical Scot would be considered a tall Welshman. The average height of the men of Great Britain and Ireland is uncertain.

### Some Important Factors at Work.

According to the figures collected by the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the averages are:—Scotch, 68.71; Irish, 67.91; English, 67.36; and Welsh, 66.66 inches. The mean of these is 67.66 inches. The average for our Army recruits during the period 1901-10 was 66.1 inches.

The greater stature of the tall man is due chiefly to the length of his legs. It is difficult to judge the height of men sitting down, but the individual differences become apparent directly they stand up. Thus a man 6 ft. 4½ ins. in height was found to be 10½ inches taller than a man 5 ft. 6 ins., but compared in the sitting position he was only 3¼ ins. taller. What are the causes of differences in growth? In the first place there is the racial factor already mentioned; as instances may be given the tall Russian and the short Japanese. Growth depends upon the ordered activity of certain glands of the body, such as the thyroid, pituitary, and generative glands. Abnormal conditions of these glands may result in retarded and defective growth, in the production of dwarfs; on the other hand, in excessive growth, such as that of giants. These two extremes are pathological, and would be rejected by a medical man. Associated with the influence of the glands are the effects of nutrition, work, and climate upon the growth of the body. A good supply of food, active exercise, and exposure to the stimulating effects of a variable climate, such as our own, will produce a sturdy growth, but all of these factors are subordinate to the racial influence.

### The Real "Points" of a Soldier.

These considerations show that the selection of recruits requires as much intelligence and experience as the selection of horses or cattle. The tape-measure can never serve as an accurate guide. The "points" of a soldier are related to the functions which he has to perform. The duty of a soldier is to defend wholeheartedly the interests of his country; the test of his efficiency is not his height, nor his weight, nor his girth, but his ability to bear the physical and mental stress of active service, to march, to shoot straight, and to subordinate his own interests to those of the race. If the question be reviewed in this light, it will be obvious that physiology and psychology, the sciences which deal with the working of body and mind, are involved more than anatomy, which is concerned with structure.

At the present time the desire of the short men to fight is a psychological testimonial of their value; they are willing to give up good positions, to undergo hardships, and to bear, what is often the hardest part of all, the slight regard or even contempt for the short soldier. The volunteer is better than the pressed man. Cromwell's Army in the "new model" showed the value of the psychological factor.

The essential organs are in the head and trunk; these are often better developed in the short than in the tall man. More men are rejected for defective girth and weight than for defective height. The weight of the brain is relatively greater in the short man, but this anatomical fact is no evidence of quality. The reaction time of the short man is not so long, and associated with this may be his greater alertness and pugnacity. The tall man of full proportions is heavy, docile, and slow.

The physiological reasons for the greater agility and activity of the short man are well founded in the relation between the surface-area and the mass of his body. His exchange of material is relatively greater, although absolutely less, than that of the tall man. His small size is in favour of rapidity of action, strength, and endurance.

### Advantages of the Short Men.

There are mechanical advantages and disadvantages in height, but a consideration of these in relation to marching, digging, and exposure shows that the resultant is not against but in favour of the short man under the conditions of modern warfare. The short man has a smaller weight of body to carry; he is lighter upon a horse; he does not require so deep a trench, and offers a smaller target to the enemy. He is more firmly placed upon his feet, for his centre of gravity is lower. It is true that in relation to his size he requires more food, drink, and clothing, but his absolute needs are less than those of the tall man, and thus there is a saving to the transport.

The short man need not fear a comparison in relation to his capacity for work, endurance, and resistance to disease. Sir Charles Cameron, in his evidence before the Committee on Physical Deterioration, mentions that the big men of the Cameron Highlanders were always the first to fall out on the march. This is what would be expected upon physiological grounds, for the essential and resisting parts of a man are in his head and trunk, not in his legs.

The evidence from the fighting capacity of tall and short races or of tall and short men of the same race is not against the short men. Numerous instances could be obtained from the military history of recent times.

### A Plea for Commonsense.

In civilian life the short man holds his own, for capacity, not appearance, tells in the long run. When a country is fighting for its life it is willing to give up appearances and conventional standards in favour of the real physiological and psychological qualities which make a man a good soldier, whether he be short, tall, or of average stature. The average man, other things being equal, is most convenient, for the extremes, the short and the tall men, must be graded if efficiency is to be obtained.

# SIGN, PLEASE!

*A £5 Prize Offered by "Y.M." for a Simple Competition in which All May Take Part.*

A week ago we announced a simple competition, and we repeat the conditions in this issue that all our readers who are willing to take part may have an opportunity to do so.

In order to extend a knowledge of "Y.M." and to introduce it to new circles of friends, the Editor is offering a prize of £5 to the reader who shows the greatest interest in this competition, which is open to every reader of the paper. The man in camp has an equal opportunity with the man in the street; the money can easily be earned by a little effort. The conditions can be explained in a few words.

*WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT.*

Take the copy of "Y.M." which you hold in your hand and get as many signatures written on it as you can. The white edges surrounding the printed matter offer plenty of space, and any one who likes to devote an hour or two to the pleasant task of securing names can easily procure signatures, which may be written either on the white edges or on the printed page itself. Of course, if one number is covered over in this way, another copy may be purchased and put to a similar purpose. There is no limit to the number of copies that may be used and filled up in this way. The prize goes to the reader sending in the largest number of signatures, the reward of industry being a cheque for £5.

All that is necessary, therefore, for the reader to do is to take this copy of "Y.M." and ask a friend to sign his or her name on any part of the right-hand pages, either on the margins or over the printed portions, beginning on the outside cover, and when that is filled up, passing on to the first right-hand page, continuing the process until as many signatures as possible have been obtained. We suggest the right-hand pages only for the signatures, because if these were written on both sides they might lead to confusion.

*NAMES THAT COUNT DOUBLE.*

**Another point! It is quite probable that friends to whom the paper is submitted for signing purposes may wish to make an effort to obtain the £5. That need not preclude them from signing the copy submitted to them. As a matter of fact, the signature of a competitor will have a double value. Such a signature will count as two instead of one. Competitors, therefore, who are signing the copy of a friend should mark a 2 at the end of their own signature.**

**We offer this prize in order to widen the interest in the paper, and to bring it before the notice of those who have not already seen it. Every copy submitted for signature advertises the paper, and we believe that "Y.M." has only to be known in order to be bought and appreciated.**

**All you have to do is to take this copy of "Y.M." and get as many signatures written on it as possible on every right-hand page, beginning on the first. The signatures of other competitors count double, so that it is to your interest to get as many as you can, not only to sign your copy, but to take part in the competition.**

**The competition will remain open till March 8.**

*£5 FOR A FEW HOURS' EASY EFFORT.*

**There is therefore plenty of time in which to go to work. A few hours given to the pleasant task of procuring names may reap the reward of £5. There is no chance work in the competition; the reader who works the hardest gets the prize.**

**Begin at once.**

**As soon as every signature has been obtained the reader competing for the prize should sign the accompanying form, giving full name and address, and stating the number of names contained on the copy. All copies bearing signatures must be addressed to the Editor, "Y.M.," 13, Russell-square, London, W.C. The award will be announced in our issue of March 12.**

---

**The signatures contained in this copy of "Y.M." have been procured by me in accordance with the conditions set forth above.**

**Name** .....

**Address** .....

.....

.....

**No. of Names**.....

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### Smoking Wicks.

WE read the forty-second chapter of Isaiah as if it were a part of the Christian evangel. The Servant who will not break the bruised reed or quench the dimly burning wick is Christ Himself. And the Gospels bear witness how truly and graciously He fulfilled this prophecy.

But the point, which is not often enough insisted upon, is that if those of us who profess and call ourselves Christians are to have the Spirit in us that was also in Christ Jesus, this must be our mark and method too. This prescribes our attitude to life, that many-coloured, strangely-mixed compound of good and evil. Good in any form, however feeble, however bound up, as in this world it inevitably is, with what is evil, should find in those who call themselves by Christ's name its truest supporters, sympathisers, friends.

Life would be a much simpler thing if every cause were clearly either good or bad, and every person either worthy or unworthy. But it is not so. It is very hard to find an object of which one always and altogether approves, and, even in things evil, as the poet reminds us, there is a soul of goodness would men observingly distil it out. And the demand made of Christ's followers is to reverence the good everywhere, to rejoice even in the spark of virtue which redeems a bad thing from absolute hopelessness. In so far as any cause has good in it, in so far ought it to have our encouragement and support. Mark you, not the easy tolerance of those to whom good and evil are alike indifferent, but the reverence and sympathy of those who see in every flickering spark of effort after what is right a token of God's presence and a pledge of better things to come.

To the eye and heart in sympathy with it, beauty often peeps out in strange places.

The poem hangs on the berry bush
When comes the poet's eye,
And the whole street is a masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by.

So the mark of the Christlike heart is just that it discerns, and discerning loves, the feeblest tokens of some inward grace that redeems a life from evil. Let us not be afraid that by welcoming the scant good we may be held to approve of the greater evil. That is a risk which God Himself is willing to take. Did not Christ risk that when He held out His hands to a man like Zaccheus? Does He not risk it always when He declares "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out"?

Life presents us with many anomalies that refuse to square with our theories. You find men exhibiting qualities of character which any Christian might be proud to emulate outside of the Church altogether. And you cannot simply label these "glittering vices" and pass on. God is not two, but One, and goodness is His token wherever it be found.

It is for something more than tolerance I am pleading. For that may be a weak and a wrong thing, if it spring not from belief in the good. What our calling demands is something more: the rejoicing hopeful recognition of the good deed or purpose anywhere, and the offer of a sympathy and a faith in which it can grow. That gift of yours may actually be the decisive factor in a life balancing perilously between good and evil. Three times, the other evening, I tried to light my study fire, and each time it went out. The paper burned, but the sticks apparently would not light. At last, in a sort of despair, I flung in a burning match and went away; and when I returned I found a cheerful blaze! The brief glimmer of that match had been the determining factor, for no one else had touched it. You will smile, perhaps, at the homeliness of the illustration, but just because you smile you will remember all the better that where the "flax" is even smouldering there the angels are still fighting for a soul. And it may be that your warm sympathy will turn the scale, and fan the flicker to a flame.

---

### SIR WILLIAM FRY, J.P., F.R.G.S.

HIS Excellency the Marquis of Aberdeen and Temair, Viceroy of Ireland, on his departure from Ireland as the King's representative, amongst others, conferred a knighthood on one of the best-known and most valued Y.M.C.A. friends in Ireland, Mr. Wm. Fry, J.P.

Sir Wm. Fry, the new knight, is a member of the English National Council, and is president of the Mid-Ireland District Union of Y.M.C.A.'s. Both Sir Wm. Fry and his late esteemed father have been pillars of the Association movement in Ireland. Sir Wm. Fry is a member of the managing committee of the City of Dublin Association, and supports the work very liberally both with his money and his close personal interest. He is president of the Ringsend Y.M.C.A., and a vice-president and member of the managing committee of the City of Dublin Association.

As well as being interested in the local work, Sir William is a warm supporter of the foreign work of the Association. Quite recently he visited Burma, establishing himself at the Rangoon Association, his visit being a source of great help to both Mr. Oliver McCowen and Mr. Conyers Baker. His son, Mr. W. Houghton Fry, is chairman of the religious work committee of the Dublin Association, and is one of its keenest and most valued helpers. A portrait of Sir William Fry appears on page 147.





*In the centre, the "Arethusa" is seen steaming at full speed, while the two side pictures show the effects of the enemy's fire.*

# ON THE "ARETHUSA" WHEN THE GUNS WERE ROARING.

*Historic Naval Battles Graphically Described by One of the Men Who Took Part in Them.*

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While British glory I unfold,
Huzza to the *Arethusa!*
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave:
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board the *Arethusa.*

PRINCE HOARE.

---

THE *Arethusa* was commissioned and manned on August 24 with a very mixed crew, one that would hardly have been expected to work together. Our gunnery officer was a retired man, and our lieutenants were rather slow, so that the whole work of the ship depended on the commander.

On August 26 we were all mustered and told of the proposed cutting-out expedition. There was great excitement at the news. On the 27th we steered a course for Heligoland; the weather was just what we wished for. At the stroke of eight bells in the middle watch all hands were called, and the bugle sounded action. All men were at their stations in a moment, and were all waiting expectantly; by this time a mist obscured our sights, and we sheered in close to the "German Gibraltar" till we sighted the enemy. We opened fire with the port battery. There was not much time for thought. I remarked to one of our gun's crew that this was the first time for over a hundred years that a naval action had taken place. We had an advantage over the enemy in the fact that our guns were automatic loading, but this made for little against our big adversary, the cruiser *Mainz*. The shells were soon replying to ours, and at such a close range that we could see the enemy's gunners working their guns.

At this stage a shell burst just under my gun, and a splinter killed the gun-layer, C. L. O. Denyer, a fine fellow. Just then we let the enemy have another broadside, and we on the port side had time to think. I looked around, and everything seemed to be in a state of ordered chaos. My first thought was of my brother, who had volunteered for the ammunition supply, and was working like a hero. A shell had burst just behind the next gun, and half the crew were wounded and the ammunition set on fire. Two stokers put this out, and then along came the stretcher parties. What a terrible sight here! The chief cook, with his right arm blown off, crawling across the deck to tell of the fate of the mate who was working with him, who had been shockingly shattered by an 8in. shell. There seemed bodies everywhere; several men were hobbling, bleeding from minor body wounds, making a terrible spectacle to the eye unused to the horrors of modern warfare.

The firing started again, but still closer. The order came to torpedo our enemy, whose fire was ceasing. The order was no sooner obeyed than there was a shriek of horror from aft. I looked and saw a shell had struck the torpedo tube and had blown the crew to pieces. Not one was left alive, but the torpedo had done its work, and we watched the *Mainz* go down in a sheet of flame.

We left the work of rescue to our destroyers, as we had other game to catch, but we were soon stopped by a shell in the feed tank, which sadly reduced our speed and fighting power. We drew off, still firing from our remaining guns.

All that day we steamed slowly along, passing the big fleet about half an hour after we ceased fire. We were all terribly fatigued, but we were called to action stations twice on hearing gun fire, but nothing came along. We had a little to eat, and then set to work to clear up the decks. And what a job! It was too terrible to set down in print—the finding of pieces and pools of blood.

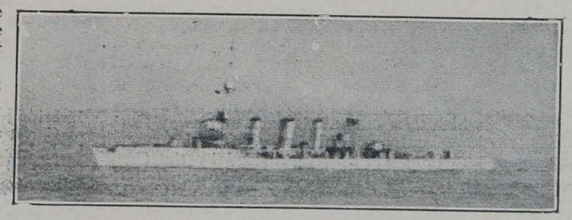
About six p.m. our steam gave out altogether, and we were alone on the ocean with no speed and all our guns but two out of action. The tension of nerves was terrible; my own feelings at that time were that the action had been fought years ago, and that I had only a dim recollection of it.

My brother says that he felt the same. But there was worse to come. As darkness fell there was nothing in sight, and the watch round the guns were cautioned not to smoke or strike matches, as even then there might be enemy ships in the vicinity, and in our present state it would have spelt disaster. About midnight a light appeared on the starboard beam; we challenged it, and to our great joy and relief it proved to be the *Hogue*, that ill-fated vessel that went down a little while ago with her two sister ships, the *Aboukir* and *Cressy*. She proceeded to take us in tow, and about two bells we started for Chatham at about eight knots. Thanks to our captain we arrived at Sheerness that afternoon, shot-riddled and terribly battered, but victorious. We transferred our dead and wounded to a hospital ship, and amid the shouts and cheers of the assembled soldiers in the forts and the sirens of the ships in harbour we proceeded up the river to the dockyard.

We were out again after repairs, and for four months kept a ceaseless patrol of the North Sea with our destroyers amid the terrible weather of November and December until December 24, when we left our base on the East Coast with a force of destroyers. There accompanied us three aeroplane carriers, each with three seaplanes, and on Christmas Day as dawn broke these intrepid aviators started. Their machines were lowered into the water, while around us steamed our destroyers at full speed, executing pretty manœuvres to baffle any submarines that might be about, as we were only twenty miles from the coast of Germany.

As a spectacle it was magnificent; as a fighting unit it was unparalleled.

The destroyers circling and manœuvring across each other's bows were a wonderful sight. The sky black in the background, with a silver grey lining; the sea with not a ripple; and last, but far from least, the seaplanes lying on the water, each with passengers and bombs, waiting for the signal from us to make one of the most daring raids in history—to fly over Cuxhaven and drive the enemy out.



**The "Arethusa," whose brilliant exploits in the present war are so realistically described on this page.**

No sooner had they risen and their parent ship sent off than a submarine was sighted. We fired, but they had dipped, first firing a torpedo, which we easily dodged.

Soon there was a cry of "Zeppelin!" and, sure enough, on looking up, we saw one of these unwieldy monsters coming from behind a cloud, followed by two aeroplanes. The order was aeroplanes, guns, and rifles. We soon lined the decks, and had some fine gun shooting at the aeroplanes, while the marines tried the guns on the Zeppelin. It was treated as a huge joke as they tried to outmanœuvre us; it was no good, not one of the many bombs they dropped touched us, although many were very near. After about half an hour's firing the aeroplanes flew off, not caring for rifle fire, but the Zeppelin was getting unpleasantly close, so we gave him some 6in. shrapnel, and so good was our range and elevation that he dived behind a cloud and was seen no more. We picked up all our airmen except one, who was taken on board by one of our submarines. This was quite a different affair from Heligoland. All one could hear was laughter and bets being made as to whether we should bring anything down. We saw none of their seacraft at all, although they must have seen us from the land, which proves effectually, I think, the fact that the enemy will not fight under fair conditions.

Our next try for laurels was when we heard that the "Baby Killers" were out again with their fast cruisers, *Derflinger*, *Seidlitz*, *Vonder Tann* and the *Bleucher*.

We set out and met our battle fleet under Admiral Beatty in the *Lion* at the rendezvous. About eight o'clock the advance scout reported the enemy in force on the Dogger Bank. Full steam ahead, and away we went.

The *Lion* opened fire at about ten miles range; and then it started.

Our turn was not yet, as the enemy's light cruisers were being dealt with by another wing, covered by the *Undaunted*. We followed the battle fleet, screening them from possible torpedo attack. We had a fine view, and all the lads were standing on the casings on the guns and in the rigging commenting on the fall of shot as each terrific salvo was fired. We saw the *Tiger's* boats catch fire, and saw them extinguish. We saw the *Bleucher* lag behind and the *Lion* slow down in his royal career.

Full speed ahead! Every man jack to his station! After then we went at our top speed, and that is not slow—just about thirty-eight knots. We swept past the *Lion*, saw she was all right, although crippled, and opened fire on the *Bleucher*. She was like a heap of scrap iron when we sighted her. She was on fire. We fired broadside after broadside, and then when she ceased fire we closed in to 1,200 yards and gave her two "tin fish." As they struck a sheet of flame went up, and she heeled over. The crew that were alive were in the water. Then she slowly heeled over and sank, keel up, with scarcely a ripple, with her flag flying, just like a man turning over to go to sleep.

"Away all boats; pick up survivors," was the pipe, and I never saw boats turned out and lowered so quickly, even though the drowning men were enemies. The British seaman is soft-hearted, and would not see them drown. We threw lifebelts, &c., overboard for the drowning men to catch hold of until the boats picked them up.

Many and varied were the expressions as they were hoisted aboard: some cursing, some moaning and sobbing, many protesting against the slaughter in good English; some were in a state of panic bordering on terror.

We picked up 111 men and six officers, and out of that number fifty were more or less wounded. Our doctor and his assistants, one of them a volunteer of the St. John's A.C., set to work, and, thanks to their skill, not one life was lost.

All were taken on the mess deck and given food, which they said they had not tasted for forty-eight hours. Our seamen gave them dry clothing, and altogether looked after them. They showed their gratitude by giving their small trinkets and curios.

The next day they were transferred to the *Undaunted*, while we carried on our responsible, not to say dangerous, task of escorting the wounded *Lion* and the *Indomitable*, worth nearly five millions of money, safely back to port, which we did, steaming into the Firth of Forth at the dead of night, and dropped our anchors, conscious of having accomplished something that reflected credit on the ships and their Commodore; and it is my own wish never to leave him, for I have never served under such a brave and honourable gentleman as Commodore Tyrwhitt.

## A LAST EVENING ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

**The Reflections and Impressions of a Worker.**

By the Rev. G. Wreford, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE shadows of a cold, cheerless February evening were settling down over the vast expanse of Salisbury Plain. At Larkhill camp the long rows of wooden huts, monotonous in their regularity, did little to relieve the general air of desolation and general discomfort. Everywhere the mud lay ankle-deep, whilst here and there along the roads were muddy pools of abysmal depth.

Away over on the left hand, however, a stream of bright light shone forth from the windows of our new Y.M.C.A. hut. It is past six o'clock, and the place is crowded from end to end. A few latecomers linger around the coffee counter, but the majority are seated awaiting the arrival of a concert party from London, gentlemen who have braved the discomforts of a long railway journey and trying motor ride in order to afford an evening's enjoyment to our lads so soon to start for the front.

Just how soon before they start no one can say. But rumour is rife. This morning 120 rounds of ammunition were served out to every man and rations sufficient for forty-eight hours, so little wonder if all are on tiptoe of excitement.

First on the programme comes the ever-popular "Land of Hope and Glory," and how the chorus sounds, like the marching of that great host which is now gathering from all parts of the world to the Mother Country's aid. The words take on a new meaning to-night, and surely no prayer more solemn was ever uttered than the concluding lines, "God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet," for the prayer is uttered by men who have counted the cost and are ready to die, if need be, for the Empire's flag.

One item quickly follows another, and encores are the rule, until, all too soon, our kind entertainers have to leave us to repeat their performance at the officers' mess.

But the evening is still young, and soon our cinematograph operator, a stalwart Highlander, is throwing on the screen views which take our minds back and away to the homeland across the seas. The instrument and films are kindly provided by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and who can tell the amount of pleasure and enjoyment which has resulted from their kindly thought?

For we have gathered here men from every part of the great Dominion. A farmer from the rich Annapolis valley sits beside a miner from Cobalt. An electrician from Calgary rubs shoulders with a graduate from Kingston. This man here surrendered a post under Government at Ottawa, that one has left a flourishing business at Winnipeg, just to take their part in this greatest of all tasks with which the Empire is now faced.

The operator is just changing the spool of films when a paper is passed up to the chairman, who announces, "Will all men of B Company of the 48th return at once to their lines, as they are wanted immediately?"

A burst of cheering greets the announcement; our pianist catches the inspiration of the moment and starts "Auld Lang Syne," to the strains of which our friends, amid much handshaking, slowly make their way out of the building.

Our lanternist is amongst those so suddenly called away, but a volunteer quickly takes his place, and the show continues.

Presently a hymn, that hymn especially the favourite of all Canadians, "Lead, kindly Light," is thrown on the screen. It is followed by a very few straight words from a worker, who reminds us of that conflict in which all, soldiers and civilians alike, must take part, and in which the presence of Jesus Christ in the heart can alone ensure victory.

As a rule the little service ends with a word of prayer and the National Anthem, but to-night "God be with you till we meet again" has been asked for. What a world of new meaning there is to-night in the well-known words:—

God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

The room quickly empties, but a little group still lingers round the piano. Just a handful of Christian soldiers, who seek these few moments of fellowship and prayer together.

One gives out the hymn "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," another follows with the story of how, in the South African War, he found Christ. Several lead in prayer for themselves and their comrades, and for the friends they leave behind them. A brief message from a worker who is present, more prayer, and the little meeting disperses just as the notes of "First Post" ring out upon the night air.

We part with many a grip of the hand in the knowledge that, by the grace of God, links have been made that will endure throughout eternity, and seed has been sown that will bear fruit unto life eternal.

### PROMOTION AND PRIDE.

A farmer was promoted to corporal in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone:

"Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with our neighbours' now?"

One of the little urchins eagerly asked: "Are we not all corporals?"

"Tut!" said the mother, "hold your tongue; there is no one corporal but your father and myself!"

John G. Paton, the famous missionary to the Hebrides, tells his experience of the nearness of Christ at a time when, with his own hands, he had to dig the grave of his young wife and child and bury them. "But for Jesus and the fellowship He vouchsafed me there I must have gone mad and died beside the lonely grave, and all that is possible of sympathy through human friendship can come to a man through the friendship of Christ."



## RECRUITING IN A COLLEGE.

**The Working Men's College as a London Recruiting Centre.**

IT is safe to assume that this copy of *Y.M.* will fall into the hands of many past and present W.M.C. men now honourably serving their country. Two hundred or so have joined the Army during the last few months.

A glance at the photograph showing the exterior of the handsome building in Crowndale-road, St. Pancras, will recall happy memories, and the fact that the "Maurice" Lecture Hall, together with other rooms in the college, has been set aside as a recruiting centre for St. Pancras, where hundreds upon hundreds have enlisted and sworn fidelity to their King—who, by the way, laid the foundation-stone of the college ten years ago—will add interest to the picture.

Another significant item which makes a photograph of the college peculiarly appropriate this week is the fact that the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, M.A., the only survivor of the original founders, is 89 years of age this very day. The reverend gentleman, now living in retirement at Hampstead, has led a very active life. For over 30 years he was Rector of Christ Church, Marylebone, but he left the metropolis to become Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale in 1889, a living which he held until 1908.

The college was founded in 1854 to give a liberal education to working men, so that last year it saw its diamond jubilee. Its first home was in Red Lion-square, but in 1857 a move was made to Great Ormond-street, the site being now occupied by the Hospital for Sick Children.

The principal founder was the Rev. F. D. Maurice. He was a man with a big brain and a large heart; indeed, the late Mr. Gladstone once referred to him as nothing short of "a great spiritual splendour."

Not only was Tom Hughes one of the original founders; he was an instructor at the college as well, but, if the truth must be told, his boxing classes scored a heavier success than his educational courses.

It is asserted that no college throughout the world is able to claim such an array of men who have taught there and have since become eminent. Ruskin taught drawing, Sir Edward Clarke was both a student and an instructor, Viscount Haldane used to conduct a modern philosophy class, Lord Loreburn was an instructor, and so was the late Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. Other names could readily be added.

Classes are held in practically every educational subject—from Greek to Pitman's shorthand.

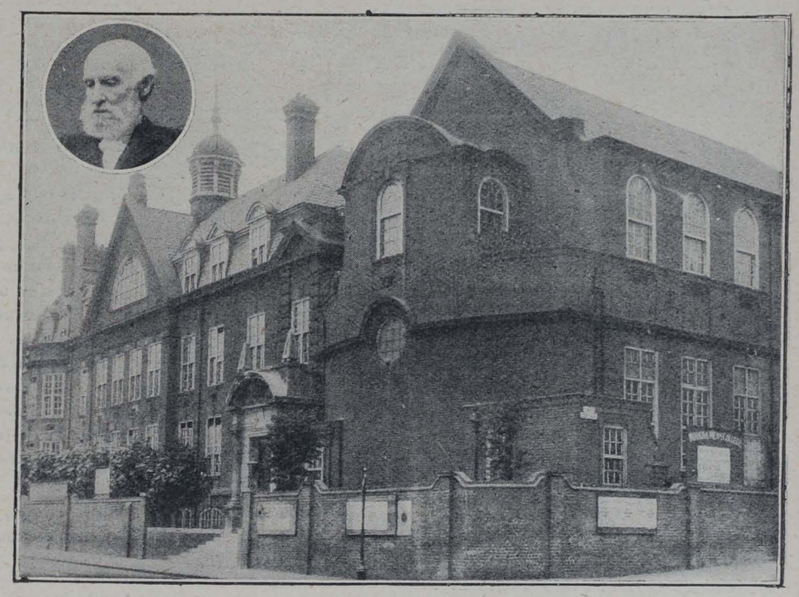
Now, as ever, the bulk of the teaching is voluntary, and it is largely undertaken by university men.

In normal times there are about 1,500 students, but the present war has thinned the ranks, tutors and students alike having obeyed the call of their country. The gymnasium and ambulance classes have contributed not a few.

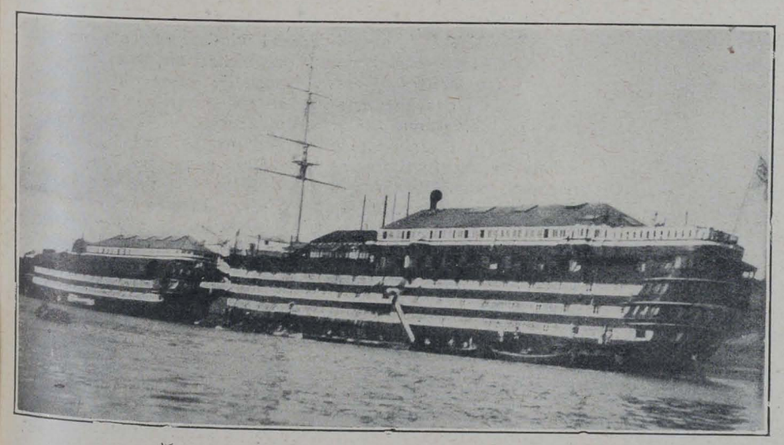
The caretaker of the college, a Naval Reserve man, was called out at the commencement of the war. He is now, and has been for some time, a prisoner in Germany. After his capture he was much depressed, but his wife and friends at the college have been able to get parcels through to him, and he is now much happier. The courteous superintendent, Mr. E. C. Duchesne, thus, as he smilingly put it, becomes *deputy*-caretaker as well as superintendent.

Many of the W.M.C. men at the front have written to Mr. Duchesne briefly detailing some of their experiences, lots of them remarking that they would sooner be in the common room of the college drinking coffee! The common room seems to be the one to which their thoughts turn.

Sir Chas. Lucas, K.C.B., is the principal of the college, and on the 18th inst. he commenced a series of six successive Thursday evening lectures on "The British Empire: Its Origin, Growth, and Present Value." The lectures are free.



The Working Men's College, with portrait of the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, M.A., who celebrates his 89th birthday to-day (Friday).



H.M.S. "Britannia," the Historic Training Ship for the British Navy.

## H.M.S. "BRITANNIA."

**A Famous Link with the Glorious Past.**

WHEN it was announced the other day that the old *Britannia*, in which every executive officer of his Majesty's Navy, from the King downwards, started his naval career, had been sold to a firm of ship-breakers, a feeling of sadness passed over the nation, and at once a movement was set on foot to prevent what would have undoubtedly been an act of vandalism. As a result of that movement it is now practically certain that the historic ship will be saved from the broker and remain in the nation's hands.

It may be said that the famous old ship was almost literally the cradle of our executive officers of the past three generations. From 1859 till 1905 she served continuously as a training ship for naval cadets, though towards the end the old vessel formed the nucleus of an elaborate establishment which has since been superseded by the splendid college on the banks of the River Dart.

Built in 1820 as a line-of-battleship, the *Britannia* saw service in the Crimean War, when, as flagship of Admiral Dundas, she took part in the bombardment of Sebastopol on October 17, 1854. At the close of the war she was laid up, until the necessary alterations were made, in 1858, to fit her for her new duties as a training ship. On January 1, 1859, while the cadets were on Christmas leave, the establishment was duly transferred from the *Illustrious* to the *Britannia*.

Although of recent years ceasing to belong to the training establishment, the *Britannia* was kept at her moorings in the Dart, where her picturesque and stately form was well known to visitors.

*7.—On Dressing Windows.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

WINDOW-DRESSING is little more than the "art of putting things," to use the title of "A.K.H.B.'s" most suggestive article. Some shops, I believe, depend almost entirely on what is called "window trade," which means that their windows must be so attractive that the casual passer-by will be arrested, smitten, overcome, and, finally, compelled to purchase. Window trade is distinguished somewhat acutely from family trade by the fact that in the case of the latter you know what you want, go to a shop where you know you can get it, and ultimately secure it. In the case of the former you do not really want anything, but seeing something attractive in the window, a need is created, and you go into the shop, and very often fail to secure what you saw.

* * *

TIMES change, and we change with them. Once upon a time the man who dressed windows was simply a window-dresser. Very often he performed his tasks in addition to certain other duties in the shop. He served customers, kept stock, dusted boxes, cleaned tickets, and fagged for the employer. To-day the window-dresser, in the case of a large and important store, is a man by himself. In the first place, he is called a window-artist, which implies, I suppose, that window-dressing has become a fine art. Then he is heavily salaried, and his position becomes a means of envy and longing to the lesser lights of the establishment. Yet again, his duties are of a specialised character. He would not dream of serving customers or dusting boxes or cleaning tickets. Indeed, he is granted an understudy, who serves him as a kind of a fag. All his strength is spent in making an irresistible appeal to the passer-by.

* * *

MUCH of his success consists in the apparently simple art of putting things, an art, by the way, which is not nearly so simple as it may appear. He has to watch several things very carefully. For example, he has to consider the magic of prices. An article priced at 9s. 11d. seems very much cheaper than one marked 10s., and such little points have to be watched by the true artist. Then, again, he has to be very careful that his goods look their very best. If an article is a little thin in quality, it would never do to exhibit the same singly, so the true window-artist usually shows a double set. I have been told by those who know that this is a favourite plan with lace goods. The great thing is to persuade the passer-by that the value offered is, like the love of David Copperfield for Dora—a thing which has neither been seen nor offered before.

* * *

IT must not be thought that the window artist is a deceitful wretch who seeks to take in the casual passer-by. He is nothing of the kind. He is only doing what we all do every hour of our existence—namely, putting his best foot forward, and making the very best of what he has to show. All life is a kind of window-dressing, and when we realise this fact we are not quite so harsh with the people who rather overdo the art in question.

* * *

SOME people, of course, overdo this pleasant art to an unwise degree. I happen to know a man who on one occasion was introduced to the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Beyond a formal bow and a possible handshake, nothing of any importance occurred. But the man dressed his window in a very unseemly fashion a little time after by referring at a public meeting to "my friend the Archbishop of Canterbury." I suppose this is what the little boys mean by that very perplexing term "swank."

ANY man is entitled to be proud of the advantages in life which have come his way. It is a capital thing, for example, to possess a good education, and it is very pleasant to refer to the playing-fields of Eton, or the grand days at Rugby, or the ripping times at Harrow. But you can always pick out the man who was educated at a public school, for the simple reason that he does not make very much bother about the privilege. It is one of the many things he takes as a matter of course. In point of fact, I have discovered that the man who has most to put in the window usually shows a winning indifference as to whether his window is dressed or not. The man who is used to certain advantages does not trouble to advertise the fact that he has possessed them.

* * *

ON the whole, women, I should say, are the best window-dressers. They make social mountains out of commonplace molehills. Generally speaking, they are given to much exaggeration. I overheard two Society ladies talking the other day about a certain mutual friend who was a doctor. They were talking very loudly (as is now the custom), and very boastfully, of the man in question. From certain technical inaccuracies, I could tell they were not speaking the truth, so you see that even a zeal for window-dressing can lead you astray.

* * *

IF you are in public life window-dressing is a very subtle peril to which you fall a victim when very young, and afterwards usually escape by the skin of your teeth. We all desire to appear in the most favourable light, and it is only natural that we should make the most of such advantages as we have. It is a great moment in any man's life when he loses interest in window-artistry, and is more concerned about the actual stock within. Some of the great seers of the last generation manifested a supreme indifference to the display of their goods, and only came to be known by the rare quality of their commodities. Once upon a time I lived very near to S. A. Tipple at Upper Norwood, whose strange and quiet ministry at Central Hill was one of the most restful things in the religious life of London. As far as I can remember, he had no bill outside the little ivy-clad chapel, and as there was only one service a week, on a Sunday morning, he was not seen about to any great extent. Yet he preached in the same place for over fifty years.

* * *

PERSONALLY, a well-dressed window attracts me not. I do not remember ever purchasing an article because I saw it in a window. I usually know what I want, how much I can spend, and then go straight in to a likely shop and blurt out the dreadful secret. If I get what I need I keep the shop in mind and go there when the need arises again. In the same way, I am convinced that for all practical purposes the quiet, steady man is the best in the long run. Emerson says somewhere that it is better to live on a lower plane and be steady than to be glittering and unsteady. I would far rather be known as a good, reliable shop, where a certain standard of excellence was observed, than a smart and well-dressed window. For, between ourselves, I have known of both shops and men whose entire stock was in the *window*, and who had nothing whatever in reserve. I do not care for the "up-your-sleeve" policy, but, at the same time, it is far better to keep some of the best things in a place of safety. It will help us forward toward a true and useful modesty, and what we lack in admiring crowds we shall make up in satisfied and appreciative patrons.




# W. H. CULLEN,

## 32-38, Earl Street, Finsbury, E.C.

*Wholesale Grocer and Provision Merchant.*

Canteen Supplies of all kinds despatched at shortest notice to any part of the country.

***WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.***

**If you are Training in Camp,**

ASK FOR

**JACOB & CO.'S**

**1d. GINGERBREAD CAKES,**

**1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,**

**TIPPERARY BISCUITS**
(A very popular, rich, sweet variety),

**1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS,**
AND

**1d. CHOCOLATE TABLETS.**

You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

**CAMP LEADERS**
should note that

**SUN COFFEE**

is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

QUALITY RIGHT. PRICE RIGHT.

*Write for terms to*
ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,
19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.
ESTABLISHED 1812.

**ENCAMPMENTS.**

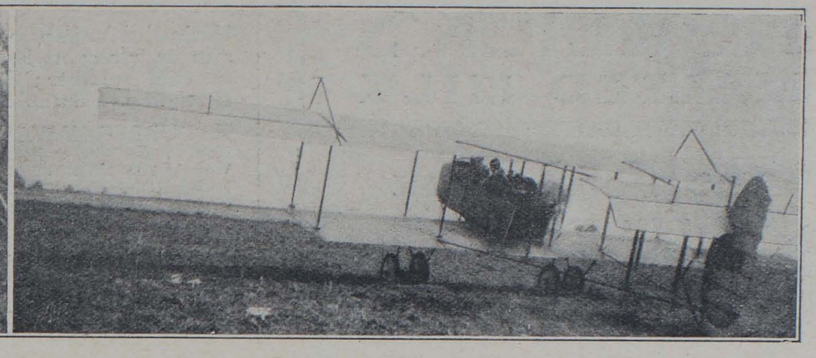
***MARQUEES & TENTS***
(OF ALL SIZES),
*With CHAIRS, TABLES, COUNTERS, LAMPS, And EVERY REQUISITE FOR CAMP USE,*
**SUPPLIED ON HIRE**
In any part of the Country by
**THOMAS WHITE & Co., Ltd.**
Camp Furnishers and Army Contractors,
**ALDERSHOT.**
Marquees and Equipment supplied for 14 Y.M.C.A. Camps, Season 1913.
Numerous unsolicited Testimonials from Camp Leaders. Estimates Free.
Telephone: 36. Telegrams: "WHITES, ALDERSHOT."

# FRIEND AND FOE ON THE BATTLEGROUNDS OF EUROPE: SCENES IN THE TITANIC STRUGGLE FOR THE OVERTHROW OF GERMAN MILITARISM AND BARBARISM.



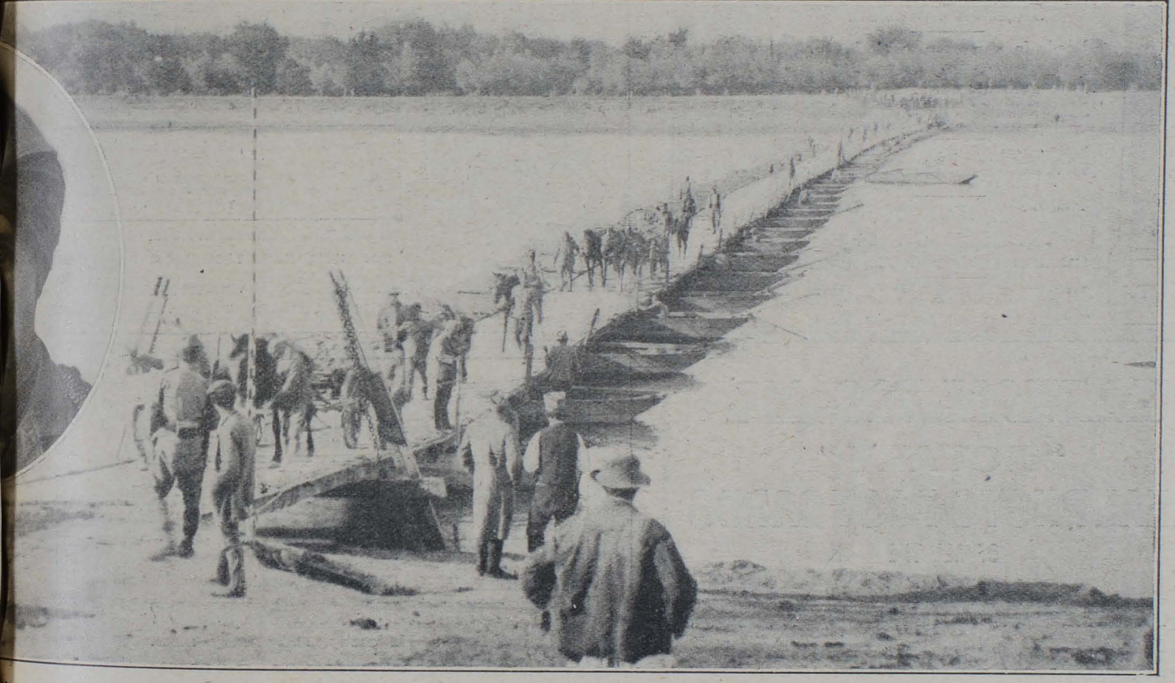






Major Richardson's famous dogs for sentry and Red Cross work are doing valuable service with our Army in the field, being able when scouting to detect the approach of an enemy much more quickly than the human sentry. Our picture shows the dogs working in couples. In the second illustration is seen an officers' bomb-proof shelter, built up of sandbags and branches of trees; while the remaining picture shows one of the British aeroplanes on the Continent returning to its base after reconnoitring over the enemy's lines. It will be observed that the wheels have sunk deeply into the ground, thus illustrating the difficulty of landing.





A Russian regiment marching through a town in East Prussia, and the Serbs crossing a river during a recent advance. The inset portrait is that of Lieut. Frank Alexander de Pass, of the 34th Prince Albert Victor's Own Poona Horse, who was awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery in destroying a traverse in the face of the enemy's bombs, and for rescuing a wounded man who was lying in the open under heavy fire. Lieut. de Pass lost his life on the same day in a second attempt. He was the first Jew to gain this much-coveted distinction.









Austrian prisoners doing duty by pushing haystacks in Serbia. In the second picture it is seen how the floods in the country near the Yser are causing the Germans great discomfort and compelling them to improvise boats from rough wood. A company of German sappers in the sand dunes on the Belgian coast are shown in the third illustration.

# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK



**The Food-Drink**
**that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-. The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to h ld One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—**
**DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**

STRENGTH FITNESS



# TO THOSE IN CAMP.

## "ROTARY"
## REAL PHOTO POST CARDS
OF ALL THE
## Men who are Making History



*Also* Topical Greeting Cards

*Also* Topical Comic Cards

**CAN BE OBTAINED AT ALL Y.M.C.A. CENTRES AND CAMPS.**

THE ROTARY PHOTOGRAPHIC Co., Ltd., WEST DRAYTON, MIDDLESEX.



# BURBERRY WAR KIT

**Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.**



Service Dress

**The BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF**
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece or Fur. Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING. LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

**BRITISH WARM BURBERRY**
A splendidly protective garment, made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

**UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS**
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.



The Burberry

**BURBERRY WAR KIT** includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S. B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing only 3¾lbs.

**SHORT NOTICE SERVICE KIT**
**Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.**

*Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE.

**BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON**
**8&10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents**



# CARR'S BISCUITS

Have you tried Carr's Celebrated

**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack. ::

**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**

Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

**MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.**

CARR & CO., LIMITED CARLISLE.




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

VODKA in Russia, absinthe in France, beer in Britain have held sway all too long. The convictions of the Allied nations have declared against them. If they are to be really beaten in the present campaign, something more than academic discussion or fervent declamation will have to be brought to the fray. Every one knows the story of the gin-sodden woman of the Manchester slums who said that "gin" was the cheapest way out of Manchester. Men do not take to drink or drugs for their own sake, nor because they are palatable. An ignorant Russian peasant, whose life is one long record of poverty, work, sleep, and whose horizon is limited by the dreary countryside of his birth, has appetite for something larger and fuller than the life he knows. In the prison-house of his environment he beats about looking for liberty, and dully feeling after life. Monotonous toil, a bookless leisure, a dreary landscape present life to him in colourless garb. Vodka offers him emancipation and forgetfulness for an hour. Similar factors play their parts in the lives of thousands of people in Britain. Though life for the average man of the people is brighter, and though we are generations in front of Russia in social achievements, yet it is true of far too many that "gin" is the cheapest way out of the monotonous and wearying environment. The writer cannot speak with any authority about the subtle attraction of absinthe. The volatile Frenchman, living his life on the surface of things, must find it gives a new edge to life, if only temporarily, and all these evidences speak of a desire, common to us all, to live a fuller, larger life, to breathe in an ampler atmosphere, and to look out over a wider horizon than that of our own limited circle, with its labours, its limitations, its commonplaces.

***

JUST now Britain has enough to think about. The war dominates everything. Men are being held to right doing, to temperance, by no higher law in many instances than love of country. Thousands of men have signed the pledge for the war, because a sober Britain is better prepared to meet her foe. The nation has been shocked into seriousness. And we talk, mayhap too easily, about a new birth for the nation. We shall recover from the shock, we shall become used to the war, we shall presently find things amazingly normal, and if the enemies of progress within the nation are to be really routed, we must rally to a national campaign all the Christian forces; we must determine what is to be the programme and policy of Church and State in the matter of bringing permanently into national life factors which will prevent a return to the folly and viciousness we all so deeply deplore. The Church should be the dictator of a new life for the people.

***

THE pulpit must ring with its Gospel message. The clergy must be the commissioned officers of a new campaign, the laity must present themselves as a fighting force. In every parish in Britain we want to provide such an atmosphere of faith, such an environment of confident hope, such a reinforcement of all good resolve that intemperance and vice will be swept away before the swelling stream of national righteousness. The Day of Pentecost found the messengers of God so filled with His Spirit that they were accused of intoxication. We want a new Pentecost, challenging all debased intoxication with its larger, fuller life, and emancipation from low ideals and pursuits. The Churches are capable of standing behind the goodwill of the people, and, by the power of His Spirit, so reinforcing it as to carry that goodwill up to the level of positive faith in God, in life, in the future. The love of drink can only be destroyed by positive love of God and goodness. The love of pleasure—foolish, empty pleasure—will give way only before that deeper passion—the passion for the pleasure or well-being of others which we now designate "social service." The young worldling will disappear if we can so represent the Lord Christ as to claim and secure the allegiance of young Britain to Him. We have the message in the Gospel of Christ; we have the instrument in the Church of Christ; we have the arena for our new campaign in our national life; we have the weapon in the Word of God; we have leaders in our men of faith. God keep the Church true and faithful to her undreamed-of opportunity.

***

AGAIN, we must see that the void spaces in the life of the man in the street are filled up. The Sabbath, the leisure evening hours, and Saturday afternoons are the times when temptation is rifest. It is here that, in the special field of young manhood, the Y.M.C.A., finds its particular and peculiar sphere. It offers the young men a filled programme. Standing for the Church, it insists that it is the duty of Christian men to maintain full communion in the Church of their choice, and take up active service for her. But the Association goes further. It offers the ordinary man who has made no religious vows, the well-intentioned, decent-living man, the things he really needs. It organises him into athletic clubs and "gym" squads; it teaches him personal hygiene, physiology, ambulance work; it enlightens him, in a clean and wholesome way, as to his sex responsibility. It provides him a healthful, happy environment. Friendship is in the very atmosphere. Its educational work is done in the same way. Men learn to love authors and listen to them. It provides society.

***

IN our great cities there are thousands of men who arrive in the city without a circle of friends. Housed in a big business establishment or, worse still, in a lodging-house, what are the possible places of resort for them? The down-town churches are doing heroic service, but can they more than hold their own? There remain the ever-open doors of the public-house, the restaurants, the picture palaces, the music-halls, the theatre. In the absence of other social opportunities is it to be wondered at that they drift into these? The Association machinery is ideally planned to meet the need. The Churches may well combine forces here, and operate upon the young men of the cities.

***

WE shall return to this theme. Meanwhile, faced by the present chance, we say that there is no man for whom co-operation in presenting the truth as he knows it to the young men who are carrying the burden of our Empire is not a supreme privilege. Men are leaving urgent tasks at universities, they are providing for their pulpits and leaving their work in other hands, they are committing business projects to subordinates, in order to go into camp and bear their testimony and witness for Jesus Christ. And they do well. The burden of service rests on all. You may be too old to fight, but you cannot be too old to serve. The experiences of 1914 are determining what the Britain of the next generation will be. The man who lives his own life, enjoys the communion of his own church, the fellowship of his own home, the development of his own interests, taking only a newspaper interest in the pulsing life of this time, is traitor to all the ideals for which we stand. The place of service is the place for men now, and to men who cannot enlist we offer an imperious call to serve the Kingdom of God and the British Empire in a patriotic service of the highest class.

***

IN many camps and training centres we are finding considerable difficulty in securing all the workers needed for carrying on the work of the Y.M.C.A. That difficulty is likely to increase, owing to the demands of outlying camps where no local help is possible; also with the work in India, Egypt, and, above all, in France. It is thought that the difficulty might be met by the formation of a temporary Association in every camp, training centre, or barracks in which the Y.M.C.A. is operating. It is believed that there are in almost every camp numbers of men who have previously been members or workers in Young Men's Christian Association or kindred organisations. They are on the spot, and have a certain amount of leisure. It might be a great help to them personally, and they in turn would be of great assistance to the work if we could link them up in a Young Men's Christian Association existing for service only.

***

IT is suggested that each Active Service Y.M.C.A. should consist of not more than twelve members, and that each member should accept definite responsibility for some department of the work, as follows:—
1. Religious work. 2. Sunday service. 3.

Foreign missions. 4. Educational. 5. Games. 6. Sports. 7. Music. 8. House. 9. Temperance. 10. Purity. 11. Refreshments. 12. Reception duty. These should be represented in the different units in camp, and each man should be of decided Christian character. Each member should gather round him a small committee or club, of which he would be the centre. In this way it might be possible to enrol at least a hundred workers in some of the larger camps. In towns in which men are billeted and in which there is no local Association it might be possible to form a temporary Y.M.C.A. along the same lines, consisting of residents.

***

EACH group should be carefully organised —*e.g.*, the member responsible for helping on the religious work might gather round him a group, one of whom would be entrusted with the promotion of personal work; another would develop Bible-classes; another Bible study circles; others would help with the programme for Sunday afternoons, Sunday evenings, and so on. Similarly the members responsible for games should get one man to form a Draughts Club, another a Chess Club, and so forth. The members entrusted with sports will probably be able to enrol some one to work up a small Harriers' Club; others would deal with football and other athletic interests. It may be urged that the camp leader has no time to organise a scheme of this kind, but the man who has the gift of leadership and is of attractive personality will gather round him men who will be anxious to carry out his wishes, and the time involved in the organisation will be inconsiderable.

***

AGAIN, it may be urged that the men in camp have their time fully occupied, but it should be pointed out that they have far more leisure than the average Y.M.C.A. worker in town or city. Moreover, they are on the spot, and are relieved of other duties as far as their leisure is concerned, whereas when at home they have church work and many other interests to attend to. Another difficulty may be anticipated owing to the fact that troops are liable to move at any time; but there, again, it should be pointed out that when they do move to another camp it will be a great advantage to have this organisation so complete that operations may be commenced in the new centre immediately on arrival.

## TWO INCIDENTS IN Y.M.C.A. HUT WORK.

**In which is Seen the Wise System of Fishing for Men, with its Happy Results.**

TWO soldiers are standing in one of the Y.M.C.A. huts scanning closely a picture which is pinned to the wall near the entrance door. The picture is that illustrating "the broad and the narrow ways." A worker is passing at the time, and observing that the men are interested, he puts his hand on one of their shoulders, and asks, "Which road are you on, my friend?" "I'm on the narrow way, I'm glad to say," replies the young Royal Irish Fusilier. "How long is it since you enlisted in the army of the King of kings?" queries the worker. "Just a week to-day, through a conversation I had with the camp leader, I gave my heart and life to the Lord Jesus, and now I am seeking to serve Him. I came to the daily prayer meeting in the hut arranged by the leader, and I find that I am growing strong as a Christian."

"And what about you?" asks the worker, as he turns to the other soldier, who has been listening to the conversation. "I'm afraid I'm on the broad way, sir." "Well, why not change over?" "I want to do that; in fact, I was only wishing that some one would speak to me and help me." "Come along, then, and have a chat about it," and the two walk away to one of the workers' rooms, where the Y.M.C.A. man has the joy of leading the young fellow to decision for Christ.

It's closing time in the soldiers' reading room in a City Association. The clock points to 9.50, and the room is closed at 10. One of the workers sits at the piano playing a hymn, with the general secretary of the Association standing beside him. The entrance door, near to which the piano is placed, opens, and in stagger two fine-looking young Lancers. Both are badly under the influence of drink. "Give us a chance at that piano," ejaculates one of them, "and I'll show you what good music is like." "Here," says the secretary to the worker, "let our friend sit down and see what he can do." "But, remember," he says chaffingly to the soldier, "every man who sits down to that piano and plays badly has got to pay a fine of half-a-sovereign." "Right!" says the Lancer, "I'm agreed, so here goes." He rattles off with the greatest ease several operatic airs. "How do you like that?" he asks. "Oh! fine! Let us have some more," says the secretary, and the soldier plays on. "Come along, chuck it," says his companion; "we've had enough," and the two rise to leave. The secretary takes up two temperance pledge cards, and handing one to each of the men, says, "Wouldn't it be a good thing if you two lads chucked the drink to-night and became total abstainers?" "Here, Sonny," says the musical man to his companion, "hadn't you better sign both. You want a double-barrelled lock on!"

A little more chaffing takes place, and the men became separated, one entering into conversation with the worker, and the other ("Sonny") sitting down for a chat with the secretary. As the secretary talks to the young fellow he discovers that he is disgusted with his life, and readily admits that drink makes him both a bad man and a bad soldier. "I'd give it up if I could," he says. "I've tried often to do without it, but it's no good. It has gripped me, and I cannot get away from it." He is pointed to the One who alone can "break the power of cancelled sin," and as he listens he says, "Do you really believe that if I took Christ to-night I could be set free from the power of strong drink?" "Yes," replies the secretary. "He's pledged to keep those who trust Him." "Then I'll accept Him to-night," says the trooper, and they retire for prayer together, when the great decision is made.

This is immediately followed by confession of Christ to his companion, and the drunken soldier of ten minutes before becomes a fisher of men. He entreats his companion, who stubbornly refuses, to take the same step and come out on the side of Christ. When he finds his efforts, which are backed up by the secretary, unavailing, he says, as a closing word to his chum, "Well, Jock, you won't take Christ to-night, but, remember, I'm going to pray for you until you are converted, too."

H. O'C.

## A SOLDIER EVANGELIST IN YORKSHIRE.

**An Interesting Account of Mr. J. W. Moodie's Campaign Among the Soldiers.**

MR. J. W. MOODIE, a devoted missioner of the Evangelization Society, is in the midst of an evangelistic campaign, as a Y.M.C.A. worker. From his report of work in camps in the county of broad acres we cull the following interesting paragraphs:—

"At Hornsea we found a large majority of the thousand men in camp were of the commercial class. An officer asked one of the men if he would be his chauffeur; the man replied, 'I cannot drive a car, sir, but I could lend you my own chauffeur, who is at home doing comparatively nothing.' A pay sergeant, remonstrating with one of the men, remarked, 'Why don't you send a few shillings home to your wife?' He was answered, 'I don't think a few shillings would help her much as she has £400 a year to be going on with.' The Y.M.C.A. hut is splendid. On the night of our visit it was intensely dark, and a heavy south-eastern gale rapidly set up a monstrous sea. I do not think men ever listened more attentively to the Gospel. Repeatedly during the address men were visibly affected, and at the close ten showed signs of deep soul trouble. On the second evening we had a much greater crowd, and never in my life did I get such a ready response to an appeal for decision for Christ. Seventeen of these noble fellows gave signs of surrender, and nearly all of them came to the platform with dimmed eyes, grasped my hand, and thanked me for what I had said. I had never invited them to come to me; it was simply grand to see them doing so on their own initiative. How I wish those who criticise the work in the Y.M.C.A. huts could have seen the sight that night! When I retired to the camp leader's room for a little rest one poor lad came with tears streaming down his face and told me how eighteen months ago he gave himself to Christ, but how since coming to the camp he had gone back. On his knees he cried in deep agony of soul to God to forgive him. After getting to our feet, I said to him in parting, 'I will pray for you.' We must pray for him.

"One of the most remarkable meetings we held was at Hedon Racecourse, about eight miles from Hull. Our visit was unannounced, and therefore unknown to either the Association staff or the soldiers. We arrived about six o'clock, found the men busy with their games, writing letters, sitting round the fire, singing to themselves, and making a joyful noise. A little walk round the hut and talk with the men brought us in touch with them. Mr. Stansfield put the question, Would they care to have a little talk from an old soldier? By this time they had seen my medals on my breast, and cried out, 'Yes, certainly. Speak to us, old warrior.' In a moment or two we had what seemed to be a perfect babble of tongues hushed into a stillness not to be forgotten. 'What hymn would you like?' they were asked. 'Lead, Kindly Light,' was the immediate cry.

"Never have I held a finer or quieter service; you could almost have heard the clock tick. The soldiers at times were most impressed, and especially when I told the story of my captain's death at Tel-el-Kebir, who cried out, 'It's hard to die without God.' Towards the close we felt sure the men were much impressed, and asked who would give themselves to God? In an instant more than fifty gave evidence of their desire. These huts are really and truly centres of evangelistic work, and in very truth we have often thanked God for the Work of Grace which we have witnessed in the centres visited."



*Our Short Story.*

# ODD MAN OUT.

## *A Short Romance of Love and Witchcraft—which Might Happen Any Day.*

**By PAUL SELBEY, Author of "A Shirker Caught," &c.**

MRS. SIMS put back the tin of best dark Virginia with which she had been busily engaged. It was her custom every Friday to replenish her stock of sweets and tobaccos, and generally to prepare for a pleasant, though brisk, evening's trade. Her shop, if small, was decidedly homely, with a smack of hospitality about it which appealed somewhat strongly to the "respectable single young men" who sometimes groaned under the none too hospitable aspect of their lodgings. A buxom young widow of two-and-thirty, Mrs. Sims was a decided mile or two from being bad looking, and with an eye to business (which was usually good) she indulged in a free-and-easy manner over the counter which was not altogether lost on some of the young men who frequented her establishment.

As she put back the tin of best dark Virginia, a young man strode into the shop. "Hallo, Billy!" exclaimed Mrs. Sims. "You're early; anything wrong?"

Billy Rogers smiled pleasantly, and, leaning over the counter, surveyed the questioner with admiring eyes.

"Not much," he said, slowly. "To tell you the truth, I've got a couple of tickets for Bramstock's Circus, and I wondered whether you would care to come with me."

Mrs. Sims returned the smile, for Billy was a nice boy, and not by any means a bad customer, although he showed his admiration a little too plainly for one or two other admirers who patronised the Bijou.

"Now there's a silly boy," she replied; "just as if I could get away to-night, of all nights! Why you must think yourself somebody," she continued, archly, "to imagine that I should risk a good evening's trade for some old circus."

"Well, my dear, you needn't be so perky," responded the young man, with good-humoured banter; "I thought perhaps you might put Lizzie in charge to-night while you had an outing."

"I tell you what," said Mrs. Sims, "if you care to take me on Monday I think I'll trust myself in your hands." Billy agreed readily, and so it was arranged that they should go to Bramstock's on Monday evening, while Lizzie looked after the shop. Lizzie, it should be stated, was a cousin of Mrs. Sims, who lived with her, and generally assisted in the house and shop.

After this pleasant arrangement was concluded Mrs. Sims busied herself about the shop, while Lizzie prepared Billy some tea in the back parlour. After Billy had gone in, another customer entered the shop, who seemed to know Mrs. Sims quite as well as Rogers.

"Here we are again," he began, "and I'm dying for some tea. You had yours yet? Hallo!"—he peered through the glass door leading into the back parlour—"what's Billy Rogers doing here so early?"

Mrs. Sims blushed a trifle, for Harry Gibb had already shown his very definite feelings toward her, and it must be confessed that she had not entirely discouraged him.

"Oh, he's got a couple of tickets for the circus, and he left off a bit earlier as he thought I might like to go; but, of course, it is quite impossible."

"*Quite*," he agreed, shortly, and with emphasis.

Mrs. Sims looked up at him sharply, and feeling that the real truth should be stated, she went on: "You see, I told him that Friday night is a good night for me in the shop, and so I've promised to go with him on Monday, while Lizzie looks after things here."

Harry went a trifle white and tugged at his moustache. It might have been temper or jealousy, or even both; for love is a strange thing, especially where there is a rival.

"I don't see what you want with him," he murmured; "if you want to go to the circus, *I* could take you—and I *ought* to take you."

Mrs. Sims, who, in spite of her encouraging ways, nevertheless possessed a mind of her own, tossed her head in the air. "And why should *you* take me any more than Billy?" she queried. "Billy is quite well able to pay for me, and, after all, he's as big as you."

The two points raised by Mrs. Sims were somewhat unfortunate, for not only did Billy earn more money than Harry, but he was a broader build altogether, and known to be somewhat formidable with the gloves.

"No offence, I'm sure," Harry ventured somewhat meekly, "only after what you said the other night, I was er—er beginning to hope——."

"That I should become a silly old fool, and be ordered about by a rather conceited young man? No, thank you," retorted Mrs. Sims, firmly.

"I'm very sorry you've got your rag out, but I didn't mean anything. I think I'll get off home, although there's not much *there* for me, anyway. I'll leave Billy here in comfort."

After making his usual purchase of tobacco, Harry hurried out of the shop with a pronounced look of self-pity written large over his face. He knew Mrs. Sims better than most people, and he was aware that when all else failed, a little sentiment and a plea of loneliness would work wonders; for it was an admitted fact that his lodgings were anything but comfortable, though he was reluctant to change them for the present, in view of the hopes he entertained of becoming part proprietor of a snug little sweet and tobacco shop.

Now, Billy Rogers had already been to Bramstock's Circus, and he had been greatly attracted by a certain weird old woman who sat in a tent and told fortunes for the small sum of sixpence. Always smart and original, he had worked out a little scheme for himself, which he hoped shortly to put into action. Although he had never expressed himself to Mrs. Sims, he was very much in love with her, and as he earned fifty shillings a week, he saw a very successful combination of forces. He knew, however, of Harry Gibb's overtures, and had a suspicion that Mrs. Sims was not altogether unfavourable. The odds, therefore, were clearly against him.

His scheme was very simple, although deliciously original. When the little tent had emptied out, he had stayed behind for a few minutes to speak with the old hag who told the fortunes.

"Are you interested in love?" he began, mildly.

The old woman turned her great brown eyes upon him, and replied, with a curious rattle in her throat: "My son, don't be a fool. Marriage is a trap to catch the unwary, and you are too good to be caught."

"Never mind about that," went on Billy, hastily. "I want you to help me, and if you do what I want, I will give you a sovereign for your trouble."

The old woman's eyes seemed to blaze with an unholy fire. "Tell me what you want," she croaked, "and I will serve you; but, my son, beware of marriage, and, above all, beware of your rival."

Billy started a little at the last word, for although he had not come to regard Harry as a rival, he nevertheless felt that he was the one barrier between Mrs. Sims and himself.

Stooping low and with signs of suppressed excitement, he outlined his scheme, going over the points yet again, for the sake of clearness. When he had finished, he placed a sovereign in the old hag's palm, and departed, with the enigmatical saying, "Monday evening, then."

On Monday evening Mrs. Sims, attired in a smart costume and a "flower-pot" hat, sallied forth with Billy to the circus. After the features of the show, Billy contrived, with an air of innocence, to linger near the old gipsy's tent.

"Oh, Billy, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Sims, excitedly, "do let us go in here. I should simply love to have my fortune told. Perhaps the old woman will inform me when I am to be a blushing bride." As she spoke the words, she turned a pretty face to her admirer, who, with a well-executed reluctance, ventured on a mild reproof. Mrs. Sims, however, was insistent, and inside of a minute they were facing the old hag.

She took Mrs. Sims's palm and scrutinised it narrowly. "You're a widow," she muttered, reaching out a bony hand for the crystal that rested on the table. "You weren't happy, my dear," she continued, reflectively, "and that man was well rid of. But I see brighter days for you. You will marry again and be happy. I see two men; both desire you. One is tall and broad and every inch a man. The other is shorter and wears a heavy moustache. He is fickle. Ah!" peering closely in the crystal, "his hand is on your bank book. He loves you not. Beware of him. I see the other man. He is working hard in an office. I see him coming home on a Friday evening when he is paid, and pouring his earnings into your lap, keeping nothing for himself. You can trust him."

After a few more predictions the old hag finished, and Mrs. Sims, who had never visited a fortune-teller before, was considerably impressed.

"How very strange!" she murmured, half to herself; "and to think that Bill——"; she paused in some confusion and turned it off with a laugh. As they turned homeward their conversation became more intimate and personal, and a deeper friendship was established that evening. As Billy entered his lodgings, having seen Mrs. Sims to her door, he confessed himself very well pleased with his little plan.

The next evening Harry Gibb came in somewhat earlier than usual, dying with curiosity to know how Mrs. Sims had enjoyed the evening. He was surprised that she met him with a certain chilliness of manner which was quite new to her. He sat down to his tea at the little side table and endeavoured to force a conversation, but with scanty success.

In a huff, and with considerable depres-

sion, he decided to enjoy himself, and so he went home, washed and changed, and made his way to the circus. It was a foregone conclusion that he would go one night before long, but had Billy known that his rival was going the *next* evening he would have been amazed at the success of his strategy.

As luck would have it, being in a somewhat despondent mood, Harry made straight for the fortune-teller, desiring morbidly to know whether his love was returned.

He entered the uncanny tent with some hesitation, and soon found himself alone with the old witch.

"I'm in love," he blurted out, with a poor attempt at a smile.

The old woman eyed him narrowly and reached for her crystal. "Marriage is madness," she began, "and always ends in misery. Take my counsel, my son, and have nothing to do with it, and, as you love your life, *beware of widows.*" Gibb gave a jump, for the old gipsy hissed the last sentence with such malignant emphasis that it seemed to him just like a threatening message from the place of shades.

"I see a woman," she crooned, "pleasant to look at, but bitter to the taste. She is trifling with you just now, but her heart is another's. She is deceiving you. What do I see? I see her attempting to get you out of the way. I see a cup of tea; I see her lift a little blue bottle with a red label; I see the drops fall into the cup. The cup is for you. You will drink it, and within an hour you will be dead."

Great beads of perspiration stood on Harry's forehead. It was so realistic; and, besides, how did the old woman know as much as she did?

He went home in singularly unhappy frame of mind. So this was the end of his dream?

On Wednesday evening he could not resist the temptation to turn into the shop as usual, especially as the worst part of the interview had, to some extent, lost its hold on him. Nevertheless, he resolved that under no circumstances would he drink anything more in Mrs. Sims's shop.

Mrs. Sims met him with a pleasant smile, which filled him with hope and dismay. He hoped and feared, and in the end fear conquered.

"Going to have some tea?" inquired Mrs. Sims, in her most coaxing manner.

"No, thanks," was the reply; "I don't feel like any to-day."

"Nonsense," retorted Mrs. Sims, firmly; "you're love-sick, but for all that you must have some tea."

Her bantering tone only infuriated him. So the old gipsy was right after all. Whatever happened, he determined not to take anything in the shop. In a few minutes, however, Lizzie had set before him the usual tea, from which he shrank with a curious loathing. Mrs. Sims eyed him narrowly, not knowing quite what to make of the whole business.

"Come, Harry," she began, in her softest tones; "I'm sorry if we've been bad friends, but let us be the same as usual. Have your tea as usual, there's a dear."

The old love returning at the sound of these words, Harry was overcome, and commenced his tea, eating hard at the bread and butter, but leaving the tea severely alone.

"Drink your tea," coaxed Mrs. Sims, "or it will grow cold." As a matter of fact, even the tea could not grow colder than Harry felt himself becoming at that moment. Unable any longer to hold out, he put the cup to his lips, took a few sips, and then, dropping the lot with a crash on the floor, he jumped up from his seat, shouting, "Poison,

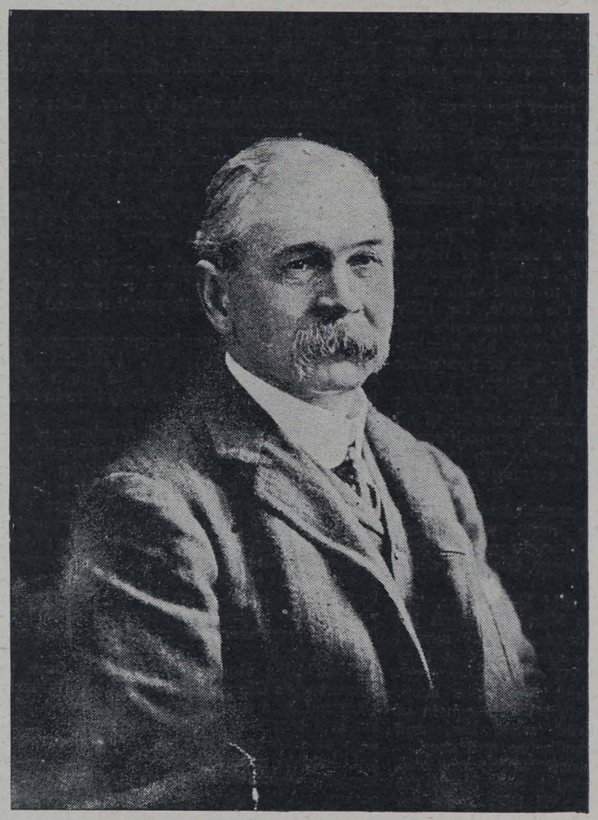
(*Concluded on page 166.*)

# MR. ALEXANDER FORRESTER-PATON.

## *The Sudden Death of a Warm Friend and Generous Supporter of the Y.M.C.A.*

PROFOUND regret and sorrow were experienced by many throughout Scotland when they read in the evening papers of Wednesday, 17th inst., that Mr. Alexander Paton Forrester-Paton, of Inglewood, Alloa, had passed away that morning with startling suddenness. Locally, his fellow citizens could scarcely be convinced of the fact, as he had attended a missionary meeting the previous evening, to all appearance in his usual health, although it was known that it had not been robust for some time past.

The Paton family has for many years been known for the active sympathy of its members in various departments of religious, temperance, and philanthropic work, not only locally, but throughout the United Kingdom, and, indeed, in many distant parts of the world.



**The Late MR. ALEXANDER P. FORRESTER-PATON.**

*Photo: Lafayette.* *Reproduced from the "Alloa Journal."*

Mr. Alexander Paton Forrester-Paton was an attached member of the United Free Church of Scotland, and was an elder and also Preses of Moncrieff Church, Alloa. The connection of his family with the congregation is a long and honourable one, as both his grandfather and father preceded him in the eldership, the former being ordained in 1809. His sister, Miss Catherine Forrester-Paton, who died last August, was also president of the Women's Missionary Society of the Congregation. Miss Forrester-Paton was well known for her wide outlook, and bequeathed very large legacies to various religious and philanthropic societies throughout the country. The interest of both brother and sister in the cause of temperance will be understood when it is stated that Mr. Forrester-Paton was for many years president of the Scottish Temperance League, his sister being part of the same period president of the British Women's Temperance Association of Scotland. It is, perhaps, superfluous to state that locally their interest in this branch of Christian activity was continuous and practical.

Mr. Forrester-Paton early identified himself with the Y.M.C.A., his name being on the roll of the Alloa Association as an Associate in the 'sixties, and he was for many years honorary president.

He furnished their first rented premises, and when the Association purchased and fitted up their present institute, he cleared off the debt. He delighted to see the young men take up new forms of usefulness, and was ever ready to encourage and support them.

Since the war began Alloa has been a depot for reserve battalions of Territorials, and Moncrieff Church Hall, being situated opposite headquarters, was handed over by the Session and managers to the Y.M.C.A. for a reading, writing, and recreation room.

Mr. Forrester-Paton took great interest in this work, and supplied hundreds of New Testaments to the men, and in many ways was extremely kind to them. At New Year holidays he twice entertained them, and although not in robust health, he several times took the chair at the Sunday evening service.

As an honorary office-bearer of the Scottish National Council for some years Mr. Forrester-Paton's interest in the work was very deep, and was shown in many substantial ways. He responded in princely manner to every new scheme the Council took up, the last being a large donation towards the new Sailors' Institute at Invergordon. In this connection it is interesting to know that Mr. Forrester-Paton's eldest son, Mr. Alexander, is convener of the Camp Committee of the Scottish National Council, and his second son, Mr. John, is also a member of the Scottish executive. In the space at our disposal it is quite impossible to enter into an enumeration of the varied interests which have had Mr. Forrester-Paton's support. Nearly every evangelical branch of the Church of Christ at home and abroad had his sympathy and practical assistance.

The number of "causes," religious, temperance, and philanthropic, he interested himself in and supported is simply amazing. God gave him abundance of wealth, and the stewardship of wealth was an article of his creed. In many distant parts the tidings of his death will carry deep sorrow, but the memory of his good deeds will long remain.



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

## *Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

The Territorial Force has received a tribute from Sir John French, which should set to rest any fears as to the value and efficiency of this splendid arm of his Majesty's services:—"I, and the principal commanders serving under me, consider that the Territorial Force has far more than justified the most sanguine hopes that any of us ventured to entertain of their value and use in the field. Commanders of cavalry divisions are unstinted in their praise of the manner in which the yeomanry regiments attached to their brigades have done their duty, both in and out of action. The service of divisional cavalry is now almost entirely performed by yeomanry, and divisional commanders report that they are very efficient. Army corps commanders are loud in their praise of the Territorial battalions which form part of nearly all the brigades at the front in the first line, and more than one of them have told me that these battalions are fast approaching—if they have not already reached—the standard of efficiency of Regular infantry."

***

As far as we are aware, notwithstanding the fact that the war has been on now for seven months, we have only lost two Associations. In the early days Weymouth surrendered to the tension, and we have now received intimation that the Colne Association has closed down. More than fifty members of this Association are with the forces, and the operations of the Association are being suspended until after the war. Mr. Hepworth, the general secretary, is undertaking special work in connection with the camps in Ireland.

***

In connection with the recent special series of talks to the troops at Oxford, Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Oxford and Principal Selbie, of Mansfield, were together on the same platform, and gave addresses to the same audience.

***

Three thousand copies of the New Testament and Gospels have been given to the men in Yarmouth Barracks since war broke out. The books have not been pushed on to the men. Every gift has been the result of a request. Seventy-three members of the local Association are now with the troops.

***

The many friends of Mr. D. A. Black, J.P., General Secretary in Belfast, will be glad to know that he is making favourable progress in recovery from a severe chill which he contracted recently.

***

Cambridge University is following Oxford in the appointment of a University Committee, which will co-operate with the National Council in enlisting workers for the purposes of our camps. The committee will not be a merely temporary one, but will form the nucleus of a University Association.

***

An influentially attended meeting was held on Wednesday last, when Mr. A. K. Yapp explained the needs of the work, and discussed the possibilities of the new proposal. The Vice-Chancellor took the chair, and much interest has been manifested.

***

One hundred and fifty Sheffield members are with the colours. The central building in Fargate has been thrown open to the troops.

***

The "Sons of Temperance" are providing funds for a hut, to be called the "Sons of Temperance Y.M.C.A. Hut."

***

Mr. J. A. McNaught, who took a very keen interest in Association work at Worcester, has passed away. He was a member from the very foundation of the Association.

Lincoln's annual meeting was held under the chairmanship of the President, Mr. J. S. Battle, J.P. The treasurer's report showed that the year began with a clean sheet. They had finished up with a deficit of £16 6s. 2d. A great effort had been made to try and wipe this off. The members themselves had found 25 per cent. of the money. They had from outside wiped off another 25 per cent. He was, however, going to spring a surprise upon the members, for he had in his pocket three cheques and one promise for the rest of the deficit, so that they could finish the year as they had begun—with a clean sheet.

***

Middlesbrough Association celebrates its jubilee this year. A dinner took place recently, when the toast of the evening was "Absent Friends." Thirty-three members are in training or fighting.

***

A private in the R.A.M.C. writes:—"*I am ashamed to say that in my days of former prosperity I shouldn't have subscribed, because I didn't much like the Y.M.C.A. Now I am in the Army I realise that you are one of the few things that make life worth living, and I spend half my time at your local hut or in Tottenham Court-road, and I would like to give something. Only how can I out of 8d. a day?*"

***

One of the 4th Devons, writing from Madras, tells of his first experience of the rains:—"On our second night here, when in camp, it rained harder than in England you can well imagine. At about 12.30 I found myself lying in four inches of water, and all my kit was swamped. I dressed, and as we left the tent it fell with a loud thud. I managed to get into the corporal's tent, but after half an hour that tent also crashed to the ground. I crawled out just in time to see the next one fall, and we huddled in a heap to pass the night in the pouring rain, wet through, but still happy. Some of our chaps went into the Y.M.C.A. tent to pass the night, but about 2 a.m. this also fell, and many of them had narrow escapes, as it was a very large and heavy marquee."

***

Lauchlan Maclean Watt, who is one of our workers at Havre, is evidently convalescent from his recent illness. Otherwise he could not use the terrible language of the following story. Rev. J. K. Thomson, another Scot, writes:—"One effect my residence here has had upon me is to make me rabidly proud of Scotsmen. There are no troops like them. To see a Highland regiment go by with the pipes skirling, and the braw, big, brawny lads swinging along together gives one an electric feeling. 'Man,' said Maclean Watt to me yesterday, 'if I weren't a Scotsman I think I would shoot myself in pure chagrin.' Our Highland regiments have suffered very badly. Naturally, they are always sent where things are hottest. Yesterday Mr. Maclean Watt met a battalion of Gordons, mostly Banffshire men (he comes from Banffshire himself), just landed. He spoke to a sergeant, who remarked: 'Aye, I've a hantle hefty chiels here. Gin we get a breenge at the Germans we'll gie them a fleg.'"

***

One of the most recent centres to be opened in France is at Dieppe, where three large huts are now in course of construction. In the meantime, a small hall has been acquired and equipped, which is crowded to overflowing each day. At present the staff consists of only two male workers, but others are shortly expected from Henley-on-Thames and elsewhere. A party of ladies, under Mrs. Ernest Waggett, representing the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, have just arrived on the "scene of action," and have already rendered invaluable service. Welcome visits have been received from Colonel Leonard Noble (of the National Council) and the Rev. Canon Hicks, both of whom addressed the men.

The Free Church Council's spring meetings will be held in Manchester, March 8-12. Mr. J. J. Virgo has been invited to speak on "The New Opportunity Offered by the War for Christian Work."

***

One of the 5th West Kents stationed at Jhansi Barracks, India, writes:—"On Boxing Day we had a branch of the Y.M.C.A. open here, and we went down to tea, and it was great. Just fancy, thin bread and butter, tea in china cups, plain and fancy cakes, and fruit; but, best of all, white ladies to wait on us, and you wouldn't believe what a change that is, as it's nothing else but natives, natives out here. In the evening we had another open-air concert, during which a large Christmas cake was cut. You know, the real English thing, dark colour, fruit and icing. In the cake were several coins. I had two pieces, and found one anna (1d.) in each. I mustn't forget to mention we played cricket on Christmas Day also. We have been practising a Royal salute here this week, to be carried out on New Year's Day. Each man has three blanks and the rounds are fired off in quick succession, and it gives the same effect as a Maxim. For this we receive a bounty of four annas (4d.). It will interest you to know what kind of barracks these are. Well, they are big bungalows, holding half a company, about forty men, and in the centre a dining hall. Over the bed are the 'punga wallers' (fans), which are working day and night during the summer, and the bungalows are lit by electricity; in fact, it's like a huge garden suburb. We have our own canteens, billiard rooms, library, theatre, gymnasium, hospital, and bazaar; in fact, everything is self-contained."

***

Mr. Arthur H. Johnson gives the following statistics of the work at Halton Park previous to the men being removed into billets:—Over 200,000 sheets of notepaper and 250,000 envelopes were given free of charge to the men; nearly one ton of brown paper used by the men to send 2,652 parcels home, which went through the Y.M.C.A. Camp Post-office; letters and postcards written and posted in the Y.M.C.A. tents, 118,426; stamps to the value of £457 7s. 1½d. sold to the men; postal orders, £1,234 7s. 5d. (no allowance for this from the Government); Soldiers' Savings Bank, 1,360 deposits amounting to £712 8s. 7d.; special London concert parties frequently visited the Y.M.C.A. tents, and gave first-class entertainments; well over 1,000 temperance, anti-gambling and purity pledges taken by the men; over 50,000 cups of hot coffee and tea supplied to the men. The men will shortly return to this camp, when our work will be recommenced in four huts.

***

Halifax workers visit the wounded in the local infirmary, and when any particularly attractive concert is arranged at the Association, borrow motors and bring up those who are well enough to be present.

***

Mr. Phil Sutton, writing about Henley-on-Thames, tells us that, but for the work among the troops, the Association is practically closed down, *all* our members having gone.

***

Quotation from a son's letter to his father:—"I haven't been in a pub. here as yet, and it's the Y.M.C.A. that ought to be thanked, as there are hundreds of chaps like myself to whom a place to read, write, get decent tuck and fellowship is more than welcome."

***

Thirty thousand hymn-sheets in German have been printed and circulated in the internment camps throughout the British Isles.

***

The Chinese Men's Association of Ipoh, Straits Settlements, has sent £2 5s. 6d., proceeds of a lecture given to a thousand Chinamen by Mr. R. D. Pringle. Their own society was to benefit, but they begged the lecturer to forward the money to London for the National Council's War Emergency Fund.

The first hut opened at Sheerness—that at Halfway-House—is to bear the name of Mrs. Montagu Hutton, having been given by that lady and her husband. It is now open, and is crowded by men whenever they are free from their onerous duties.

***

Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., D.D., of Bermondsey Settlement, writes:—"Will you allow me to add with what very great thankfulness I have heard from time to time of the magnificent work which has been done by the Y.M.C.A. in the camps and with the Army in the field? It is impossible to overestimate such services, both to the cause of Christ and to the nation."

***

Professor and Mrs. W. J. Rose, of Winnipeg, are detained in the city of Prague. The professor was doing Y.M.C.A. work in the Austrian city, and on the outbreak of war was instructed not to move outside the city's limits. As opportunity occurs he is assisting local clergymen in caring for wounded and refugees.

***

Speaking at the first "Annual Banquet for Juniors" at *Johannesburg*, Mr. E. D. Ranck said that a significant fact regarding the boys at the front was that one of the first wounded in South-West Africa was a member of the Junior Section, the first soldier killed was a member of the Association, and one of the first captured by the Germans, and still held, was a member of the Junior Section; that there were between fifteen and twenty of the junior members and between 400 and 500 of the seniors on active service in South-West Africa, and the Boys' Secretary was in Northern France.

***

Spite of war, there is still some emigration service afoot. The following are typical "quotes" from the *Liverpool* Secretary's mail-bag:—

"Massachusetts State Committee.

"Theodore Brugge has been located. The Swedish Minister has him in charge, and has found him employment.

"Located Versaskas Matansyas. He goes to the Roman Catholic Church, and is getting along well.

"Ellis Island.

"Met three of the men referred to in your letter of December 30; met both of the men referred to in your letter of January 12; met three of the four men referred to in your letter of December 18; met four of the five men referred to in your letter of January 13.

"St. Louis, Missouri.

"Mr. Young called a few days ago, and was very much pleased with the courtesy, as he had never heard that Christain people took so much interest in Jewish young men."

***

*Oxford* Association reports more than 160 members serving in his Majesty's forces; the remainder of the membership has rallied to the work of the Association, notwithstanding this serious inroad upon its strength. Since August the bulk of the time of the secretary, Mr. Drake, has been devoted to work at the Purbrook Camp, and more recently at Victoria Barracks, Portsmouth, and the staffing of this work has been entirely carried out by Oxford members.

***

In addition to this, a most useful piece of work is being accomplished at the depôt at Cowley Barracks. A pavilion which at one time was the Club House of an exclusive 'Varsity Club—the Bullingdon—has been secured, and is now fitted up as a club for the troops. Last Sunday fully 75 per cent. of the men in the barracks attended the evening service in this Y.M.C.A. "hut."

***

The main building of the Oxford Association has been the recognised centre of the social life of the troops. Each week two—and sometimes three—concerts have been arranged, and on each occasion the large hall has been packed to overflowing. It is generally accepted by artistes in Oxford that they are assured of a crowded audience at the Y.M.C.A.

Classes in French and German have also been organised, and the weekly Sunday night services are attended by about 150 soldiers. Some of the finest scholars in the University have been co-operating, and as was reported in our columns recently, a University Association has just been started.

***

During the present week a mission to the troops, conducted by the Rev. A. C. Macnutt, Chaplain of the Forces at Woolwich, is being held in St. Mary Magdalene Church. This has included two theatre meetings on Sunday afternoon, at which the Bishop of Oxford, the Rev. Principal Selbie, and Mr. A. K. Yapp have been the speakers. Nearly £600 was raised within fourteen days recently for the local work.

***

At the Association building at the *White City* some interesting facts have been reported concerning the men's reading. The free circulating library consists of some 2,000 volumes. Tommy's favourite authors appear to be Rider Haggard, Baroness Orczy, Marie Corelli, and Conan Doyle, whilst, curiously enough, Dickens is dismissed as being stiff and stodgy. Another interesting item is the despatch each week from the Y.M.C.A. building of no less than 25,000 letters and post-cards.

***

*Newport* Association's annual supper to newsboys took place last week. A hundred lads were present. The roll of honour for Newport newsboys was read, numbering twenty-one, who are serving with the forces.

***

Although general Association work in the suburbs has suffered from the hiatus caused by the war the work amongst boys has been steadily proceeded with. At *Penge* recently the Scout troop gave an evening concert at the Town Hall, and instead of retaining the proceeds for their own needs, local charitable funds will benefit to the extent of £16 10s. The London City Mission, Crèche, Free Breakfast Fund, and the local hospitals will be better off for the way in which the lads worked for the success of the concert. The Chief Scout has expressed his pleasure at the splendid "good turn" the Scouts have done.

***

"First Aid to the Swahili Language" is the title of a little booklet just issued by the Y.M.C.A. in British East Africa. It begins, however, with the rather startling announcement that Kiswahili is "a very simple language," as the "accent invariably falls on the last syllable but one." The consonants, it appears, are pronounced "as in English," and the vowels "as in French." "Good-bye" is "Kwahai," and is pronounced "Kwar-hairy." "Clear out," it is useful to know, is "Sabuni," pronounced "Sar-boo-hee." "Is food ready?" is "Chakula, taiyari," while "It's a long way to Tipperary" is "Tipperary mbali sana sana." However, the publication is a most useful one to those whom it may concern.

***

Canon Woosman, chaplain to the Welsh Mounted Brigade, speaking at the opening of the new Association tent at *Aylsham*, Norfolk, said he liked the expression used by Mr. Glover, chairman of the Norwich Y.M.C.A., about "keeping the men right." It was a happy expression, for the men were not bad. Unhappily the truth is that camp life does constitute a peril, not only for men who already are morally weak, but for those who, as the Canon says, come there at first men of principle and morality. It is a severe test of character, and the huts are needed as much for the strong as the weak.

***

Mr. Allan Frost has yet another hut newly opened for the benefit of the men on the wide Surrey commons round *Haslemere*. The visit of Madame Strathearn was a great success, and Dr. Monro Gibson has promised to spend several days at the various huts. As there are many Scots, they will be specially glad to see Dr. Gibson.

Since *Salisbury* Association was taken over in December for soldiers' work the place has teemed with life, especially at the week-ends, when about seventy find sleeping accommodation and a much larger number enjoy the provision at the well-managed restaurant. Mr. Shaddock, the general secretary, Mr. Hold, hon. assistant secretary, heartily co-operate with Mr. and Mrs. Briant, who manage the home department. The soldiers call him "Dad," and the happy way in which he fathers "the boys" who come for a brief change to the city gives a real touch of home life that means so much to them.

***

The indebtedness of the Association to the commanding officer and his staff at the *Crystal Palace* is very great, as without their permission and sympathetic interest and co-operation our work there could not have been done in the excellent way it has. Never, surely, in all its memorable and picturesque history has the famous Palace presented such a scene as is witnessed night by night when Jack in his hundreds crowds the huge musical auditorium to write, and sing, and clap. As the *Sydenham Boro' News* puts it, "There, too, is the wonderful Y.M.C.A. café where everything is sold for a penny, and where Jack gets his nightcap of cocoa or coffee before turning in. There is the Y.M. writing-room, where a dozen plaster Egyptian gods look down in amazement at the scores of industrious scribes who all day long, in Anglo-Saxon attitudes, but with set determination, chronicle the doings of the good ship Crystal Palace for the comfort of their friends on shore."

***

One of the comforting and reassuring thoughts that visit us in these days of strain and disillusionment is that war is a great leveller, and is making short work not only of material bridges on the war-fields, but of those slender and rickety communications between rich and poor, illiterate and educated. It has been one of England's curses that education has separated rather than united. Now, however, we hear on all sides of cultured and University men and women throwing themselves into the manifold spheres of practical helpfulness. Take as an example the case of *Aberystwyth*, where the Students' Council and the Theological College students are helping in the work among the troops. They will be all the better ministers of the Grace of Christ as the result, to say nothing of the actual good they accomplish by this "coming down," as they would one day have phrased it.

***

From the Australian Contingent have come several letters full of appreciation of the Y.M.C.A. work in Egypt. The now hackneyed phrase, "We don't know what we should do without the Y.M.C.A." occurred in a delightful article on the Y.M.C.A. at Alexandria in one of the daily papers.

***

The general secretary of the *Bedminster* Y.M.C.A., Bristol, has received a large quantity of books, principally 4½d. novels and magazines, some bound, for distribution among soldiers, and will be pleased to hear from camp leaders, &c. requiring same. Please state requirements, also full address and nearest station.

***

"Somebody's son" is every soldier, under arms or in camp. One is reminded of this fact by the requests which reach speakers to "get into touch, if you can, with my boy." And, fortunately, often a speaker has been able to meet with the man in question.

***

Rev. A. J. Waldron is going to France for a short tour, and will be addressing some Y.M.C.A. audiences. He wants the Rev. Everard Digby, who is very popular, to accompany him.

***

One speaker at the huts was asked recently to give five "talks" in the same evening to different audiences! He gave three, each half-an-hour long.



## Y.M.C.A. IN JAPANESE ARMY.

**By C. V. HIBBERD, National Secretary of Japanese Association.**

PATRIOTISM in Japan has ascribed to the person of his Imperial Majesty more than the familiar divine right of kings, has, indeed, placed the reigning Emperor but little below the gods themselves. Christianity, with its doctrine of one God, supreme over kings and emperors, has been regarded with suspicion and distrust, especially by the military authorities.

When war was declared against Russia, Buddhist chaplains, Japanese subjects, were sent with the troops into Manchuria. At first it was hoped that Christian chaplains might go in the same way. It may have been because half the chaplains recommended by the Christian community were foreigners—Britishers and Americans—that this project failed.

The method of the Young Men's Christian Association, as demonstrated in South Africa, and in America during the Spanish-American War, won the approval of the Minister of War, and permission was finally granted the Association to make an experiment at Antung, near the mouth of the Yalu. Two of the secretaries chosen were Japanese, and the third an American.

At first officers and men were extremely suspicious, but when the first rooms were opened in a Chinese building, and equipped much as the "huts" are now equipped at Army posts in England, they rapidly won approval.

At first no attempt was made to do distinctively religious work. The needs of the men were studied, and, as far as possible, these were supplied. The practice of bathing throughout the year has never been so popular in Manchuria as in Japan, and under the conditions of the winter campaign it was often impossible for the men to bathe or wash their underwear. The Association secured great iron kettles, and employed Chinese coolies to carry water and keep fires going to supply hot water. A steaming device was contrived to kill the vermin in the soldiers' clothing. To every man who came and asked for it was given a bucket of hot water and a small piece of laundry soap. Each day two or three hundred men, disrobing in the courtyard, placed their underclothing in the steamer, and, wearing their great-coats as bath-robes, cut each other's hair, bathed, washed out their clothes, and then passed the time in playing games or writing letters until their clothes were dry.

The phonograph was at that time still unfamiliar to many of the soldiers, and more particularly in the field hospitals, where the men lay crowded close in cold, dark Chinese mills and storehouses, without any diversion, many awaiting death, the phonograph was a never-ending wonder and delight. Some of the men did not know even the Japanese name of the instrument, but begged to hear "the trumpet that talked and sang." The few records in Japanese then available were ground down to an extraordinary degree of squeakiness, but they never failed to please.

As time went on, all prejudice disappeared. The men came in great numbers, two or three thousand a day at a single place. They asked for Christian literature, saying they had never understood Christianity, but wished to know more about it. In this way about 90,000 copies of Gospels were given out.

When the reports of the Association's work among the soldiers reached the Imperial Household, and their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Japan gave to the Young Men's Christian Association the sum of £1,000 for the extension of this Christian enterprise, the effect was remarkable. Many men said they had not expected to see the day when their Emperor would give the sanction of a gift of money to any Christian organisation.

By the close of the war the work had been extended to most of the important places in Manchuria, and the greater part of the men who served there came into some slight contact with the Association at the bases in Japan, and in the convalescence hospitals numbers of Japanese Christians, as well as foreign missionaries, had done splendid work of ministry. For all of this the Japanese were grateful and appreciative.

It may be interesting to note further that, however much the two or three foreign secretaries may have aided in this work, the formal organisation and leadership were entirely in the hands of the Japanese, and that as a result the Association was able to enlist in the secretaryship a class of men not previously available. After the war a number of these men remained with the Association.

The value of the work done is not determined primarily by the equipment available. At some places the Buddhist chaplain had superior equipment, but the men complained that the chaplains were officers, and had to be treated accordingly, whereas the Association secretaries were friends and the quarters were home-like. Even the officers complained that the priests were of little value, over-concerned to preserve their dignity, and cumbered with much luggage. In contrast, the president of the National Committee of the J.Y.M.C.A. are elderly men, and the president of the Lower House in Parliament, when he visited Manchuria, brought only such luggage as he himself could carry, and was well content with a simple bowl of rice, for, as he said, "The soldiers of the Emperor have other business than to serve me."



MR. C. B. HIBBERD,
the writer of the article on the work in the Japanese Army.

Once the men understood something of the practical working of Christianity, they were eager to know more of it. Distinctively religious talks were largely attended and well received. One of the surgeons in charge of a great hospital said to the secretaries, "You can do more for many of the men than we. It is our business to cure them of their fleshly ills, but it is for you to give them peace of mind and the will to live, without which our work is of little value." The distinctively spiritual element interpreted in the lives of the secretaries was quite as much appreciated as the material service rendered.

## CHRISTIAN WARFARE IN CHINA.

**Impressions of a Wonderful Five Months' Tour.**

By G. Sherwood Eddy, of the American International Committee of Y.M.C.A.'s.

Mr. Sherwood Eddy, who has just concluded a five months' campaign in China, gathers up, in the following article, one or two of the outstanding facts of his extended tour. It is worth noting that the attendance for all China, in picked audiences of students, officials, and leaders, admitted by ticket only, averaged over three thousand a night, while in the last five big cities in the south it averaged four thousand at each main meeting.

REVIEWING my long tour, I should like to emphasise: (1) The remarkable attendance, which is an index of the present evangelistic opportunity among the students and official classes of China. Last year, during the tour with Dr. Mott, the student audiences in China averaged 2,000 a night; this year there was an average of more than 3,000 at each public meeting. The total attendance for last year at the evangelistic meetings was 78,230; this year it was double that number. While last year there were 7,000 inquirers, this year there were over 18,000, the Fukien Province alone reporting 8,894. Foochow reports the first fifty non-Christian students already baptised. Canton reports over seventy. A Buddhist priest from Amoy has just sent me his sacred robes, bell, and drum, with his Buddhist Scriptures, and has entered the Christian life, after fifteen years of fruitless search for peace in a Buddhist monastery.

(2) The remarkable co-operation on the part of the officials of China. From the President down, the leading officials received us with great cordiality, hospitality, and openness of mind. The Vice-President and the Governors of the provinces we have visited have entertained us, and requested us to address them, giving us the priceless privilege of bringing publicly before many of them for the first time the claims of Christ and the opportunity to present Christianity as the only adequate solution for China's crucial problems. These officials have in some cases taken the chair at meetings, erected pavilions for the evangelistic meetings, or sent proclamations through their city or province with favourable announcements of the meetings. They have for the first time as a class given eager attention to the public presentation of Jesus Christ and His Gospel, and have, by their remarkable openness of mind, thrown open to us not only the official classes, but the students and leaders of China for a great evangelistic forward movement.

(3) The development of the new province-wide campaign will make possible the reaching in time of the remotest country districts of inland China. We have now proved the success of this new method of training the Christian leaders of a province, sending out the workers two by two to visit the secondary cities, and from these in turn carrying the Christian message to the outlying towns and villages. In each of the thirteen cities of Fukien the results were beyond our highest expectation. In some towns the Mayor, with nearly all the leading officials and Government teachers of the city, joined Bible-classes, and became inquirers after the meetings. Already other provinces are demanding similar campaigns for next year. After 4,000 years of preparation and 100 years of missions, the doors are thrown wide open in China for reaching the officials, the educators, the students, and the leaders of a nation that number one quarter of the human race. Already there are signs of the beginning of a Confucian revival, which indicate that this opportunity will not be prolonged indefinitely.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 26th.**—Luke xi. 45-54. *Master, thus saying Thou reproachest us also* (verse 45). This is another instance of the deadly mistake of the Jews in resenting Christ's teaching when it convicted them of wrong. The Bible is intended to show us up to ourselves as God sees us, in order that we may be impressed with the necessity of turning to Him for healing. One of the Divine marks upon the Bible is its capacity to convict of sin.

**Saturday, 27th.**—Luke xii. 1-15. *There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed* (verse 2). We read in Rev. xx. 12 that at the Great White Throne the books were opened, and that the dead were judged according to the things written in the books. But we also read that the book of Life was opened, revealing the names of Christ's saved ones. It is only the blood of Jesus Christ that can blot out the memory of our sins from God's record and can give us a place in that book of Life. In the light of these facts let us read verse 5.


## Subscription Rates.

**POST FREE.**

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*



## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**
**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."

## Board.

**COMFORTABLE HOME** in private family for gentleman as paying guest. Terms for partial board, 21/- weekly.—14, Burma Road, Stoke Newington, N.

**YORK HOUSE,** 8, Brunswick Square, near Russell Square, Tube, British Museum, Northern Termini. Superior Apartments, also Board-Residence on moderate terms. Good cooking, Baths, French spoken. Bed and Breakfast from 2/6.

**72, DRESDEN ROAD,** Hornsey Lane, N.—Comfortable Board-Residence, well recommended. From 18/- to 21/-. Near Highgate Tube. Specially suitable for young people. Easy walk to Highgate Woods, Fields, and Hampstead. W 10

## Situations Vacant.

**CLOTHING** and **OUTFITTING.**—Wanted, at once, smart Junior. Good Window-dresser and Salesman, cyclist.—State age, height, salary required, TOM GANNAWAY, 107, High Street, Tewkesbury.

**CLOTHIERS.**—Wanted, at once, smart Junior. State age, salary required and experience. For seaside town. Photo if possible. Good references necessary.—Apply, H. B. RIVERS, Chertsey.

**DRAPERY.**—Wanted, Man for Manchester Department. Good salesman and stock-keeper. Live out.—Particulars and photo, GEORGE LORD, Tenby, Wales. W 11

## Miscellaneous.

**BEGIN TO READ YOUR GREEK NEW TESTAMENT** at once. Simple, rapid method, will greatly interest you. A powerful aid to Scriptural study. By correspondence. Easy terms. Write immediately, enclosing stamp.—Box 77, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row.


**Sunday, 28th.**—Luke xii. 16-34. *Rather seek ye the Kingdom of God* (verse 31). Every one has within his reach life's greatest and richest opportunity, consisting in the offer of Jesus Christ to be his Saviour, King, and Friend. To accept Him is to have THE KINGDOM OF GOD established, within the heart, and where He reigns He undertakes all responsibility for the consequences of obedience to Himself and for the supply of every need.

MARCH.

**Monday, 1st.**—Luke xii. 35-48. *Be ye therefore ready also* (verse 40). Recent events teach the necessity of preparedness. Battles are won or lost before the event, according to the true preparation of the combatants. A man's life-history is settled by his decisions in boyhood; his eternity by his attitude in this life to the God of eternity. Amid all our planning, let us remember that "the son of man cometh."

**Tuesday, 2nd.**—Luke xii. 49-59. *Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth* (verse 51). God's peace cannot be based, like that of nations, upon a system of give and take. It can only be founded upon unconditional surrender to Himself. Till this is accomplished there can only be a constant struggle between His will and self-will, between His claim and the world's claim. When *my* will is led captive by *His* will, then follows peace.

**Wednesday, 3rd.**—Luke xiii. 1-17. *All His adversaries were ashamed* (verse 17). A man remarked to a Christian worker, "Whenever I come to your house, I feel ashamed of myself." This is what contact with the followers of Christ ought to produce upon those who are living apart from Him. This is the constant effect of Christianity amid the practices of heathenism. Is this the effect of our way of living upon those who break God's laws?

**Thursday, 4th.**—Luke xiii. 18-35. *Strive to enter in at the Strait Gate* (verse 24). The world's best prizes fall to those who make them their earnest aim. Similarly, God's salvation must be sought with earnest purpose, and not only earnestly, but by the "strait" (or *narrow*) way of God's plan as provided in Christ Jesus. No half measures will do.

### ODD MAN OUT.

*(Concluded from page 162.)*

poison; you've poisoned me." In a moment or two he sank down into the chair again, and in a dazed fashion commenced to decide what he should do in the hour on earth that was left to him.

Before he could make a start with his plans, however, in walked Billy Rogers. Taking in the situation at a glance, he put on a very grave face, and with solemn tones inquired what was the matter. Mrs. Sims indignantly declared that *Mister* Gibb had charged *her* with poisoning him, which was an infamous lie, &c., and that from henceforth *she* had done with him, as she never *had* believed in him, coming after *her* for *her* bank-book, &c.

Billy found it very hard to keep his face straight, but in a few sharp sentences he told Harry to clear out of the shop, assuring him that he would find himself alive all right in the morning.

* * * *

It was when they were watching the sea from the rocks at Cornwall that Billy told Mrs. Rogers (*née* Sims) a little story of a former visit to the old fortune-teller, and although she told him that he was a naughty, wicked boy, she afterwards smiled merrily, for he kissed her pouting lips.

At the Sunday evening service in a town where about 1,000 men are billeted the speakers were the Town Clerk and the Borough Surveyor, and both had a warm welcome, especially as one of them sings delightfully.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,
12 & 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A. (COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNEY.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*Contributions are invited. The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories, articles of general interest, and photographs of current events, whether relating to purely Y.M.C.A. matters or to more general topics. All accepted contributions and photographs will be paid for. Stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed in case of rejection.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





# THE LAMP that is USED by the Y.M.C.A.,

**By The WAR OFFICE & The ADMIRALTY,**
The RED CROSS SOCIETIES,
MILITARY CONTRACTORS, &c., &c., &c.,
IS THE

**BLANCHARD (British Made)**

# INCANDESCENT OIL LAMP

BECAUSE OF ITS

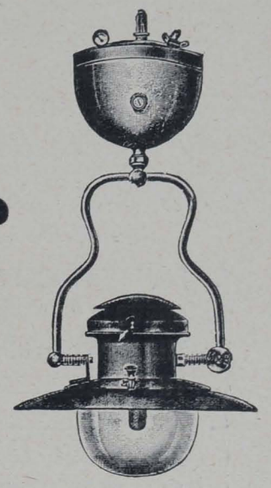
**EFFICIENCY, RELIABILITY AND ECONOMY.**

NO PIPING. CAN BE REMOVED NO SMOKE.
NO WIRING. WHILST ALIGHT. NO SMELL.
NO DANGER.



Model 1133.—100 c.p.
As used by the WAR OFFICE.

*Write for Catalogues and Price Lists to—*



Model 1307.—300 c.p.
As used by the Y.M.C.A.

## BLANCHARD LAMPS (BRITISH), LIMITED,

**151, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**

Telephone: 2973 City. Telegraphic Address: "Farringter, Smith, London."

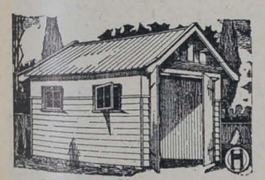
**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.**

# RED WHITE & BLUE

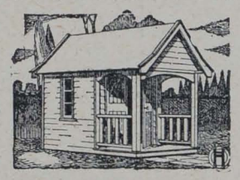
For Breakfast & after Dinner

**In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.**

**MOTOR AND GARDEN HOUSES.**



Our No. 7 Garage from **£12 15s.**



Our No. 10 Building from **£14.**

BUY "READING SERIES—BETTER BUILT" GARAGES, BUNGALOWS, STABLING, SHELTERS, STUDIOS, GREENHOUSES AND GYMNASIA.
*Construction & Workmanship guaranteed. Lists, Designs & Estimates Free. Send NOW.*

**E. B. HAWTHORN & CO.,**
**THE READING PORTABLE BUILDING SPECIALISTS,**
*Builders of Y.M.C.A. Huts at Newcastle (Staffs.), and Bordon Camp. CONTRACTORS TO THE WAR OFFICE and ROYAL FLYING CORPS.*
42, LONDON WORKS, READING.




Since
War broke out OVER **1,000**
OLIVER Typewriters have been bought by H.M. Government for Military purposes

**Oliver Typewriter Co., Ltd.,**
**75, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.**
ALWAYS "AT THE FRONT."

THE

# "Y.M.C.A. with the Flag"

## BOOKLETS.

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. LORD KITCHENER'S CALL TO ARMS.
2. BRAVO! "HIGHFLYER"!
3. THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.
4. THE CHESSBOARD OF EUROPE.
5. A STRATEGIC RETREAT.
6. HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
7. THE SUBMARINE.
8. THE FOOTBALL FIELD OF EUROPE.
9. "S.O.S."
10. THE SIEGE OF LIFE.
11. "THE V.C."
12. DAY DREAMS.
13. THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.
14. KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING!
15. BEASTS OF PREY.
16. CHRISTMAS.
17. THE KICK-OFF.
18. WANTED, MEN.
19. GOAL!
20. LIFE'S RAILWAY.
21.
22.
23. SWIMMING.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d. enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* ***2,000*** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send for a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).


Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London, 99, George Street, Edinburgh, 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (Incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.


# CHRISTIAN MANHOOD.

**Everyone desirous of improving the spiritual, mental and physical manhood of his community will be deeply interested in these books.**

**They give the principles and inspiration of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the methods which have made its work such a power for righteousness.**

**Association workers in particular should possess these volumes. They solve problems and increase results.**

### History of the North American Young Men's Christian Association.

RICHARD C. MORSE, *General Secretary of the International Committee Y.M.C.A. for over forty years.*

Illustrated Cloth 4/-

"As a ready compendium of facts about one of the greatest branches of current religious work, it is an important book for any broad-minded Christian to have at hand."—*The Continent.*

"A masterly and fascinating book. It sets forth in admirable manner the Association in North America and throughout the world. It not only gives historical facts, but also the origin and development of the movement, and is of great and lasting value to all who are engaged in Association work."—*Monthly News Circular*, World's Committee of Y.M.C.A.'s.

### Life of Robert R. McBurney.

L. L. DOGGETT, *Ph.D. President, the International Young Men's Christian Association College.*

Illustrated Cloth 4/-

The life and work of Robert R. McBurney form a wonderful chapter in Association history. Born in Ulster of Scotch-Irish stock he possessed the qualities of mind and heart necessary for the great service he rendered in solidly laying the foundations of the Association movement in North America—an organisation whose membership has reached the 600,000 mark, and whose material equipment of over £16,000,000 is only justified by the spiritual results attained by consistently following the program laid down by Mr. McBurney. The life of this great leader should be read by every Association worker.

### Principles and Methods of Religious Work for Men and Boys.

*Edited by* F. S. GOODMAN, *Secretary, Religious Work Department International Committee.*

Good Cloth Binding 3/-

Constant prayer, study and experimenting have been the price of making the Association successful in winning men and boys to the Christian life. This book is the result of a conference of eighty leaders in this work. It gives the methods that have enrolled 120,000 men in Bible classes, developed religious meetings in shops, Association buildings and elsewhere until the yearly attendance exceeds three and one-half million men and boys, and built up Christian character until communities have been transformed by its power. As a summary of problem-tested methods this book is an essential part of a Secretary's equipment.

### Association Educational Work.

*Edited by* GEORGE B. HODGE, *Secretary, Educational Department International Committee.*

Illustrated Cloth 4/-

There was a time when educational work was supposed to be outside the program of the Association; it is now one of its greatest means of usefulness. The department has become the working man's university. In 1892 the educational classes of the North American Associations had 415 paid teachers, 10,000 students; in 1913 there were 2,646 paid teachers, 72,842 students. Mr. Hodge gives the method used in this development, and much other valuable information.

"The best collection of educational material I know. The adaptation of the book to different classes in the community is admirable."—J. W. JENKS, PH.D., LL.D., *New York University.*

### Physical Education.

*Published under the direction of the* PHYSICAL DIRECTORS' SOCIETY *of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America.*

Good Cloth Binding 4/-

The organization, working methods, and objective of the physical work of the Association have been developed by able leaders along lines that have resulted in the sane, scientific building up of the physical side of the all-round man. This volume is a brief history of the department, and a manual of the methods which have attracted nearly 300,000 men and boys to systematic exercise under the guidance of trained leaders, and benefited 300,000 more by a far-reaching extension movement. A volume of enlightening suggestion to those interested in Association physical work.

**MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., Publishers, LONDON, EDINBURGH & NEW YORK.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—*February 26, 1915.*

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 8. Vol. 1. MARCH 3, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



The Daily Mirror offers £1,000 for a War Photograph

*The Daily Mirror* is going to pay that sum, the largest ever offered for a news picture in the history of illustrated journalism, for the most interesting snapshot of a war-happening received and published by the Editor between now and July 31.

£250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph, and

£100 for the third. And all other photographs used will be well paid for.

*The Editor's decision shall be final.*

The offer is open to all those at the front or on the high seas who may witness interesting war happenings.

*The Daily Mirror*, the premier picture newspaper of the world, always has paid handsomely for exclusive photographs of interesting news events, and the above offer of £1,000 for one war photograph creates a new record in photograph values. Anybody with a camera and the opportunity may obtain £1,000, £250, or £100 by the pressure of a button.

Films will be developed free of charge. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

Send ALL your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouverie-street, London.




OUR VIGILANT WATCHDOGS OF THE SEA.

**The "Sure Shield of Britain" is rendering yeoman service to the Empire in this hour of testing and trial, and night and day is guarding our shores from the enemy. Our illustration shows the "Indomitable" at full speed.** *Photo: Cribb, Southsea.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


YORKSHIRE CAMP LEADERS AND WORKERS IN CONFERENCE 171

LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. VII.—Rear-Admiral C. E. Madden 172

BOOKS A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO READ. By the Rev. John A. Hutton, M.A. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 173

UNDER THE SIGN OF THE RED CROSS. An Illustrated Article on the Work of a Great Society... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 175

Our Short Story. HOW THE CALL CAME TO BARINGTON. By G. A. Leask ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 177

BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 8.—"The Power of a Fellow Feeling" ... 178

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID ... ... ... ... 187

# CAMP LEADERS

should note that

## SUN COFFEE

is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

QUALITY RIGHT. —— PRICE RIGHT.

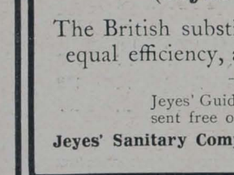
*Write for terms to*

ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,
19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.
ESTABLISHED 1812.

## IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

*Plans & Specifications free on application.*
*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*



CHURCHES & CHAPELS
A SPECIALITY.

Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

W. J. CEARNS, — SUCCESSOR TO — F. SMITH & CO.,
CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,
Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.

IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.

BY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

To H.M. King George V. To H.M. Queen Alexandra.
148 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS.

# Jeyes' Disinfectants

FLUID —— POWDER —— SOAP.

## Jeyes' Fluid

Best and Safest for all Purposes.

## Jeysol

(Jeyes' Soluble Fluid)

The British substitute for Lysol, or absolutely equal efficiency, and making a *clear* solution.

Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection sent free on application to:—
Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., 64, Cannon St., London, E.C.

## FOR ROUTE MARCHES.

# Fry's

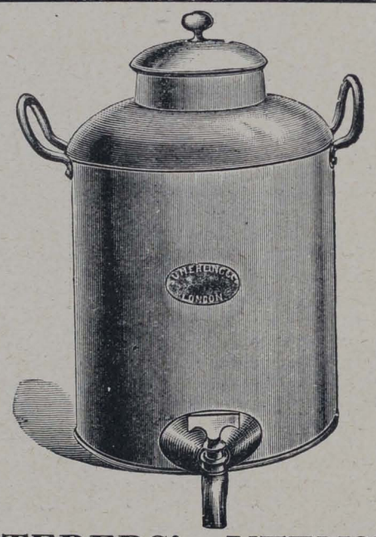
SUPERIOR

# Chocolates

ON SALE AT THE

Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.



## CATERERS' UTENSILS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE.

## SUMERLING & Co., Ltd.

143 to 147, Old Street, & 63, Bunhill Row,
—— LONDON, E.C.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 8. Vol. 1. MARCH 5, 1915. PRICE 1d.


### HOW TO EAT PINEAPPLE.

The following story is told of an M.P. who, wishing to conciliate an old captain of a mine, a voter, sent him a splendid pineapple from his hothouse.

"I hope you liked it," he said to the old man when he met him a few days afterwards.

"Well, yes, thankee, pretty well. But I suppose we sort of people are not used to them fine things, and don't know how to eat 'em."

"How did you eat it, then?" asked the M.P.

"Well," said the old man, "we boiled 'im."

"Boiled it?" sighed the M.P. in horror, thinking of his pineapple.

"Yes, we boiled 'im with a leg of mutton."

### TAKING CARE OF THE WRONG KEY.

"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best references, "the book keeper tells me that you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at the books."

"Yes, sir, one of them. You gave me two, you remember."

"Yes, I had duplicates made in case of accident. And the other?"

"Oh, sir, I took care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"And is the other all right?"

"Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir."

### "COMMENTATORS" DISAGREEING WITH THE PARSONS.

A clergyman, in the course of an argumentative sermon, found it necessary to express his disagreement upon some doctrinal point with those who had published explanations of the passage in question. He accordingly spoke as follows: "Commentators, for the most part, do not agree with me."

A farmer in the parish who had listened to the discourse appeared the next morning in the clergyman's study, bringing with him a sack of portly dimensions, which he begged the rector to accept, telling him at the same time that "he had heard him say, in his sermon, that *common taters* did not agree with him, and so he had brought him a sack of his best KIDNEYS."

### A CAREFULLY-TRAINED WITNESS.

A boy about twelve years old was an important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and entangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

### GIVING A GOOD ACCOUNT OF HIS STEWARDSHIP.

"I cannot conceive," said one English nobleman to another, "how it is that you manage. I am convinced you are not of a temper to spend more than your income, and yet though your estate is less than mine, I could not afford to live at the rate you do."

"My lord," said the other, "I have a place."

"A place! You amaze me. I never heard of it till now. Pray what place?"

"*I am my own steward.*"

### A BEADLE'S TRIBUTE.

A United Free Church near Glasgow recently, says the *Glasgow Herald*, sent an invitation through the brigade orders to all Church members in the ranks to come to the Communion service. A number of them, after attending the compulsory church parade in the State church, marched along to the church of their own denomination.

A platoon, however, got astray and went into the wrong edifice, the "beadle" of which, seeing them there and suspecting that they had mistaken the church, told them where to go for their purpose.

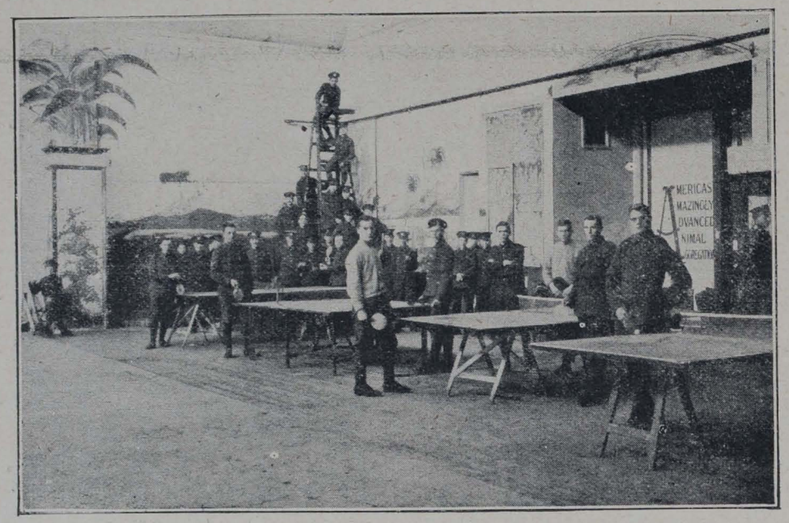
"An' perfeck gentlemen they were," he remarked with kindling eye as he narrated the incident to his brother in office at the other church, "for there wis naebody at the plate when they gaed oot, but no' a man o' them took back his collection."

### YORKSHIRE CAMP LEADERS AND WORKERS IN CONFERENCE.




The leaders and workers in the Yorkshire camps recently came together to discuss the problems associated with the great enterprise in which they are at present engaged, and this interesting group was taken on the occasion of the conference. Mr. A. K. Yapp, secretary of the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, is seated in the centre of the first row.

## A HAPPY PLAYGROUND AT THE WHITE CITY.



At the White City, where so many troops are billeted, abundant provision is made for recreation, as is illustrated above. The Y.M.C.A. is doing a splendid work among the men.

### THE WORST "ISM" IN CHRISTENDOM.

A zealous and, in his way, a very eminent preacher, whose eloquence is as copious, and far more lucid, than the waters of his beloved Cam, happened to miss a constant auditor from his congregation. Schism had already made some depredations on the fold, which was not so large but to a practised eye the deduction of even one was perceptible. "What keeps our friend, Farmer B——, away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his clerk. "I have not seen him amongst us," continued he, "these three weeks; I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away?"

"No, your honour," replied the clerk, "it is something worse than that."

"Worse than Socinianism? God forbid it should be Deism?"

"No, your honour, it is something worse than that."

"I trust it is not atheism?"

"Worse than that, sir."

"Worse than atheism? Impossible. Nothing can be worse than atheism!"

"Yes, it is, your honour—it is rheumatism."

### THE DEAN AND THE LUNATIC.

Dean Stanley had a great respect for presence of mind, and used with great delight to tell a story of presence of mind by which he had liberated himself from a dangerous visitor. Since he was willing to see almost anyone who asked for him, he once told his servant to usher into his study a gentleman who had called, and who happened to bear a name which was familiar to him.

When the gentleman appeared, he proved to be an entire stranger. It was evident there had been some mistake. This became still more evident when, advancing with an air of great excitement, the gentleman exclaimed, "Sir, I have a message to the Queen from the Most High. I beg that you will deliver it instantly."

"In that case," said the Dean, taking up his hat, "there is not a moment to be lost. Let us go at once." They went downstairs into the hall, and, opening the door, the Dean requested his visitor to step out. No sooner had he done so than the Dean shut the door behind the lunatic.

Teacher: "What lessons do we learn from the busy bee?" Tommy: "Not to get stung."

### AMERICA AND THE WAR.

The sentiments of the majority of Americans with regard to the war are boldly and finely expressed in some verses which were published in a New York paper just before Germany had abandoned her wheedling policy with America:

O England, in the smoking trenches dying
For all the world,
We hold our breath and watch your bright flag flying
While ours is furled.

We say we're neutral (yet each lip with fervour
The word adjures),
O England, never name us the time-server!
Our hearts are yours—

We who so glory in your high decision,
So trust your goal,
All Europe's in our blood, but yours our vision,
Our speech, our soul.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### VII.—REAR-ADMIRAL C. E. MADDEN.

AT Sir John Jellicoe's right hand, as Chief of the Staff since the outbreak of the war, is his brother-in-law, Rear-Admiral Charles E. Madden, C.V.O. Sir John Jellicoe and he married sisters, the daughters of Sir Charles Cayzer, the well-known shipowner. It is a happy circumstance that, amid the tremendous responsibilities which rest on Sir John Jellicoe, he has the company of one so well qualified to help him.

Rear-Admiral Madden is one of the greatest living authorities on naval gunnery. He is just another instance of the value and importance of focussing one's attention on a particular subject. He has been in the Navy for forty years, and in the last ten years especially he has made gunnery his continual study. The immense advance which has been made by the British Navy is due partly to the spirit of competition which has been encouraged between the ships. It had become a point of honour to score in gun practice, and now, in time of war, we have seen the result in the marked superiority of our Navy.

Most men can do only one thing specially well. Let them specialise, and they will achieve more than in spreading their efforts over a wide area. The business of war is, after all, to hit the enemy. The business of moral warfare is also to hit the enemy. Day by day, hour by hour, that is your business and mine. We know what our enemies are—let us conquer them.

Once when starting on a well-earned holiday, Bishop Stubbs was in a very exuberant frame of mind. He drove to Oxford Station, where an obsequious porter rushed to the carriage window and inquired, "How many articles, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," replied the bishop, with unmoved countenance. The porter set to work to remove the episcopal baggage from the carriage, and proceeded to count the various articles, but could not discover the full complement of thirty-nine. He reported, "Very sorry, my lord; I can only find fifteen." "Ah," said the bishop, "you must be a Dissenter.

## A COSY CORNER WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS OVER.



This illustration was taken in a Y.M.C.A. hut at Great Clacton, Essex, and gives some idea of the comfortable quarters set apart for the men in training.



# BOOKS A YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO READ.

*Some Practical Hints on a Subject of General Interest and Importance.*

By the Rev. JOHN A. HUTTON, M.A., Glasgow, Author of "Guidance from Robert Browning in Matters of Faith," &c.

THE first step towards an answer to the question, "What books a young man ought to read?" is to ask an earlier question, "What object a young man should have in reading?" To that question whole books have been written in answer, so that it would be the easiest thing in the world for me to recall Bacon, and Smiles, and Emerson, and to fill this paper with sententious aphorisms. My own experience—and, of course, it is a thing greatly to be deplored—is that on really personal matters—and reading is a personal matter—we never do take advice. The better the advice is the less we seem called upon to follow it. We seem to be assured as we read any bit of excellent guidance as to "reading" that a safe rule has been announced to the public, and that therefore, for ourselves, we may take liberties.

Let me, then, at the outset repeat a saying of a friend of my own. "First, read what you like; second, read what you don't like; third, read what you ought to like." A firm taste for reading rests upon an early, probably now forgotten, love which one had for something one reads in one's very early days. There and then certain delicate fibres of the soul took hold of the world of fact or of imagination, and those first fibres are still the channels which make any later interest possible.

#### When Climbing the Ladder.

And now let me simply write on and on, without any formal treatment such as the reader might casually perceive and reject, simply saying things which at any moment may suddenly seem valuable. *A young man should read books, or papers, or journals which deal with his own work and calling in this life.* Perhaps he ought not to read many of these, but something of that kind he ought to read, and regularly. I don't care what a man is going to be as to his trade or profession; he has no right to be that unless he wishes to be as good as he can be in that. If a man is a tailor, or a builder, or an accountant, he should take in regularly some paper or book that deals with his craft. This secures two results, both of them excellent: for one thing, he learns what is going on in his particular world; and, for another thing, he has the happy feeling that he is not alone, that he is not *a* tailor, or builder, or accountant, but that he is one of the glorious company of tailors or builders or accountants, men, that is to say, who are engaged in doing an essential part of the world's business. For the awful thing is to feel oneself isolated, irrelevant in the outer darkness of those who belong to no commodity, or guild, or order; to feel that one's work is simply one's means of livelihood. It is a great and exhilarating thing to feel that our work, whatever it is, forms an integral part of human affairs, and that every day a man is called upon to do his best. Now, that may seem advice beneath the dignity and usual style with which men write upon reading; but I find myself more and more disposed to warn young fellows against a subtle disorderliness of mind, and to appeal to them to believe that any sound later happiness rests upon an earlier industry. Our reading should not be merely, or at all, an escape from our work and calling in this world; it should make us more effective men.

#### How to Employ Our Leisure.

The trouble with most of us in these crowded days is to find leisure for such reading as is not crudely necessary to our work in the world, and this only makes it more urgent that we shall use well such small leisure as we have. We must all have before our minds the warning of the epitaph:—

Here lies Jean ——,
Born a man: died a grocer!

I strongly advise young fellows not to waste their money and their time over small books, or books on small things. The reading of small books really dissipates the mind. Even in our reading "a man's reach should exceed his grasp." In fiction a short story, with its concentration and necessary violence, is not nearly such a good recreation as to go back in an hour of leisure and take up "Dombey and Son" at page 560, even if you find that you had lost the place, and had read the last ten pages twice before, or a book of one of the tremendous Russians at page 980!

Of course, in giving that as a rule, I acknowledge that there are exceptions. Some years ago I came across a little book costing one penny, written by Father Bull, of the Community of the Resurrection, entitled "From Doubt to Faith"; and to say of that little book that it was worth its weight in gold is to secularise a great emotion. What I should have given for that book in my student days, when we were all bullied and brow-beaten, and rendered abject by the alleged results of science; when, as Father Bull says, we lay awake at nights in terror lest next morning we should read somewhere (it was the South Sea Islands we were most afraid of) there had been discovered an unusually intelligent monkey, or an unusually hairy man!

#### The Purpose of Reading.

A young man's reading ought not to have the effect of separating him from his life in the world, but ought rather to send him back to that life more informed, more resolute, and with a horizon which consecrates all common things. On the other hand, I don't want young men to read with too great assiduity such books as Smiles's "Self Help"; they are, as I once heard Mr. Chesterton say about the Book of Proverbs, "a little too American." The insistent note of such books, that if you do certain things you will get on, and if you don't do them you will fall behind—well, you can have so much of that in a book that a healthy reader wants to kick.

A book of the same kind which, in my view, is infinitely more stimulating and manly is "The Making of Character," by John MacCunn (Cambridge Press). I know of no book in the English language that I should more gladly have every young man read. It has also the salt of style. The book begins:—"It has been reserved for our democratic generation to give a new life to the fast-perishing faith in pedigrees"; and there, with a crack of the whip, you are away! A young man who has read that book with sympathy and understanding will be a good man and a good citizen, or he will have a bad conscience.

We are approaching in the history of the world, it seems to me, one of those great periods when there are only two sides to a question; two conceptions, one or other of which must prevail, as to the meaning of our life as individuals, and as communities and nations. There is the view represented by modern Germany; and there is the view rooted, I believe, in the Christian Gospel, whose purest exponents for our time have been the great Russians of letters. This is a controversy in which those who are to-day young men will have to take their part, it may be for an entire generation.

#### A Word of Warning.

Two books occur to me at the moment which will reinforce all that is best, all that is most religious and enthusiastic in young human nature; I mean "Mazzini's Essays" (The Walter Scott Co.) and "Mutual Aid," by Prince Kropotkin (Heinemann).

Let young men, if they would save their souls, *avoid all books that laugh at life,* all books that insinuate that life is an increasingly miserable thing, and that the glow of youth and romance is simply a bait upon a hook designed to land us on some dismal shore. The sense that we are fit for life and fit for our particular life, however hard it may be, is a kind of flying start with which God sends us all on our career. This hopefulness and zest for the battle is a thing which it is our individual task to maintain unbroken, unsoiled, indisputable to the end; and any book which has the effect of mocking that early wholeheartedness and depressing that first vitality is—not to put too fine a point upon it—of the devil.

To any young man of a speculative or emotional idiosyncrasy, Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" may, at certain stages of his history, be an enormous blessing: and this in the light of two considera-

tions with which I may conclude this rambling talk.

Most young men of spirit fall in love, and their first venture on that great sea may, through their own fault or through another's fault, be disastrous. "Sartor Resartus" will help such a man not to give way to blasphemy. And, in the second place, I do not know any book which so adroitly deals with the speculative difficulties of religious young people who are beginning to think for themselves, anticipating, as it does, the hearty message of James of Harvard and of our own Chesterton. For "Sartor Resartus" teaches us once again that life is solved by moral action; that the problem passes out of things just as we bend our backs to some honourable and loving task; that "through such souls God stooping shows sufficient of His light for us in the dark to rise by."

## WITH THE Y.M.C.A. IN FRANCE.

**By Canon Walter Hicks, Prebendary of Lincoln.**

DURING the last few months I have had the privilege of visiting a large number of camps in this country, and have everywhere found the work of the Y.M.C.A. thoroughly appreciated by the officers and non-commissioned officers, as well as by the men and lads in the ranks.

But in France!

"Appreciated" is not the word—the men have been simply enthusiastic in their admiration of the work.

I wonder how many hundreds of times (during the three weeks I spent in France) I was asked by the men to let it be known in the "Old Country" how surprised they were to find the Y.M.C.A. ready to welcome them on their arrival, and to minister to their needs in a large number of places.

The Y.M.C.A. is fortunate in its choice of leaders and workers to undertake the work in France. Many of the men who have responded at great self-sacrifice to the call of their king and country are indeed hungering and thirsting for the highest and the best that can be given them.

And one was thankful to find how the chaplains (a splendid lot of men indeed) appreciated all that was being done by the Y.M.C.A.

The chaplains have been a great help and inspiration to the Y.M.C.A. workers, and at the same time in many cases they have been thankful to be allowed to make good use of the Y.M.C.A. buildings and huts for their services—parade and voluntary—as well as for frequent celebrations of the Holy Communion.

Since I returned I have surprised and even shocked many good folk by telling them of my visits to the circus at ———, to the theatre at ———, to the dancing hall at ———; but their surprise has turned to manifest pleasure when I have added the information that I went to address crowds of "men" and "boys" in those Y.M.C.A. centres.

---

Alexander the Great told one, who sought his help, to go to his treasurer and draw upon him for whatever sum he pleased. The man went out and asked for so large a sum that the treasurer refused to pay it until he had first consulted the king. The king's reply was, "This man honours me by asking so much. Let him have it at once." Our God is greater than Alexander of Macedon, albeit he was surnamed the Great. Many things may seem to be too great for us to receive, but they are not too great for God to give. God will stand to His promise. Our supply is sure.

## MR. JOHN CONNAL.

**Seventy Years a Member of the Glasgow Association.**

ON the morning of Thursday, February 25, Mr. John Connal, one of the directors of the Glasgow United Young Men's Christian Association, passed into his rest at the advanced age of 87. By his death the Association loses its oldest link with the far past, as it is almost seventy years since he joined what was then known as the "Young Men's Society for Religious Improvement."

To tell the story of Mr. Connal's connection with the Association would be in large part to detail its history. For quite half a century he was one of the leading figures in the movement, and it was largely due to his unfailing tact and abounding hopefulness that the negotiations were carried through which resulted in the formation of the body now known as "The Glasgow United Young Men's Christian Association." In 1864 he was elected a director, and served as president during the triennial period 1891-4. He gave valuable service on the management committee of the Christian Institute, and was a director of the Y.M.C.A. club from its inception. In 1879 he became editor of "The Young Men's Christian Magazine." He secured many important contributions for its pages, among these being a number of papers, afterwards published by



Mr. JOHN CONNAL.

Professor Henry Drummond, under the title of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." In 1866 the directors of the Glasgow Association thought it desirable to found a Mission Sabbath School in the city. Mr. Connal accepted the superintendentship, a post which he occupied for close on thirty years. The school, which still exists, has had many ramifications, one of the most successful being a holiday week at the coast for senior girls in poor circumstances, still successfully carried out.

A member of the Scottish National Council, he served for several years on the committee on British business, and in 1889 he served as chairman of the Scottish Council.

The distinctive feature of the Glasgow Association has been the emphasis laid on the religious side of the work through Fellowship Bible Classes. During Mr. Connal's convenership of the extension committee, he mapped the city into twelve districts, placed a sub-committee in charge of each, and set himself the aim of spreading a network of fellowship meetings over the city. So successful was he that during his presidency the membership of the Association touched 10,000, being then the largest in the world.

Five years ago, when his more active connection with the directorate may be said to have terminated, he was entertained by his co-directors to dinner, and presented with an illuminated address in recognition of his many valuable services. The late Professor Orr, D.D., who was present at this meeting, told how, as a lad, he joined the St. Andrew's Square Branch of the Association, of which Mr. Connal was at that time the chief moving spirit. He had a vivid remembrance of the first day of his attendance, and of the warm handshake from Mr. Connal at the close, and to that meeting, under God, and to the influence of Mr. Connal, he owed the means which started him on the path of the Christian ministry. What was true in the case of Professor Orr has been equally true in the lives of large numbers of young men, who to-day, not only in Britain but throughout the whole of the English-speaking countries, are putting into practice the lessons learned in association with Mr. Connal.

He had a magnetic personality, a courteous and sympathetic manner, and one was always sure of a warm welcome from him. He was always regular and prompt in attendance at all meetings, a character he retained to the end. He was a regular attender both at the Literary Society and the Central Bible Class till a fortnight before his death. Possessed of sound judgment, capable of prompt action, he was always equal to the occasion. A man of fine Christian character and wide sympathy, he gathered round him a devoted band of disciples. A striking feature of his Bible class work was the large spirit of tolerance which pervaded it. His temerity in this respect caused at times much shaking of heads, and in the hands of a lesser man might have had disastrous results, but as an old associate phrased it, "Mr. Connal was always able to bring his men back to port," and very many troubled with doubts and difficulties found in him a spiritual father.

Few men in the Scottish Young Men's Christian Association have influenced more generations of men for good or influenced them more profoundly, and none have left a more gracious and abiding memory than John Connal. G.

## THE NEW INN.

**How a Village Tavern came under the Transforming Touch of the Y.M.C.A.**

AWAY among the hopfields of Hampshire a conversion strange and significant has taken place. The village of Crondall, hitherto known mostly by reason of its basket-making industry, has now achieved fame as possessing the first public house taken over by the Y.M.C.A.

With the outbreak of war this little place of rural activity became, like so many of our villages, a centre of military life. A transport column was billeted upon it, and, as the officer commanding put it, what with stables and stores had practically to "rebuild one third of it." Five miles from the nearest town, Crondall offered few attractions to some hundreds of lively townsmen thus suddenly thrust upon the hospitality of its cottagers. The problem was what could be done for their comfort. Of public halls there were none. The Church Schools were commandeered for sleeping quarters. The Chapel Schoolroom became a hospital. But, as good fortune would have it, a fair-sized inn in the very centre of the village had recently become vacant. By the prompt action of the vicar, the Rev. E. B. Cotton, and the Viscountess Lifford, this was secured for the Young Men's Christian Association, and in a few days was completely transformed into one of the cosiest Y.M.C.A. centres yet provided for the troops.

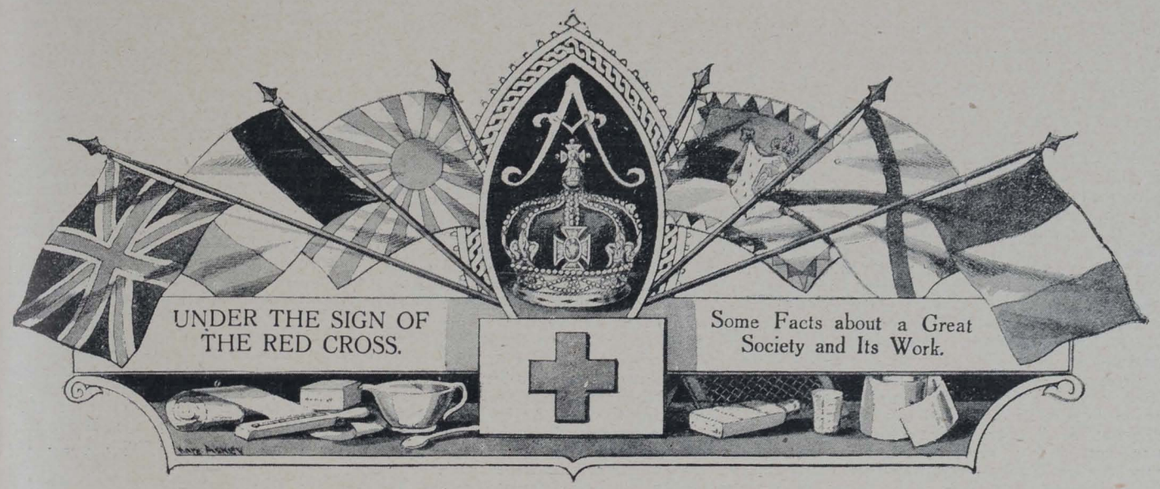
On any evening a hundred men may be found thronging the comfortably-furnished reading and writing rooms.

Downstairs, the bar, bright with flags, has become a temperance canteen, where a Y.M.C.A. man amidst friendly chat dispenses the tea and coffee or the dearly loved "bottle of pop." Two large rooms are provided with pianos, and in the stables hot baths at 2d. a time are a greatly appreciated boon.

The finishing touch to this interesting transformation was put when the old sign of "The Jolly Farmer" was painted out and the Active Service Triangle Badge of the Association substituted in its place.

J. FAULKNER.






FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was the real pioneer of all Red Cross work.

Her noble and self-sacrificing efforts, together with those of her little band of volunteers, in connection with the Crimean War are too well known to need emphasising.

Briefly put, the Red Cross Society is an organisation for aiding the sick and wounded in time of war.

At the outbreak of the Franco-German War in 1870 the late Lord Wantage, V.C., called together a number of prominent people, and the outcome of their deliberations was a meeting at which the British Red Cross Society had its inception. The first Ladies' Committee formed was presided over by H.R.H. Princess Christian. On that occasion the Princess had the assistance of Lady Wantage, who is still a member of the Council, and takes an exceedingly active part in the present conflict. Sir John Furley—just returned from France, where he has completed a "Princess Christian" hospital-train—and Mr. A. K. Loyd, K.C., who is still rendering splendid service, were also members of the council, and the same applies to Lord Rothschild, who is to-day chairman of the council.

Queen Alexandra is president of the society, and our King and Queen are its patrons.

At the close of the South African War it was the expressed wish of King Edward and Queen Alexandra that there should be one society, and that the British Red Cross Society should co-ordinate all efforts for aiding the sick and wounded throughout the Empire in time of war. The suggestion was readily adopted, with the result that to-day Canada, Australia, the Cape, and other British possessions have in various ways given valuable help to the society.

In times of peace the society organises working parties for the making of hospital garments of all descriptions, gives courses of instruction in first aid and nursing, hygiene, sanitation, &c. It organises, too, voluntary aid detachments, consisting of men and women, the former being given instruction in stretcher work, the conversion of temporary buildings into hospitals, preparing means of transport by road and rail, disinfecting buildings, &c., whereas the women receive instruction in the preparation and serving of suitable meals for invalids, taking charge of temporary hospitals, arranging small wards in convenient buildings, work on hospital trains, and so forth. So that even in times of peace there are something like 60,000 trained men and women ready for service. About 1,500 of them would be fully trained nurses. In the ordinary way there are between 2,000 and 3,000 medical practitioners appointed by the society to give Red Cross lectures and conduct examinations.

The number of Auxiliary Home Red Cross Hospitals accepted by the War Office up to the time of going to press is 759, containing beds for 20,771.

On the Continent the society is working in conjunction with the St. John Ambulance Association. Annexed are a few facts about the work of the two organisations:—

23,000 hospital beds in the United Kingdom and France are under their auspices.

764 nurses and 7,932 orderlies are working for them.

900 motor ambulances and cars are always ready to convey the wounded.

25 motor lorries are carrying Red Cross medical stores.

16 motor soup kitchens are serving the wounded with hot and suitable beverages at field hospitals.

15,257 cases of Red Cross stores have been despatched.

737,014 garments have been supplied to wounded soldiers.

The work is costing £10,000 a week—something like £1 a minute.

Motor-cars are playing a very important part in this war. One (soup kitchen) car is assigned to every convoy (twenty-five cars) carrying soup, hot coffee and other suitable refreshments for invalids. Cars can, of course, go where trains cannot, and this makes them doubly valuable, and they will become increasingly so when the lines of communication are extended. During this war men—not seriously wounded, of course—have been lodged within the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital at Millbank within forty-eight hours of receiving their wounds, both in Belgium and France, and this would have been impossible but for the speedy motor-car. Wounds have been hastily dressed on the field of battle, then treated at the Base Hospital, and the patients placed in motor-cars and transferred to ambulance ships. On reaching shore a hospital train is in waiting, and on reaching its destination the motor-car again comes into play, the patients being thus landed at the hospital with the maximum of speed and the minimum of discomfort.

Some people are under the impression that the Red Cross Society is anything but what it is. Some imagine it to be a benevolent society, whilst others have formed the opinion it is a sort of high-class boarding-out institution. Only recently Mr. Frank Hastings, the courteous secretary, received the following



A Wounded Soldier Out for an Airing, with Red Cross Nurses.

amusing letter from an American gentleman who wanted to adopt a little boy:—"The child must not be a baby, but a boy between four and eight years old, and, in addition, it must be physically well-proportioned and sound, with a well-shaped head and features, of aristocratic lineage; above all, with a bright and sunny disposition, one who would be a source of enjoyment and pleasure to me in my home life. Such a boy would make me very happy, and would receive at my hands a good rearing and education, and ultimately a good opportunity to make for himself a good place in the world."

Patients are sometimes sent by the society to Wengen, in Switzerland. Here is an extract from a letter written by the wife of a naval officer there:—"My husband looks a different person, and it is the greatest joy to me to see him gaining strength every day and gradually getting back his usual spirits and energy. We simply love this place, and I am quite sure that the Red Cross Society could not send convalescent officers to a better spot. The weather has been perfect for the last week, bright sun from 10.30 to 4, and 17° Centigrade at night. The snow has been perfect for ski-ing, and the ice rink is a great attraction. We are doing more skating at present, as the ski-ing is too strenuous for my husband. This little hotel is most comfortable, and quite big enough unless our numbers grow. I do hope officers will take advantage of the Red Cross generosity, for I am sure after a few weeks in such perfect surroundings any of them would be able to go back perfectly fit for active service."

Also an officer of the Flying Corps writes:—"We are all very comfortable indeed here, and are thoroughly enjoying ourselves. One week in this place does one more good than a month in England, especially at this time of the year."

A good many are not aware of the origin of the Red Cross emblem. It is a distinctive sign adopted for the medical establishments of armies, and at the institution of the Geneva Convention it was unanimously agreed as a compliment to the country in which the Convention originated—Switzerland—to adopt a reversal of the Swiss Federal colours, well known to be a white cross on a red ground. The reversal of this—viz., a red cross on a white ground—has thus become a humanitarian emblem protecting the sick and wounded soldier.

It is interesting to note that the Red Cross is made from a square sub-divided into nine equal sections. For instance, if two equally-distant perpendicular lines be drawn on a square, and two equally-distant horizontal lines and the two upper and two lower outer squares removed, the cross remains.

---

Several interesting illustrations of Red Cross work in various countries will be found in our illustrated section.

## IN SOUTH WALES.

### *A Flying Visit from Mr. Virgo, and Some of Its Fruits.*

WITH such a tremendous field to cover, it is little wonder that personal visits from headquarters to each centre where the Association is working for the welfare of the troops have been found impossible.

South Wales had, up till a week or two ago, constituted a part of the "unvisited" area, so Mr. F. S. Higman, of Cardiff (who has been superintending the work amongst the military in the southern half of the Principality), outlined a programme for Mr. Virgo, and there has reached us a thrilling account of what is being undertaken there.

A great meeting in the Rink at Cardiff, following a five hours' railway journey, opened the specially arranged itinerary; then a journey to Pembroke Dock, where Mr. G. W. Thomas and his lonely band of workers are well placed; here the erstwhile Dumfries Hotel has been converted into a headquarters depot, from which the various centres in that district are supplied. After conferring with the workers, a motor was secured and the journey undertaken, in bitterly cold weather, to a weird spot, the extreme limit of Milford Haven, where 600 men are, for the purposes of defence, placed under war conditions.

The men were hurriedly rounded up for a meeting, the hut being quickly filled; the message which has been given in the camps throughout the country was again delivered with no uncertain sound.

First thing next morning, in pouring rain, a ferry trip, and afterwards an open motor run to Scoveston, where 1,000 men were discovered. An excellently built hut is constantly thronged, and although it was the morning hour opportunity was taken to speak to the men and to the workers. All round this district there are many centres where companies of men are grouped together, and Mr. Thomas calls at these for the purpose of doing mission work. At one such place the men were without bread and coal for five days owing to difficulties of transport. In other parts near by trench digging, shooting practice, and other preparations for the front were proceeding. It is necessary to cover over forty miles daily in order to properly supervise the Association's activities in this district.

"We feel out of the world" was a frequent expression used by the workers, "and we appreciate a visit from London."

Mr. Virgo felt that there were heroes other than those who go into the firing line, for here in this remote spot in South Wales were men who were devoting themselves without stint in order to be of some practical help to their brothers in khaki.

An interesting feature is the distribution of Gospels as the men leave the railway station for their journey to the front; three hundred men have joined the Pocket Testament League.

Another six hours in the train and Aberystwyth was reached; here there are thousands of men billeted in the homes of the people. Mr. Virgo found at the time of his arrival that a first-rate concert was proceeding; there were over 1,000 men present, and an opportunity was afforded for him to speak. An old skating rink had been handed over, free of rent charges, by the Corporation, and here the Association does magnificent work; despite the fact that other provision is made for the men, the Y.M.C.A. "hut" is the most popular rendezvous for the soldiers. Two thousand letters are written and posted every day, whilst from the lending library hundreds of volumes were taken out during the first week it was opened; the local theological and university colleges have made themselves responsible for the arrangement of concerts weekly, and Mr. J. Glan Griffiths, who is in charge, has a helpful band of workers, including a number of local ladies and gentlemen.

On Sunday afternoon, although it was a gloriously fine day, five hundred men assembled in the Rink and gave a very attentive hearing, whilst at night seven hundred chairs were occupied, and in addition men were standing six deep all round the building.

Mr. Virgo tells us that he has had some magnificent meetings up and down the country, but he regards that Sunday night's gathering as profoundly impressive from many points of view. To witness the men deserting the reading room and thronging into the main hall to listen with great eagerness to the pointed Gospel appeal was most inspiriting, as was also the spectacle of such a huge company of men standing bare-headed at the call of prayer. Decisions were made which found their expression after the meeting had closed, when scores of men came and shook the hand of the speaker, indicating what that night had meant to them.

## IN THE EMERALD ISLE.

### The Y.M.C.A. Work in the Camps and Barracks of Ireland.

THE work carried on under the auspices of the Irish Y.M.C.A. Executive in the Irish camps and barracks continues to be much appreciated both by the officers and by the men at the various military centres. In the North, at Clandeboye Camp, at the camp at Antrim, also in the Victoria Barracks, Belfast, and in the Palace Barracks, Holywood, the facilities for reading, writing, and recreation which the Association provides are largely taken advantage of.

Where possible, light refreshments are also being supplied, while bright Gospel meetings, temperance talks, and other efforts of a similar kind are regularly arranged for, and are yielding results which have given much encouragement to the workers.

On a recent occason at Newtownards Camp the North Antrim men, numbering close on 300, were presented with New Testaments, the gift of the Ballymoney Y.M.C.A. Colonel M'Calmont, M.P., the officer commanding, presided, and several Y.M.C.A. representatives, along with the brigade and local chaplains, took part in the interesting proceedings.

At one or two of the Ulster camps there has been some unavoidable delay in providing the new wooden institutes, but steps are being taken to have these erected as quickly as possible.

In several of the centres the workers lent to the Y.M.C.A. by the Society of Friends and Irish Temperance League continue to render much-appreciated service. To Finner Camp, where a temporary building has been rented, a new worker has just been allocated.

In Dublin the work is in full swing in all the six barracks. A most interesting development has also been made by the securing of what was known as "Bolger's Public House," Lower Sackville-street, which had been closed by order of the military authorities. It was felt that there was a pressing need in this central locality for some place where soldiers could be supplied with light refreshments at a cheap rate. The building has therefore been opened by the Y.M.C.A. as refreshment rooms for soldiers only, from 5 till 10 p.m., and a number of Christian ladies and gentlemen have readily come forward to assist in the catering.

In the South, at Bere Island, under Mr. J. E. Jones, the work is still being well maintained, and a new institute is about to be erected. In the Cork Barracks a new building is fast approaching completion.

At various other centres in the South, and also at the Curragh, buildings are on order, and will be occupied as soon as ever they can be got ready.

A further and very necessary step has been the opening of a National Y.M.C.A. office in the Prudential Chambers, Belfast, where the secretary of the Irish National Executive, Mr. W. Wright, will in future have his headquarters, and where he may be seen or communicated with at any time.

Associated with Mr. Wright, and rendering valuable help in the development of the work in the various districts, are Mr. D. A. Black, J.P., in the North, Mr. H. O'Connor in Mid-Ireland, and Mr. R. H. Swainson in the South.

As illustrating the growth of the work, it may be mentioned that at present nine new buildings are either in course of erection or being arranged for in different parts of Ireland. This will necessarily involve a very large outlay, towards a portion of which a grant has been secured from the War Office, although the larger portion of the cost will devolve upon the National Council.



*Our Short Story.*

# HOW THE CALL CAME TO BARINGTON.

By G. A. LEASK.

JOHN BARINGTON had passed the same poster day by day for months. He was angry with it. "Your King and Country Need You"—such was its legend. Yes, he was sick of the sight of it, and particularly so on this morning, for John Barington was in no amiable frame of mind.

"I hear we shall want every man of military age," had been the utterance of his aunt that morning at breakfast. And on this hearsay she had built up a closely reasoned homily on the duty of eligible men to obey the call—that call which met John wherever he went.

John Barington was one of thousands of young men to whom the war meant nothing but a temporary inconvenience. Well-off, possessing plenty of friends, he saw no reason why he should give up his business and take up soldiering. Let those go who want to—that was his motto. His aunt, Miss Priscilla Barington, thought the world of her nephew, to whom she had acted as father and mother ever since John lost both in early life. She knew how terrible the war was, how every man available would be required before the forces of reaction and militarism were laid low. But, like a sensible woman, she never upbraided her nephew; she preferred to talk generally of the need for men—the talks that so upset John every time he heard them.

As he walked along the main street of Bulterton John fancied he observed a new expression on the faces of several friends. There was Mrs. Redfern, wife of the senior deacon of the chapel the Baringtons attended; she had distinctly cut him. What could it mean? Had he offended her? John could think of no likely reason for her behaviour.

"Hullo, Severn!" he exclaimed.

The man he stopped as if to engage in conversation looked at him queerly as he curtly replied "Good morning," and made as if to pass on.

"What's the news, eh?" John asked, doing his best to detain Severn, a middle-aged, quiet-looking man.

"There's little fresh news," he replied, "but we shall want every man we can get. The more enlisting now, the sooner the war will be over." And Fred Severn looked very grave. The war had dealt him a serious blow; his business was staggering under the changed conditions war had wrought in his particular line. Then he added: "I must really be going. Alfred is going, and we are busy making preparations."

"Alfred!" John almost shrieked. "Why, he's only a boy!"

"He's nineteen, and has heard the call; and"—the quiet man spoke huskily—"he's our only boy, but we will do nothing to stop him. Please God, he will come out of it unscathed." And Mr. Severn was gone.

John Barington was now angry. Why did everyone appear determined to cast up the war into his face. Besides, he argued, what would become of the country if everyone went? He was surely doing his duty by staying at home and carrying on. Then conscience spoke louder than heretofore. "If I go—I, fit, unmarried, with no one depending on me—I shall be taking the place of someone with a wife and family." He was startled; he had never seen it in that light before.

On his way to the office he usually called in for a morning paper at the one bookseller's and stationer's shop in Bulterton. As was his wont, he passed a "good morning" to Widow Thomas, who eked out a spare living in the paper line, but he got no cheery response as usual. Mrs. Thomas was thumbing a soiled letter.

"No bad news, I hope, Mrs. Thomas?" John inquired.

"Jack!" was all the reply he got.

After a pause he asked again, and from the widow's disjointed remarks learned that her only son had been dangerously wounded at the terrible battle of Ypres. He mumbled a few words of forced sympathy and took his departure.

That day at the office seemed interminable, and right glad was John Barington when it was over. After a dinner, partaken in stony silence between aunt and nephew, John decided he would seek a bracing tonic; he would call on the Brashes. He had for some time past felt tender thoughts about Jenny Brash, as bonny a girl as Bulterton contained.

He found her at home, but something was wrong. The men-folk were all away. Mr. Brash was at a chapel meeting, and of the two sons of the house, one, a young doctor, had earlier volunteered for service and was now in France; the other had recently joined the Royal Engineers, and was busy practising making bridges and trenches at Woking. So John had, as it were, the run of the house. Mrs. Brash, an invalid, rarely left her room.

John thereupon made a bold move, one he had of late frequently thought of making.

"Won't you play something, Miss Brash?" he asked, accompanying the request with a tender look.

"Certainly," replied Jenny, but with no warmth. However, her tone was lost on John, who felt transported to the skies. "What shall I play?"

"Ah—now, let me see—suppose we have something sentimental, seeing we're both here together"—and he bestowed another tender look at the girl. Then, as there was no response, he continued—"Or martial, 'Tipperary,' or something, don't you know, seeing it's war time."

Jenny stood upright, her pretty face alive with animation.

"Really, Mr. Barington! I should have thought war songs were the last you"—with emphasis—"cared about."

"Well, we must be in the fashion, you know," he said; "khaki's all the rage now."

"Is it? Well, I never!"

The gentle sarcasm was lost on John. But he thought now was the time for his bold move. He had hoped after a sentimental song to ask Jenny to be his wife; he resolved to make the plunge now.

"Jenny—I mean Miss Brash," he stammered.

"Well?" in cold tone.

"I—I—er—want to tell you something. I——" and he paused, at a loss for the next word.

"Yes," she ventured, "you were going to tell me something?"

"Look here, Jenny"—he came a pace closer—"I must tell you—I love you; will you marry me?"

Then followed a painful silence. Jenny Brash was a sensible girl or she would long ago have lost her head. Admirers she had, and she knew it, but she never condescended to flirtation. Marriage to her was a sacred thing, a matter for deliberate and prayerful thought. Truth to tell, she was not insensible to the attractions of John Barington. He was passably good-looking, in very comfortable circumstances, outwardly a religious man, regular in his chapel attendance, and none had anything to say against his private or public life. But—and it was a big but—everything was so different—the war. Her two brothers had gone to serve with the colours. And John Barington—why had he remained? She had heard the local gossip about him; everyone said it was a disgrace a well-set-up fellow like John Barington, with no one dependent upon him, should be still in Bulterton.

What was she to do? Many thoughts surged through her active brain. If she said yes, she was making for herself what the world would call a good match, for the Brashes were none too burdened with money. If she said no, she shut against her a rosy future. Remember, she really liked the young man, and you will realise the difficult position Jenny Brash was in.

Then the war loomed large in her mind. Why had he not heard the call? Was he a coward, or only selfish? How often had she during the later months wished she was a man, to do her little bit to save her native land from a hideous menace! All she could do was to serve in a woman's volunteer corps.

"Jenny"—the man was deadly in earnest now—"Jenny, please don't keep me in suspense. I love you, and will do my utmost to make you happy." And he held out his arms, but no approach was made by the girl confronting him.

"What you ask is impossible," came the firm reply, after a few seconds.

"Impossible!—why?" he gasped. John was amazed; he knew many a girl in Bulterton would be glad to have the offer just made to this girl.

"Because"—and she hesitated—"because I wish you to—to—enlist." That was all. To John the few words were of momentous import. In a flash he saw everything—the way some people had cut him, the reason for others' coldness. He—he—to enlist! The idea was absurd. There were plenty of recruits; they were rolling up at the rate of thousands a week—why should he trouble?

In vain he argued, put his case, but to no purpose. Jenny was adamant. If he joined the colours, she might consider things. She explained how serious the urgency was, and that she could never hold up her head if she married a man available for military service who had not placed himself at his country's disposal.

It was a sore and angry John Barington who left Jenny Brash.

The next day was memorable in John Barington's life—it was the turning-point in his scheme of things.

Several striking facts have to be chronicled, all of which relate to John Barington's call. First he was amazed to hear from Mr. Brash, whom he ran against by chance in the street, that Jenny had become attached to the Red Cross, and had actually volunteered for foreign service. That she had gained her certificates for first-aid he knew, but that she should give up a comfortable home for service abroad strangely roused him. He felt his blood coursing quicker. She was going to shame him.

Then his partner had a surprise for him.

"Oh, I say, Barington," he remarked, "can you help me? My nephew has just been invalided home from the front. His injuries are such that he can never be of service again; his arm is all right, but not strong enough for the work of soldiering now. I must get him a post. Can't we take him on?"

(Concluded on page 190.)

*8.—The Power of a Fellow Feeling.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

THE most wonderful touch in all the world is the touch of sympathy, and I have often wondered why we use this precious ointment so sparingly. It is within the reach of all, it is without money and without price, and it is as welcome in the king's palace as it is in the workman's cottage. Perhaps it is used sparingly because its real character is misunderstood. Sympathy is a finer feeling than pity because it feels *with*, rather than feels *for*. Pity, indeed, can only be shown by the very highest natures, for the simple reason that it is bound to suggest a higher level of attainment or privilege than the object of its ministry. Thus it is perfectly fitting that a father should pity his children, because they are weak and he is strong. Pity in the hands of an equal will very often provoke resentment. We are willing to be pitied by God, but it is a little hard to take it with a good grace from an ordinary man.

* * *

SYMPATHY is that rare gift of feeling together with another; and if our thinking were a little more balanced, we should swiftly perceive that such a ministry has a relation to our brother's joys as well as to his sorrows. In the popular mind sympathy is regarded as the genius of expressing grief or sorrow. Thus, when our comrade loses a friend we express our sympathy and say how sorry we are. And truly this is one very valuable aspect of the ministry in question. But if sympathy is to do her perfect work, there must also be included the art of saying, "I am glad"; for if we are to feel together with another, we must enter into his joys as well as his sorrows.

* * *

HUMAN nature being what it is, I think there is a tendency to overlook this gladsome side of sympathy. We lose our friends very often through petty jealousies and minor antagonisms, when we might have kept them by entering into their joys and successes a little more freely. We are ready to express our sympathy if a friend gets his salary reduced, and we do it with a heartiness which is obviously sincere; but I am afraid we show a curious reluctance to show the same warmth when the position is reversed and our comrade has secured a well-merited increase of income. Sympathy is just the power of a fellow-feeling; and if we are to practise this delicate art to any purpose, we must be on the look-out for the things in life which bring gladness to our friends.

* * *

DURING the last week or two I have thought, with some amount of uneasiness, of the strange experiences through which many of my readers must be passing. War has changed everything, and ourselves not least of all. It has challenged every opinion we held, and provoked a good deal of mental restlessness. Not only so; it has cast many a shadow across the home. There are many mothers at the present time who, like Rachel, refuse to be comforted. They have lost their all in the battle. Life holds little now but a dreary, desolating lane with never a turning. Brave souls, they do not want our pity, nor are we qualified to give it; they do not want our advice: but if I know anything of the human heart and its pathetic orphanage, they would welcome our sympathy. They would be glad to know that we cherished toward them the power of a fellow-feeling.

* * *

I HAVE thought, too, of the many men who are preparing for the titanic struggle. They would spurn our pity, and rightly; why should they be pitied? And, perhaps, they would resent our advice: but I am confident they would appreciate any expression of a true and genuine fellow-feeling. They have their joys and pleasures, and as the warm spring sunshine gladdens their pathway, they are not without hope even in this world.

* * *

NOW, it is a well-known fact that the human heart, when it is possessed either of joy or sorrow, desires to express itself. The psychology of a broken heart is very simple indeed; no heart ever breaks as long as grief is expressed to another. It is the man who suffers in silence and in solitude who finds his burden greater than he can bear. I want, therefore, to make a proposal. I shall count it a great and precious privilege if my readers will confide in me from this day forward; for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.

* * *

IT is my firm desire to establish a bond of confidence between the reader and myself. I should like to feel that when you are in trouble or perplexity, in success or good fortune, you would like to write to me and express your joy or your pain. It will help you, and it will enrich your friend who writes this page. I make this offer without distinction, to man, woman, or child. If, in the hour of difficulty, or the day of good fortune, you would allow me to exert the power of a fellow-feeling, and would give me the opportunity, I should be truly thankful. Why should we not make this page a kind of common meeting-place for all our readers? I will promise to acknowledge every letter, and, where it is possible, give such counsel as may be necessary.

* * *

THERE are two considerations in our favour. I do not know you, nor is it necessary that I should. When you write to me—fully and frankly—it is not even necessary for you to give a name, much less your address. You can use a *nom-de-plume*, or a single letter, and I shall covet no more. The second consideration is that you do not know me. You will not find my name registered at Somerset House, because, as you may guess, it is not my real name at all. You can picture me, if you like, with a crowd of books around me, a majestic black cat curled up at my feet, and a sense of peacefulness in the surroundings. If I were able to enter the lists of combatants in the great struggle, I should count it the highest joy in life. But this is denied me. It is because of this element of the unknown that we may be perfectly frank with each other.

* * *

IT must be a great privilege to give advice to anyone, and see the advice accepted and adopted; but I covet nothing so exalted. I desire, rather, to be a kind of elder brother to my readers, in order that I may share their joys, their perplexities, their uncertainties, and their griefs. I can only promise to use what little power of fellow-feeling is in me for their good.

* * *

I AM afraid I am not much of a preacher, and I do not desire to write sermons: but I will venture on one simple remark, the truth of which I have tested. There is One whose sympathy is perfect, and who enters into the smallest detail of our life with an exquisite understanding. I shall never forget standing alone by my father's open grave in a little country churchyard, with no fellowship save the birds in the branches overhead. And there, in the serene peacefulness of God's acre, I knew that at the heart of the Universe was One whose fellow-feeling made Him wondrous kind: and what I have doubted concerning Him since that time, I have never doubted His power to interpret the strange and tempestuous emotions of my own frail heart. I shall always be glad to hear from my readers on any subject, and their letters should be addressed to Julius Just, 13, Russell-square, W.C.




**W. H. CULLEN,**

**32-38, Earl Street, Finsbury, E.C.**

***Wholesale Grocer and Provision Merchant.***

Canteen Supplies of all kinds despatched at shortest notice to any part of the country.

***WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.***

**When Influenza "takes the offensive" reinforce with BOVRIL**

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

S.H.B.

**THE IDEAL COFFEE for CAMPS**

CALL

**BRANSON'S COFFEE**

One of the Camp Leaders writes: "Your Coffee is very popular."

*Sample and prices on application to*

**BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,**
**Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.**

**"What £10 a year will do."**

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

**NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE**

£10 paid yearly by a man age 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,

**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**

# NOBLE WORKERS IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY: THE LOVING MINISTRY OF THE RED CROSS UNDER FOUR FLAGS.





Amid the inevitable cruelties and sufferings of the battlefield the kindly ministry of the Red Cross workers shines out with a radiance which adds an up-to-date illustration of the old truth that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In another part of this issue we publish an article which describes the aims and objects of the British Red Cross Society, and also tells what it is doing during the present war. The pictures on this page represent Red Cross workers belonging to four of the Allied nations taking part in the terrible struggle. Above is seen the departure of a French Red Cross section for the front with their dogs, which are very clever in seeking out the wounded on the battlefield, while the other illustration shows a Russian Red Cross doctor distributing coppers to the group of destitute Austrian children in a town which the Russians have captured from the Austrians.





Japan has sent a contingent of nurses and doctors to all the countries of the Allies. The group to the left shows a Japanese party, with some of the French nurses at their headquarters in Paris. The second illustration is of a group of Red Cross nurses, with wounded soldiers from France and Belgium, at an English Red Cross hospital.

# BURBERRY WAR KIT

**Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.**



Service Dress

**The BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF**
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece or Fur. Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING. LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

**BRITISH WARM BURBERRY**
A splendidly protective garment, made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

**UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS**
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.



The Burberry

**BURBERRY WAR KIT** includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S. B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing only 3¾lbs.

**SHORT NOTICE SERVICE KIT**
Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.

*Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE.

**BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON**
**8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents**



CLARNICO LONDON.

## How dainty

are the neatly wrapped packets of

# CLARNICO CONFECTIONERY

And such a variety, too! Marzipan, Butterscotch, Caramels, Chocolate, Nougat, Lozenges, etc. All famous on account of their delicious flavour—a flavour so distinguishable in Clarnico goodies. Daintily wrapped to retain their characteristic freshness, they are just ideal for camp life. Try some to-day.

*Sold in Y.M.C.A. Tents, and by Confectioners, from 1d. upwards.*

**Made by**
**Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, Ltd., London.**



# OXO

## at the Front and in the Navy.

**The reviving, strength-giving power of OXO has received remarkable endorsement in the great war. It is invaluable for all who have to undergo exertion, either to promote fitness or to recuperate after fatigue.**

**OXO aids and increases nutrition; it stimulates and builds up strength to resist climatic changes; it is exactly suited to the needs of our men at the front, and in training, as well as for general use in the home.**



**CONTENTED CANADIANS.**
**A Sergeant in Princess Patricia's Canadian Regiment writes:—**

At last we are where we wanted to be and are contented with our little lot. Christmas Dinner consisted of bully beef and biscuits and whatever we could forage. My friend, Sergeant ——, and myself did not do so badly, as we had 1 carrot, ½ turnip, 2 leeks, 1 onion, **OXO**, and 12 oz. of bully beef, with three hard biscuits, all mixed up and boiled in a bully beef tin. It sure made a tasty dinner.

*Reprinted from the "Daily Mail," Jan. 7th 1915.*

**The following letters have been received by the Editor of "Popular Science Siftings," 123, Fleet St., London, E.C., through whose fund many soldiers and sailors are being provided with gifts of OXO.**



**From H.M.S. "Tiger."**

"I should like to express to you the very grateful thanks of my ship's company for your most acceptable gift of **OXO**, which you have so kindly sent for their use.

Your present, I can assure you, will be much appreciated."

**From H.M.S. "Viking."**

"The ship's company of H.M.S. 'Viking' are most grateful for the gift of **OXO**. I need hardly say that **OXO** is a most suitable gift for the crew of a torpedo boat destroyer in winter."

**From H.M.S. "Erin."**

"Thank your readers for their kindness and generosity in forwarding us **OXO**. I am at a loss to express the appreciation of all hands.

**OXO** makes a delightful and sustaining beverage, which is very acceptable during the long night watches."

OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

WE are unfeignedly thankful to hear that the Government intend to take their courage in both hands and put further restrictions on the sale of intoxicants. The country will support them in any steps they are likely to take. The greatest evidence of the coming of a better day for Russia is not the promised political emancipations, but the prohibition of vodka. France will shake herself free from the lure of absinthe, and thereby destroy a more subtle foe than Germany. The British Government, acting for the nation, is to grapple with and chain down the greatest enemy of the masses of her people. If the Government are strong enough to do the heroic deed, it is possible to improve the moral stamina of the British Army within a few weeks by leaps and bounds. Britons are bonnie fighters when there is fighting to be done, anyhow, and they are now, on the testimony of their officers, who have nothing to gain by exaggeration, the finest fighting force in the world. The present campaign calls for endurance over long periods; it strains the nerve of men in a way that no glorious hour of raging battle ever did; it makes such demands on the moral reserves as have never been made on men before. It takes a different kind of courage to be under fire for three or four days in the trenches from that required for a sudden charge upon the foe that will terminate either in glorious achievement or death within an hour. The unanimous testimony is that temperance is a condition of fitness for the work in hand. This is a tremendous gain. We shall never again hear the old legends about the value of beer or spirits to men about to fight. The old long-lived lies are dead. In time of stress the country cannot afford the "Dutch courage" which alcohol gives. It must have the real thing, the courage that can endure to the end.

***

AND what is true of the battlefield is true of the industrial world. St. Monday must be abolished. Our Navy and Army must have ammunition and guns, and the ranks of our industrial army must not be broken every week by men who are lured to their undoing by the fascinations of drink. We have had experience of the great industrial districts of England, and it is an undoubted fact that, at a time of need like the present the industrial output would be increased by 20 per cent. if the week-end were spent in sober pastime—to say nothing of the claims of Sunday. We are a nation of sportsmen, and we believe fairplay to be a jewel. The working-men of England owe it to their brothers in the fighting-line to put in a full week's productive work every week. All right-thinking people will support the Government in imposing such restrictions as will help to secure this result.

***

IT has always been evident that the Associations of the United States attach a far higher importance to, and give wider scope for, physical training than do the Associations in our own land. They have an Athletic Research Society, which is constantly at work discovering the effect on the mind and will, the manners and morals of young men of physical exercises and games. In a recent issue of their admirable monthly, *Physical Training*, there are given the results of the meeting of the society, and thoroughness and an alert intelligence and wide view of young manhood's requirements are everywhere apparent.

***

A MATTER upon which much attention has been lavished is to decide whether recreation does for the body all that is required, or, at least, most that is needed, so rendering more scientific methods of drill and calisthenics unnecessary. The question was submitted to all the chief gymnasia of North America, and the replies are most valuable. The form of the submitted questions was this:- Is there a tendency to emphasise recreation to the detriment of more complete scientific physical training? Is it not possible to make calisthenic drills pleasurable and entertaining? Is it possible to secure good posture through games alone? Most of the answers sent in by experts, such as Dr. McKenzie, Dr. McCurdy, Dr. Arnold, and others, run like this: "We have emphasised recreation to the detriment of exercise, which requires discipline, and is designed to be progressive in character."

***

THE general summary of the answers returned shows to what a large extent physical training by means of recreative sports and scientific drill is regarded across the water by our American Association men as essential elements in character formation and moral training. One item which would be smiled at by our youths in England recurs constantly, viz., the effect of sport and drill upon the posture and carriage, and, further, the influence of posture and carriage—the way a man holds himself—on his self-respect and moral courage and bearing. A slouching gait relaxes the mind's firmness and grip, and round shoulders and contracted chest produce a feeling of weakness and dependence upon others. In a section headed "An Honour Code for All Competitive Athletics," there is much sound sense. "Athletics," it says, "have large educational and character-training values." It then goes on to speak of the amateur's motives in participating in games, his attitude towards his team mates, to the officials, and the spectators, which "should develop the qualities of a gentleman rather than those of a 'sport.' Every effort should be made to insure that conduct unbecoming to a gentleman should never be indulged in on the field."

**In next week's issue we shall publish a fascinating article by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the eminent author, on his experiences as a recruiting officer.**

HERE are some of the maxims offered. "An amateur athlete will never intentionally make misrepresentations regarding his eligibility." "Athletic subscriptions will be considered as mutual agreements between combatants, providing a basis of honourable competition between gentlemen." "Every honest effort will be made to win a contest, but a dishonourable victory will not be accepted." "An amateur will always be honourable to his team mates." "Opponents will be treated as friends and honoured guests even when they do not reciprocate. No unfair advantage will ever be taken of them." "Officials will be considered impartial and competent arbiters. Decisions will be accepted without dispute." And, lastly, "Contestants will not attempt to play to the grandstand for publicity and applause." The central motive, it is everywhere pointed out and underlined, is "the enjoyment of the game and not the winning of the match or the gaining of the prize."

***

SOME further admirable rules and suggestions concerning "Opponents," "Officials," and "Spectators" are worthy of serious attention by the sportsmen and athletes of our own country, and we heartily commend the following:—

*Opponents.*

Is there any good reason why gentlemen should cease to be gentlemen simply because they meet on the athletic field rather than on the street, in the club, or at home?

Athletic contests are often essentially combative, but they are not of necessity "fights." They are honourable struggles for supremacy in a play game. The contest is one of skill and endurance. Strategy will often be employed, but underhand trickery, or deceit, or brutality, never.

Nothing will add so much to the genuine pleasure of all concerned as to have contestants do unto others as they would be done by, and to do it first, and especially to commend in no uncertain manner evidences of clean sport and skilful performance on the part of others.

Therefore we recommend that it be considered unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and dishonourable for a true amateur:—

1. To treat opponents other than as friends and honoured guests, even when they do not reciprocate.

2. To take unfair advantage of them under any circumstances.

3. To fail to suitably acknowledge good play.

*Officials.*

Officials are used in order that there shall be absolutely "fair play" between opponents, but no one who has had experience will question the statement that it is an exceedingly difficult matter for an official of an athletic contest to serve to the mutual satisfaction of all the interested parties. Every decision helps or hinders one side or the other.

Presumably only competent and honourable gentlemen are selected to serve as such responsible officials. The very best men, however, make mistakes.

It is only as competent officials are treated as honest in intention and capable in service that we can expect to find qualified gentlemen willing to continue to serve in these capacities.

Therefore we recommend that it be considered unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and dishonourable for a true amateur athlete to:—

1. Dispute any official's decision even when it is apparently unfair.

2. Take advantage of lax rule enforcement.

3. Personally abuse or show ill feeling of any kind in public even when an official proves incompetent or dishonest.

WE are in wholehearted agreement with those people who in pulpit and Press have objected to the attacks that are made upon the Churches, often on the flimsiest pretence. Association workers know, as well as others, how easy it is to attack an institution. There is no law of libel for Churches or public bodies. That fact alone discounts 90 per cent. of anti-church (or other) campaigns of the kind. Then the great majority of critics prefer shameful anonymity to honest identification. Most of the present-day "antis" would be never heard from again if the religious and secular Press put a ban on anonymous contributors in their correspondence columns. The present is a favourable moment for such action. "Anonymity" is the coward's castle, from which people who have nothing to lose, either in estate or character, are permitted to scoff at and scourge societies and workers who, through good and ill report, are endeavouring to serve their day and generation. Whether the signature be "One of the Lord's Stewards" or "*Pro Bono Publico,*" the common man's contempt is the same.

### WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

What can a little chap do
For his country and for you?
What can a little chap do?

He can play a straight game all through:
That's one good thing he can do.

He can fight like a Knight
For the Truth and the Right:
That's another good thing he can do.

He can shun all that's mean,
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within:
That's a very fine thing he can do.

His soul he can brace
Against everything base,
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face:
That's an excellent thing he can do.

He can look to the Light,
He can keep his thought white,
He can fight the great fight,
He can do with his might
What is good in God's sight:
Those are truly great things he can do.

Though his years be but few,
If he keep himself true
He can march in the queue
Of the Good and the Great,
Who battled with fate
And won through:
That's a wonderful thing he can do.

And in each little thing
He can follow the King,
Yes—in each smallest thing
He can follow the King—
He can follow The Christ, The King.

JOHN OXENHAM.

(Reprinted by permission from Princess Mary's Gift Book.)

Copies of these verses can be obtained from Mr. Oxenham, at Woodfield House, Ealing. They are also printed in red and blue on khaki cards suitable for distribution among children.

Bishop Burnet was once visiting a poor woman whose poverty was obvious in her clothing and lack of furniture in her one room. "What have you?" asked the bishop. The woman pointed to a crust of bread on the table, and said, "This, and Christ Jesus." She had mastered the secret of contentment—a secret which so many of us, with all the comforts of life around us, have never understood. "Be content with such things as ye have."

## WAR IN ITS NAKEDNESS.

**A Soldier's Vivid Impressions of the Battlefield's Trials and Dangers.**

A READER of *Y.M.*, who has been in correspondence with a friend at the front, kindly sends us the following extracts from letters received. The writer of the letters is a driver in the Royal Field Artillery, and his comments on "things as they are" in the fighting line will be read with sympathetic interest.

I have had enough of this war, as I have been in the thick of it, and I have got a lot to tell you when I come home. I have seen some awful sights out here of killed and wounded on the battlefield, as I have had both my horses killed in one battle, poor things, and it is just like waiting for death when the German shells are coming, as I have seen so many killed and wounded, but I am very lucky up to now. I trust in the Lord to get me through it all, as I often think of you and what you used to say about the Lord, hoping you won't forget me in your prayers. . . . I have not enjoyed myself this Christmas, as we have been fighting all the Christmas, as our guns have been in action all the time. The weather is terrible out here, as it is raining and snowing all the time. . . .

***

Just a few lines to you in answer to your kind letter, which I have just received, and the socks, which you have been so kind to send me. I thank you very much for them, and the nice chocolates. I gave some of them to my soldier friends, and they said they were very nice. That was just what I wanted, a nice pair of socks, as it is up to our knees in mud and water, as we are getting some very wet weather, and, as you say, we are getting it very rough, and a lot of men have got very bad colds; some can hardly speak. . . . I have just heard a rumour that we are getting relieved . . . and may be coming to England, which I hope is right, for we have been in very nearly all the big battles out here, and we are still firing away at the Germans. I am very pleased that you pray for me, as under fire out here you don't know from day to day when it is your last, as I have talked to men one day and the next day they have been killed. Nearly all the cross-roads out here have a wooden cross with our Lord nailed to it, and in all the houses you can see the Lord on the Cross. I stopped at a farmhouse one night, as I had a boil on my neck and back, and the people thought I was wounded. After they had had their supper at night, all of them, about seven, knelt down and prayed for about half-an-hour, and the guns of the Germans were shaking the house, and I thought it was coming down, but the poor people seem to have no fear. One night one of our men picked up a little girl about nine years old that was hit by a shell, and he put his coat round her. Before she died she took the cross from her neck and put it round his neck as best she could. We all had to shed a tear, and the sights I have seen would break your heart, as it touches the bravest of men.

***

I have just received your parcel, and I thank you very much for the nice things you have sent me, as I enjoyed the cake and pudding very much. I gave my comrades a bit of cake each, and they said it was very nice, as it is a treat to get a nice piece of cake like that. . . . I must tell you that we are getting some very rough weather, but I don't mind as long as God spares me to come home safe and sound. Our guns are still in action, as we are still fighting the Germans, and I shall be glad when this is all over, as this terrible war is getting on our nerves, fighting day and night. As I am writing this letter our guns are sounding like thunder, but we are used to it now. You ought to see our poor soldiers coming out of their trenches covered with mud and water. The men say that they are up to their knees in water, and they look properly done up. . . . I heard you have taken some soldiers in at your place that were coming out here. Well, you would do anything if you saw the poor fellows out here, as we have suifered a lot of hardships out here, and I would give anything for a night in a nice bed. I think I will have a week in bed when I come home, as it is awful where we sleep in a barn on a bit of straw, and the rats are running about all night. I had one fall on me the other night. He was after a bit of bread, so you see what we have got to put up with. It is the roughest time I have ever had, but as long as God gives me good health I don't mind. Last week the Germans shelled a hospital here, and killed and wounded thirty-five men. It was awful to see them being carried away. . . .

### A BOY'S CONFIDENCE.

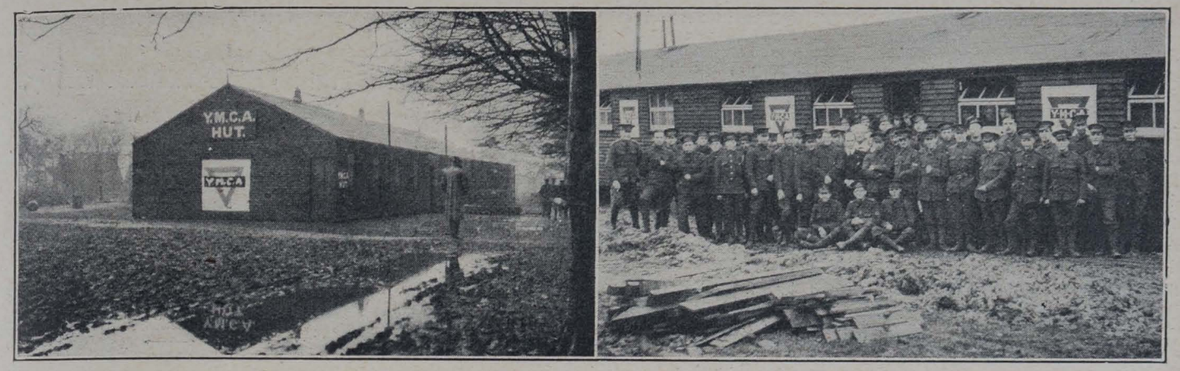
**A Touching Story of an Imprisoned Soldier and his Boy's Faith.**

From an article in the *Scotsman*, describing the North-East of Scotland in war time, we take the following:—A fine young shepherd from the hills of Banffshire recruited in August, and was at the front by November. He was one of the first prisoners from this quarter to be interned in Germany. Seven long weeks passed slowly. The daily post was looked for in vain. Even the postman's face came to have a careworn look as he passed the sheiling. The eldest boy was daily on the outlook, and went down a bit of the way to meet him so as to hurry home a little sooner when good news came. The father had been simply reported "missing." A terrible word to many a wife. The little fellow did his best to cheer the drooping mother. "There's nae letter, but daddie's nae deid, mither!" was his daily assurance. At last the repetition became painful, and she asked him to cease. But he persisted with his boyish kindness. "He's nae deid. I dream aboot 'im ilka nicht, an' he aye speaks tae me. He's nae deid."

The boy's assurance (the narrative continues) helped the tender mother. Another baby came, and she threatened to "dwine" away. At the baptismal service the sympathetic minister cheered her much by his [illegible]rs, and added his opinion to little Johnnie's that the husband would be alive. But the suspense was ill to bear, and the back was barely fit for the burden. Next forenoon the long-looked-for German postcard came. "All well here; dinna' fret." Short! pithy! but it was healing and tonic. The postcard is now kept in the Bible beside the psalm called "oor Psalm," the Twenty-third. The wife's recovery was assured. A new flush of health came into her frame. Little Johnnie's certitude is often quoted, "I kent daddie wasna' deid."

It was said of Gregory, who became Bishop of Cæsarea that when he went to his diocese, he found only seventeen Christians, and when he died there were only seventeen heathen. When John Geddie, the missionary who wrought so long and so faithfully in the New Hebrides, died, it fell to Dr. Robert Steel, of Sydney, to prepare his epitaph, and recalling what had been written of Gregory, Dr. Steel wrote concerning John Geddie, that when he went to the field of his missionary labours, "there were no Christians, and when he departed there were no heathen."






During the wet and stormy weather many of the Y.M.C.A. huts throughout the country were surrounded by seas of liquid mud. The first of the above illustrations gives some idea of the conditions prevailing at Caterham; the structure shown in the second picture was lent to the Y.M.C.A., until its own hut was ready, by the military authorities at Crowborough.

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

## *Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

At Richmond (Yorks) a "Bachelors'" Tea is held every Sunday. Ninety-two sat down last week. Good fellowship was felt, and many new friends made. The B.W.T.A. and the Y.M.C.A. are working together in social work among the troops. Every two weeks a social is given to 150 men; the refreshments are provided by the B.W.T.A., and the programme is in the hands of the Y.M.C.A.

***

Commander Wolfe Murray, R.N., has been taking an active share in the spiritual work of the Y.M.C.A. at the far north camp of Nigg, Ross-shire, and has been engaged in following up the work of Mr. Davis, of the Pocket Testament League, who had a most successful time at this camp. Further "follow-up" work is now being done by Mr. J. J. Smith, evangelist, and the many who joined the League and declared themselves for Christ are being gathered together in a bi-weekly fellowship meeting. The men themselves have shown great interest in this development, and have been contributing to the discussion at these meetings. Mr. Donald Grant, M.A., who has been in charge of the work at one of the centres at Nigg, retires shortly to become travelling secretary of the Students' Christian Movement in Scotland.

***

Sir William Bilsland, Bart., LL.D., presided at the annual meeting and conversazione of the Southern Section of Glasgow United Young Men's Christian Association, held on February 19. Mr. Andrew Donald, M.A., B.Sc., chairman of the Southern Section, submitted the annual report, which showed a membership of 1849. One-fifth of the senior membership is at present serving with the colours, the total enlistment of members of the Glasgow Association being 1,133. A feature of the work in the Southern Section is the gymnastic section, which has recently been brought up to date. The institute is also used as a social centre for the troops billeted in the neighbourhood. Addresses of much value and great interest were delivered by Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P., joint convener, Camp and Fleet Department, Scottish National Council, and Prof. H. M. B. Reid, D.D., Glasgow University.

***

Mr. George T. B. Davis, of the Pocket Testament League, has just completed a tour of the Scottish centres, and reports that during the past month 7,806 soldiers have joined the League, 4,288 of these having declared their acceptance of Christ. The work of Mr. Davis and his colleagues has been most valuable in stimulating the spiritual work at the various institutes. In many cases an entirely new spiritual atmosphere has been created. Many of the soldiers have been deeply impressed, and inquiries regarding spiritual things have been frequent.

At the White City the famous Handel Society gave an oratorio performance with fine effect the other night. Mr. Alec Green and his helpers "keep the ball rolling" with various concerts and entertainments, and there is also a much-appreciated "cosy corner" for quiet conversation and useful work.

***

Guildford was almost overwhelmed last Sunday by the arrival of thousands of troops, who needed to be billeted for a night or two. The men had marched about fifteen miles, but that did not affect their energy apparently, for they were promenading the picturesque old town directly after their arrival. Various schools and public buildings were requisitioned for sleeping accommodation, in addition to houses. The Y.M.C.A. rooms in North-street, which have been greatly appreciated since the beginning of the war, were quickly discovered by the new arrivals, and throngs of soldiers kept the helpers busy supplying refreshments. Then came the ever-welcome hymns, the men selecting favourites with evident delight. An address on duty, reality, and prayer was heard with close attention during the evening.

***

Sometimes it is asked whether poster appeals do really lead men to enlist. On Monday an incident came to light proving that posters are useful. A man wrote to say he had enlisted, "for I could not stand those posters any more," he said, "especially that one about 'If the cap fits, wear it.'"

***

No one will ever be able to compute the amount of sacrifice which this war has entailed. One is constantly coming across splendid instances of young men surrendering splendid situations to serve their Fatherland. Out of ten soldiers who were chums in a company eight had given up posts worth £1,000 a year.

***

A certain wounded soldier in a London hospital caused the doctors some puzzlement by an apparent rash on his skin. But he explained it by telling them that a shell burst near him and shattered a brick wall. Tiny fragments of the bricks settled in his skin. He was quite proud of the peculiarity, and every now and then would "shed" a few atoms of brick!

***

A soldier who came at his own expense from Australia, giving up a fine post, said that one of his chief recollections of London in his earlier life in England was hearing Charles Haddon Spurgeon. "I shall never forget Mr. Spurgeon preaching in the Tabernacle, and I can remember a lot of his sermon to this day," said the soldier.

From one of the Y.M.C.A. huts came a letter recently from a man who had led a thoroughly bad life, but was now turning over a new leaf. He added that, in his new effort, he felt encouraged by the respect which people were giving to the new Army. Many a man has been helped by the thought that folks respect him. It is when he feels "no one cares" that he continues to do wrong.

***

The Bridlington Y.M.C.A. held a two-days' bazaar on February 17 and 18. The bazaar was opened by Sir Matthew Dodsworth, Bart., and realised £152, thus wiping out a long standing debt of the Association.

***

East Belfast Y.M.C.A. troop of Boy Scouts (17th Belfast) has been doing heroic work since the outbreak of the war in connection with the National Relief Funds and Soldiers' and Sailors' Association. Mr. Jas. H. Norritt, the Scoutmaster, is to be commended for the efficiency of this troop, which is one of the largest in Ireland.

***

Mr. A. W. Joyce, a director in the Dundee Y.M.C.A., where he is doing valuable work among the troops, has secured many bits of Scotch pebbles, of varied colours and hues, which he freely distributes to the soldier lads, who are glad to take with them, when they go on service, a bit of the dear old country. Some, indeed, have had their "bit" cut and polished and fashioned into small ornaments.

***

Cheltenham Association held its annual meeting last week. The report says:—"One of the outstanding features of the twelve months that has just closed is undoubtedly the unexpected change from a condition of harassing indebtedness to one of complete solvency—a deficit being converted into a small surplus—and the mortgage on the property cleared off. For this happy state of affairs we are glad to have the opportunity of acknowledging our indebtedness, in the first place, to the advice of Mr. W. A. Boyd, and the assistance of Mr. S. K. Morley, of the National Council, and in the second place to the great generosity many local friends of the Association, who helped us most liberally. . . . On the advent of the Army to this town we extended our premises at once, in order to give fuller accommodation to the soldiers. . . . Seventy-eight out of our total membership of 140 joined the Army."

***

London's great building in Tottenham Court-road is alive with khaki. The programme put up there deserves the response the men have made. On Sunday last nearly 200 soldiers attended the "Strangers' Tea."

Thursday, February 25, was a notable day in the annals of the Bath Y.M.C.A., for both the head of the Diocese and the head of the city were active in supporting its claims upon the public. The Bishop of Bath and Wells and Mr. J. J. Virgo delivered inspiring addresses at a drawing-room meeting in the afternoon, and at night the Mayor of Bath and Mr. Virgo spoke at the fifty-fifth annual public meeting.

The Mayor, who mentioned that he had been a member of the Bath Association for over thirty years, said it was because the Y.M.C.A. put the word spiritual in the forefront of its programme that he looked upon it as one of the most hope-inspiring organisations that exist in the world to-day. Mr. W. H. Foster, general secretary, spoke of the good use the soldiers quartered in Bath are making of the Association, and mentioned that seventy-three of the local members are serving with the colours.

Previous to the evening meeting the Mayor and Mayoress gave a reception, which was largely attended.

* * *

The committee of the Henley-on-Thames Association have fitted up the Association Hall for the use of the troops billeted in the town. In addition to facilities for reading and writing, various games, including bagatelle and ping-pong, are provided, while the pianola and gramophone add considerably to the enjoyment of the crowds of men who use the room each evening. At a quarter to nine there is an interval of half an hour for family prayers and hymn singing, some four or five of the men's favourite hymns being sung.

The other evening a most enjoyable concert arranged by Mr. F. G. Potter took place. Colonel Noble, president of the Association, presided over a crowded and appreciative audience, and he was supported by nearly all the officers of the two Field Companies of Royal Engineers then in the town. Through the kindness of Mr. Phil Sutton, chairman of committee, refreshments were handed round, and after prayers nineteen of the men joined the Pocket Testament League.

* * *

There are 5,000 men of Kitchener's Army billeted in the seaside town of Clevedon, and we have five centres of work in full swing amongst them. The leader, Mr. R. W. Ewings, has been greatly encouraged in his labours. Three hundred and twenty-nine have joined the Pocket Testament League, of whom 280 have professed to accept Christ.

Lantern lectures on "Pilgrim's Progress" are given on Sunday evenings, large numbers of men attending, and "signs following."

The officers are arranging a public concert in the Town Hall in aid of the funds of the local Y.M.C.A.

* * *

The building in Wells, Somerset, is being much appreciated by the men of the A.S.C., nearly 1,000 being billeted in this ancient city. The singsongs in the gymnasium are well patronised, and evangelistic services have been held by Mr. W. A. Boyd, district organising secretary. The Y.M.C.A. is the only public building in which the men can have warm baths, and they are being used to the utmost, twenty to thirty being taken nightly.

* * *

The General commanding the Southern Division, visiting the hut at Sutton Veny, said:—"I've been to many Y.M.C.A. buildings. They are always the best buildings and the first on the spot. Capital places! They admit everybody, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Baptists, Churchmen." "And Roman Catholics," said the leader, whom the General was addressing.

* * *

It was stated by the Rev. A. G. Begbie at the annual meeting of the Bath Y.M.C.A. that he had a son in the Navy who had the pleasure of first directing the guns on the *Scharnhorst*, and afterwards being asked to sketch the battle. His other son had travelled 12,000 miles from Honolulu at his own expense, and had been accepted for King Edward's Horse.

Between September last and February the following records were completed at East Boldon, Northumberland:—2,497 temperance pledges; 132 personal purity pledges.

* * *

With the opening of the new era in China, young Chinese went abroad to study in thousands. Eight or nine years ago it began to be recognised by the leaders of the Christian missions in China that the strategic centres for their work lay outside the Chinese Empire, and they threw themselves into vigorous co-operation with the Y.M.C.A. in the universities of Japan, where there were some 18,000 Chinese students. Already the effects are beginning to be felt in China. The Tutuh of Yunnan was approached with regard to a Y.M.C.A. in his province, and he at once promised his help, "because, during his student days in Japan, he had come under the influence of the Chinese Y.M.C.A. at Tokyo."

## THE JEWS AND THE Y.M.C.A.

THE Jewish Press last week contained the following paragraphs, which will be perused by our readers with interest:—

### The Old Turkey and the New.

Can you distinguish between the attitude towards the Jews of the old régime and that of the new?

"I can say this. During the first three years after the revolution of July, 1908, the influence of the Jews, acquired at the revolution, was very beneficial, and they gave an impetus to a variety of improvements, such as better education in primary schools. Then an utterly unfair cry was raised that the Young Turks consisted of Atheists, Jews, and Freemasons. There is a familiar ring about this cliché which suggests its Catholic origin. There was no truth in it except that the Young Turks did not object to associate with Jews, and their ranks included one or two leaders such as the two Carassos, both of whom are extremely intelligent and have clean records, and Taranto Bey, who enjoys the respect of Turks and Christians alike. In spite of this campaign, I cannot say that there is any general feeling against the Jews in Constantinople, especially as the best men among them are so liberal. A striking illustration of that was afforded by the fact that the last annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A., which does valuable educational work in Constantinople, was presided over by Mr. Morgenthau, the American Ambassador, who explained that though he could not satisfy the definition contained in the title of the Association, he had very great sympathy with its work. This attitude may be contrasted with that of the Turks, who wanted the Association to abandon the 'C.'"

A London Rabbi writes to *Jewish World*:—To the Editor.—From the Rev. S. Lipson, 36, Hallam-street, Portland-place, W.

Sir,—The encomium paid by the Rev. M. Adler to the work of the Y.M.C.A. has elicited appreciative response in the form of generous contributions sent to me for the funds of that wonderful organisation.

I am under the impression that other contributors may desire to show their gratification at the fraternal feelings which the Association has demonstrated towards the brave sons of the Empire who belong to the Jewish Faith. I shall deem it a high privilege to receive such contributions, and shall be happy to remit them to the Rev. M. Adler, for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A., as a cordial expression of appreciation of the Association's labours and goodwill.

### Broad Minded.

Rabbi Joseph will address the Y.M.C.A. of Reading (Philadelphia), this Sunday afternoon, on "Lincoln, the Man."—*Jewish Exponent.*

Surely there is in these announcements a striking testimony on the part of Jews—Jewish ministers, too, be it noted—to work in the friendliest of association with a non-Jewish quasi-religious body. It is the bodies which endeavour to give a conversionist turn to their activity that drive the wedge between the Jew and Christian. They are the real religious separatists, though in their folly they imagine that they are promoting union.


# Y. M.

**The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.**

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*




# IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

*The Work of the Y.M.C.A. with our Troops in Egypt Specially Described by Mr. Andrew Stewart, the Rev. K. J. MacIver, M.A., and Mr. Wm. M. Oatts.*

OUT in the sandy desert across the Nile from Cairo a canvas city has sprung up. Stretching from the base of the Pyramid in a rough triangle, the camp follows the bed of the valley. Roads have been made, and here and there shops have been built, with an occasional huge shed for use as a cinematograph theatre.

In several centres of the camp the Y.M.C.A. huts are seen. As a rule, there are two large flat-roofed buildings, with matting stretched over wooden uprights. There is always a writing hut, where men have pens, paper, &c., provided gratis, and before the weekly mail goes out the scene is a busy one. Every available seat is occupied, the demand for paper and envelopes is continuous, and there is a roaring sale for stamps. In a single evening at one of the huts there may be two or three thousand letters stamped. When one thinks of what all this correspondence means, of the home touch in it, the pleasure to friends far away, the replies that bring home influences to the lad who may be sorely in need of such, the value of the quiet work becomes apparent. If the men had to hunt in the distant city for writing materials and were forced to write in the discomfort of a cramped tent without a table, it is certain that only a fraction of the letters would be written. If the Y.M.C.A. secretaries did nothing else than assist in this way, their presence would be amply justified.

They do a great more than that, however. There is no need for refreshment tents in the camp, as the military authorities have provided these, but the men have papers, books, and other literature in the huts, parcels are posted for them, advice on every conceivable subject is asked and, when possible, given. "I do not know what we would do without the Y.M.C.A. tent," is a common remark from the young soldiers. The second hut is seated with forms, and contains a platform and a piano. Every night there is some form of entertainment or gathering here. To-night there is no fixture for the hut. The secretary finds out that it is possible to have a speaker from the Old Country who can tell something of the feeling at home and of the progress of the war; a hurried notice is printed and placed in several of the mess houses at five o'clock, and in an hour the men begin to gather. By seven o'clock the hut is packed, and when the speaker enters about five minutes later there is scarcely room to allow him to reach the platform. A sea of brown, healthy faces greets him, an audience that might stir the blood of the most phlegmatic. The lines from Myers' "St. Paul" come to one's mind:—

Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers through me like a trumpet call,
Oh! to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all.

The talk is on the homeland and the effect of the war; on France and the cost to her. The men listen with intense interest and intelligent grasp of every point. When the speaker stops after fifty minutes' talk, the cry is "Go on; give us another half-hour." The speaker is exhausted, and can only promise to return, so the men let off steam by shouting three cheers and singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." Then all rise to sing the National Anthem, but as the chord is struck a small party of exuberant Scots, linking hands in the approved fashion, strike up "Auld Lang Syne." The others join in with great vigour. Then there are three cheers again for Scotland, and at last the crowd, standing at attention, finish up with "God Save the King." It is a great audience that files gradually out of the hut—close on a thousand splendid young soldiers. As the visitor passes back through the long lines of tents lying soft and still in the lovely moonlight, under the shadow of the two mighty old stone mountains, he says over and over with real earnestness, "Thank God for the Y.M.C.A." ANDREW STEWART.

### A Scottish Minister's Impressions.

The Rev. K. J. MacIver, M.A., of Kilcreggan, one of the staff of workers representing the Scottish National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s in Egypt, in writing to the Council's general secretary, reports:—

To-day, January 27, we go out to the New Zealand Camp at Zeitoun. A new camp has been prepared just beyond the present one, and in the new camp we are building a large mat hut. When that is completed Bell (Glasgow) will move in there, and I shall be in charge of the work in the Zeitoun Camp.

I can't give you figures, of course, but you can take it that we will each be working among some thousands of troops.


# Pocket Testament League

HEADQUARTERS: 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C. President: Rev. J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A.

# 100,000 LEAGUE TESTAMENTS

## ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

## TO HELP IN EVANGELISING THE ARMY AND NAVY WITH THE WORD OF GOD.

**THE WORKERS,** to the number of several hundreds, are making insistent demands for copies at the various Centres. They say

**THE MEN** are "clamouring" for copies, and "simply swarm" for them.

**THE BOOKS** are specially designed for "personal work," and contain distinctive features not found elsewhere.

**THE REPORTS** are encouraging and uplifting. A worker writes (Feb. 15th):—"I should like to tell you how grateful I am for the wonderful agency that the Pocket Testament League places in our hands. It has been the greatest help to us here, and gives us such grand opportunities for coming into personal touch with the men."

**THE SCOTTISH CAMPAIGN** is still in progress, with many signs of Divine blessing. Mr. G. T. B. Davis has already covered more than 1,000 miles in visiting Scottish Camps, nearly **8,000** men have joined the League.

**Every Donor of 10/- will receive a Special P.T.L. Testament as supplied to the Forces.**

*Send for free copies of the "Prayer Circle" Card and help us to PRAY THROUGH to victory for the salvation of our Soldiers and Sailors.*

GIFTS may be sent to
Miss E. WAKEFIELD MACGILL, Hon. Sec. Pocket Testament League, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C., or to the Office of "Y.M."

The work is to some extent on the usual lines. The authorities here have recognised its value, and it is at the direct personal invitation of the officer commanding the New Zealand troops that we are building this new hut. We are limited in our refreshment work owing to the terms of the contractors to the troops, and also owing to the fact that none of us can be spared to personally supervise. Still, we have a refreshment tent in full swing, with tea, coffee, cocoa, aerated waters, &c. The tents are greatly in demand for letter-writing and for reading. We can take any number of illustrated papers and magazines. The men are eager for home news. We get very little war news here—much less than you do at home.

We have a lecture at least one evening in the week. Last night we were crowded out at a lecture on "Asiatic Turkey." We have concerts which, I believe, are of the very best. There is no end of talent—one man is a Covent Garden singer.

On Sunday the parade service in the morning is held outside of one of our tents. Bell spoke at one last Sunday, and I spoke at the other.

The most interesting, and perhaps the most valuable, work is the personal contact with the men and the opportunities of conversation which present themselves continually. Of the urgency and necessity of this work there can be no doubt. The temptations in Cairo are appalling. In fact, one could not believe the state of affairs unless one saw them for oneself. These men, many of them from the country, have simply been swept off their feet. One's heart is sore for them. Anything that will keep the men out of Cairo is doing service of the greatest kind. Above all, we need to give them such a thought of life as will deliver them from the evil that so easily ensnares them.

### On the Way to Egypt.

I was invited by the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association to spend three months in Egypt, to help to make the life of our troops more comfortable during their stay in the land of the Pharaohs.

Accompanied by my wife, we left London on January 22 in a blinding snowstorm. From Paris to Marseilles snow fell heavily during the whole night.

France seemed to be filled with soldiers, and the Red Cross flag was flying from many schools, convents, and public buildings. Excepting for these outward signs, one would not know that a great war was in progress. The voyage from Marseilles to Port Said was uneventful, hardly any ships were passed, and the sea was as choppy and uncomfortable as it was possible to be.

Port Said was reached on January 29, and great interest was manifested to get the latest news. While the wireless gave a daily bulletin, nothing striking was recorded.

The story of the fight on the North Sea on Sunday, January 24, was hailed with great delight. The journey from Port Said to Cairo was full of excitement.

For the first hour and a-half the train runs alongside of the Suez Canal, and troops were seen everywhere guarding the Canal. Trenches are digged deep and strong on both sides of the Canal. The famous Camel Corps occupied the east side of the Canal, and men of all services and countries were ready to receive the Turks. All kinds of sensational rumours are being circulated in Cairo regarding the advance of the enemy, such as conflict with outposts, capture of prisoners, bringing down of airmen, &c. No doubt friends at home know more about these things than those of us living in Egypt.

Cairo is as gay as ever, and while there may not be as many tourists as in other years, there are crowds of men in khaki filling the hotels and promenading the main thoroughfares. The famous sites of Cairo are utilised for our troops. The great deserts, east and west, are covered with miles and miles of white tents. Under the shadow of the Great Pyramid and beneath the eye of the famous Sphinx our troops sleep and eat and drill.

At Heliopolis, where Joseph lived and where Moses received his early education, the bugle sounded every morning at half-past five. The men are all eager to get into the fighting line; they are as fine an army of physically fit men as one would desire to see. Drill goes on from about 6 a.m. to 5 p.m., with intervals for breakfast and dinner. It is amusing to see the men's love for a football! Even in the hottest days they are kicking the leather across the sand. Last Saturday one of the Y.M.C.A. tents organised sports for the men. There were the usual 100 yards sprint, hurdle races, &c., but the most amusing part of the afternoon's programme was a polo match on donkeys. Some of the best riders in the regiments were mounted on these stubborn and tricky little beasts, and often they got thrown. One of the officers cried out to a man who found himself on the sand, "I thought you could ride?" When the donkeys were wanted to go they simply stood still, and no amount of urging or whipping could make them move. After the affair of the donkeys the men brought out their horses, and then one saw splendid horsemanship and magnificent polo.

Many of the Colonial contingents have brought Y.M.C.A. secretaries with them, and these men are doing much to help the troops to spend their leisure time in a pleasant and profitable way. Chaplains are attached to all the regiments, and ministers of all denominations are serving the soldiers.

Six Scottish workers have come to labour in the camps, and these are doing useful work from sunrise to long into the night. Concerts and lectures are arranged for the men, and some of the best talent in Cairo is freely given. One night the Bishop of Jerusalem gives a lecture on Palestine; another evening Dr. Zweimer talks of Mohammedanism; then the Rev. J. Kennedy tells of his twenty years' labours in Alexandretta and of his recent imprisonment in Adana.

There is splendid musical talent among the men, and concerts are held every other night.

For the first few nights the men are in camp they all rush to see the sights of the city, but after a few days they settle down to letter-writing and quieter pursuits.

The Y.M.C.A. tents supply the men with writing material free of charge, and it is amazing the reams of paper that are consumed. The tables are well supplied with newspapers and magazines, but as we are providing for tens of thousands of men, any friends who read this article might post periodicals, &c., to the Y.M.C.A., Cairo.

The weather is very pleasant, but the nights are bitterly cold, and the men are feeling the cold intensely. The health of the troops is good, and the men are strong and fit.

WM. M. OATTS.

## YOUNG LIFE CAMPAIGN.

### The Brothers Wood at Queen's Hall for a Three Weeks' Series of Meetings.

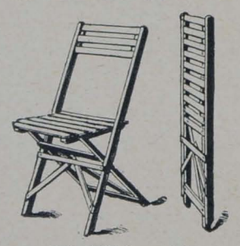
MANY readers of *Y.M.* are familiar with the features of the special type of evangelism which has been carried on now for some years in our midst by the brothers Frederick and Arthur Wood. Starting out originally some twelve years ago as interdenominational missioners, they soon found that such work, like everything else nowadays, must be specialised; hence the Young Life Campaign.

These campaigns up and down the country have appealed strongly to young men and women of our great cities, and now from March 10 till 31, daily at 3 and 8 o'clock, there is to be a great united campaign conducted by these evangelists in the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, London, W. Mr. Albert A. Head is acting as chairman of the committee, with Prebendary F. S. Webster and the Rev. F. B. Meyer as vice-chairman.

Particulars respecting tickets and copies of full detailed programme may be had on application to the organising secretary, Mr. W. Parry Jennings, at the office of the Young Life Campaign, 82, Mortimer-street, Regent-street, W.


TWO LEADING LINES IN HARDWOOD . . **FOLDING FURNITURE**

Registered Trade Mark: "CAJAC." Reg. Trade Mark: "YINDAW."



Folded Thickness, 1⅛ in.

**POINTS!!** Immense Strength. Close Folding. Lie quite Flat.

**POINTS!!** Best Workmanship Rapidly Operated.

Large Stocks which also include
CATERERS' TABLES, FORMS, TABLE TRESTLES,
All made to fold up.

Special Cut Quotations for Large Quantities. ILLUSTRATED LIST ON APPLICATION.
Manufacturers of the Renowned Hatherley Lattisteps.




Perforated Seat. Folded, 2½ in.

**ALLAN JONES & CO., Hatherley Works, Gloucester.**




## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr
(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### The Temptation to Quit.

WE all know that, at a certain rough bit in his journey, Jeremiah expressed himself in this wise:—"Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them." But not many have noticed that when the chance of an honourable escape came to him, Jeremiah elected to stay where he was, and see his job through. (Chap. xl. v. 6.) I venture to prophesy that a similar result would happen in your case, my brother. You have felt the temptation to quit. We all have. The hours when the daily round seems altogether flat and unprofitable, and when one would gladly change places with almost anybody, are real hours in life, and it is no shame to have known them. But between that knowledge and the actual escape there is a great gulf fixed which for most men with any high ideal is impassable. For though a man has known the state of mind that looks for some back-door out of a depressing situation, he has had the other experience also, which he cannot forget, and which he feels to be the nobler one, namely, the joy of self-mastery, the keen sense of pleasure that comes when he climbs up to the knowledge that his surroundings do not count for so much as he himself does, that he is their master, and not they his.

There is a fairly well-known symptom of nervous disease whose name signifies the "fear of being shut in," when the patient dreads the experience of being in any closed place. Sometimes a moral panic of that sort comes to a man when he realises that he is shut in with some duty that he must go through with. With something of the instinct of the trapped animal, he may look round for some way of escape. Yet, does that mean that he would take the chance deliberately, with eyes full open to the consequences, if it were offered? I think not.

There is a certain exhilaration in the endurance of hardness. Responsibility braces most men like a shock of cold water. What is arduous calls them as with a trumpet. And in the general sense of quiet contempt for the person who in a panic flings up his responsibility, we may recognise, I think, one of God's elementary checks upon cowardice.

We all come to learn that hardness and effort have a part to play in every true life. The schoolboy may look up from his task on a hot summer day away out wistfully to the cool shade of the trees across the playground, and wish that he were there rather than where he is. Yet even he soon comes to recognise that that is not the road to anything in life that is worth gaining.

But the best of all reinforcements is a sense of our divine vocation. It is God the Father who has chosen our lot in life and called us to the sphere we fill. Our tasks and responsibilities are God's gifts and discipline for our good. In the knowledge that they are there by His ordinance, there is a call to loyalty and brave effort. We may succeed or fail as seems to Him best. Sometimes He places men where success is not possible. But one thing we must not do—success or failure. We must not shirk. We must not quit and run away. God means us to do our best. For failure even, if it be honourable failure, He may have His good word at the last. But for shirking, what can He have? He may have compassion. He shall surely have forgiveness, when we have the grace to be ashamed of it. But not even God can say to the shirker at the last, "Well done!"




**BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.**

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

Benger's Food is especially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

**BENGER'S Food**

*is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.*

Benger's Booklet—A little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
*Branch Offices*—NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William Street, SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt Street.
*Canadian Agents*—National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., 30, St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, and Branches throughout Canada. 189


## Board.—*Continued.*


Fulham and South Kensington Young Men's Christian Association.

**BOARDING HOME for YOUNG MEN,**
"FAIRLAWN," 643, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

Has been visited by over 2,800 Men from all parts of the World. Accommodation for 23. Beds from 5/- per week. Single Rooms, 6/- and 6/6 per week. Sitting and Study Rooms, Cycle Storage and Dark Room. Moderate Tariff. Reduction to Y.M.C.A. Members and permanent boarders.
*Apply (with stamped and directed envelope) to*
THE MANAGER, *mentioning "Y.M."* 73

**Kingston Hall,**
7, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

Newly decorated and handsomely furnished. Spacious Drawing and Dining Rooms. Is pleasantly situated in one of the healthiest and most open parts of Central London, overlooking large private gardens with tennis court, to which visitors have access.

Close to Tube, Train and Bus, to City and West-end, the principal Northern Termini, and the Central Y.M.C.A.

Electric Light, Baths (h. & c.). Sanitation modern and perfect. Excellent cuisine, under personal supervision.

*Terms by arrangement for Board and Residence.*
**Bed and Breakfast from 3/6.**
Address—PROPRIETRESS. 81


## Seaside Apartments.


**TORQUAY,** 29, Morgan Avenue. Board-residence. Comfortable home, bath, electric light. Ten minutes from sea. References given. Highly recommended. 21/- per week. 65

**THORPE BAY,** 151, Shaftesbury Avenue. Season Ticket Free. Two minutes from Sea. Board-residence 24/-. Golf. 66


## Situations Vacant.


**DRAPERY.** Improver and Junior, men, for Manchester and Dresses. Good Salesmen and Stock-keepers. Serve through. Medium Trade. State age, height, salary, live out.—BON MARCHÉ, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.


## Miscellaneous.


**BEGIN TO READ YOUR GREEK NEW TESTAMENT** at once. Simple, rapid method, will greatly interest you. A powerful aid to Scriptural study. By correspondence. Easy terms. Write immediately, enclosing stamp.—Box 77, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row.

# CRESTS and BADGES OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.




The craze at the moment is Regimental Badges worn as Brooches. Messrs. H. Brandon and Co., 317, High Holborn, London, W.C., the well-known manufacturing jewellers, have produced, at a great expense, a Brooch of the actual Badge as worn by His Majesty's Forces. These should appeal to the general public, especially to friends and relatives of those who have joined the Army. The size of the Badge is 1 1-8 inch, and made so that you can wear it as an ordinary Brooch. They are produced absolutely the same as the actual Badge, only smaller. They are of gold and silver finish.







The following Regiments are now in stock, and can be had per return. Other Regiments will be ready in a few days' time.

Australian Commonwealth.
Army Pay Corps.
A.S.C.
Argyll and Sutherland.
A.O.C.
Artists' Rifles.
Black Watch.
Bays.
British Columbia.
Buffs.
Border Regiment.
Bedfordshire.
Civil Service Rifles.
Canada.
48th Canadian Highland rs.
Camer.nians.
25th City of London.
12th City of London.
20th County of London.
21st County of London.
Coldstreams.
Cheshire.
Connaught Rangers.
Cameron Highlanders.
5th Dragoons.
Durham Light Infantry.
Duke of Lancaster's.
Devonshire.
Duke of Cornwall's L.I.
6th Dragoons.
East Surrey.
Essex.
East Lancasters.
Gloucesters.
Grenadier Guards.
Gordon Highlanders.
3rd Hussars.
7th Hussars.
13th Hussars.
15th Hussars.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.
20th Hussars.
Herts Imperial Yeomanry.
Herts Regiment.
Highland L.I.
Hampshire.
H.A.C.
Isle of Wight.
Irish Guards.
Imperial Service.
K.R.R.
King's Own R. Lancs.
King's Own Scottish B.
London Rifle Brigade.
Lincolnshire.
Leicester.
London Irish Rifles.
16th Lancers.
17th Lancers.
London Scottish.
Loyal N. Lancaster.
Machine Gun.
Middlesex.
Manchester.
Naval Brigade.
Newfoundland.
Northamptonshire.
Norfolk.
Northumberland Fus.
N. Staffordshire.
Oxford and Bucks L.I.
Princess of Wales Yeo.
Post Office Rifles.
Public Schools.
Queen's O. R. W. Kent.
Qn. Victoria's Rifles.
Queen's Westminsters.
R. Engineers.
R. Berks.
R. Fusiliers.
R. Warwickshire.
R. Lancasters.
R. Dublin Fusiliers.
R.A.M.C.
Rifle Brigade.
Royal Sussex.
Royal West Surrey.
R.F.A.
R.G.A.
Royal Bucks Hussars.
R.M.L.I.
Royal Scots.
Royal Flying Corps.
Royal West Kent.
Suffolk.
Sherwood Foresters.
Scots Guards.
South Staffs.
Sharpshooters.
S. Wales Borderers.
Seaforth Highlanders.
South Lancaster.
South Notts Hussars.
Shropshire L.I.
Somerset L.I.
Scottish Borderers.
Welsh.
Westminster Dragoons.
Worcestershire.
Wiltshire.
West Yorkshire.
West Riding Yorks.
York and Lancaster.

The prices are—gold plated or silvered 2s. each, sterling silver or sterling silver gilt 5s. 6d. each, 9ct. gold £2 2s. All sent post free by Messrs. H. Brandon and Co. (Y.M.), 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.; or from Messrs. Dickens and Jones, Ltd., Regent Street, W. *All Jewellers, Stores who do not stock Messrs. H. Brandon and Co.'s Badges should communicate for wholesale terms.*

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 5th.**—Luke xiv. 1-14. *Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day* (verse 3)? Consideration for others should be one of the rules which govern our use of the Sunday. Many things which seem innocent and permissible at first sight have to be ruled out because they would impose a tax upon someone else. On the other hand, expenditure of our own time and thought has often to be incurred in the endeavour to make the day more happy and profitable to others.

**Saturday, 6th.**—Luke xiv. 15-24. *They all began to make excuse* (verse 18). When once a man admits the possibility of running away from duty he is sure to find excuses for doing so in practice. A man's first great line of defence must be against everything that would weaken his good resolutions. God, who knows our weakness in this respect, offers unfailing courage and determination in Christ to those who humbly took to Him.

**Sunday, 7th.**—Luke xiv. 25-35. *Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath* (verse 33). Christ is calling for followers who will unflinchingly follow Him. In verse 28 we are instructed to count the cost. At first sight we are tempted to count the cost of following our Lord: let us rather count the cost of not following Him. The Cross meant to Christ indeed the giving His all for us, but also the crown which He now wears.

**Monday, 8th.**—Luke xv. 1-10. *He layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing* (verse 5). A shepherd's shoulders cannot be the easiest place for a sheep, but it is a secure place, out of reach of enemies, and pledge that the sheep will reach home. It offers a good illustration of Christ's salvation, the absolute safety of the sinner who has entrusted himself to Christ's keeping, and the joy of the Saviour over this response to His love.

**Tuesday, 9th.**—Luke xv. 11-32. *When he came to himself* (verse 17). The starting-point of every new day of activity is that waking moment when, with returning reason, the call comes to spring out of bed; not always the most enjoyable minute, but one of intense importance. Similarly there comes the waking moment in a boy's life, when he hears God's call summoning him to turn his back upon his careless past and look to Christ. Not only his present life but his eternity is involved in his decision.

**Wednesday, 10th.**—Luke xvi. 1-18. *The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light* (verse 8). God has given us our human intelligence in order that we may arrive at wise conclusions. The story of the unjust steward illustrates the careful thought of a thoroughly worldly man. Jesus here challenges His followers to think no less keenly and practically about the value of things in the light of His own example and teaching.

**Thursday, 11th.**—Luke xvi. 19-31. *Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead* (verse 31). Jesus here contrasts the convincing power of Scripture with that of a miracle, such as the return of a man from the dead, and points out the superiority of the former. He seems to teach that a selfish heart which is sufficiently hard to resist God's word is proof against every appeal. Jesus has returned from the dead, and therefore knows by experience the sadness and solemnity of the truth which He proclaimed.

### HOW THE CALL CAME TO BARINGTON.

(*Concluded from page 177.*)

John reflected. Here was another—really, everyone but himself was doing something in a military sense, from Jenny downwards. As far as he was concerned, Mr. Mill's nephew might come in. It would make no difference to his position; his share in the firm was fixed, whatever happened; his shrewd father had left him a stable and sure footing. So it was agreed young Mill should be given a clerkship. Mr. Mill, senior, suggested he should be attached to John's department, and the latter agreed, then quickly realised it would mean less work and more leisure for him. The idea startled him. If—if—he went, his money would go on all the same.

Later in the day he met an old chum whom he had not seen for years. He was dressed in an ordinary lounge suit, but had his arm in a sling.

"Hullo, Slesser!" he greeted him. "Where have you been these long years? Why"—pointing to the arm—"one would imagine you had been in the war."

"So I have," came the reply, "and that is where *you* ought to be." And here followed a long account of the campaign, the heroic stand of the British Army against overwhelming odds, the terrible and stern task still confronting our troops, the need for many more men. John listened in silence, and after a warm farewell left his friend.

That evening at dinner his aunt stole furtive looks at the young man. What had happened? She had never seen that look on his face before. Had he got engaged?—she knew he had gone to see Miss Brash—or had he—her heart beat furiously.

"I've done it!" he broke the silence. "I've heard the call."

"God bless you, dear boy," she managed to say. She would never have a son to send forth, but had she been so situated, how willingly would she have heard her son's "I've heard the call." Long years ago she had loved a gallant young soldier, but fate had willed otherwise. And the brave old lady brushed aside a tear. This was not the time for weeping; that might come later. To-night John must be kept cheered. So John Barington heard the call.

It was several months later. A quiet, sweet-faced nurse was sitting in the ward of a base hospital in France. Things were quiet; the last batch of wounded had been got away in the hospital ship to England, and the nurses were expecting any minute a fresh consignment of wounded from the front.

Now they were being brought in, the orderlies gently lifting the serious cases from the stretchers to the cots. Nurse Jenny was busy all at once—she had six to look after. The first five had been examined by the doctor, who gave her rapid instructions as to treatment. The sixth was a serious case, but not dangerous. The poor fellow had a nasty head wound, and the bandage partially hid his face. The doctor made an examination, and told the nurse to change the dressing, and went on to other cases.

With that deft, loving touch which made her so popular with all the soldiers, she removed the bandage, the eyes of the patient eagerly devouring her sweet face. The bandage quite removed, she saw who it was.

"John!"

"Jenny!"

No need to describe the next few minutes. After she had made him comfortable she made to leave him for other duties, but first bent down and kissed the white cheeks, whispering "My brave boy," and John Barington, for it was he, sank back into the pillows and went to sleep, comforted and soothed.

Jenny Brash saw John on to the hospital ship when he was well enough to travel. Her last words as she kissed him good-bye were, "I'll be home by the time you are quite well."

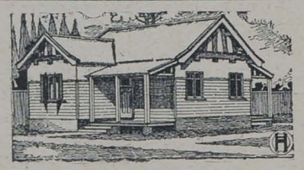
"And then?" John asked eagerly.

The colour that suffused the pretty face told him plainly that his heart's desire would be satisfied.

---

The Wilts Territorials in Poona (India) appear to be more than satisfied both with their military duties and with the provisions made for their comfort in the Association tents there. Private H. J. Reeves, a member of the staff of the *Wiltshire Times*, writing home, gives some amusing details. "We are 15 minutes' walk out of Princetown and about three miles from Poona city. We are not allowed to go any farther than the town, which is all right in parts. There are several cinemas here, and a grand Y.M.C.A. building, quite up-to-date. We can get anything there, and a good square dinner consisting of three vegetables, pot of tea, and bread for four annas (4d.), the best of food. We are allowed two and a-half annas a day for grocery besides our pay."


**Bungalows, Temporary Buildings.**



and other Portable Erections.

Lodges, Cottages, Gymnasia, Billiard Rooms, Village Halls, Garages, Stabling, &c., &c.

*Consistently careful Construction, Reliability & sound Craftsmanship.*

EXPERT DESIGNS, LISTS, and ESTIMATES FREE.

**E. B. HAWTHORN & CO.**

*The Reading Portable Building Specialists. Contractors to the War Office. Builders of the Y.M.C.A. Huts at Bordon Camp and Newcastle (Staffs.)*

**42, LONDON WORKS, READING.**



**Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.**

(Sole Lessees, CHAPPELL & Co.)

**THE MESSAGE OF THE WAR.**

YOUNG LIFE CAMPAIGN,

March 10th to 31st,

Conducted by the Brothers WOOD.

DAILY at 3 p.m. (except Sats. and Suns.) and 8 (except Sats.). Choir Orchestra of 500.

**Admission Free.** **Open to all**

March 17th, 18th and 22nd Evenings in Philharmonic Hall.

For full details, apply Org. Sec., Y.L.C., 82, Mortimer St., W.





**TO CAMP LEADERS**

**Why use costly coffee essence when you can get**

**MORE COFFEE with BETTER FLAVOUR for the SAME PRICE**

**by following our simple directions.**

**We can guarantee that by using our process, camp leaders can obtain at least twice as much coffee for the money they are now spending, and that this coffee will be better appreciated by the men.**

**The extra trouble is too small to be noticeable, and no special skill is needed.**

**Sample tin with 1 lb. of coffee and full directions will be sent post free for 1s. 2d.**

**Special terms for large quantities.**

**Practical Demonstrations by arrangement.**

**HACKFORTH,**

*Gold Medallist Coffee Specialist,*

**15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.**

Depots: LONDON, GOOLE, STOCKTON-on-TEES.


## Board.


**55, PETHERTON ROAD,** Canonbury Station. Board-residence, late dinner. Bath (h. & c.), gas, and piano. Every convenience. From 15/- per week. 5

**22, DOUGLAS ROAD,** Canonbury, N. Very comfortable home, liberal table. Bath, piano, garden. Easy access to City and West. Near station and tube. Moderate; well recommended. 6

**23, PETHERTON ROAD,** Highbury. Board-residence, refined home for gentlemen. Late dinner, double and single rooms. Terms moderate. Highly recommended. 7

**30, CALABRIA ROAD,** Highbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for City gentlemen. Board as required. Moderate terms. Visitors 2/6 bed and breakfast. Penny fare City. 10

**58, FINSBURY PARK ROAD,** Finsbury Park. Superior homely board-residence; temporary or permanent. Close to tubes, trams, parks. Bath, gas, piano. Very moderate; well recommended. 11

**13, MILDMAY PARK.** Bedrooms, gentlemen from 6/-; use of sitting-room. Visitors, bed and breakfast, 2/6. Motor 'buses to City and West End. Well recommended. 12

**11-13, HIGHBURY HILL, N.** Board-residence; comfortably furnished rooms. Electric light; good and liberal table. Sitting-room, bath, billiards, dark-room. Terms moderate. 18

**WOODLANDS, BOWES ROAD,** New Southgate, N. Board and residence. Comfortable home; cycle accommodation. Easy access to City and West End. Liberal table; moderate terms. 19

**123, LADY MARGARET ROAD,** Tufnell Park, N. Single and double rooms; board according to requirements. Two minutes 'buses, tube, trams, and Tufnell Park Tube Station, and Highgate and Hampstead Tube. Close to Hampstead Heath. Moderate terms; highly recommended. 20

**64, ST. JOHN'S PARK,** Upper Holloway, N. (near Highbury Tube). Accommodation for one or two young gentlemen. Superior home; moderate. One minute 'bus and car. 14

**6, MILNER SQUARE,** Islington, N. Bedroom, use of sitting-room. Partial board, piano, 14/- weekly; two sharing, 12/6. Full board or late dinner if required. 74

**WEST HAMPSTEAD,** 77, Fordwych Road. Near Brondesbury Met. & N.L. Stations, and 'buses along Edgware Road to Cricklewood. Billiards; late dinner; comfortable. Terms from 16/6 sharing. 67

**12, STANLEY GARDENS,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable board-residence, late dinner. Three minutes Belsize Park Tube. Every convenience, from 16/6 per week. 24

**27, BELSIZE CRESCENT,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable, highly recommended home; spacious, well-appointed house. Electric light, bath (h. & c.), piano, billiards, late dinner; excellent table. Moderate terms. Near Belsize Tube, Hampstead Heath and Swiss Cottage. 25

**16, THE GARDENS,** South Hill Park, Hampstead. Comfortable board-residence, double or single rooms, facing Heath. Three minutes train, tram and 'bus. Twenty minutes City. Telephone: 6788 Hampstead. 26

**168, HAVERSTOCK HILL,** Hampstead, N.W. Board-residence, en famille; up-to-date appointments; late dinner; billiards, tennis. Near Belsize Park Station. 18/6 to 21/-. 27

**11, STANLEY GARDENS,** Belsize Park, N.W. Comfortable home for Gentlemen. Breakfast, late dinner, and all meals on Sundays. Three minutes from Belsize Tube Station. Good references; terms moderate. 68

**LARGE ROOM** for two friends, separate beds, £1 each per week. Reference to present boarders.—Miss S., 3, Nightingale Road, Clapton, N.E. 75

**11, GLAZEBURY ROAD,** West Kensington. Few paying guests offered quiet, refined, comfortable home. Bath (h. & c.), garden, piano, electric light. Close to District and Piccadilly Tube. Partial, 25/-; sharing room, 21/- inclusive. 29

**21, BRIXTON HILL, S.W.** Partial board-residence for two gentlemen. Good house on main road. Late dinner, garden, bath, piano, tennis. Trams pass door. Near station. Terms 14/-. 30

**261, UXBRIDGE ROAD,** Shepherd's Bush, W. Comfortable single bedrooms, use of sitting-room, bath. Every home comfort. Partial board if desired. Near tube, Metropolitan Railway. 31

**2, STOCKWELL PARK ROAD,** Clapham Road. Board-residence, 16/-; bed-sitting room, 6/6. One minute trams, 'buses, and Wireless Telegraphy School. Suitable for study. Bath (h. and c.). 33

**"LALEHAM,"** Clarence Road, Clapham Park. Most comfortable home; large house. Three acres woodland garden. Four baths. Partial board, 26/-; full, 35/-. 37

**CHELSEA,** Street's Temperance Hostel, 25, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea. Comfortable home; strict cleanliness. Full board, 25/-; partial board, 18/6; bedroom and breakfast, 12/6. 40

**"KINGSTON HALL,"** 7, Brunswick Square, Bloomsbury. Partial or full board in superior residential home; centrally situated. Gardens, tennis, electric light, baths. Bed and breakfast, 3/6. 53

**28, CARTWRIGHT GARDENS,** Sandhills Hotel. Board and residence, electric light, baths. Telephone, 5329 City. Three minutes St. Pancras, King's Cross. Access to garden. Proprietress. 54

**44, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.** Board-residence. Liberal table; access to gardens. Moderate terms. Bedroom and breakfast from 3/-. Two minutes Museum and University. 52

**THE BENSON RESIDENTIAL ESTABLISHMENT,** 2, Brunswick Square, W.C. Central, comfortable and economical, facing large private garden, to which visitors have entrance. Tariff from C. Holloway. 55

**32, DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.** Bedroom, bath and breakfast, 3/-, or 15/6 per week. Five minutes G.N.R., Midland and Euston. Very central.—Mrs. Winter. 56

**50, DOUGHTY STREET,** Russell Square. Comfortable board-residence, well recommended, from 21/-, full board. Reduction for sharing. Separate beds. No extras. Good attendance. Bath. 59

**97, GOWER STREET, W.C.** Board-residence from 21/- per week, or rooms only, in quiet, clean, well-kept house. Good cooking and service. Well recommended. Near trams, tube and 'bus. 62

**CLAPHAM,** 73, Jeffreys Road. 5 minutes Stockwell Tube Station, 2 minutes trams, motors. Good bedroom 5/6, partial board 14/6, full 16/-. Liberal table. Recommended as a social and comfortable home. 28

**247, KENNINGTON ROAD.** Board-residence, comfortable home. Bath, piano; partial board. Near all bridges and W.E. Terms 14/6 per week (late dinner, 15/6). 63

**W.C.,** 35, Doughty Street. Bedrooms from 5/6, also bed-sitting rooms from 7/-. Meals optional. Quiet, clean, comfortable. 79

**ST. JOHN'S.** Gentleman can be received as paying-guest with private family. Refined home, superior house, with every modern convenience. Large garden, pleasantly situated Trams to Embankment, and 'buses to West End and City. Terms moderate.—Apply, 74, Tressillian Road, St. John's, S.E. 64

**COMFORTABLE HOME** in private family for gentleman as paying guest. Terms for partial board, 21/- weekly.—14, Burma Road, Stoke Newington, N. W 6

**YORK HOUSE,** 8, Brunswick Square, near Russell Square, Tube, British Museum, Northern Termini. Superior Apartments, also Board-Residence on moderate terms. Good cooking, Baths, French spoken. Bed and Breakfast from 2/6. W 7

**10, NORTHAMPTON PARK,** Canonbury, N. Bedroom, use sitting-room; bath, organ; breakfasts, full board Sundays, 10/6; partial board, 15/-. Reduction to share. Cycle accommodation. Near train, tram. Homely, comfortable.

**24, ST. MARY'S ROAD,** Canonbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for gentlemen. Terms very moderate. Board as required. Visitors, 2/6 bed and breakfast. 1d. fare City.

**47, AYNHOE ROAD,** West Kensington, W. Apartments. Electric. Comfortable quiet Home. Bedrooms, double or single; use of sitting. Terms moderate. Visitors from 2/6 bed and breakfast per day. Recommended.

**CANONBURY, N.** 8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road. Comfortable home for young fellow. Substantial breakfasts. Full board Sundays, 10/6. W 2

**BOARDING HOME FOR YOUNG MEN**

**BAYSWATER Y.M.C.A.**

(President—The Hon. Mr. Justice Lush.)

**28, PRINCE'S SQUARE, QUEEN'S ROAD, W. close to Kensington Gardens.**

Pleasantly and conveniently situated within three minutes' walk of the "Tube," Metropolitan Railway Station, Queen's Road, 10 minutes from Paddington Station (G.W.R.), and 'buses to all parts. Bedroom charges, **5s.**, **6s.** and **7s. 6d.** Moderate tariff (see prospectus). Full particulars from WALTER WILD, Secretary. 2

**RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR YOUNG MEN.**

**BLOOMSBURY HOUSE,**

**Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.**

President: Mr. WALTER HAZELL, J.P.

Central situation. Within walking distance of City and West End. The Club is fitted throughout with Electric Light.

**Bedroom Charges (including Boots, Bath, etc.) from 7/3 per week.**

*Refreshments according to Tariff at Minimum Charges.*

The arrangements of the Club are quite modern and every provision has been made for the Comfort and the Social Life of the Members, Lawn Tennis, Gymnasium, etc.

**Enlarged to 180 Bedrooms.**

All applications to be addressed to the WARDEN. 71

**St. Pancras Y.M.C.A.**

**RESIDENTIAL HOME,**

**62, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.**

Close to the West End, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, and on main road, with Tubes, Trams, and Trains to all parts.

**BEDROOM ACCOMMODATION 5/6 PER WEEK.**

*Board by Arrangement.*

*Special Tariff for Visitors.* 1

**ESMOND HOTEL,**

**1, MONTAGUE ST., RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.**

This Temperance Hotel adjoins the British Museum, and is Central and quiet. Night Porter. Private Garden.

10 Bedrooms, Lounge, 2 Bath Rooms, recently added, Electric Light installed, and whole house renovated.

Bedroom and Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Attendance, from **5/-** to **6/6**; or with Plain Breakfast, **4/3** to **5/9** per night.

Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.

T. MOFFETT, proprietor, late Gen. Sec. Leeds Y.M.C.A.

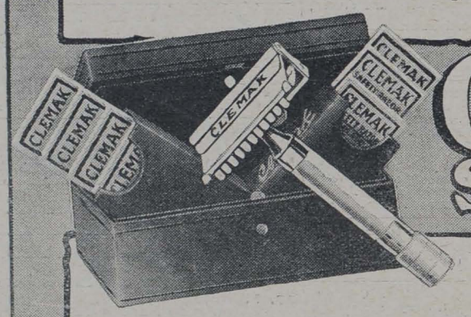
Telephone No.: Gerrard 1675. Telegraphic Address: "Agroup, Westcent, London." 72

# CLEMAK —For Quick, Close Shaving




"My word! that was a close shave"

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever.




## CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

**5/-** Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and **seven** blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, **Twelve** specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop

**10/6**

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.

A useful **PRESENT** for our

**SOLDIERS. SAILORS**

and **TERRITORIALS.**

**OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c.,**

or from the

**CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.**

*The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.*

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.





PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—March 5, 1915.

**Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.**


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 9. Vol. 1. MARCH 12, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.


# £5,000 Offer for War Snapshots.

**"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer to Help Amateur Photography.**

## SEND YOUR FILMS NOW.

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* last week of £1,000, £250, and £100 for the first, second, and third most interesting photographs of a war happening, has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for more war snapshots.

This additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph, and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.



**THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WITH THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.**

Accompanied by Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, Governor and Commandant of the Church Lads' Brigade, and Colonel P. Kindersley-Percher, the Primate, a few days ago, inspected the 16th Service Battalion King's Royal Rifles (Church Lads' Brigade) at Denham Golf Links. *Photo: Photopress.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. VIII.—General Sir Douglas Haig... 196

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY: Things About Which a Recruiting Officer Wonders. By Coulson Kernahan ... ... ... ... 197

SOME NAVAL MEN OF THE HOUR: A Chatty Article by a Retired Naval Officer on Some of Our Naval Heroes. Illustrated. ... ... ... 199

Short Story: "HOME THEY BROUGHT THE WARRIOR ——." By W. Scott King ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 201

OUR OUTLOOK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 207

A ROUND OF THE EAST ANGLIAN CAMPS. By the Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 209

**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**



**CAMP LEADERS**

should note that

**SUN COFFEE**

is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

QUALITY RIGHT. PRICE RIGHT.

*Write for terms to*

ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,
19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.
ESTABLISHED 1812.



**"What £10 a year will do."**

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

**NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE**

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,

**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**





MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT;
NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.



**Put Influenza out of action with BOVRIL**

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

S. H. B.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 9. Vol. 1. MARCH 12, 1915. PRICE 1d.


### THE MAKING OF A GREAT PAINTER.

James Tissot, an artist famous for his New Testament scenes, has told us how he was led through obedience to a vision received to devote his life to portraying Christ. He was planning a series of pictures of "The Parisian Woman," and had gone to a church in Paris to make a study of a fashionable woman posing as a religious devotee. As he sat there a vision came to him. He seemed to see three ruins of a great castle. A weary peasant and his wife were sitting down to rest. On the ground by their side was a bundle that contained all their earthly possessions. As they sat in their despair, the "Man of Sorrows" came and sat beside them, putting His hand in tender protecting care on the peasant's shoulder. "Christ the Consoler" was the artist's interpretation of the vision.

He returned to his studio, but the vision would not leave him. In his despair at not being able to continue the work in which he had formerly delighted, he became seriously ill. When he recovered, he decided to paint "Christ the Consoler," in order to put it for ever from his mind. But as he worked, the grandeur of his theme grew on him, and he determined to devote his life to portraying Christ. He went to Palestine, and spent ten years studying. The result was one of the most marvellous series of pictures the world has ever seen.

---

If you want to discover a man's real self, test him by conversation. What impresses him is a revelation of what he likes. Talk of money-making, and most men will listen eagerly as you tell the story of financial success and how it has been achieved. Talk of some political question, and many will discuss it eagerly. Then talk of the Christian life and its blessedness, and you will find some of your listener's attention is wandering. Others will be wistful and eager, and they are the men who really long to bring Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

"We used to have meetings whenever possible. Two or three of us would get together in the trenches and sing. Our fellow-soldiers would come around—when there was a lull in the fighting—and all would join in. The favourite song was 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' If there was time we would read the Bible, but more often than not our little meetings would be disturbed by the 'Jack Johnson,' or some such gun, and the bursting of shells in or near the trenches would call us to our work of defence."—PTE. MOORE, 1st E. Lancs Regt.

## FOR BELGIUM!

*The Prayer of the Allies.*

### A New Poem by MARIE CORELLI.

What shall we do for our Sister in the day
when she shall be spoken of?
If she be a wall, we will build upon her a
palace of silver.
*Song of Solomon.*

Maker of heaven and earth,
Thou, who hast given birth
To moving millions of predestin d spheres,
Thou, whose resistless might
Resolves the Wrong to Right,
Missing no moment of the measured years,—
Behold, we come to Thee!
We lift our swords, unsheath'd, towards Thy Throne—
Look down on us, and see
Our Sister-Nation, ruined and undone!
Martyred for nobleness, for truth and trust;
Help us, O God, to raise her from the dust!

Be thou our witness, Lord!
We swear with one accord
Swift retribution on her treacherous foe!
Her bitter wrong is ours,
And heaven's full-armed powers
Shall hurl her murderer to his overthrow!
Upon her broken wall
A silver palace of sweet peace shall rise
At that high Festival
When Victory's signal flashes through the skies—
But—until then!—welcome the fiercest fray!
We fight for Freedom! God, give us "The Day"!

### "DON'T THROW ME INTO THE SCRAP-HEAP."

A Christian blacksmith who had a good deal of affliction was challenged by an unbeliever to account for it. His explanation was this: "I don't know that I can account for these things to your satisfaction, but I think I can to my own. I am a blacksmith. I often take a piece of iron, and put it into the fire, and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil, and strike it once or twice to see if it will take temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water, and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again I put it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil and hammer it, and bend it, and rasp and file it, and make some useful article which will do service for twenty-five years. If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil, I think it will not take temper, I throw it into the scrap-heap, and sell it at a halfpenny a pound.

"I believe my heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take temper. He has put me into the fire and into the water. I have tried to bear it as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been: 'Lord, put me into the fire if you will; put me into the water if you think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord, only, for Christ's sake, don't throw me into the scrap-heap!'"

---

An old railroad man of little education, but of rugged character and fervent spirit, was wont to enter in the margin of his Bible many rich and striking notes. In some of these notes the word Satan occurred, and it was invariably spelled S-a-t-i-n. A friend, seeing this, called his attention to it. "Why, how do you spell it?" asked the owner of the Bible. "S-a-t-a-n," was the reply. "Well, what does my word spell?" "It spells satin." "Well," replied the old man, "let it stand. That's the way he is dressed when he comes to me."

## THE Y.M.C.A. MAN AND HIS MOTTO.




Sent to us by a *Y.M.* reader in America, this splendid drawing represents the Y.M.C.A. man of to-day and the things for which he stands.

### FREED FOR EVER.

In the story of Joan of Arc it is recorded that the maid was asked by the King what she would have in return for her great work of delivering France from her enemies. But all that Joan would ask was that her native village, poor and hard-pressed by reason of the war, should have its taxes remitted. It was therefore decreed that Domremy, the native village of Joan of Arc, should be freed from taxation for ever.

For 360 years and more this decree was faithfully kept. At the top of every page in the tax-books stood the name of a village, and below that name its weary burden of taxation was figured out. But there was one exception. Under the name of Domremy no figures appeared. Instead of the figures were the words :

"Nothing—The Maid of Orleans."

Thus is it that every ransomed sinner can say :

"Nothing—Jesus."

### DARING TO BE DIFFERENT.

A sailor on one of our warships crept behind one of the big guns every night and prayed. For a long time he was alone. At last another Jack Tar joined him. Many nights they met together and prayed behind the big gun. One of their mates—out of a number who had seen and ridiculed them—went and told the commander, thinking he might stop the daily prayer-meeting. But he ordered a place curtained off for his praying sailors, and said that no one must molest them.

One by one their comrades came to them, to be admitted into the little prayer-tent, until thirty-two converted men gathered there daily to read God's Word and worship Him. After some difficulty the boy was found, and at once engaged. To-day he occupies one of the most responsible positions in his employer's establishment.

### WHAT ONE HONEST ACT DID.

A few years ago a gentleman was riding down town one morning in one of the electric cars in Philadelphia. Wishing to buy a morning paper, he called a newsboy. The car was standing still at the time, and as the boys were not allowed on the cars of that line, the boy stood on the pavement while making change for the quarter the gentleman had given him. Suddenly the car started, and was off before the lad could return the change or gain a footing on the running board.

For an instant there was a race between the car and the boy, but the boy was left behind. The gentleman was ruefully considering the fact that his paper had been a dear one, when he was surprised a minute later to see the newsboy board the car and hand him his change. In another second he was off again, but not before the gentleman had caught sight of his number, and remembered it.

Now, it happened that this gentleman was at the head of one of the largest department stores in Philadelphia. Some weeks after the incident related he had occasion to discharge a boy in his employ, and instantly the boy who had taken such pains to be honest came into his mind. He still remembered his number, and immediately set out in search of him.

Dr. Thain Davidson told the writer how once he visited a dying man. In conversation, Dr. Davidson asked the man if he was resting on the Rock. "Yes," said the dying man, with a glorious confidence in his tone, "I am resting with both feet on the Rock."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### VIII.—GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

ONE of the great names in this war, already inscribed on the roll of fame, is that of General Sir Douglas Haig. Field-Marshal Sir John French, who is not over-lavish with compliments unless they are deserved, has two or three times alluded in despatches to the fine services of Sir Douglas Haig. Like the field-marshal, he has been a great student of cavalry. A Scot, he is nearing his fifty-fourth birthday, and his career has been crammed with incidents. His first experience of battle was in the Soudan campaign of 1898, and he was at Khartoum. Next came the South African War, where General French had ample opportunity of judging his capacities, for he was his C.S.O. during the operations at Colesberg. After the war he served in various important staff appointments, including Chief of Staff in India. At Aldershot he was General Officer Commanding, and was very popular with the troops. Sir Douglas believes in athletic sports; he is keen on football as a means of keeping a soldier fit. He has also taken an interest in boxing competitions.

Lady Haig was formerly attached to the Court, as a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra, and on her marriage the Royal Family gave many charming proofs of the high regard in which they held her. Her daughters have the names of Victoria and Alexandra.

Sir Douglas is a great and successful soldier because he is a good judge of other men. He knows what they can do, and does not ask impossibilities of them. That is why he has again and again made great calls on the men under his command during the campaign in France, and they have risen grandly to the occasion. To succeed in any walk of life, and especially in the Army, you must learn to estimate the forces against you and measure your strength to overcome them. That is what Sir Douglas Haig does.

## SOLDIERS OF THE KING IN THE MAKING.



This illustration, reproduced from a photograph taken in Holland Park, London, represents a scene which is very common in these days of war and preparation for war. Turn where we will, we find men in training for the great war of the nations.



# THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

*Things about which a Recruiting Officer Wonders.*

By COULSON KERNAHAN, Author of "A Dead Man's Diary," "God and the Ant," "Visions," &c.

HE wonders why, in indicating the most tragic and terrible results of war—the toll of the wounded and the dead—we use a word that originally had scarcely a serious meaning. A "casual" call is surely a chance call of no importance. A "casual" man or woman is one on whom we have ceased to depend, whereas it is to the "Casualty" list that women and men turn each day, while suspense tightens her cruel hold upon their heart, and fear runs an icy finger down the names. Similarly the names of "fallen" officers are recorded in a roll of honour and the name of "fallen" women in a book of shame.

He wonders how and why the following order of seniority in the Army arose. A Lieutenant is a long way the junior of a Major. Naturally, therefore, the uninformed (who are not necessarily always the uniformed) would think that a Major-General would at least be one step in rank higher than a Lieutenant-General. But he isn't. When it comes to Generals, they turn the ladder of rank round the other way, and a Major-General stands on a lower rung than a Lieutenant-General, which, as I say, leaves the writer of this sum in military mental arithmetic curiously wondering why.

He wonders whether some people have eyes, and, if so, why they don't use them. That the Recruiting Office in which he has the privilege of serving is a Recruiting Office and only a Recruiting Office may be gathered, and without the use of glasses, half a mile away. He winces sometimes, being a sensitive and retiring man, at the naked prominence, almost amounting to indecency, with which the business that is done there is advertised. Flags hang bunched in a picturesque, brilliantly-coloured group directly over the main entrance. Huge scrolls, inscribed "Recruiting Office," span the front of the building above and below the ground-floor window, and there is not a window in the place without its recruiting bills. Flaming recruiting posters and fervent recruiting appeals decorate or disfigure every available inch of the outside of the ground floor. In every part of the town not only other posters, stridently proclaiming where the office is situated, but urging the entire male population thither as one man and in vast numbers to throng and to "Do it To-day," but also direction boards and bills, inscribed "To the Recruiting Office," are everywhere displayed.

Finally, that there be no excuse for mistake or misunderstanding, on each of these direction boards and bills a huge hand—a very Cromwell of hands—appears, commanding and directing the way.

A friend of mine, known far and wide for his ability—shall we say in "swinging nervous English"?—once had a slight difference of opinion with a cabman (old style, now nearly extinct) on the question—both being old soldiers—of range-finding. The cabman estimated the distance from the firing point, where my friend got into the cab, to the target, where he got out, as "long range," a matter of under 2,000 yards. My friend, on the contrary, estimated the distance covered as being "close range," and therefore not more than 600 yards, the result being a very pretty duel of words between two experts. The cabman, who had a fine command of language, exhausted his vocabulary in expressing his views about the fare's face and features (lingering lovingly on personal details), as well as about his forbears and his future. It was a work of art, and left nothing more to be said until my friend as exhaustively, if briefly, replied. In a few well-chosen words he summed up the cabman's past, present, and future, touched lightly, if severely, upon his moral character and intelligence, and heavily upon certain features of his personal appearance. Long before he had done, the cabman's guns (the opening passages of the address were freely punctuated by interruptions) were effectually silenced, and to the peroration he listened open-mouthed, and affected to the brink of tears.

As my friend concluded, with a benediction of his own improvising, the cabman turned brokenly away to murmur hopelessly to a fellow-cabman :

"Bill, d'ear 'im? Tike me 'ome. *I'm done.*"

My friend said that it was the most graceful and generous compliment, coming as it did from a professional to a mere amateur, that he had ever heard, and that he was so touched by such a tribute from a fellow artist that, not to be outdone in generosity by a cabman, he consented to accept the distance covered as not merely a "distant," but as a "long range" shot, thus presenting the cabman with another 800 yards, with payment in proportion, and the two parted with mutual regard.

Similarly, a popular actor or actress, or even a popular author or two, who could be named, when admiring the ability and the profuseness with which our Recruiting Office is advertised as a Recruiting Office, might well turn aside pathetically to murmur, "I'm done!"

Yet this very day a well-dressed, pretty woman snapped open the office door smartly,



and as smartly rustled in to say, "I want a maid." We replied that we had often wanted that sort of thing ourselves, but meantime what could we do for her? By this time she must have seen the mistake she was making, for she apologetically exclaimed, "Why, isn't this a registry office?" and on being told that it was merely a recruiting office, blushingly and smilingly expressed her surprise and her sorrow, and tripped, still smiling and blushing, out.

I do not doubt the genuineness and unintentionalness of her error, though I should have thought it one into which only the blind could stumble—blind, I should add, in more ways than one.

Late one night, when only the sergeant and myself were in the front office, the door was slowly and solemnly swung open, and a very fat man as slowly and solemnly swung in, closing the door after him with the utmost deliberation and precision. Then he remarked, "I wara-sora-wora," repeating the incantation, "I wara-sora-wara." Seeing that he was drunk, I said, "You've made a mistake, haven't you? This is a Recruiting Office!" He looked at me, blinked owlishly, and once more went over his mystic and incomprehensible formula.

"I wara-sora-wora."

But the Irish Recruiting Sergeant, an expert in such matters, understood. "Sure, sir, he wants a soda-water (wise man, best thing he could have), and he thinks this is Ferrari's Restaurant. If you'll excuse me a minute, I'll see him safely there. It's almost next door."

But there are other callers, who, knowing all the time that ours is a Recruiting Office, seem entirely unaware for what purpose recruiting offices are run, inasmuch as the procuring and enlisting of recruits and the furthering of recruiting seems to be the last object in their mind when calling. Some regard it as a sort of club or gossip shop, into which to drop when at loose ends for a long chat about the war, the crops, hunting, or shooting prospects. Needless to say, they are not encouraged. Others come about the Belgian refugees, the billeting of troops in the town, to urge the earlier closing of public-houses or to urge the instant repeal of the closing order, to demand to know what steps are being taken to protect the town from bombardment by sea or air or from invasion by land, to complain of the bad or to compliment him on the good behaviour of soldiers—all of which matters are in the hands of the Chief Constable, the Licensing Magistrates, the Officer Commanding Troops, or other officials, and over which a Recruiting Officer has no control of any sort, as the callers are courteously assured. Many call about work for the unemployed, a few to know where they can obtain lodgings, and not a few to know whether the Recruiting Officer can assist them in the letting of lodgings; some about soup kitchens, to know what change has been made in the train services, or to ask to see a local or a London directory.

We have even had a drunken Dragoon Guardsman stagger into the office late at night trying to explain that, through no fault of his own, he has missed the last train to town, and so must be absent from parade next morning. This, as he is not too drunk to know, will mean punishment by confinement to barracks, or worse, to avoid which he has come to the Recruiting Officer, who has never set eyes on the man before, and knows nothing whatever about him, other than by his uniform he is in the Dragoon Guards, and by his breath and other symptoms that he is indubitably drunk, to give him a note to the Commanding Officer completely exonerating him for being absent from parade. Women, with all sorts of requests, reasonable and unreasonable, call at all hours of the day and night. For one poor woman I was very sorry. She was unmarried, but there was a child—and a paternity order. The father had paid for a month or two, and then, the war coming on, had seized the opportunity to enlist, and, as he thought, to disappear. Him the Sergeant-Major was able to trace, and to compel to make payment, by writing to the man's company officer.

Thus it will be seen that a Recruiting Officer's list of callers (I have instanced only a very few) is long and varied. Many who come to see him come upon business which is his business, a vast number come on business which a moment's thought or an easily-made inquiry would have convinced them is no business of his. In the verses entitled "The Visit" Emerson has something to say about callers of this sort:—

"Askest how long thou shalt stay,
Devastator of the day!"

Would not "devastator" be a good and apt word by which to designate that waster of the world's time—the maker of unnecessary and casual calls upon busy men? I wonder.

He wonders why the War Office should publish booklets, designs, posters, advertise in the papers, and in other ways do all they can to entice a man to enlist, and then should set up an arbitrary standard of height, chest measurement and chest expansion by which when he comes forward he is sent back. Little men can shoot as well as, if not better than big ones, and are less likely than the big ones to be shot in action, because they offer a smaller target to the enemy's fire. That little men are not inferior to big ones as soldiers all military history shows. Big men are well enough for the Guards and other regiments much in request for "show" and "ceremonial" purposes, and big men, or at least sturdily built men, are needed for the Royal Garrison Artillery, Royal Field Artillery, and other arms of the Service where heavy work has to be done. But for rifle and infantry regiments, at least while we are at war, and men are badly wanted, and so long as the line is drawn at abnormality, and so long, also, as the man is organically and physically strong enough to shoot, march and do his "bit," why impose a standard of height, chest measurement, chest expansion, and the like by which the services of good soldiers are lost to the nation? Once the war is over, and so long as the different arms of the Service are all fully up to what is considered even in peace time their necessary establishment, which not often happens, by all means let us pick and choose, but till then why turn down any man fully capable of rendering to his country the services of which the country stands in urgent need?

He wonders, while on the question of height, whether it is altogether a wise arrangement by which the standard is several times changed. He is quite aware that many points had to be considered, one being that more men were at a certain time presenting themselves than the existing arrangements could deal with, but he questions whether it would not have been better frankly to have told recruits so, and to have taken their names and addresses that they might come forward for final enlistment when the authorities were ready for them, than to reject them as not being up to the height standard. Men once rejected take umbrage at the fact, and many of them thereafter refuse to enlist. "They wouldn't have me when I was willing to come, and now they can go without!" has hundreds of times been said to the present writer. He has, of course, been at pains to explain the situation to those who thus grouse, and to overcome their objections sometimes, but not always, successfully, for the backs of some men had been so badly "put up" by what they felt to be in the nature of a personal slight that no persuasions could induce them to reconsider their decision. To chop and change and jump the standard may be unavoidable, but it is an undoubted hindrance to recruiting.

He wonders why when a call for recruits is made at the end of a meeting it is almost always a little, generally a very little man who is the first gallantly to come forward? The fact of a little man coming forward first may, of course, lead people to comment on and take note of the fact, which they would not do were the first recruit of medium or even over the medium height. But possibly the proportion of men who are under the average height does not greatly exceed the proportion of men who are above the average. The point is, however, that it is almost always the little men (all honour to them!) who come in first, and the writer feels that it is "up" to the tall men to say why.

He wonders, as possibly many others wonder, why, even now, there seems some doubt whether, in the Regular Army, the wearing of glasses is or is not allowed. For the Territorial Army the wearing of glasses, so long as the man can see to shoot, does not disqualify. When the war started the general impression seemed to be that a man with glasses could not be accepted for the Regular Army. To-day men wearing glasses are seen in the Regular Forces, against which, since in Germany glasses are allowed, there possibly is no reasonable objection. But what one wonders is whether any definite decision has or has not been come to, and if so what it is, and why it is not more generally known?

He wonders why the uniform of officers on war service is sufficiently distinctive from that of the rank and file as to make it possible for the enemy's marksmen to pick out and snipe the officers in action, thus leaving companies or half companies leaderless at the very moment when they stand most in need of the steadying presence of those whom they are accustomed to look up to and obey. The effect of this is demoralising—it may even be disastrous—and is distinctly to the benefit of the enemy. In any other kit than the service khaki it matters nothing, but surely, except for the badge of rank on the cuff, which only a field-glass would render visible to the enemy, officers and men should all look as much alike as possible.

He wonders why folk who he is sure patriotically and sincerely wish to assist recruiting do not take the trouble, before sending in lists of names of men "who ought to be seen," first to satisfy themselves that the men in question are not palpable ineligibles, or that the senders of these names do not in other ways use their common-sense.

The cases of lads and men whose names have been submitted to the Recruiting Officers, but on seeing whom were found to be ruptured or otherwise physically unfit, may be passed over without complaint, since the fact that a man is ruptured cannot be expected to be a matter of common knowledge. Here, however, are two or three actual instances out of a very, very many that could be adduced where neither care nor common-sense appears to have been exercised. Two names were sent in to the Recruiting Office as those of men not only fit to serve, but, in the sender's opinion, only needing a word or two of wise persuasion to bring them in. I may add that the patriotism and good faith of the sender are

*(Continued on page 211.)*





Lord Charles Beresford.

# SOME NAVAL MEN OF THE HOUR:

*A Chatty Article on Some of Our Naval Heroes, Together with a Few Personal Reminiscences.*

By A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER.



Lord Fisher.

THE only regret that an old naval officer has at the present time is of a personal character. He is almost sorry that he was born so long ago, and is prohibited by the age limit from taking any part in the great war of to-day. He has at least the consolation of knowing that during the last forty years he has had a share in the making of the modern Navy, and even that thought is not without its compensations.

I have been asked to set down a few reminiscences of the naval men who figure prominently at the present time, and it is a pleasant task to walk once more in memory's garden, and recall those happy days of active service. Let me start with Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, of whom a characteristic portrait appeared in *Y.M.* a few weeks ago. As everybody knows, the Government thought so highly of him that they called him from his well-merited retirement, at the age of seventy-four, to direct and organise the great Navy, on which, with the blessing of Almighty God, we must in large measure depend for our success at the present time.

It was my great privilege and honour to serve under Lord Fisher in H.M.S. *Northampton*, an honour which, be it said, was considered somewhat doubtful at the time, for Jacky Fisher was looked upon by those who had responsible dealings with him with a certain "admiration not unmingled with awe"; for while he was quick to recognise and encourage ability, he was nevertheless firm and relentless with the officer or the man who proved himself inefficient. It is not necessary for me to repeat what now is common history with regard to his share in the Navy of to-day. Suffice it to say that our naval torpedo service owes its efficiency largely, if not wholly, to his foresight and grim determination; that he himself did more whitehead practice in two months when in command of the *Northampton* than the whole of the Mediterranean Squadron in a year; that he introduced the armoured train in the Egyptian campaign against Arabi Pasha—an introduction which is a settled feature of the present war, and that he introduced the Dreadnought battleship and the battle-cruiser type.

In respect of this introduction, it is significant that there were many critics at the time who seriously questioned the wisdom of putting so many eggs in one basket, but his motto was to "strike first and strike hard." Recent events in the Falkland Islands have completely justified him in the course he pursued.

Jacky Fisher was a man whom few, if any, could hoodwink. He could see at a glance what a man was worth, and if he didn't fit, he had to go. More than one, indeed, found that out. While on duty he was never tired; apparently cold and merciless, exacting the last ounce. Yet socially he was very entertaining. A great many stories are told of him, some true and many false, but I may, perhaps, set down two which happened to me personally, so I can, therefore, vouch for their accuracy.

We had been engaged in a very full day's work, including a long march, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. On returning to the ship, tired and hot and thirsty, I was unbuckling my sword in my cabin, when I was informed that the Captain wanted to see me. On going to his cabin, "Jacky" passed a jug and tumbler toward me, with the short remark, "Here, take a pull at that." It was claret cup. "No, thank you, sir; I am a teetotaller," was my response. "What a shame!" he replied, grimly. "But perhaps I ought not to say that," he continued. "One thing, sir," I went on, and, as I was only a junior officer, my persistence can be overlooked, "you'll never catch me *that* way." "There is a lot in that," he said, with one of his peculiar grins.



Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. D. Sturdee.

Some time after, on his leaving the ship to take command of the *Inflexible*, a farewell dinner was given to him by the ward-room officers, and the Commander noticed that the Captain passed the wine without taking any. He ventured to point this out to him, and the Captain—to my great astonishment—told the story of the claret cup, adding the remark, "I haven't touched anything intoxicating since." I have often wondered whether he remains an abstainer. So far as I am aware, this story has never appeared in print before.

The second incident also concerned the writer of this article. "Jacky" had a favourite lounge suit that he generally used on shore. From long use it had lost something of its original smartness, a fact which caused some of the dandies to smile when he wasn't looking. At the farewell dinner to which I have referred, a certain young officer, being young and somewhat venturesome, looked across the table and asked, "What are you going to do with that tweed suit, sir?" The Captain looked at him for a moment, and then said, solemnly, "Why, sell it, to be sure." Then, turning to me, he said, "——, I'll give *you* the first chance; what d'ye say, will you buy it?" I pretended to think seriously for a second, and then replied, "Yes, sir, on one condition." "What's that?" he demanded. "That the luck goes with it, sir," I answered. "Well, yes," said "Jacky," after a pause. The next morning his valet appeared at my cabin with the suit, but it was much too broad for me. One of the other officers suggested somewhat sardonically, "I don't wonder at it; it takes a bigger man than you to wear Jacky Fisher's clothes." Which, of course, was perfectly true. But when I commence to think of Fisher I never know when to stop, so I had better stop now.

Let me jot down a thing or two about Admiral Sir F. C. D. Sturdee, the victor of the Falkland Islands. I was frequently engaged with him when he was a Commander, on duty in connection with the inspection of new gun mountings, and even then I had the feeling that sooner or later he would be heard of. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but soon after the war commenced I remarked to a London journalist that I was eager with

expectancy to see what Sturdee would do in the great struggle. In due course the news came of the Falkland Islands, and the journalist in question, calling to see me some time after, remarked, "When I read about Sturdee and the Falkland Islands I immediately thought of your words about him." From the first Admiral Sturdee manifested evidences of professional ability, first in his college career, and then by gaining twice the Prize Essay Gold Medal of the Royal United Service Institute, first in 1885 as a lieutenant, and then in 1893 as a commander.

On one of the new ships fitting out, there was a question regarding the omission of a certain fitting which the leading workman declared had been placed, or something to that effect. The man's storekeeper said he was *sure* it was there, but as he obviously did not know what article it was that was being discussed, one of the officials told him to hold his tongue. Sturdee looked at the man with a twinkle in his eye, and said, "My dear Jones, you have no *locus standi*." Jones, eager to be right somewhere, hastened to reply, "Yes I have, sir; I've two or three down in the store-room." Jones somehow failed to understand why everybody burst out with laughter, and made matters worse by explaining, "Well, all I know is that I *had* some, and I've got 'em now, unless somebody's walked off with them!"

**Some Further Reminiscences.**

I should like to have paid a tribute to my old Captain, Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, V.C., under whom I served in the *Raleigh*, but I content myself with one reminiscence which illustrates his practical wisdom. One morning he came on deck when the men were at quarters cleaning guns; the band was playing a dreamy waltz, and the men's polishing rags kept slow and stately time with the music. The Captain looked for a minute, then, sending for the bandmaster, he said, "This isn't a funeral; tell the band to play a *clean-gun* tune, a galop, or something of that style." In a few minutes the men's arms were briskly moving and the guns began to shine.

Let me bring this article to a close with a note or two about Lord Charles Beresford, whose entertaining autobiography was one of the most interesting books of last year. I can testify that he is a born fighter, and nothing seems to please him better than to have a regular tussle with a worthy opponent. He has shown the same old fighting spirit since he has been in Parliament, and I expect he will show it to the end. When I was serving with him in the Chatham Fleet Reserve, a serious difference of opinion had arisen with certain contractors concerning a new ship that was being surveyed before being taken over by the Admiralty. There was a strong influence against my judgment in the case, but Lord Charles sent for me and said, "Don't you budge an inch; stick to your opinion. I'll back you. I'll do the fighting; leave that to me." I can only record that he *did* do the fighting, and, as in the expedition to Khartoum, came out on top.

I could go on, I am afraid, in this strain for a greater length than the editor would allow, but I will close by saying that I count it the greatest honour of my life to have been an officer in his Majesty's Navy, and I have not a moment's anxiety regarding that great and senior service which our Sailor King has rightly described as the "sure shield" of Britain.

---

Glasgow Association has 875 men with the colours.

## WE'RE OFF!

I.

WE didn't mind the depot an' we didn't mind the drill,
And the slogging on the road without a band;
And the raw 'uns bore it gamely, though they often had their fill
Of a deal o' work they didn't understand.
But what we did mind—it set us seeing red—
Was when the other beggars came an' said,
"Ta, ta! See you some day soon!
Hear 'em playing the old tune?
Makes you feel a bloomin' toff
When you hear them drummers tappin'
'Boys, we're off!'
So long! All you lads, so long!
We've got word to move along,
We've been told to tumble in
For the Colonel's Cheap Excursion to Berlin!"

II.

I didn't mind old Salisbury, though it weren't too warm at night,
When there wasn't enough blankets to go round;
And I leathered them recruities till they'd larned their left from right,
And my throat was worth a penny in the pound.
But what I did mind—I thought I could ha' died—
Was when the little beggars came an' cried,
"Sergeant, won't we ever go?
We want tickets for the show!
Sergeant, won't you feel a toff
When you hear the colonel sayin',
'Boys, we're off!'?
Pass the word, then, sergeant dear,
We're fed up with waitin' here,
We want word to tumble in
For Kitchener's Excursion to Berlin!"

III.

I was feelin' hipped this morning when I'd turned in from parade,
While the 'cruities sat a-darnin' of their socks,
When they ses the major wants me, an' I goes, a bit afraid,
For his tongue it don't strike only on the box.
But what he did say, smilin' like an' blunt,
Was, "Sergeant, we've got orders for the front."
Now then, chuck yourselves about!
Wash them water-bottles out!
Buck up, boys, an' tumble in
For the old man's Cheap Excursion to Berlin!
This way to the early door!
Way there! Shove the drums afore!
My faith! Don't you feel a toff
When you hear them drummers tappin',
"Boys, we're off!"

GUNBY HADATH.

---

A musical setting of these verses by J. M. Capel is published by Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co., Limited, and may be obtained from all music sellers and dealers.

---

## A REPLY TO AN INFIDEL.

An infidel publisher sent a young man a packet of agnostic literature. The young man replied, returning the literature, as follows:—"Dear Sir,—If you have anything better than the Sermon on the Mount, the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that of the Good Samaritan, or if you have any code of morals better than the Ten Commandments, or anything more consoling and beautiful than the Twenty-third Psalm, or, on the whole, anything that will throw more light on the future and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament—send it along." He has not received anything more from the infidel!

## WINNING MEN.

**The Experiences of a Y.M.C.A. Worker in France, Described by Himself.**

THE soldiers amongst whom I have been working in France are mostly motor mechanics and motor drivers, a good number having been London motor-bus and taxi drivers. These are about the most difficult class of men to reach with the Word of God. Nevertheless, the first night that I brought the Pocket Testament League before their notice out of 200 present fifty-eight joined at once, and the following day thirty-one more came for a Testament. One of the applicants was a man between fifty and sixty years of age, and as I spoke to him about the Saviour's love the tears rolled down his face, and he said, "I know it is all true; I have always insisted that my children should attend the Sunday-school, although, God knows, I have not lived a good life myself." He signed the decision-card, and afterwards he came to tell me that he had received orders to proceed to the front the following day.

I was out walking the next day, when a soldier driving a motor lorry pulled up, and asked me to ride by his side. I was glad to accept his kind invitation. He at once began to tell me that he had a great burden of sin upon him, and he said, "I often think of what's coming after death; besides, I have a wife and five little kiddies at Chelsea, and I want to see them again." It was a joy to point him to the One who is mighty to save, and he was wiping away the tears with his coat sleeve as I got down from the lorry, we having reached a point beyond which I could not go.

At midday the following day a young soldier who had joined the Pocket Testament League came to ask me to show him how to be saved. The same evening another young soldier, who had previously joined the League, made his decision for Christ. About four days after introducing the League one of the men who had been amongst the first to join, and who had previously been in the habit of using vile language, was reading his Testament, when his mates mocked him. He asked them, "Will this do me any harm?" And they replied, "No." Then said he, "I feel sure it will do me good, and I mean to continue."

A young Irishman came to tell me that his outlook upon life had completely changed since he had begun to read the Word of God, and he asked me to read a letter which he had written to his wife, in which he told her not to take any notice of the previously gloomy letter which he had sent her, as he now had peace and joy as a result of having put his trust in God, and he implored her to do the same.

On another occasion a young man came at 11.50 p.m., and asked for a drink of water, but it was the living water that he was seeking, and he gladly accepted Christ as Lord and Master.

Another lad came to tell me that his chum was fearfully cut up. He had found him the previous night lying upon his bed, with the Testament in his hand and weeping bitterly. He expressed his determination to live a different life, and this had so impressed his chum that he had come to me to know more about it. H. J. L.

---

A Chinese Christian asked Archdeacon Moule how many clergymen there were in England. Archdeacon Moule asked how many he thought there were. "It is a little island," he replied; "perhaps there are a thousand." He was told, "More than twenty thousand." "Then," said he, "you can easily spare a thousand for China."



*Our Short Story.*

# "HOME THEY BROUGHT THE WARRIOR—."

By W. SCOTT KING.

"IT has come back to my memory over and over again these past warlike weeks," said my friend, "and I never wait at a railway station and see the lads in khaki—they wore their old red coats in these days—without picturing the little scene once more. But I fancy I have told it to you before, haven't I?"

We had run down to one of the southern seaside towns for the week-end, my friend and I, and were chatting over a cup of after-dinner coffee in the electric-lit and comfortable lounge. And inevitably our talk turned on the war.

I had just remarked that exciting and, of course, vastly serious and important though it was, I had tired of things military—got fed-up with them, as the phrase is—sooner than I had ever wearied of anything else I could remember, and the war stories in the magazines—all of similar pattern—bored me to death. At this point my friend—he was older and, I trust, wiser than I—told me that he had once experienced an incident, at the time even before the ill-starred adventure in South Africa, which had made a lasting impression on his mind.

"I have forgotten it, even if you have told me before," I said, "so out with it."

And this was the story he told.

I had missed my train—what a nuisance! The big Midland station was absolutely familiar to me—my college days had been spent in the town, you know—and I thought I knew the short cut through the churchyard blindfold. But it was a bit foggy, and in my haste—I had but a bare seven minutes to do it in—I took the wrong turning at the posts, and found myself, after running down no less than four of those bewildering intersecting avenues, back again at my starting-point.

It was Saturday evening, and I was to speak in a little town on the banks of the Severn on the following day. There was no help for it now—I must go by the mail as far as the Welsh border, and walk the rest of the distance.

I strolled leisurely through the lamp-lit arcade—I had suffered too much to try the churchyard again—and soon found myself at the Great Western station. Here all was push and bustle, occasioned by the Saturday-night marketers, and as I didn't want my bag—it was a new one—scratched in the jostle of baskets and my Sunday overcoat fumigated with strong shag tobacco, I went off to the bookstall to have a free nibble at the papers and magazines. What an array! Was I interested in poultry-feeding or torpedoes, in minor poets or the French birth-rate, in trades unionism, or in photos of the man with the biggest mouth in all America? If so, here was my chance, and no mistake.

But I was not—you know how I dislike the vulgarities of the popular Press, and the eternal parade of dress fashions and advertisements of sweated suits at 30s., and the like. And having already armed myself for my journey with the two weekly papers I like best—one, alas! costs sixpence, and one, thank goodness! a penny—I raised my eyes to where the big coloured presentation plates for the approaching Christmas were hanging above the stall.

Yes, I commented to myself, it was decidedly pretty, and well done and seasonable, that picture of the snow-covered church and the rustic bridge spanning the river. I must order it, and put it over my mantelpiece for Christmas Day—that is, if my landlady would allow me to cover up for a few days the hideous samples in coloured wool which she told me at least once a week she had worked when she was a girl.

"There, missus, there it be agen! Ain't it just wonderful! And I'll be bound that 'e's there too, and right in the front, same as 'e said 'e was. Lor', 'ow 'e must 'a felt, poor dear, wi' the smoke and the blood!"

I turned round sharply.

Standing by my side, straining their spectacled eyes up towards the plate belonging to the *Illustrated London News*, were two figures, an old man and an old woman, and for quaint picturesqueness and downright out-of-the-ark rusticity they deserved to have made a Christmas plate themselves.

Whatever had brought them, these remnants of a bygone generation, to the Great Western station on a Saturday night?

The old man, who was bent in the knees and much tanned and wrinkled in the face, wore a pair of buff-coloured breeches and blue worsted stockings, a faded black swallow-tailed coat of pre-historic cut, and a wonderful structure, with the pile most systematically rubbed the wrong way, for a hat. In one hand he clasped a long ash sapling, and in the other he held the one-time red handkerchiefed bundle. But in his face—that weather-lined, sun-dried old face—was a light of joy that positively transformed into beauty, if not into style, his antediluvian garments.

And his "missus" matched him. When before had she put on that dress and shawl and big-brimmed bonnet? Not for many a long day, I guessed; for though they were by no means new, there were creases and freshness about them which suggested—what shall I say?—the box under the bed. In one hand she was carrying a bulgy unbrella, and with the other—knotted with rheumatism—she held a black osier basket by a string handle. But the transforming light of joy was in her face, too, and as she endeavoured to balance herself upon the big square toes of her rough boots to get a closer view of the picture, her lips quivered, and tears shone behind the thick-rimmed spectacles.

"Be it really our Jamey, master?" she asked, with eager, tremulous voice. "But 'e never said as 'e 'ad a horse for to ride on. And 'ow 'e's growed, to be sure! But that black 'un 'll kill him if 'e don't mind—— But there! 'E's done with it all now, thank the good Lord."

I looked up at the picture.

It was one of the usual coloured plates representing a battle, a cavalry charge, which one or other of the illustrateds always favours us with, oddly enough, at the time of year when we keep the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

It depicted, in bright reds and blues, what was announced as "A Scene in Our Recent War on the Indian Frontier," and the prominent figure was that of a young Englishman with a carefully curled moustache, mounted on a plunging charger, and menaced by the ghastly long spear of a gigantic Indian.

Were this ancient couple actually claiming the parentage of this pictured hero? Surely not—yet it seemed so. But it was such incredibly pathetic, and even comic, simplicity if they were, that I ventured to address them.

Not then, though, for at that moment an engine came screaming out of the blackness into the lighted station. Whereupon the old man clutched his "missus" and started off down the platform. I followed them.

Up and down they went from tender to guard's van, panting, scrambling, inquiring, with looks of pathetic yet radiant solicitude, now pushed aside by a testy official, now hustled by a jovial crew of Black Country footballers.

"Look out, old boy, w'at you're adoing on with that there scaffold pole," shouted one.

"Let's come under yer bonnet, missus, out o' the rain," jeered another. But the ancient ones heeded none of them.

Then I lost them for a moment. But going towards a little group of laughing porters and newsboys at the further end of the platform, I discovered my Arcadians rolling and struggling among a heap of game-baskets, over which they must have tripped in their excited chase.

"For shame, gentlemen!" I said, indignantly. "Help them to get up, and don't stand grinning there."

With the help of a porter who came sheepishly forward, I succeeded in extricating them from the society of the affrighted pheasants. But as soon as he was on his feet, and had claimed his sapling and bundle, the old man asked in awful earnestness, "Bain't this the train what comes from Portsmouth, please?"

"No, this is from Wolverhampton only," I replied; "the Portsmouth train will not be here for another hour, even if it's in to time. You had better come into the waiting-room—you may get knocked about again if you stay on the platform; it is Saturday night, you know."

But no, I could not persuade them. Something might happen—the Portsmouth train come in unaccountably early, maybe, they seemed to think.

"Thank you kindly, sir. Missus, w'ere's my—— Oh! 'ere it be. We'll go and look at 'is picture agen, then we'll be 'andy for it w'en it do come."

I gave in, and steered them to the bookstall again.

"You have taken a fancy for that picture of the battle in India," I remarked, when we stood once more beneath the glorified cavalryman. "I will buy it for you if you will accept it," and I took out my purse.

"No, no! thanking y' all the same," they answered in chorus. "We 'ave one like it at 'ome—it's stuck up over the dresser—only Jamey worn't on 'is 'orse there same as 'e is 'ere, nor 'e worn't so old-looking neither be a good bit."

"Who is Jamey?" I found courage to ask.

"Jamey? Jamey? Our Jamey?" The station rang, and the faces into which I was gazing, all aglow with instant, unspeakable rapture, were as the faces of two angels—two withered angels.

Never did a question of my asking draw forth so long, so rambling, and withal so eloquent and love-inspired a reply as that one concerning the identity of "Jamey."

It lasted until the whistle of the veritable Portsmouth express sounded in Snow Hill.

It was this—

The strange-looking pair, tearfully claiming kinship with the painted dragoon, had come that afternoon, through unheard-of adventures in tunnels and trains, from an outlying Shropshire village.

All their life until to-day they had dwelt in healthy, unenvying peace. No fabulous

(*Concluded on page 214.*)

*9.—Plain Words About Marriage.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

I HAVE received a very frank letter from **E. E. L.** (Bradford) asking for my advice with regard to the difficult question of marriage. I appreciate his friendly spirit of confidence, and I shall endeavour to set down a few plain truths on the subject. Before doing so let me renew my offer of last week, and say how glad I shall be to receive letters from my readers on any subject, which should be addressed to me at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C.

* * *

FROM the tone of E. E. L.'s letter, I gather that he is seriously in love. There is nothing to smile at in this, for it is a mood as old as the grave and as irresistible as the returning tide. Some people, however, take themselves more seriously than others when in this state. I am inclined to think my correspondent is among this class. There are certain features in his letter which are not without peril, in that he takes himself rather too much on the heavy side.

* * *

HIS age suggests the first point of discussion. He is three-and-twenty; but as he has already gained the position of manager in a retail house of business, I imagine he is somewhat old for his years, which may account for his style of writing. Well, quite candidly, I think three-and-twenty is rather an early age to marry and enter upon the responsibilities of a home. It is a good age for a girl, but I am firmly of the opinion that another three years at least should be added before E. E. L. takes the great step he contemplates.

* * *

THIS view may be supported on a number of grounds. In the first place, at three-and-twenty one's place in the world's work is hardly determined, and it is always a wise thing to be quite sure of a steady position in business before additional responsibilities are assumed. Then, at that age, one's mind is hardly settled in regard to a hundred and one questions of life. Most of us blush with a little confusion as we think of the changes we have made since we were twenty-three. When a man gets nearer thirty his thinking is more firmly established, and he is therefore the better prepared to act as guide, philosopher, and friend to another. Then I am very doubtful if the ordinary young man of twenty-three has read enough of the world's books. Somehow the ordinary man does less reading after marriage than when he was a single man. In fact, I have known some men whose taste in literature altered very considerably. As single men they were interested in science, philosophy, ethics, and poetry; but after marriage they could not be moved far beyond a modern novel.

* * *

THE next point in my correspondent's letter is of a more prosaic order. He confesses he has had five years of "digs." He does not say whether he was comfortable and happy; whether the "digs" were good, bad, or indifferent. So I take the liberty of assuming they were none too good. Now, I know a good deal about "digs," and, strange to say, I, too, remained five years in the house I left in order to get married. Well, personally, I have no complaint to make. I had one of the very best of landladies, who nursed me when ill, and who would have counted it an unpardonable fault to deliver a garment to my room *minus* a button. But I can well understand that when a man is badly treated, receives poor food, scanty attention, and ill-aired clothing—to say nothing of getting a general impression that he is not wanted—he is somewhat anxious to make a change.

* * *

BUT it is a perilous thing to allow such a condition of things to accentuate one's desire for marriage. For the first thing a man discovers when he gets a home of his own is that "digs" are as different as chalk from cheese. I want seriously to remind my correspondent that a home is infinitely more than a glorified lodging; and even were it possible for him to have the most sumptuous mansion, he would find it pall on him very soon if other things were not equal. A home is almost a consecrated place; it is an atmosphere; it is a shrine, the beauty and delicacy of which can never be estimated by the size of the house, the style of the furniture,. or the extent of the treasures. I have seen a verse somewhere, but I cannot lay my hand on it for the moment, so if I misquote, will the critics please forgive?

"A man may build a mansion and furnish it throughout,
A man may build a palace, with lofty walls and stout;
A man may build a temple, with high and spacious dome,
But no man in this world can build that precious thing
called home."

* * *

WHICH simply means we need to learn the difference between a house and a home. So I am going to take my life in both hands, and venture on a word or two of advice to E. E. L. I will say this to him: "Be very sure that you know your own mind; if you are not sure, wait a while; you are young, and the world is before you. Be careful lest you marry in haste and repent at leisure, because many of your brothers have committed the error. But if you have found the one woman in the world for you, with whom you have at least half-a-dozen things in common, then, other things being equal, age, income, health, and so forth, ask the Father in Whom all the families of the earth are named to give you His blessing, and all will be well." All joking apart, I hope my friend from Bradford will send me a small piece of cake when the day dawns and the shadows flee away.

* * *

I DESIRE to thank **G. E. T.** (Torquay) very warmly for a note on my recent paper, "On Dressing Windows." "Your article," he says, "reminded me of a story told of the late Sir George Williams. After he had been a short time at Mr. Hitchcock's the manager said to Mr. Hitchcock: 'I am afraid we shall not be able to keep young Williams, from Bridgwater, for he does not seem at all fitted to our style of business.' 'Well,' said Mr. Hitchcock, 'I am sorry to hear you say that, as I like the look of the young fellow, and hoped we should make something of him. What have you tried him at?' 'Well,' was the reply, 'he has been behind the counter, and we have tried in other ways to use him, but all to no effect.' 'Have you tried him at window-dressing?' inquired Mr. Hitchcock; and receiving a negative reply he went on, 'Well, try him at that.' And young Williams proved so successful at window-dressing that he got his first step up the ladder of prosperity, mounting up step by step, until he became a partner in the firm and the son-in-law of Mr. Hitchcock."

* * *

I AM very anxious to make this page the meeting-place of all my readers; therefore I shall welcome very heartily all the letters and ideas they may care to send to me. Especially should I be grateful for any ideas as to how we might improve our paper and make it *the* paper for modern young men of Britain.




# W. H. CULLEN,

## 32-38, Earl Street, Finsbury, E.C.

*Wholesale Grocer and Provision Merchant.*

Canteen Supplies of all kinds despatched at shortest notice to any part of the country.

*WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.*


## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

by the Rev. **ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr**

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### The Good Fight.

THOSE who find faith hard at times—and who does not?—can gather much encouragement from Paul's words to Timothy—"Fight the good fight of faith." Fight. Let the Lord remind us that faith often implies effort, that there is nothing in the idea of it that is incompatible with struggle, that the very form of Paul's advice implies an antagonism.

It is true that many think of the "faith of the saints" as a quiet, contented habit of gentle acquiescence, a sweet and beautiful state of mind very far removed from the restless, analytic temper of the man of to-day. And I do not say that faith is never seen in that placid form, but I do say that that was not the type Paul had in view when he wrote Timothy, it is not the figure which best described his own faith, and it is certainly not the aspect he would require to deal with, were he writing to the men of to-day. For they are only too conscious of much inward suspense of judgment and uncertainty regarding many things in heaven and earth. That inward conflict seems to many of them a sign that faith is waning, if not dead. What a singular delusion! Why, my brothers, dead things do not offer any resistance! The real opposite of faith is not doubt, as so many suppose, but deliberate and satisfied denial. Faith can live in the same life along with very many doubts; as a matter of fact, in the case of not a few of the most Christlike men of our time, it is living beside them constantly. For faith is something more than the sum of all a man's beliefs. It is the total conscious and deliberate set and desire of his whole being.

It is a well-known fact that a man may be truly courageous, acting, speaking, thinking bravely at the very moment when panic fears are gripping his heart. It is the very finest courage that dominates and controls a sensitive organisation, and holds the shrinking other-half to its purpose with stern grip. Just so is it with faith. A man keeps his course, lifts up his eyes to the hills, lives for God and His Christ, prays on and struggles on, while his mind is full of questionings and the puzzle of God's deep mysteries. For faith is not what the intellect says merely. It is what the whole man is struggling and trying to say—

With me, faith means perpetual unbelief
Kept quiet, like the snake 'neath Michael's foot,
Who stands calm just because he feels it writhe.

Don't do yourself the wrong of thinking that faith has vanished just because the snake is felt to be writhing. "Perpetual unbelief kept quiet." Yes, but what keeps the clamouring doubts under foot? Just yourself, just your highest self, the bit of you made for God and unable to do without Him! Faith is the vote of the whole man, of the best of the man, in the face of a protesting minority.

Let a man ask himself—Does he really wish that the best he has dreamed or heard about God and His love for men, His pity and His nearness in Jesus Christ—does he wish all that to be true? No man is without faith who does wish that, and is living in the direction of his desire. I do not believe that the prodigal was at all sure of the welcome that awaited him. Probably his mind, as he limped along in his rags, was full of misgivings and fears. But the father hailed him as his son *whenever he saw afar off that the lad's face was set for home.* I do not imagine that our Father will concern Himself very much about the gaps in our creed, if only our faces are turned homewards and towards Him. So fight on, my brother, with a stout heart. Faith is not sight. It may not even be assurance, may only be hope and longing and a reaching towards the Highest. But no man, even though he fall on the way home and before he knows of his welcome, no man shall be cast out at the last whose arms, as he fell, were outstretched in need and desire to God.

---

A Roman Catholic priest in the North of England writes:—"Heaps of letters are coming in from my Catholic lads on your notepaper. Pray accept enclosed guinea towards cost."

The "hut" for the use of troops at Colwyn Bay is the gift of the Misses Greg, of Wilmslow. At the opening ceremony the "hut" was formally declared open by Mrs. Ivor Philipps, wife of the general officer commanding the Welsh Division. Major-General Ivor Philipps, M.P., said he had been in many soldiers' camps, and had seen many tents belonging to the Y.M.C.A., and he had never heard a single complaint against the Y.M.C.A. and the way they did their business, except from the people who were running the canteen. On behalf of the troops in the Colwyn Bay garrison, he moved a cordial vote of thanks to the Misses Greg. Brigadier-General Horatio Evans, commanding the 3rd Brigade, seconded the motion, which was carried with acclamation. Mrs. Horatio Evans and Colonel Sir Hamar Greenwood, M.P., spoke to other votes of thanks. The latter said it was simply a miracle the way the men of Wales and of the Empire had come forward at this critical time. They were ready to die for their paltry shilling a day. They had died by the tens of thousands.

# WITH OUR BRAVE FIGHTING FORCES: VARIOUS PHASES OF THE GREAT WAR ILLUSTRATED BY THE CAMERA.



A British soldier cooking his dinner in the trenches while his comrade stands by and keeps a sharp look-out for the enemy. The picture gives some idea of the conditions at the front.



In one of the latest despatches from Sir John French the distinguished Field-Marshal states that—"On our left a party of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry captured a trench with great dash; after killing eleven of the occupants and driving off the remainder they succeeded in blowing up the trench." Our picture shows Princess Pat's Regiment marching off Salisbury Plain on their way to the front.



An old deserted farmhouse near the fighting line in France which has been converted into billets for the soldiers, who naturally find it a more comfortable sleeping-place than the trenches.



Happy despatch-riders attached to the Royal Engineers, packed on a motor-cycle and side-car, photographed on their way to Whitehall a few days ago.



To throw a hand grenade with any degree of accuracy requires a good deal of skill and care, since the action is said to be almost as dangerous to the thrower as to the enemy. Two of our men are here seen in the trenches practising the dangerous art. *Photos: Photopress.*



Wounded soldiers looking out on the famous racecourse at Epsom from a window of the hospital. There is keen controversy just now over the action of the racing authorities with regard to the annual event.

# CAUTION.

*The Proprietors of SCHWEITZER'S "COCOATINA," "FAIRY COCOA," etc., beg to inform their clients that NONE of their products are manufactured in GERMANY. That they are a private ENGLISH COMPANY managed by a BOARD OF ENGLISH DIRECTORS, and that all shares are held by relatives and connections by marriage of the late sole proprietor,*

*CAPTAIN THOMAS EDWARD SYMONDS, R.N.*

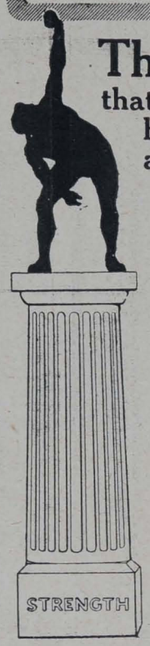
**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.**

**RED WHITE & BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner

**In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.**

# HORLICK'S MALTED MILK



## The Food-Drink that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**

as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/- The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet— DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**



STRENGTH FITNESS

# BURBERRY WAR KIT

**Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.**

**The BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF**
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece or Fur. Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING. LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

**BRITISH WARM BURBERRY**
A splendidly protective garment, made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

**UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS**
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.



Service Dress



The Burberry

**BURBERRY WAR KIT** includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S. B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing only 3¾lbs.

**SHORT NOTICE SERVICE KIT**
**Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.**

*Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE.

**BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON**
**8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents**

# If you are Training in Camp,

ASK FOR

# JACOB & CO.'S

**1d. GINGERBREAD CAKES,**

**1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,**

**TIPPERARY BISCUITS**
**(A very popular, rich, sweet variety),**

**1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS,**

AND

**1d. CHOCOLATE TABLETS**

You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

WE have just interviewed a worker home from the base camps in Northern France. The one sentence that remains in our minds with peculiar emphasis is, "We are all serious there." We think of the crowd of men who have enlisted. They come from every class of society—

Duke's son, cook's son, son of a thousand kings,
Son of a Lambeth publican, they are all the same to-day,
Each of them doing his country's work——.

"Men about town" and country yokels, professional men and artisans, they are aware that the life they have offered to their King and country may really be required of them before long. We do not notice any particular seriousness in the home training camps. The men are pretty normal, and take whatever comes lightheartedly enough. But with the crossing of the Channel the realities of war become intimate to every man of them.

***

HOME, loved ones, familiar scenes are left; good-byes have been said; ahead of every man lies the battlefield, and a new seriousness possesses him. He is still the philosopher, taking his chances as they come. But he realises that he is within easy reach of the supreme test of his loyalty, his courage, his manhood. There is no particular sign of his new condition. He does not lose his appetite, or pull an unnecessarily long face, or fail to see a joke, or become automatically a saint or a prig. His virtues remain the typical virtues of a British soldier. But "we are all serious out here." And it is a seriousness that bodes ill for the enemy.

***

IT was Kipling, was it not, who spoke of a regiment of men who fought as they had never fought before, because "they had looked on their dead." Our men at the front are aware of the price the Allies have already paid, and are ready for the further payment that is demanded. The war is being fought largely in cold blood. It is highly interesting to read the stories of dashing charges, leading to the capture of positions or trenches, but those are "glorious moments" in a long campaign, in which long hours are spent waiting and watching, digging and scraping, even in strategic retreat. The seriousness of our men is accounted for by these conditions, and also accounts for their success.

***

A YEAR ago the nation was gravely concerned about the rising generation. Many factors which were operative led the leaders in Church and State to the constant consideration of the question whether we were a declining race. All kinds of evidence was published. The young man was pilloried. Some of the evidences of his degeneration were constantly repeated. His keenness in matters of sport and his indifference to book-learning, his taste in dress, his flirtations, his slackness, were all charged against him, and, broadly speaking, any jury could have brought in a true bill. The thing that needs to be remembered now is that it is this same young man who is bearing the burden of our Empire. There lay latent in the young "nut," in the artisan, in the young swell the "grit" and "gumption" which have come out in response to a demand that was big enough to bring young Britain up to the "scratch."

***

UP to his neck in mud, through perils by day and night, in sickness and in health, in temporary success or failure, these same men are grimly and earnestly playing the greatest game John Bull has ever undertaken, worthily representing Britain, the Britain of a thousand years of history, in the supreme hour of her testing. Our faith in men should receive great reinforcement from a survey of the nation to-day. Only men who really believe in men ever have influence with them. One of the least hopeful signs of the times a year ago was that many of the men who occupied our pulpits had lost faith in young men. Somehow preaching seemed to leave them unmoved. Does it not strike us now that the men who have responded so gloriously to the call of the Empire were worth more persistent, more relentless, more believing efforts than we made to reach them in the name of religion?

***

THE men who are making history for Britain to-day are capable of writing a new chapter in the story of the Christian Church. It will be splendid if all the instructors of youth, the men of the pulpit, the university chair, the political and social platform realise that they have the raw material of heroes in the men to whom they speak. We must make our appeals along the heroic line. Convince a man that his hearers are poor stuff and you may as well muzzle him. Convince a man that he is speaking to men capable of high achievement and you have given him an inspiration that will burn in his words. Is there a man living who preaches or teaches who would not gladly speak to young England now? Yet we had the same stuff at our disposal a year ago, and it will be ours again when war is over.

***

HOW are we going to deal with our opportunity? The New Testament is the charter of the greatest campaign of human history. The Cross is the symbol of the real Armageddon, the age-long war. The Captain of our Salvation is the supreme Hero. Who follows in His train? Paul, Savonarola, King Alfred, Luther, Wyclif, Knox, Wesley, Newman, General Booth, Gladstone, Gordon, what were they? They were men who saw that the great adventure was to be found under the banner of the Cross. They fought evil in a thousand pitched battles. They freely suffered the loss of all things for the sake of their King.

THREE million men have offered their lives for their people. Every man of them is a possible soldier of Christ. Every man is capable of service in His army. They have proved their capacity for response to a great appeal. The appeal of the Christ is the greatest appeal of all. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." They are not cowards. Let them see our Lord, as Saul saw Him on the road to Damascus, and in barrack-room and camp their testimony will be, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Nothing would so guarantee the morale of our Army as a general response to the claims of religion. Nothing that we have read recently has made a deeper impression on our minds than the following paragraph :—

The *Church Family Newspaper* states :—"We learn on unimpeachable authority that Lord Fisher makes a habit of going to a certain church practically every day for prayer and meditation before commencing his responsible duties. We understand, also, that Lord Kitchener follows out a similar rule whenever he is in London.

"These remarkable examples prove how great men value and appreciate the means of grace provided for them, and they are calculated to give the nation an increased confidence in the men upon whom so much depends."

Every private in the British Army needs the stimulus of faith as much as these two mighty warriors. We rejoice in their example, and we urge every representative of the Christian faith, clerical and lay, who comes into touch with Tommy Atkins to deeper devotion, to the task of so representing his Master that discipleship of Christ shall be clearly seen as the greatest adventure which life offers.

***

THEIR Majesties King George and Queen Mary have been spending a few days among their troops in the Aldershot command. On Monday afternoon last Queen Mary paid a private visit to the Queen Alexandra Hut, which was to be officially opened on the day following. Her Majesty was deeply interested in all the arrangements which had been made for the comfort of the troops, and thoroughly inspected the building from end to end. The story of the work in France was eagerly listened to, and the Queen was particularly careful to inquire about the work in the Queen Mary huts at Boulogne and Havre. Queen Alexandra, who is the donor of the hut at Aldershot which bears her name, is unable to visit it just now, but has graciously expressed her desire to do so a little later in the spring. One of the most recent donations to our War Emergency Fund comes from the Empress Eugenie, one of the most interesting personalities of our time, and a pathetic figure as a living link with our French Allies.

***

THE dogs and cats of the British Empire have given £450 for a Y.M.C.A. hut in France. Readers will remember that in one of his first speeches after the outbreak of war the Kaiser said that, if need be, he would arm every cat and dog in Germany in defence of the empire. Five thousand cats and dogs in Britain have contributed sums ranging from £5 to a penny in response to the invitation of Miss Maud Field, of

Mortimer, Berks, whose bright idea it was to promote this scheme. Another recent gift is that of a hut from the Sons of Temperance, who will provide the staff to run it. The Boys' Brigade are giving and staffing a hut to be erected in France. The Edinburgh bairns will be the proud hosts in one centre. The staffs of the Bank of England and of the Capital and Counties Bank have each given huts. Several buildings are donated in memory of Lord Roberts, and others in memory of officers and men who have died in action. The Variety Artistes' Federation, the League for Opposing Women's Suffrage, the Midland Railway Company, and a number of the City companies are also on our list. We hope at an early date to publish a complete list of the donors who have made our present work possible.

* * *

THE Central Hall, Westminster, will be the scene of three remarkable meetings on Monday, March 22, at 11 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 6 p.m. The purpose is to consider "The Religious Aspect of the Women's Movement in its Relation to War and Peace." The chairman will be the Rev. Wm. Temple. The following subjects will be spoken to during the day:—"The Kingdoms of this World and the Kingdom of God"; "The Realities of War"; "Who Makes War?"; "Women and War"; "The Supremacy of Spiritual Forces"; "The Romance of Peace"; "The Women's Movement and the World's Peace"; "The Enthronement of Love"; "The Prince of Peace"; "The Warfare in Our Common Life"; "The Warfare in Our Social and Religious Life"; "The Dethronement of Force"; "The True Warfare." The speakers will include the Rev. A. H. Gray, the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, Rev. Dr. Percy Dearmer, Rev. Dr. W. E. Orchard, Rev. E. S. Woods, Rev. Richard Roberts, Dr. H. T. Hodgkin, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, Mrs. Bruce Glasier, Mrs. Barbara Mackenzie, Miss Eglamtyne Jebb, Miss Catharine Marshall, Miss Zoë Fairfield, and Miss Maude Royden. These meetings cannot fail to be remarkable, and the serious discussion of such topics as those provided for by the women and men must result in great good. Miss Lucy Gardner, 92, St. George's-square, S.W., will gladly send full particulars.

### THE ETERNAL SPRING.

How wonderful it is to note the perpetual fountain in Nature—how one spring succeeds another without fail! A modern poet has put the matter effectively in this verse:—

Friend, talk no more of whether death is so
Or otherwise:
Nor reason if the body lives or no
After it dies,
See, from this plane the dying leaf I tear—
Not nothing, friend, but next year's bud lies there.

The certainty of spring, with its resurrection in natural things, is one of the proofs of the Christian's faith in the Resurrection from the dead. Will the human life be the only existence which is not immortalised? No, for God has promised that "He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you."

## ABOUT FAMOUS MEN.

Lord Morley was once discussing the difficulties of a statesman's life. He said, "My own definition of hard work is that it is deciding. It is not reading great multitudes of papers. It is saying 'Yes' or 'No' to this or that definite question." That is just where Christians gain God's aid in their daily life. They refer the problems to Him. It is fatal to decide in a hurry, with our own lack of foresight and our own bias. But if we lay the problems before God, and really mean to accept His will, there comes the solution, and with it comes peace. Our business is to learn how to say 'Yes' to God's calls to service, and 'No' to the tempter's specious lures to evil. Yes, the hardest part of life consists in deciding, but to take early the great decision to be a follower of Christ will simplify all the other problems that will call for our decision.

---

Possibly you have heard of the "Plimsoll Line." It is a mark recorded on a vessel above the water-line, and it is unlawful to load any ship so that this mark is below the water. The "Plimsoll Line" was established through Mr. Samuel Plimsoll. Anticipating that his Bill would be strongly opposed, he prayed earnestly that it might become law. When the day came for him to address the House of Commons, a few friends met by arrangement in one of the adjoining rooms and prayed that God would guide the assembled members to a right decision. Mr. Plimsoll was naturally timid, but ere he entered the debating chamber there flashed through his mind these words: "I Am hath sent me unto you." He wrote these words on paper, and went forth to speak. The House of Commons passed the Bill, and it is in operation to-day.

---

Twenty years after Bishop Hannington was martyred in Uganda, his own son has baptised the son of the murderer. Was there ever a finer instance of God's power to change men's lives from hatred of the Gospel into Christianity? When the Bishop was about to be murdered, he said, "Tell the king I die for Uganda. I have bought this road with my life." His words have come true. The road is now open to Christian missionaries, and the King of Uganda (successor to the Bishop's foe) is himself a Christian. "If ye faint not" is the word which must cause us to continue, faint yet pursuing, until foes become friends of the Gospel.

---

General Howard, the Christian soldier, told a friend a very touching incident of General Grant when he visited him at his deathbed. The great general was nearing the end, the hand of death was on him, his throat was muffled, and he could not speak clearly. General Howard reminded him of his great service. He told him that the country would hold him always in grateful remembrance; then the muffled voice interrupted him, and with eagerness he turned to one of whose piety he was as certain as of his courage:—"Howard, tell me more about prayer."

---

Maeterlinck, the great Belgian author, gives a beautiful picture of the circle of serenity which surrounds the good man. "Around the upright man there is drawn a wide circle of peace, within which the arrows of evil soon cease to fall; nor have his fellows the power to inflict moral suffering upon him." The Christian has many a promise to uphold him, the promise especially of "the peace of God which passeth understanding." He is secure from the arrow that flieth by day, for God will be his helper.

---

On the night before Sir Walter Raleigh was executed he wrote a pathetic letter of last words to his devoted wife. One of the instructions he committed to her was: "Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men." Followers of Christ should be especially scrupulous to owe no man anything. Many a testimony has been injured by the fact that the speaker owed money to some of his hearers.

### DRINK IN THE A MY.

THE recent article in these columns from the pen of Dr. Saleeby has aroused a good deal of interest, especially among the men who have enlisted in order to fight for King and country.

Writing from India, a lance-corporal in the Territorials describes how Christmas Day was spent, and we publish his remarks because of their bearing upon the question raised by Dr. Saleeby.

"I was happy enough at ——," he says, "but one or two things upset me, the worst being the supply of drinks. It is a very funny thing, but we get it drummed into us to leave alcoholic drinks alone, but the first chance the Army get of supplying drinks, they always overestimate the number of beer drinkers. Ever since I first joined the battalion it has been the same. Those wishing to have minerals have to fight for what they can get; and those drinking beer can have a swim if they like.

"For Christmas dinner every man was supposed to have an option of a pint of beer or two minerals each. The consequence was the beerites get theirs all right, and half the teetotalers had either to drink and break the pledge or go without.

"Fortunately, there were a number who stuck to their ship, but what a temptation for a thirsty tongue! It seems a pity that this sort of thing goes on, as I am perfectly certain that, once a chap breaks his bond, it is easier to continue than if he had never started. There are several chaps now that I was surprised to hear had signed the pledge, and probably would have kept it but for this reason. Throughout the journey there was never a day passed without someone complaining of his inability to get a mineral, while those drinking beer would be sitting round a pail or dixie of it."

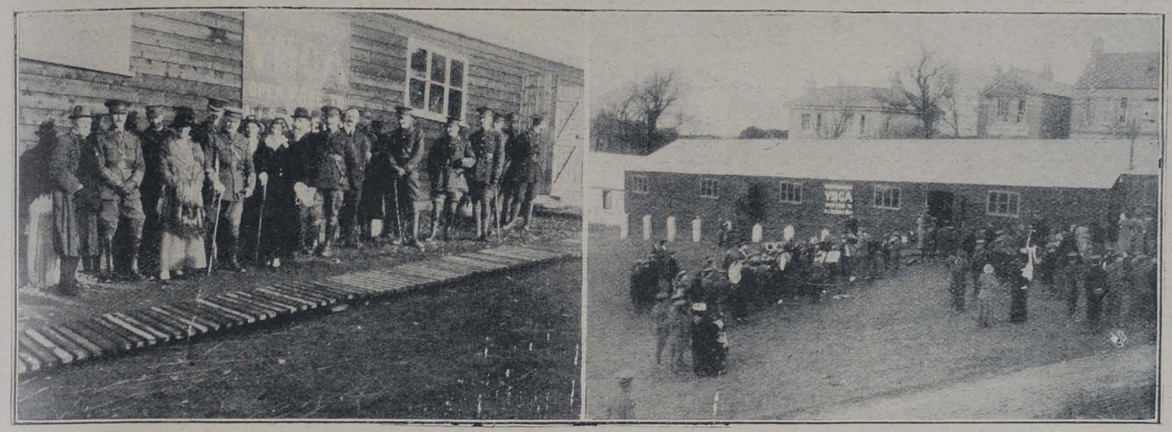
### THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

A CAMP leader working amongst the troops, where a building has not yet been erected, writes as follows:—One morning a corporal approached me with sadness impressed on his face. He asked me if I was busy, and I answered, "No, not very." "Very well," he said, "will you come for a walk with me, Phillips?" "Certainly," I said in reply. So we strolled away about half a mile from the camp. By and by the corporal turned to me and said, "Twelve years ago I signed the Temperance Pledge, and I kept it until I came to this camp, but since I have come to the camp I have had some trouble, and sorry to say I have tried to forget it all in drink. I wouldn't mind, Phillips, he said, if that was all the truth, but it is not, only a part. Somehow my wife has come to know of my failure to keep the pledge, and this morning my wife's letter was enough to break my heart." "Read it, Phillips," he said, and with a trembling hand he offered me the letter. This was a letter I shall never forget, and the secrets of which I shall not tell. But I felt I was walking on sacred ground, and were it not for the peculiar circumstances I would have refused to read the letter. I read the letter with all the thoughtfulness a young fellow of my age could command, then I turned to the corporal, and, alas, his face was beautified with sparkling tears. With a sad look he asked, "What shall I do, Phillips?" I can never be happy as things are now. I am going home next week, and how can I face my good wife?" So I told him, "Look here, corporal, leave the drink alone. Do not touch it again, and when you go home next week don't forget to go home as smart as you can. Clean your uniform and shine every button; then your wife will be happy and glad."

When the next week arrived the corporal went home burdened with the dignity of a crowned king. But as soon as he returned he called at our camp and said, "Phillips, my boy, let me thank you for your simple but valuable advice. My wife was so glad to see me, and is no longer sad. Life is now a pleasure to me."

When he left me I felt in my own heart some new joy because I was allowed to be a friend to one of our brave heroes. Surely this is a privilege that is worthy of much sacrifice.





Two of the splendid huts, given by Mr. and Mrs Waldorf Astor, in the Plymouth Fortress. The officer in the centre of the picture is Colonel Morris, Eastern Section Commander, and the lady by his side is Mrs. Phipps, who declared the hut open.

# A ROUND OF THE EAST ANGLIAN CAMPS.

*Some Personal Impressions of a Pressing Need and an Abundant Opportunity.*

By the REV. W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.

AT the call of the hour another "new army," besides Lord Kitchener's, sprang into being—the battalions of voluntary workers under the generalship of the Y.M.C.A. Being, alas! over age, I have been privileged to find a modest place in this extra army, and already my experiences number over a dozen of the great camps. This past week has found me in historic and strategic East Anglia, at Felixstowe, Harwich, Dovercourt, and Stowlangtoft; but being in Sheffield for the week-end, I took the opportunity of a flying peep at our new quarters in Chesterfield, and also at our hut in the Redmire Camp of the 12th Battalion of the York and Lancashire Regiment.

In a sense, of course, all military camps are alike, and the stories of evangelistic and encouraging visits to them tend to repeat themselves, and so become monotonous. Yet each one has an individuality of its own that is most fascinating, and when, as in my own case, the visitor or missioner, or whatever you please to call us, brings fresh eyes and heart with him—eyes and heart well-nigh surfeited with town halls, schoolrooms, lecture institutes, and churches—the story arrays itself in refreshand novel colours. At once I shall make some confessions, and own to have returned to my home base with at least four deep impressions. I have been wonderfully convinced, first, by the moral and religious character of the soldiers I have met, and their warm and ready response to our social and evangelical appeals to them. Second, by the absolute necessity for our huts in their midst—what their religious and social destitution without them is like I cannot exaggerate. Thirdly, by the complete self-devotion of the young fellows who man the tents, many of them without any remuneration. And, fourthly, by the altogether incalculable chances for extending His Kingdom which God has thus unexpectedly placed in our hands.

When in some of the camps I took the opportunity, while "Genevieve" or "Polly-wolly-doodle" was on the air, to sit and chat a moment or two with dozens of the men, I found quite a number who were thoroughly godly lads—one, who shook my hand nearly off, a Salvation Army bandsman. I cannot describe fully their friendliness and frank and gentle confidences. But of rudeness, or even boisterous fun or pardonable mischief, there was not a trace. After I had addressed them, Mr. Daldry read, amid perfect silence, the "Active Service" passages for the night—"The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp to deliver thee," and other passages, and then we sang "Fight the good fight" and the evening hymns. May I say that never have I spoken more direct words to men in my life, more passionate or more convinced, and never have I looked into more attentive countenances? Then came prayer, and after that the clean up of the hut, and then—Oh, my! how ever did we find our way home? Arm-in-arm we plunged in the sea of mire, and every few minutes rang out, "Halt! Who goes there?" "Friends," we cried. "One approach for recognition," called the sentry, and we saw the gleam of his bayonet. "Pass, Y.M.C.A.; all's well." Round the fire after prayer I looked at my young comrades—Messrs. Miles, Grey, Bridge, Cook, and Mr. Daldry. I am not a camp leader, and so am entitled to speak disinterestedly. For five months without a break these fellows have stuck to this most arduous work—catering, manning the counter and the post office, dealing with every sort of emergency and contingency, and their faces and eyes betray the long vigil. Unassuming fellows, these, like Mr. Miles, a clergyman's son, who volunteered to "anything I can do"! I wish I could put on record worthily my sense of his and the others' devotion. Round the fire what tales they told! How the Bedfords had paraded at five in the morning not long ago, and after saying good-bye had marched off singing "When the roll is called." They sang it in France a few days later; yes, and sang it as scores of their gallant company marched to death. I should have said that the isolation camp had suddenly to be opened, and the colonel had sent a peremptory message asking the Association to come to his aid. This, by the way, is but one of the innumerable instances of the appreciation shown by the commanding officers and staff generally. I saw helpers leaving the large parish room under our auspices, and also, what interested me greatly, the sleeping hut, lent to us by the military, in the vicarage garden, which had been converted into an active service room. A fresh wind blew next morning as I crossed the harbour in a merry little motor-boat to Harwich. Here, under the guidance of Mr. Upton, a retired merchant who is giving his services to us, I visited three of our huts out in the country amid the trenches. Always the same features—mud, barbed wire, isolation from social life and the comfort and care and



**The Royal Marine Home at Deal, which has been taken over by the Y.M.C.A. for the use of the troops.**

shelter of our camp assistants. I was amused incidentally at having to give my name and address and business to the special constables on the railway platform.

And now I am sensitive of a familiar difficulty. It seems ungracious, not to say unjust, to have preferences, and yet which of us is free from them? In my mind as I write I find it difficult to tell myself that I had no more delightful and enheartening experience than my visit with Mr. Northcott, the district secretary, to the out-of-the-world camp of the Hertford reserve battalion at Stowlangtoft Park, near Bury St. Edmunds. While the dying sun hung draperies of orange and red behind the bare trees on Friday evening, together we ran through the peaceful East Anglian country-side, talking, as two others once talked, "of all the things that had happened." Five miles from a town, in a gloriously wooded park, stand the brown huts of the Hertfords, our own conspicuous hut near the fine old English residence. Here I struck a real character—the man in charge, Mr. Butler by name. Young middle-aged, perky, genial, practical, straight of word and deed, he rules the counter and the platform, Sunday and week-day, to perfection. Mr. Northcott has for five past years been with the first battalion in August at camp, and was soon identified and hailed by many he knew who remain behind as reserves.

As I close let me say that, as my own early ministry was passed in this part of England, I naturally retain for these brave Suffolk and Norfolk lads—those I met at Felixstowe, for example—an especial affection. I landed home with one deep regret—viz., that I could not settle down for a steady week or two in one or other of our huts. For I am more and more convinced that, with the soldiers of the new Army, as with civilian Association men in city and town, it is not so much what one says on a platform as what one is in daily friendly intercourse that counts. I am tired to-night as I pen these poor lines, and I fear I have failed to draw the pictures I intended. But, be that as it may, I am deeply content to know that above and beyond all—and it is a big all—our Association huts and staff are doing, there is the hand of God stretched out in guidance and in benediction. "Not in vain, not in vain," I keep saying to myself; "not in vain in the Lord."

## OUR £5 AWARD.

THE winner of the £5 offered by *Y.M.* to the reader securing the largest number of signatures is Mr. Harry F. Griffin, Inverness, 78, Oval-road, East Croydon, Surrey, whose copy of *Y.M.*, dated February 19, had written over it 412 names.

Other readers who have sent in well-filled papers are Mr. John McDonald, Cowdenbeath, Fifeshire, who secured 392 signatures, and Gunner A. E. Cook, 22nd Company R.G.A., Sheerness, 300. The rest of the papers were below the 300 mark.

These and other friends worked very hard in the interests of the paper, and we thank them for their kindly and valuable help.

The Palmer Tyre, Limited, 119-123, Shaftesbury-avenue, London, W.C., have just issued a new cycle tyre booklet, which is beautifully produced and is full of valuable information to all cyclists keen on getting the best out of their tyres. All such should write for a copy. A good many years have passed since the writer of this paragraph first had the Palmer tyres fitted to his bicycle, and he remembers yet the satisfaction which they yielded from every point of view. He therefore has no hesitation whatever in recommending them.

## LORD SALISBURY WITH HIS MEN.

### The Testimony of a Nob'e Marquis to the Value of the Y.M.C.A.

ON March 3 three buildings were opened in Northampton for the use of the troops. Two of these are wooden huts; the third is the great Corn Exchange. The interest of the Brigadier-General, the Marquis of Salisbury, and officers commanding, has made the provision of adequate accommodation a comparatively easy matter. Declaring the Corn Exchange open for the use of his men, Lord Salisbury made a speech which was entirely worthy of the occasion.

He said there had been some discussion as to whose idea it was to turn the Corn Exchange into a soldier's institute. It was not his, but the credit for originating the idea must go to the Rev. L. Richardson, one of the chaplains to the forces.

When they had made up their minds to set about the thing they had to consider how best to carry their ideas into effect. He was certain they could not have gone to better helpers than the Y.M.C.A. He had some experience of their work before, and knew they were ready to get to work, if it was only in a hut, where soldiers wanted a place for recreation.

The moment the suggestion was made they adopted the idea. That Association was one of the things in which the cynics of the world did not believe, but they were a disinterested body of men, who entered upon a work not for the sake of money or of gaining rewards, but in order to do good. He had taken advantage of the readiness and experience of the Association, and had started the club. He hoped the troops under his command would avail themselves of it.

What was the motive that made so many people go to such trouble to serve the soldiers. First of all it was patriotism. They realised they lived at a time when all men and women must do their utmost for their country. Then there was another motive, a still higher ideal. It was the voice which spoke in still more commanding accents, and forced men, even bad men, to do what conscience demanded of them. It was the voice of that Teacher who taught 1900 years ago, and taught a doctrine, partly human, partly divine, which has ever since transformed the world.

That spirit, brought out by the crisis through which men were now passing, would, he hoped, be as a purifying fire, out of which the country in all its classes and ranks would emerge better and nobler than it went in. Much that was trivial and superfluous and unwise would be purged away, and the true metal left, giving men hope for the future of their country and courage to go on with their work.

That institute was being opened to provide the soldiers with opportunity for reasonable recreation. Some men wanted music, some games, while others wanted to be quiet to read and write. It was part of the British system to think of soldiers, not as mere items nor as mere machines, but as sensible men, spiritual beings. The whole of the British training depended on encouraging the individual thought and enterprise of each particular soldier. Some countries took a different view, and treated soldiers as machines, but that was not the English way. If they wanted to see the machine idea at work they must go to Germany. He hoped they would go. Under that great Empire, which they must remember had a magnificent army, all the soldiers were treated as machines, all individuality and initiative crushed out of them, and that was the reason why Britishers beat them.

It was to develop the moral, intellectual, and spiritual functions of men—yes, even though they were soldiers—that such an institute ought to be encouraged. They had first to try to make men skilful, then happy, then clever, and last, but greatest of all, to make men good men. If they could combine those four things in the troops now in training, then, indeed, they would have the finest army the world had ever seen.

In conclusion, Lord Salisbury said he need not tell the men how earnestly he trusted they would always behave as befitted men who wore the uniform of the King. He did not doubt they would from what he had seen and known of them already. He hoped they would use that and the other halls for the purposes he had indicated. He hoped they would profit by and enjoy them, and if they did he was sure the work of preparing and transforming even the Corn Exchange would be amply repaid.

## "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

### Notes and News from many Centres in which the Associat on is at Work.

At Windsor, the capital hut on Bachelor's Acre is now under Mr. A. G. Cook's leadership. He is arranging a good list of lectures, &c., and, judging by the close attention given by a large audience to a lecture on the war, there should be plenty of scope for the work. Mr. Cook is wanting more helpers. The hut is comfortably warmed, and its central position makes it a popular rendezvous. The Rev. C. H. Vine and Dr. Minifie are to visit it shortly, and a lecture by Mr. Martin-Duncan is announced.

***

Much interest has been aroused in the coloured Coldstreamer who is in training at Windsor. He is a British subject who has already proved his prowess.

***

Not all the soldiers who are so industrious in writing letters in our huts find it easy work. One of them was heard begging a comrade to tell him "what to say." The answer was, "Tell her all about the route march; where we started from, and what places we passed through." And, most conscientiously, the scribe wrote down a detailed account!

***

Local residents can do a great deal to assist the leaders at Y.M.C.A. huts by calling and offering help. The other day, at a very busy hut, there were only two people to serve refreshments to a throng of men all through a long evening. And one of the helpers was seventy-four years old! Surely more friends could have rendered aid. It is surprising sometimes to hear, "Oh, yes, there's a hut at the camp, but I've never been to see it." Leaders can make use of all kinds of help, and are very grateful for offers.

***

On the morning of their departure a battalion of "Terriers" left the following message on the notice board at Barnsley for Mr. W. H. Woodman's benefit:—"The lads of the 5th York and Lancs feel grateful to the Y.M.C.A. for their kindly regards as regards their welfare in the future, and be it on the battlegrounds of Europe or on the plains of the East, there will always be a warm spot in the hearts of the Barnsley boys for the Y.M.C.A. and its workers. We all join in our hearty respects, and may God help and forward the work of the Y.M.C.A. is the heartfelt wish of THE BARNSLEY TERRIERS!"

An advertisement of the Prudential Assurance Company appears on another page. The wonderful story of last year's business is well worth studying, and all young men alive to the importance of life assurance should carefully consider the splendid advantages offered by this sound and substantial company.

Lady Falmouth, whose husband has recently been appointed to the command of the Grenadier Guards, and whose three sons are all on active service, has recently performed the opening ceremony of the hut at Pendennis Castle. Lady Falmouth is one of a group of ladies who are devoting themselves to welfare work for the Army in connection with Princess Victoria's Auxiliary Committee.

Messrs. Evans Brothers, Limited, Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C., have just published a splendid patriotic song, entitled "The Rally!" from the pen of Cyril E. Hodges, M.A. Set to a marching tune, it goes with a vigorous swing, and should prove very popular. The price is 3d. net, or it may be had in leaflet form, in tonic sol-fa and words only, at ½d. a copy, or 4d. per dozen, post free.



## THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY

(*Continued from page 198*).

beyond question; otherwise the reader might well think the only intention was metaphorically to pull the Recruiting Office's leg. The two men were seen at once, and at some inconvenience, as they lived comparatively long distances apart. The first proved to be a boy "rising fifteen." As seventeen, for the Territorial Army, eighteen for the Regular Army (and then not merely for the duration of the war, but only by coming in as a professional soldier, and undertaking to serve first fo ra period of years with the colours and then for another period with the Reserves) are the prescribed ages under which recruits cannot be enlisted, the boy under fifteen was a palpable "wash-out." The only person to enjoy the joke was the boy's father. He despatched another boy in search of his son with the message that Lord Kitchener had called personally to fetch the lad away to take command of the British Army, and when a boy, more than half frightened, appeared, he was asked whether "baby" had or had not gone out in the perambulator, as this gentleman from the Recruiting Office was raising a regiment of infantry.

Either the witticism was wanting in novelty or the Recruiting Officer in a sense of humour, for he promptly and apologetically withdrew to follow the father's suggestion that he should look elsewhere for "another victim." The other victim turned out to be a man of sixty-two, the irony of the incident being that he was more than ready to enlist, and made the fact that men, without previous service, cannot be enlisted if over thirty-eight, and men with previous service if over forty-five, a personal grievance against his caller, with whom he wished to argue the rights and wrongs at length. Again, and this time with a very decided opinion as to who was, and who was not being made a "victim," and not without the Hun-like desire that he was possessed of the power and "frightfulness" forcibly to enlist the sender of the two names, the Recruiting Officer withdrew.

Another name which was sent in to the Office as that of a likely recruit we will call "Jenkins." The only address given was "Pett Road." This, on inquiry, was found to be the country road stretching between the town of Hastings and the village of Pett some miles out, and was a tolerably vague address. Only one person of the name we are calling "Jenkins" was known at the nearest post office, which is at Ore. This Jenkins lived at a certain "cottage," described as being in a field, to arrive at which one must turn off from the high road when well past Fairlight Church, cross a stile, pursue the footpath for half a mile, then turn to the left down a lane, and again turn to the right across a field. I spare the reader further description of the chase, except to say that to reach Jenkins's cottage one had to make many inquiries, and finally to flounder, if not to wade through, liquid mud which ran the trenches in Flanders close for a first place. When the Recruiting Officer at last found the cottage gate, he also found waiting for him on the other side of it a couple of large and "at large," as well as hungry and ferocious, dogs, who appeared to have been for the last twenty-four hours as anxiously waiting his advent as the lions and tigers at the Zoo await the advent of the keeper with a trolley of meat.

Unluckily for the Recruiting Officer, these dogs, unlike the lions and tigers at the Zoo, were inconveniently uncertain which of him was the thoughtfully-providing keeper and which the thoughtfully-provided meat. Rescued by Jenkins, he found that worthy a one-eyed man of sixty-three, whose only two sons (one wounded) were serving at the front. Again, and with Hunnish thoughts of luring the sender of the name to discuss Jenkins's eligibility or ineligibility for serving, with the dogs, the recruiter withdrew, tired, muddy, and ravenously hungry, for the time was now two hours or more after lunch, and with the nearest inn, where, as he already knew, only bread and cheese were to be had, a good three miles' walk away.

These are not inventions or exaggerations, but an actual record of what happened in loking up some of the men whose names had been sent in as "likely" recruits to a country Recruiting Office. They are, of course, extreme instances of carelessness and insufficient inquiry on the part of the sender, but it is a fact that an appalling amount of time and energy—time and energy which might otherwise have been expended in obtaining eligible recruits—are thus wasted; and again a Recruiting Officers wonders why folk with a sincere desire to help are not at the trouble of acquainting themselves with the facts before sending in lists of likely names.

## SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

### By W. Jennings Bryan.

I DO not remember when I first signed the pledge. If I had to guess I would say it was the day that I learned to sign my name, but I may have signed a few times before that with my mark. But what I do know is that I have been signing the pledge all my life. And I know further that as long as I live I shall sign the pledge if by signing I can get one human being to sign with me. I believe in signing the pledge. It has been a protection to me. When I went into public life they told me a man had to drink in order to be in politics. It is a lie. A man does not have to drink to be in politics. There is not any position in this world that a man cannot fill better when he is sober than a drinking man.

When the president asked me to become a member of his cabinet I told him I knew of one objection that might be raised to me, that was, that I did not use wine and would not serve it, and he left it for my wife and me to decide, and it did not take us long to decide it. We have not found it necessary to use wine in extending hospitality to those who represent other nations, and our diplomacy is not of the kind that you have to make a man drunk in order to deal with him.

## GOD'S IMAGE SOMETHING MORE THAN DUST.

Someone tells of several young men who visited the National Museum at Washington. One of the cabinets bore a label, on which they read these words: "The body of a man weighing 154 pounds." "Where is the man?" one of them asked. No one answered him. In the cabinet were arranged an odd collection of articles. There were two large jars of water, also jars containing different kinds of fats. Other jars had phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, a few ounces of sugar, potassium, sodium, and other chemicals. There were jars filled with different gases—hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen. There was a fraction of an ounce of iron, and a small lump of ill-smelling brimstone.

"And is that what I am made of?" said one of the young men. "That is all," said a bystander. "No, there is something more which we cannot put into cabinets," replied the young man. "There is something added by an unseen power, which puts into these senseless elements a living soul." They stood a moment, and passed on in silence. The soul and God had to them become more real, and they saw a divine hand back of all.

## THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

AN attractive booklet has been issued by the Bombay Association, on the cover of which are the words: "Territorials —The Bombay Y.M.C.A. Welcome You to India," and illustrated with photos of some of India's finest buildings. Several pages of useful phrases are given, twenty-one health hints for India, and twenty "Don'ts" for India. We quote the "Don'ts" in full:—

Don't forget God.
Don't forget to write home.
Don't forget to wear your topee when you go out in the sun.
Don't be careless about drinking water. See that it is pure.
Don't be afraid to say No.
Don't forget to play the game. Quit you like men, be strong.
Don't forget you are British.
Don't forget your influence counts for more than your gold.
Don't use bad language; it is a sign of ignorance.
Don't be ashamed of your religion.
Don't forget to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.
Don't forget that any fool can do wrong, but it takes a man to do right.
Don't neglect your church.
Don't forget your best girl. Honour her by your conduct.
Don't forget the old folks at home. They believe in you; don't deceive them.
Don't forget that shallow men believe in luck, strong men believe in cause and effect.
Don't forget that youth is the best time for improvement.
Don't forget it takes a good judge of whisky to let it alone.
Don't forget you never lower yourself when you stoop to raise another.
Don't forget to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

## THE WORD OF GOD.

This Book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers.

Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practise it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is the traveller's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's character.

Christ is its grand object, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It shall fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, and prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be opened in the judgment, and remembered for ever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the highest labour, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.

## THE PENALTY OF NEGLECT.

A king gave to Solomon a precious vase, containing, it is said, an elixir of life which would kill disease and restore youth. Many people in distress begged the monarch for a little of the precious elixir, but he did not dare to remove the cover until he was compelled to use it himself, lest it should escape. At length, when the king became ill, he went to the wondrous jar, and, to his amazement, all the magic liquid had evaporated.

So, many men and women fail to use the gifts which would have blessed other lives as well as their own until they awake to the fact that the elixir of their power has vanished—has evaporated from long disuse.

# TO CAMP LEADERS

By using our Special Process for making coffee you can easily gain the following very important advantages:—

(a) You can supply nicer coffee with a richer and fuller flavour than at present.

(b) You can make twice as much coffee for the same money that you now spend on essence.

(c) You can obtain at least 120 cups of excellent, strong coffee for one shilling.

(d) You can please your men and avoid complaints as to the flavour or weakness of the coffee.

(e) You can provide genuine coffee as supplied to the soldiers in France instead of an artificial liquor made from 'essence.'

(f) You can avoid the troubles of ordinary coffee making.

Several leading Y.M.C.A. camps are using our process and speak in glowing terms of the results.

Sample tin with 1 lb. of coffee and full directions post free for 1s. 2d.

**HACKFORTH,**

*Gold Medallist Coffee Specialist,*

15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.

Depots: LONDON, GOOLE, STOCKTON-on-TEES.


## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 12th.**—Luke xvii. 1-19. "*Increase our faith*" (verse 5). Christian faith, like bodily strength, grows by use (see verse 6); it grows according as it is exercised in the service of the Master, on whom it depends (verse 10), and according as time is taken to thank Him when He has graciously responded to faith's appeal (verse 16). Faith which ventures out in this way receives the blessing described here (verse 19), "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

**Saturday, 13th.**—Luke xvii. 20-37. "*As it was in the days of Noe . . . in the days of Lot*" (verses 26, 28). Right through history, as the Bible testifies, God has been working with a view to the eventual supremacy of His kingdom. A characteristic of God's method is His patience. Man, if he were able, would hastily brush aside all opposition, but not so God. The certainty of His work is accompanied by a loving patience which makes resistance all the more unpardonable.

**Sunday, 14th.**—Luke xviii. 1-17. "*Man ought always to pray, and not to faint*" (verse 1). We read in Isaiah xl. 28 that God "fainteth not, neither is weary." Prayer is the act of getting to close quarters with such a God as this, and of drawing from Him a supply equal to every task and circumstance that He imposes. His faithfulness guarantees a result both honouring to His name and to the Christian's faith.

**Monday, 15th.**—Luke xviii. 18-30. "*What shall I do to inherit eternal life?*" (verse 18). If eternal life could be earned by what men can do Christ need not have come to earth to suffer and die. Eternal life (with its powers) is God's gift through Jesus Christ, but, when once possessed, vast consequences depend upon its use for the honest fulfilment of the responsibilities which it brings.

**Tuesday, 16th.**—Luke xviii. 31-43. "*What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?*" (verse 41). Prayer should be definite in its requests, and aim at that which will be honouring to God. That first cry for mercy had to take definite shape before it secured an answer, and the most valuable result of that answer was that those blind eyes became capable of seeing Jesus.

**Wednesday, 17th.**—Luke xix. 1-10. "*He sought to see Jesus*" (verse 3). Zacchæus' immediate difficulty was his smallness. However, he was not ashamed publicly to acknowledge the fact, and, regardless of appearances, he climbed up that tree from which he was able to secure the good view which he desired. A fatal hindrance to getting a spiritual knowledge of Christ is any pretence of being better than we are. A humble acknowledgment of being a lost sinner is the true preparation for finding the Saviour.

**Thursday, 18th.**—Luke xix. 11-27. "*Occupy till I come*" (verse 13). This is Christ's message to every boy and man in regard to the powers of mind and body which they have received. The two sins condemned here are, in the one case, open defiance (verse 14), and, in the other, quiet and respectable negligence (verse 20), very different to one another in man's estimation, but sadly similar in the eyes of Him who in both cases is robbed of His due.


Milkmaid Brand Café au Lait (Kaffay-o-lay) is one of the greatest luxuries for our gallant troops. A London gentleman now at the front with the Honourable Artillery Company writes as follows:—"The Café au Lait is an absolute godsend in the trenches. The more we have of it the more we like it. On one occasion when we were forbidden to light a fire we made two or three mess tinfuls of Café au Lait with cold water. It made perfect coffee; in fact, I do not think I have ever had iced coffee as good; but when we like it best is in the trenches. Very few of us attempt to sleep at night, as apart from occasional 'stand-to's,' we usually have to do one hour in every three on observation duty, so that the coffee, besides being the best drink to be had out here, is useful to keep one wakeful. And then some more for breakfast, and again some more for lunch."



# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





"Bournville" Cocoa
(REGD. TRADE MARK)
is made by "Cadbury's"
(REGD. TRADE MARK)
AND IS OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE

CADBURY'S MEXICAN CHOCOLATE is the Best Plain Chocolate

# THE LAMP that is USED by the Y.M.C.A.,

By The WAR OFFICE & The ADMIRALTY,
The RED CROSS SOCIETIES,
MILITARY CONTRACTORS, &c., &c., &c.,
IS THE

**BLANCHARD (British Made)**

# INCANDESCENT OIL LAMP

BECAUSE OF ITS

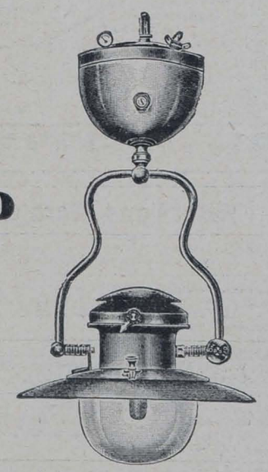
EFFICIENCY, RELIABILITY AND ECONOMY.



Model 1133.—100 c.p.
As used by the War Office.

NO PIPING. CAN BE REMOVED NO SMOKE.
NO WIRING. WHILST ALIGHT. NO SMELL.
NO DANGER.

*Write for Catalogues and Price Lists to—*



Model 1307.—300 c.p.
As used by the Y.M.C.A.

**BLANCHARD LAMPS (BRITISH), LIMITED,**
151, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
Telephone: 2973 City. Telegraphic Address: "Farringter, Smith, London."

### "HOME THEY BROUGHT THE WARRIOR ——."

(*Concluded from page 201.*)

story of high wages to be earned in factory or shop had ever tempted them to barter fresh air and green fields for smoke and crowded alleys. On the land they had lived, they said, and in a cottage "w'at 'as jas'min over the door and winders."

"Us never took no notice of no railways afore," explained the "master"; "but it were that fur us 'ad to, though us 'adn't no mind to. But we wrote as we'd meet 'im in Birniggum, and us 'ave."

Thirty years before, I learnt, a boy had been born to them, and, being their only one, "save for a mite o' a lass as us 'ad afore, w'at died," he had been loved and worshipped as the light of their eventide.

Those were the days of the carrier's cart, when a yearly visit at fair time to Shrewsbury was a thing to dream of and to save up for.

The boy, "Our Jamey, as we called on 'im," when the days of his brief snap at the tree of knowledge were over, went to work with his father on the land.

Then the new line invaded the quiet neighbourhood, "and fair ruined the shop as we 'ad in the village, it did, sir," and took all the farm lads at Shrewsbury town on Saturday evenings.

"Our Jamey went more 'n oncst, and more 'n good for 'im," till that fatal Saturday night when he had come home "the first time in 'is life a bit moistened wi' beer," and the Queen's shilling in his pocket.

"W'ot, Jamey lad! go for a sodjer, and mebbe go foreign, too?"—the old, old story of disappointed hopes and rent hearts, a boy's fascination for the witchery of a red jacket.

Here, I suppose, I must have glanced unconsciously at the Christmas plate, for the old man raised his staff and, pointing towards it, remarked, with fervent conviction, "And there 'e be. Mrs. Wall, w'ot keeps the shop, sent us it last Christmas, and she says, 'There's Jamey, for all the world,' and we've kep' it. And w'en I turns round to the chair of a night for to ax the Lord to mind of 'im out in Ind'ja, I open on me eyes and I see 'im there over the dresser like, wi' 'is w'ite 'elmet on, as they call 'em."

"But tell the gentleman, master, as Jamey worn't on 'is 'orse there, same as 'e's took wi' 'ere," broke in Jamey's mother.

Did I laugh and tell the dear old simpletons that the trooper in the white helmet had been born in a war-artist's imagination, and not in that "jas'min" cottage? No, not for wide worlds; but I devoutly trusted that the fancied original was worthy, wherever he was, of love and devotion so absolute as this.

Another engine whistled—off they scrambled before I had time to prevent them.

"From Leminton it be, they say," reported the old man, with breathless dejection, on returning to the bookstall. "Is it much longer as us 'ave got to wait?"

"Who is coming in the Portsmouth train?" I replied, irrelevantly, though more for playfulness than information, for I plainly guessed the expected one's name. The answer was a duet, a duet on the upper *doh*—"Jamey! our Jamey, of course!—coming home from the war."

I put them on a seat and instructed them on no account to move till I returned to them. Then I strolled to the dark end of the platform and looked into the long, cavernous tunnel.

What a lovely little romance I had discovered! This aged, long-waiting couple were here in the sun-setting of their days to welcome back to their hungry hearts the hope and pride and stay of their lives.

"'E says as we sharn't 'ave to work no longer," the old man had informed me, "'cos 'e's got a penshun w'at 'll keep us all comfortable. 'E's a good boy is our Jamey, though 'e did go for a sodjer."

This, then, was the hour of their *nunc dimittis*—they had waited for it as those that wait for the morning.

A scream and a snort in the tunnel! They were on their feet in a moment, and not soon shall I lose the vision of those two ancient faces, literally bubbling over with excited expectancy.

In came the long express, winding its serpentine way beneath the station span.

I took an arm of each, and felt the throbbing pressure of their hearts' love as we hurried down with the crowd.

"Snow-'ill! Snow-'ill!" called the porters, and out poured the passengers with bags and rugs.

A red jacket appeared at a door. I could hold them in leash no longer. Off they bounded forgetful of their threescore years and ten.

But it was not he. A girl in a blue hat with feathers had seen him before us, and when we approached was rapturously claiming him as "Tom."

"Never mind," I cried, "he's somewhere here; we'll find him."

The train was nearly empty, the luggage all out, the guard's whistle to his lips.

"Guard," I said, "had you a young soldier in your train, do you remember, when it left Portsmouth—a young dragoon?"——

They had suddenly broken loose and were darting down the platform, half dragging at each other's arms.

Round the door of the last compartment a group of porters was collected. I hastened up.

Hatless and coatless, entangled in the unbuckled straps of his opened kit, in a swoon of memoryless intoxication, we dragged from the floor of the third-class carriage a bronzed young dragoon.

There was a rush—a glad cry; and then a shriek of anguish, of disappointed, broken-hearted anguish, rang out through the station.

"Jamey lad! Jamey boy! Our Jamey! O God!" and they fell at his side and covered the stained, sensual features with their kisses and tears.

Then—the horror of it will live with me for ever—the unkempt giant opened his bleared eyes and stared stupidly into the two sweet, stricken faces bending over him, and muttered, "Where the——" Never mind what he muttered.

My idyll was dead; it was tragedy now. Here on Snow Hill, as long ago in ancient Israel, rose the bitter cry, O Absalom! my son, my son; would God I had died for thee!

The mail came in and I was compelled to go. I saw the porters lift the soldier in their arms and carry him towards the waiting-room, while the ancient ones who had come to meet him stooped to collect the scattered straps and garments.

As I sped away in the darkness towards Shrewsbury, Tennyson's plaintive song stole into my mind—"Home they brought her warrior—dead."

Dead! Yes, and so there was no "cry." But the cry that was still in my ears—the cry of those two torn and blighted hearts—was for one who was alive—dare we say *better dead?*

* * * *

My friend ceased to speak.

"W. E. H." took a course of physical training at London Central. He writes to H. E. Naylor:—"I thought you would like to know that, thanks entirely to you, I have been enabled to render very real service to our town corps. Judge my surprise when I found amongst the recruits a certificated teacher of Swedish drill, who stated that I had taught him more than he had learned! . . . I feel you ought to know, for your encouragement and cheer, and also because I want to let you understand how much indebted I am to you for helping me so tremendously."

## Board.

**YORK HOUSE,** 8, Brunswick Square, near Russell Square, Tube, British Museum, Northern Termini. Superior Apartments, also Board-Residence on moderate terms. Good cooking, Baths, French spoken. Bed and Breakfast from 2/6. W 7

From **24/-** per week.

**Y.M.C.A.**
55, Old Steine, Brighton.
The Best Place for a **HAPPY HOLIDAY.**
**Excellent accommodation.**
Reading Room, Smoke Room, Gymnasium, Library, Billiard Room, Music Room, Swimming Arch, **Refreshment Bar** & every convenience and comfort.

**REDUCED RAILWAY FARE** and Cheap Tickets for Swimming Bath, Palace and West Piers, Electric Cars, etc.

BRIGHTON has four miles of Sea-front, two Museums, Aquarium, Library, Art Gallery.
**SPLENDID WALKS OVER THE DOWNS & PARKS.**
Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. Men.

**8/6** per Week-end.

**BRIGHTON**

## Situations Vacant.

**DRAPERY.**—Wanted, Young Man Assistant for general drapery.—Apply J. & G. Higgins, The Parade, Northampton.

**DRAPERS.**—Wanted, immediately, Junior Young Men for cotton dress department. Comfortable and permanent.—Fullest particulars in reply to Hancock and Baker, Kingston-on-Thames. W 13

**DRAPER.**—John Harries, 95 to 103, Westbourne-grove, London, W., has Vacancies for experienced Young Men in the Manchester, linen and dress departments.

**DRAPERS.**—Wanted, smart, energetic Junior Men, anxious to work their way up. Good salesmen and stock-keepers.—State full particulars first letter, photo, George Church, Chatham.

**DRAPERS.**—Wanted, single Man for Manchester department. Medium-class trade.—Full particulars, salary (indoors), &c., Tanner and Chart, Ltd., Horsham.

## Miscellaneous.

**BEGIN TO READ YOUR GREEK NEW TESTAMENT** at once. Simple, rapid method, will greatly interest you. A powerful aid to Scriptural study. By correspondence. Easy terms. Write immediately, enclosing stamp.—Box G. "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row.

**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.**
A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.
**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**
Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.
**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6** and **12/6** ,,
All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.
'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**



**CARR'S BISCUITS**

Have you tried Carr's Celebrated
**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.
**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack.
**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**
Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."
MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.
CARR & CO., LIMITED CARLISLE.

**KEMP'S**
**CAKES & BISCUITS**
**COMMAND THE PREFERENCE.**
Camp Leaders and Secretaries cannot do better than obtain their supplies from us.
**BEST QUALITY AND QUICK DELIVERY.**
*Price List on Application.*
**GEORGE KEMP, LTD.**
BREWERY ROAD, LONDON.

# PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY
LIMITED.

Chief Office: HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

## Funds exceed £91,000,000.

Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-sixth Annual Meeting, held on 4th March, 1915.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was **65,751,** assuring the sum of **£6,318,843**, and producing a new annual premium income of **£424,353.** The premiums received during the year were **£5,035,625,** being an increase of **£115,107** over the year 1913. In addition, **£10,315** was received in premiums under the Sickness Insurance Tables. The claims of the year amounted to **£4,014,658**. The number of deaths was **9,351.** The number of endowment assurances matured was **24,966**, the premium income of which was **£136,735.**

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was **922,505.**

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were **£8,176,202,** being an increase of **£301,746.** The claims of the year amounted to **£3,373,850,** including **£398,360** bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including **6,731** endowment assurances matured, was **392,883.** The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards who desired to discontinue their payments was **103,514,** the number in force being **1,947,556.** The number of free policies which became claims during the year was **46,364.**

The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was **20,085,010;** their average duration exceeds thirteen years.

The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance sheet, are **£91,202,344,** being an increase of **£4,209,341** over those of 1913.

The outbreak of hostilities in August last placed upon the Directors the grave responsibility of deciding what charge, if any, should be made to pol cy-holders on active service. After careful consideration it was decided to charge no extra premium in respect of existing policies on the lives of those engaging for the period of the war, and in respect of existing policies on the lives of other members of the regular forces it was decided that £250 of assurance on any life should be exempted from the payment of extra premium.

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of **£1 10s.** per cent. on the original sums assured has been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876.

In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 5th of March, 1915, to the 2nd of March, 1916, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

| Premiums Paid for. | Bonus Addition to Sums Assured. |
|---|---|
| 5 years and less than 10 years ... ... ... | **£2 10s.** per cent. |
| 10 ,, ,, ,, ,, 15 ,, ... ... ... | **£5** ,, |
| 15 ,, ,, ,, ,, 20 ,, ... ... ... | **£5** ,, |
| 20 ,, ,, ,, ,, 25 ,, ... ... ... | **£7 10s.** ,, |
| 25 ,, ,, ,, ,, 30 ,, ... ... ... | **£10** ,, |
| 30 ,, ,, ,, ,, 35 ,, ... ... ... | **£12 10s** ,, |
| 35 ,, ,, ,, ,, 40 ,, ... ... ... | **£15** ,, |
| 40 ,, ,, ,, ,, 45 ,, ... ... ... | **£20** ,, |
| 45 ,, ,, ,, ,, 50 ,, ... ... ... | **£30** ,, |
| 50 ,, ,, ,, ,, 55 ,, ... ... ... | **£40** ,, |
| 55 ,, ,, ,, ,, 60 ,, ... ... ... | **£50** ,, |
| 60 ,, and upwards ... ... ... | **£60** ,, |

The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National Insurance Act 1911 have done important work during the year and the membership continues to increase. Since the commencement of the Act the Agency Staff has distributed benefits exceeding **£3,000,000** to the members at their own homes.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.
W. J. LANCASTER, F. SCHOOLING, } Directors.
J. BURN, Actuary.
G. E. MAY, Secretary.
A. C. THOMPSON, General Manager.

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.

TO THOSE IN CAMP.

"ROTARY"
REAL PHOTO POST CARDS
OF ALL THE
Men who are Making History



*Also* Topical Greeting Cards

*Also* Topical Comic Cards

CAN BE OBTAINED AT ALL Y.M.C.A. CENTRES AND CAMPS.

THE ROTARY PHOTOGRAPHIC Co., Ltd., WEST DRAYTON, MIDDLESEX.



"At the Front"




Since War broke out OVER **1,000** OLIVER Typewriters have been bought by H.M. Government for Military purposes

**Oliver Typewriter Co., Ltd.,**
75, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.
ALWAYS "AT THE FRONT."



GOOD! ITS MASON'S



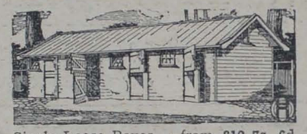

An Agreeable, Stimulating and Sustaining Beverage. Instantly Prepared and most Economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

*Of all Grocers and Stores, or a Sample Bottle Post Free for : Nine Stamps. :*

**NEWBALL & MASON,**
Nottingham.



PORTABLE STABLING.



Single Loose Boxes - from £12 7s. 6d.

BUY "READING SERIES, BETTER BUILT" BUILDINGS, GARAGES, GREENHOUSES, GYMNASIA, BEACH HUTS, BUNGALOWS, BILLIARD ROOMS, SHELTERS, STUDIOS, SHEDS, & other PORTABLE BUILDINGS.

*Consistently Careful Construction. Estimates, Designs, Lists Free. Send NOW.*

**E. B. HAWTHORN & CO.**
The READING PORTABLE BUILDING EXPERTS,
*The Builders of the Bordon Camp and Newcastle (Staffs) Y.M.C.A. Huts. CONTRACTORS TO THE WAR OFFICE and ROYAL FLYING CORPS.*
42, LONDON WORKS, READING.



ONCE TRIED ALWAYS EATEN.

The most popular selling cakes that have been placed upon the market.

ELECTRICAKES

Made under ideal conditions in our Electric Bakeries, the best of flour and fruit only used. o Every point has been considered to enable us to offer the ideal cake. o Ask your fellow Camp Leaders their opinion.

**ELECTRICAKES** *sell quickly, give utmost satisfaction and yield a fair profit.*

PRICES on application to
**ELECTRICAKES, LTD.,**
ANNETTE ROAD, HOLLOWAY, N.



PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—March 12, 1915.
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 10. Vol. 1. MARCH 19, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.


# £5,000 Offer for War Snapshots.

**"The Daily Mirror's" Record Offer to Help Amateur Photography.**

**SEND YOUR FILMS NOW.**

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* last week of £1,000, £250, and £100 for the first, second, and third most interesting photographs of a war happening, has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for more war snapshots.

This additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph, and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed.

This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.



A LONDON PARK ECHOING TO THE CALLS OF WAR.
To attain proficiency with the bugle requires a good deal of hard practice, and in the above illustration members of the Royal Victoria Rifles are seen hard at work in the endeavour to master their instruments.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


LIFE ON BOARD A TROOPSHIP ... ... ... ... ... ... 219
LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. IX.—General Sir Archibald Hunter 220
THE CHALLENGE TO ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY. By the Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton, Head Master of Eton. With Portrait ... ... ... 221
WITH THE FLAG IN EGYPT. Illustrated ... ... ... ... ... 223
FOR VALOUR: The Story of the Victoria Cross... ... ... ... ... 225
BETWEEN YOU AND ME: 10.—On Frustrated Ambitions ... ... 226
PICTURES OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER AT WORK AND AT PLAY 228
Short Story: THE GUNNERY NOTEBOOK. By Ernest Richards ... 233

# THE BURBERRY
## MILITARY WEATHERPROOF

Lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece.



**The remarkable weather-resisting properties of THE BURBERRY first became generally known to Military Men during the South African War, and the reputation it then won has been more than justified during the present campaign.**

**THE BURBERRY is the only self-ventilating weather-proof top-coat which has consistently demonstrated its usefulness as a shield against rain, wind, mud and water.**

**The following tribute from the trenches is an example of numbers of letters and Press comments received recently:—**

*"Just a line to congratulate you on the water-resisting properties of your goods. I was moved into the trenches and could not get at my overcoat, and all I had in its place was one of your Tropical raincoats. This stood three days' rain, and although the men's coats were soaked nothing got through my Burberry."—Capt. E.M., 14th Co. London Regt.*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE.

**BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON**

8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents.

*See that your Burberry is labelled "Burberrys."*

# COCE is IT.

For Camp Life . . . Coffee Extract is **GOOD.**

With Quality Coffee Extract is . . . . . **BETTER.**

With Quality and Cheapness Coffee Extract is . . . . **BEST.**

# Clark's Optimus Coffee Extracts

are the **BEST** and **CHEAPEST.**

**In Quarts, &c., &c.**

"To give strength to the men during the march, when the usual food cannot be taken, Coffee is better than spirits."—Sir LAUDER BRUNTON'S quotation from report on Ashanti campaign, *The Evening News, Mar. 5.*

**Write for Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. supplies.**

C.O.C.E., Ltd., 17, Ingate Place, BATTERSEA, S.W.

Always ask for

# R. WHITE'S

Celebrated

## MINERAL WATERS

They are Brewed in Modern Factories under strictly Hygienic conditions . .

**GUARANTEED PURE**

**BREWED GINGER BEER**

**Soda Water, Lemonade, Lime Juice & Soda, etc.**

FACTORIES — Camberwell, Barking, Kingston, Watford, Croydon, Windsor and elsewhere.



MILKMAID BRAND

# Café au Lait

KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

**"Excellent."**
**"Delicious."**
**"Very satisfactory."**
**"We all like it very much."**

So say some of those who have tried it.

**NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT; NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.**

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in **5½d.** and **10d.** tins.

# Good Cheer

when on the march depends upon the material comfort of the men. Especially does this apply to the condition of the feet.

## Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

makes footwear so supple and comfortable, preserves the leather and renders boots waterproof. Tins (black or brown), **1d., 2d., 4d.** and **6d.** Outfits, **6d.** Of all dealers.

**Cherry Yellow Dubbin** rubbed on the feet prevents soreness. In **1d., 2d., 3d.** and **6d.** sizes, etc.

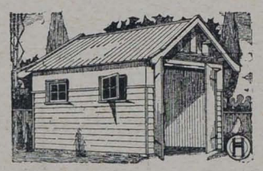
**Cherry Dubbin, black or yellow,** of canteens, stores, etc., or a penny trial tin will be sent, on receipt of a penny stamp, by

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

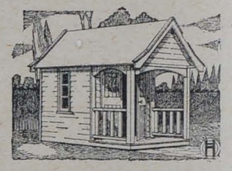


**Kharkene** cleans and renovates Khaki equipments. **1d.** and **1½d.** per block Of all dealers.

## MOTOR AND GARDEN HOUSES.



Our No. 7 Garage from **£12 15s.**



Our No. 10 Building from **£14.**

BUY "READING SERIES—BETTER BUILT" GARAGES, BUNGALOWS, STABLING, SHELTERS, STUDIOS, GREENHOUSES AND GYMNASIA.

*Construction & Workmanship guaranteed. Lists, Designs & Estimates Free. Send NOW!*

**E. B. HAWTHORN & CO.,**

**THE READING PORTABLE BUILDING SPECIALISTS,**

*Builders of Y.M.C.A. Huts at Newcastle (Staffs), and Bordon Camp. CONTRACTORS TO THE WAR OFFICE and ROYAL FLYING CORPS.*

42, LONDON WORKS, READING.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 10. Vol. 1. MARCH 19, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## ON BOARD A TROOPSHIP

**Some of the Daily Experiences, Described by W. Shapley, of Adelaide.**

EVERYONE seems to be in great spirits; calm weather, plenty of exercise, good food, and a fair amount of excitement. After settling down, orders were issued regarding the routine of work. Four nights a week are used as lecture nights, leaving Wednesday and Saturday evenings free. Wednesday I nailed for a regular singsong, and Saturday for concerts. It is with difficulty that we run these, as we are only allowed one light. Both singsongs and concerts are proving popular.

### Sorrow and Repentance.

As a result of appeals eight men have decided for Christ. The first one was a fellow who at our first singsong said he had been a "waster" for five years, a runaway from home, but now that he had had put so vividly before him the love of a mother, the greater love of Christ, he felt he could not do better than be the kind of fellow she would like him to be. The sad part of it was that now that he was penitent he did not know where to find her; she had gone to Western Australia, but I helped him to get into touch with her whilst at our last port by correspondence telegram, though not in time to be able to see her to say good-bye. Another was quite a boy—his young face showed the lines of refinement, a trifle blurred. He said he left home a Christian Endeavour member, but whilst in camp had gone the pace. That night, however, he had seen his sin and folly, and was determined to go straight. Another was a sailor who had joined the Army. He had travelled on all seas. He came into my cabin for a temperance pledge. He said there were other fellows on the boat who were not drinking, and he did not see why he should be making a fool of himself. He signed the pledge, and after a short talk I asked him if he had any thoughts of leading a straight and clean life. "Yes," he said, "that's just what I am out for"; so he signed the decision card. He comes each day to my cabin to see if he can do anything for me.

Another came last Sunday night at the close of the service. "Y.M." (my nickname), he said, "I have been drinking and gambling. Before I left my wife and child I vowed that I would keep straight," and dropping his head he said, "I have broken that vow." Then after a few moments he lifted his head with tears in his eyes and said, "but from to-night I am going to be true to them." Just after him came another. He wanted a "straight life pledge" (decision card). He said, "I have been keeping straight, but I have left the best girl in Australia, and I want her to know that I have made this pledge, and I want her to get this vow."

### The Appeal of Temperance.

Four have signed the temperance pledges. Some do not care about signing, but at the same time are keeping sober. The following interesting story will explain. A young sergeant holding a fairly good position in Melbourne and from a good family, had been trying to be a "jolly good fellow" with his men, and began to get into rather loose habits. Last Wednesday I made a statement at the singsong about "the man in a man," and said there were times when "the man within" showed a fellow what he could be and at the same time showed him what he was. Our friend the sergeant decided that night to give up liquor at least. Next morning he came into the cabin for a library book. I happened to have put Hocking's "The Man Who Rose Again" aside to read for myself, but thinking it might interest him gave it to him—it impressed him greatly, being the story of a regained life.

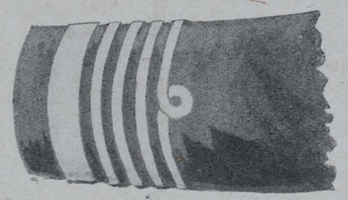
### Incidents in the Work.

This morning he came again to tell me of the decision he had made. But before doing so he put his hand in one of my pigeon-holes and drew out one of the temperance pledge books, asking what it was. Before he opened it I said, "It's just the thing for you; sign one." He said, "Well, I have been a bit of an atheist, but this is sufficient evidence for me that the Divine Presence is influencing my life." He said his word was his honour, and he would not need to sign a temperance pledge, but took a book of pledge forms to use with his men. I find the library is an asset. The men are taking out over 100 books a day. We have a librarian appointed, who numbers and takes names of members and titles of books, and no man can receive a book until he returns the one lent. This keeps them up to the scratch in looking after the books. I have a special section for the hospital. I am paying special attention to the patients, who appreciate anything done for them. This morning, after church parade, one fellow said, "Well, Y.M., we would go mad without you to keep our minds employed with books, magazines, draughts, and the gramophone." With regard to books, you will no doubt be getting together some for the next force; I would suggest that you get calico covers made the size of the average paper-covered novel. Out of about 1,000 paper-covered books I doubt whether 80 per cent. will survive the trip. We have drawn out a programme of sports to cover the voyage. Every Saturday afternoon heats are run off, and the finals will be left until towards the end, when the C.O. has promised to give us holidays to finish off on. Minor events are fought out and the prizes distributed by the C.O. at the concerts at night. The Y.M.C.A. always comes in for a rousing three cheers.

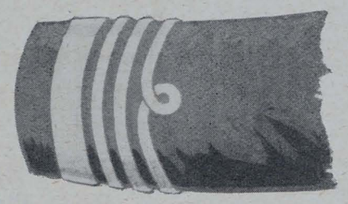
### Amusement and Exercise.

Some of my equipment is untouched as yet, waiting until the weather gets cooler. Whilst at our last port I saw a punching man, full-sized dummy, price £5. It seemed a great idea, so on the advice of several officers I purchased it. The men immediately sent round the hat and paid for it. It has been worth its price. Right along it has been the cause of no end of amusement, as well as a great idea for exercise. The officers have it after the men retire, and I have seen them going strong at it at 11 p.m.

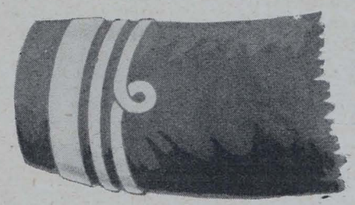
## HOW TO RECOGNISE



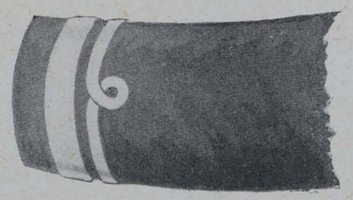
THE ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.



ADMIRAL.



VICE-ADMIRAL.



REAR-ADMIRAL.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### IX.—GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER.

IN Sir Archibald Hunter's chest there is, or used to be, a bullet which came there under curious circumstances. It was in the Soudan, and General Hunter and two other officers were reconnoitring through a small opening in a wall. Each officer stood behind the other, because the opening was only large enough for one man to see through. The officer in front had a pair of binoculars, and, unfortunately, a gleam of light discovered to a Dervish the presence of the officer. The Dervish aimed so accurately that the shot went right through one lens of the binoculars and killed the officer holding them. The bullet's work was not done, for it sped through the shoulder of the second officer, and lodged finally in Sir Archibald Hunter's chest.

The Kaiser has good reason to remember Sir Archibald Hunter, for it was his presence of mind which saved him from a serious accident. It was when the Kaiser was going to visit Dalmeny, the Scottish seat of Lord Rosebery. Hardly had the Emperor taken his seat in Lord Rosebery's carriage than one of the horses began to plunge and rear, preparing to bolt with fright at the cheering crowd. Instantly, Sir Archibald, who was close to the carriage, struck the horse on its nose, and the surprised animal ceased its alarming actions.

Sir Archibald held a record for rapid promotion, having become a general after serving twenty-two years in the Army. This war may eclipse such a record, as promotion is, of necessity, much quicker than has ever been the case before. In his career Sir Archibald has done many brilliant exploits. When a gun had been shelling Ladysmith, he and a small company of gallant men crept out under cover of the night, overpowered the Boer who was on sentry duty, and blew up the breech of the gun. Lord Kitchener has good reason to esteem the ability of Sir Archibald, for he was his right-hand man in the last Soudan campaign, and in the Boer War he did splendidly. In recent years he has been Governor of Gibraltar for a period, and now he is in command at Aldershot, where the Third Army has been training.

The story of his life might be summed up by the motto, "Never despair." Difficulties have only nerved him to greater efforts, and his valour has been proved on countless occasions. He keeps fit, and is therefore always ready to think swiftly.

### FACING THE BOY.

There was a man in New York who had been so fortunate as to get a copy of Hofmann's "Jesus in the Temple" soon after it was painted, and he kept it on his desk in his office. A judge of one of the superior courts of Massachusetts went to his lawyer's office on a matter of business. As the two men talked, the judge's eyes rested on this picture until it seemed hard for him to attend to business, but at last the business was settled, and the judge left the office.

Several hours later he returned to the office and asked to "look at that Boy again." For an hour he sat and looked at that picture. The next day he came again in the man's office, and said, "I want to see that Boy again." He was given the picture, and retired into a private room adjoining the office. Having occasion later to go into the room, the man found the judge sitting with the picture on his knees, his eyes filled with tears. When the judge came back into the office, his eyes still were full of tears, and, handing back the picture, he said, "That Boy has mastered me."

### THE QUEEN AND THE CASKET.

It is said that Queen Victoria once presented herself before the keeper of the treasure chamber in Windsor Castle with a request for the richer of the two small caskets in his custody, each made of solid crystal, exquisite in workmanship, and very costly. Selecting the richer and finer of the two, she drew from her pocket a copy of the Bible, and locked it in the casket, which was then returned to its place, richer than ever for the new treasure it contained. The Bible stored in that shrine was General Gordon's. It had been his daily support and solace, and was with him at Khartoum. It was worn and marked with the thousand notes of daily use and daily study which indicated the relation of its hero owner to it and what it had been to him. It was not a new copy of Scripture, fresh, unsoiled, and unused, that was thus royally set; it was not selected for the beauty of the binding, the richness of the material, or the excellence of the workmanship.

It was chosen because it had once borne the relation it did to an heroic life. It had helped to create that life, to raise it high, to make it pure and strong, to fill it with faith and light and hope.

### AN INTERESTING GROUP PHOTOGRAPHED AT PENDENNIS CASTLE, FALMOUTH.



On March 4 the temporary building at Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, for the use of the troops, was opened by Viscountess Falmouth, who is seated in the centre of the interesting group taken on that occasion. Major Frank Young, Hon. Sec. of the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, is standing in the back row, third from the left.

### SIN'S CRUSHING POWER.

In the classic story of Gulliver we read that he was held fast to the earth by pigmies who were not as large as his thumb. Separately, each of them could have been destroyed. His finger could have snapped the thread that bound him. But, united together, they were able to keep him captive. Is it not so with sin? Every sin in its beginning is small enough to be conquered, but as it continues it grows in strength. Then the sinner finds that his own power to control it has gone. Only Christ can break the power of sin. We must seek His help before the sin has gained its terrible compelling power over us.



# THE CHALLENGE TO ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY.

*An Impressive Diagnosis of some Present-day Symptoms in our National Life, with some Criticisms and Suggestions.*

**By the Hon. and Rev. E. LYTTELTON, D.D., Head Master of Eton.**

NOTHING is more striking than the conviction prevailing throughout England that our common Christianity is undergoing a fiery trial. Not a trial simply in the sense of a suffering, but a very severe test. For at first it does not seem as if there is any necessary connection between the great war and any such test. It is true that many desponding remarks are heard about the miserable outcome of nineteen centuries of the religion of Christ, and people seem to think that among the Far Easterns the cause of Christianity must lose enormously. But what we have to notice is a sense of our religion being put upon its trial; a pulsation of feeling which has throbbed through the land and quickened the consciousness of high and urgent endeavour. There seems to be nothing in the war itself to account for this.

#### The Call to Sacrifice and the New Spirit of the Nation.

I confess I cannot explain it adequately. A call for sacrifice we all heard, and most of us, I trust, have given a ready answer. Vast sums of money have been poured out in relief of distress and in anticipation of stores running short. But our ordinary charities appear to have suffered less than anyone could foresee, and something has taken place which has braced the resolve and stirred the best instincts of the country. There is a deeper understanding of fundamental truths than any of us can remember.

Now this new spirit is working principally in two directions. Men are getting to be exercised about the settlement of international relations after the war; and also about the need of grappling with our social evils at home. These two subjects are related in so far as one of the greatest impediments to our settling European questions will be the suspicion widely felt of our good faith; and that suspicion is largely based on the terrible plague spots in English life, such as the bitterness of feeling between Labour and Capital, and between our political parties, and the condition of our slum-areas. It is now understood that if all the public spirit and energy which have been expended on patriotic objects since the war began could be concentrated on these evils as soon as it stops, we should change the face of England in ten years. It will, anyhow, be a thousand pities if the zeal now quickened is allowed to die down into the humdrum selfishness, wrangling and abortive talk which we recall from that far-off time before Austria presented the Note to Serbia.

Let us consider, first, the question of party strife. We have almost forgotten that our Parliament was becoming the laughing-stock of the nations, a monument of conspicuous impotence, and the most ingenious piece of machinery for wasting time that has ever been devised by the human brain. How did this come about? Simply by the natural effect of the party system, tempered by the thirty-year-old tradition of looking on at football matches. I mean that a huge proportion of our population had got so accustomed to watching paid men knocking each other down at football that their interest in politics has degenerated into that of onlookers at two parties struggling for office. Something of that sort has caused the retention of office on the one side and the ejecting of them by the other to be the matters of by far the greatest interest to all concerned. This state of feeling prevented subjects from being fairly discussed, because voting was in the hands of the party officials, and members did not care to listen to speeches for fear they might be persuaded to vote against their party. Thus the best speeches were often made to an empty House, and all the voting known beforehand.

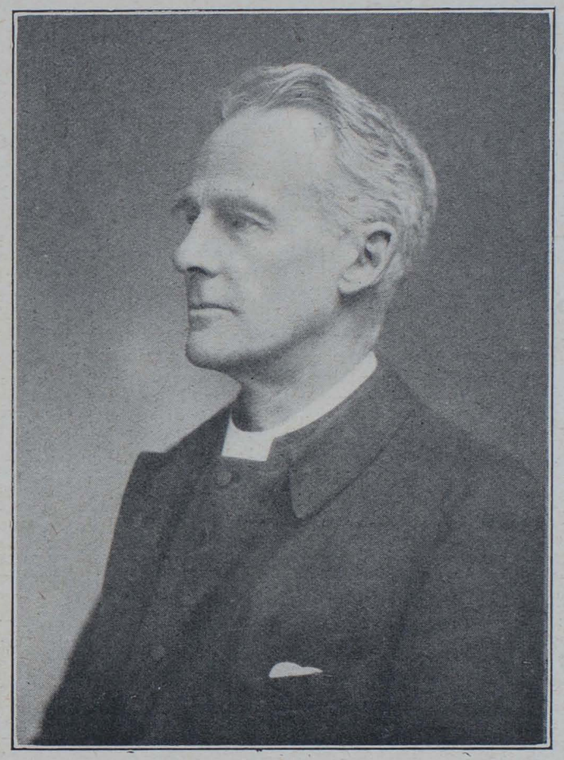


*Photo: Elliot and Fry.*

THE HON. AND REV. E. LYTTELTON.

It is time the country set itself to modify this evil by altering the system. Suppose we tried to arrange the House of Commons and the Government as a big business is arranged, we should have a system not unlike that of Switzerland, whereby a board of some 60 of the best brains of the country is formed, so many retiring annually by rotation, and the board continuing its existence no matter how often the Government's proposals are rejected by the country. Thus the interest in politics taken by the man in the street is an interest not in men, but in measures; not in the hazards of complicated intrigue, but in the merits of a Government Bill handed to them by means of the Referendum.

#### Things that Parliament Might Learn from our Business Houses.

The first step which we could take in this direction would be to cancel the ridiculous custom which forces a Government to resign when one of its bills is thrown out. No business firm could continue to thrive on such a wild system, and the fact that our politics are not much more disastrous than they are suggests that hugger-mugger in Parliament, though very disgraceful to us all, is less important than it is believed to be. But it is serious enough to demand our best energies to set it right.

What, then, about Labour and Capital? It must be admitted that things do not look very bright. Deep down below the noise of wranglings, unending recriminations, and internecine bitterness is the basal fact that the large majority of the nation rate the "goods" of the world, money, &c., as the first things in life, and only a small minority puts them second to some higher, more spiritual possession. It may seem strange that this very natural sentiment should be the cause of huge social upheavals and profound unrest and bewilderment on every hand. But so it most certainly is. Let us look at some salient facts.

About 1800 A.D. a change of feeling in regard to the good things of this world

began to steal over England. There had been, of course, luxury and gross self-indulgence in certain circles for a long time before; but it cannot be said that the mass of the upper classes even were infected by the disease. It is hardly credible in what discomfort well-to-do people lived in about the year 1770; but by degrees during the 19th century people began to consider it as axiomatic that anyone with money was bound to live surrounded with all the comforts that he could afford to procure. Anyone who did not was looked on as a little mad. This revolution in English life provoked the usual reaction, and asceticism on religious grounds was preached and practised by the High Church party; but not on national or social grounds.

The fact is no one perceived that the whole country were making the very terrible experiment of committing themselves and others with them to the pursuit of Mammon in direct defiance of the teaching of our Lord; teaching which was enforced by His example, and which in the bottom of our hearts we all know to be true. Christianity *in practice* has always meant a society or group of people so living as to show that in comparison with some lofty spiritual aim the possession of this world's goods is as nothing. In proportion as that fact has been illustrated with sincerity and power men's attention has been arrested and their hearts have been won. But for nearly 100 years the opposing forces of worldliness have been too strong.

**Life as We See It Interpreted by the Upper and Middle Classes.**

Among all classes of society, even among excellent and delightful people, honest, strenuous, and full of commonsense, the aspect of life presented to the gaze of those below them was that of a life made pleasant and worth living because of money. And every symptom that was visible to the hungering hordes looking on has corroborated the diagnosis given. I do not mean that there have not been thousands of fine, unselfish characters among the educated classes all through this dangerous century. That is admitted; but the question is what interpretation of life, what cardinal principle of living has been taught by the example of our upper and middle classes, in so far as the working people have been able to observe it? The answer is that with an astonishing unanimity our conduct and our maxims and our thoughts have combined to stamp on the national mind the idea that worldly goods are *the* goods, and the best worth our whole-hearted and strenuous pursuit.

I remember years ago a fine specimen of the fairly prosperous farmer class talking in the train about a "self-made" man of business, and using these words: "Now he is worth at least £3,000 a year; there's a man I really admire!" Think what an ordinary saying like that indicates of deep-seated paganism in the heart of our community! How has it come about that millions of our fellow Christians in this country, said to be the most religious country in the world, can not only speak in this tone, but quite naturally and, as my man did, with the utmost conviction? Whose fault is it? Or, again, a clerical friend told me of a villager in the Midlands to whom he was speaking about a newcomer to the parish. "Well," said the villager, "they tell me that whatever be wrong with him, he has got the one thing needful, and you as a parson knows what that is—money." A comic saying on first hearing, but instructive because of its quite sincere rejection of the very biggest, most central element in the ethics taught and practised by Christ.

**Deplorable Symptoms that are Typical of Every Class of Society.**

Now, there is much that might be said on this theme bearing on our duty as Englishmen, but I will only select two points.

On realising the terrible fact of deadly error triumphant, our first inclination is to say it is the fault of some individuals or some section of society: the Church, or the Government, the bishops, or the schoolmasters, or the writers of novels. We must lay our hands on our mouths, one and all, in this matter. No section of society and no individual is free from blame. Those who have taken no *active* part in the propagation of error have tacitly countenanced it. There are many who care nothing for money because they have never known the want of it. They have lived quietly, with moderation, and have spent a good deal of time in helping others on committees or by writing letters to the daily papers. "Good citizens these," we say, and no one demurs to a tablet being put up to the memory of such an one in the fine old parish church, which is built (we often forget) in the form of a cross! But what evidence is there that the iron has ever entered into the soul? When Satan has been showing his utmost skill in combining attractiveness of character with persistency in a deadly delusion, not here or there, but practically everywhere in the land, how many of us have even said one single heartfelt prayer on the subject? The "educated" classes have been first in the field, and to them the Divine message has been given first, and often repeated: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." But with a handful of exceptions we have so lived as to teach the exact opposite to the poor, the labouring, and the ignorant, who by the force of circumstances and by temperament have been always very ready learners. The well-to-do have led the way perhaps, but what of the middle-class who have eagerly followed, or the workingmen who have as a body refused to listen to any other teaching, because they could not see any instances of its practice?

**A Double Warning that Ought to be Heeded.**

My last point is this: The immensity and the stubbornness of the evil are proofs of the vast power of *social* action and *social* opinion, and the weakness of any individual protest. Now, the corollary from this fact is not that any of us are justified in our apathy, but that we should strive to conform our religion and to teach our children in conformity with the pattern given us in the New Testament, and plainly discernible in every page; I mean that our religion is mainly far too little a matter of Church membership, and too much a concern "between the individual soul and God." But supposing this is just what it ought not to be? Let us, as we strive to ask our Maker for the grace of repentance, ponder on the bearing of a weighty remark I once heard: "St. Paul never appealed to one of his converts as a single individual, but always as a member of the Church." We have been vouchsafed a double warning in this matter. The example of the Prussians ought to teach us how feeble is the power of individualistic religion; and our present embarrassments are eloquent of the fact that corporate opinion is a mighty force, even when it is wrong. How much more, then, if we humbly ask the Almighty to lead it in the right direction!

## ABOUT THINGS IN GENERAL.

There are about 190 fire stations in Greater New York City. One hundred and thirty-seven of these are in the borough of Brooklyn and Queens. The Central Y.M.C.A. of Brooklyn has arranged with the fire commissioner to have one representative from each of the 137 headquarters go to the Association for four class sessions, to whom definite graded drills will be taught. These men in turn will each instruct two others in the drill, and through these the entire force of the fire department will receive instruction twice daily by order of the commissioner. In addition, the Association is outlining a course in first aid and in hygiene. The West Side Branch, New York, will render the same service to the still larger number in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Thus the Association performs a very signal service to the entire fire department force of the city.

Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, who has been a secretary in the religious work department of the American International Committee during the last six years, has accepted the presidency of the Rochester Theological Seminary. His work has been remarkably successful in bringing about improved relationships with the churches. America is free of some of the stiffest problems which face us here, and the doctor has had a wonderful opportunity of bringing together clergy and ministers of all denominations, and uniting them in definite and aggressive work for men.

A significant meeting has taken place in Shanghai. At the Martyrs' Memorial Hall, one of the leading Chinamen, a man who carries the entire confidence of the native and foreign community, called together a group of influential people with a view to the formation of an anti-cigarette league, pleading as an urgent reason the possibility of cigarette smoking becoming as great a curse as opium smoking was previously.

The executive committee of the World's Student Christian Federation have passed the following resolution:—"Conscious of having to guard no other flag than that of Jesus Christ in these troubled times, the executive of the World's Committee affirms once more the complete neutrality which always has been and will steadfastly remain its sole line of conduct. It will, therefore, in its correspondence keep clear of any kind of political allusion, and will reserve for itself the liberty of not replying to letters, or parts of letters, addressed to it in which it is found that national considerations prevail over the cause of Christ."






In Egypt, as elsewhere, the Y.M.C.A. is helping the British soldier to do his duty to King and country, and the brief articles on this page give an excellent idea of its ministry under the shadow of the Pyramids. The first of the above illustrations shows the refreshment tent at Zeitoun, near Cairo; the group in the centre is that of Association workers attending a conference at Zeitoun; while the third picture gives a view of the reed hut at Aerodrome Camp, by Heliopolis.

# WITH THE FLAG IN EGYPT.

## *Association Workers' Pen Pictures of Life with the Troops Under the Shadow of the Pyramids.*

WE have fairly settled down to our work. The camps are all upon the desert, and the sand is awful! There are miles and miles of tents of all countries, and men of all services. We (Mrs. Oatts and myself) have a nice Y.M.C.A. tent that seats about 200 for meetings, and all day long the men come and write letters and play games. We are getting to know them, and personal touch is the first thing to win them. Already we have had some good lectures and concerts, and these are well attended.

We have only had one Sunday in camp. There were the usual church parades, which only last for thirty minutes, but are most impressive. At 2.30 there is a Christian Endeavour or Y.M.C.A. meeting, and at 7 p.m. a Gospel service. McIvor's tent is only five minutes' walk from our one, and we both serve the New Zealanders. They are as fine men physically as one wants to set eyes upon, and strong intellectually. Bell and Dr. Jays are about two miles off across the desert, and are among a big crowd of Australians. Simmons and Hill are opening a new hut to-night, and are reaching the men encamped around them. Rev. Mr. McIvor arranged for a fine programme of sports ten days ago, and he has another field day on Saturday, February 13.

There is a constant movement among the troops, and one never knows what is going to happen. This place (Zeitoun) is only about seven miles from Cairo, and the men love to get into the city when the day's work is over. It is very cold night and morning, but pleasant when the sun shines, which it does every day and all the day.

Zeitoun. WM. M. OATTS.

**Daily Life in the Camps.**

There is one thing that the Christian population in Egypt will not forget against the German ruling Power. An American doctor put it clearly the other day. He said: "We are not sure how much to believe of the stories of German atrocities in Belgium and the North of France, but one thing we feel is that the worst they have ever done elsewhere is nothing to what they aimed at doing here and throughout the Turkish lands when they forced Turkey to proclaim a Holy War. The Jehad meant the massacre of every Christian, and had the natives responded, every one of us in Egypt would have been murdered."

All that is happening at the Suez Canal is known at home as soon as we hear of it in Cairo, possibly sooner sometimes, for obvious reasons. Whatever the British at home may think of the situation in Egypt, the residents in Cairo look upon it with little concern. There are still many troops in the camps. Some of the Colonials would fain be in the greater struggle in France. The men are mostly in the desert camps. They get tired of the long marches over the soft, heavy sand.

There is little evening occupation, and were it not for the Y.M.C.A. huts and tents that are provided for every section of each camp, the time would hang even heavier on their hands. Besides the Colonial Y.M.C.A. secretaries, who are all in one camp, the British National Council has seven workers engaged in similar work. Large tents or huts made of mats stretched over wooden poles are erected. Tables and forms are provided, and writing-paper, envelopes, pens, and ink are freely given to all. The result is that the spare time of the men is largely filled up with correspondence, the most profitable occupation they could be engaged in, both for themselves and for their friends. Two-thirds or more of the letters sent home by the men would never have been written had the Y.M.C.A. not put the materials ready to the hands of the young soldiers.

Games are also provided, sports organised, and evening lectures and concerts arranged. In most of the tents worship is conducted every night, and service held on Sunday evening. Most valuable help is given by the chaplains and missionaries from the Egypt General Mission, and the American Mission have given much time. The main work of organisation and control has fallen on the shoulders of an American representative of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. W. Jessop, secretary of the Anglo-American Branch in Cairo. The untiring efforts of this devoted worker have made the splendid results achieved possible. Amongst the Colonial troops there are many Scotsmen and men of Scottish parentage. In the Otago section of the New Zealand forces about 75 per cent. are Presbyterian, and there are Scottish battalions in the sections from Victoria and New South Wales.

I have been honoured by the United Free Church in being asked to represent them here. It has been a great pleasure in visiting the different camps and speaking to the men to find how many there were who hailed from the land we love so well, and who smiled in recognition at the sound of a Scots voice. There are seven Presbyterian chaplains with the Colonial forces—the Revs. Grant, King, Ross, and MacDonald from New Zealand, and Revs. Merrington, MacPhie, and Gillison from Australia.

I am, &c.,
ANDREW STEWART.

Cairo, February 8.

**Off Duty at Zeitoun.**

Prolonged marching, brigade-drill, trenching, artillery practice, fatigue duty, and many equally strenuous occupations make up the programme of camp-life from early morning until afternoon, and often right through the night, says an article in the *Egyptian Gazette*. Duty over, however, our gallant soldiers know well how to employ their spare time and to seek comfort and recreation. . . .

At the end of twenty minutes mysterious shapes loomed up in the dark, life throbbed on all sides, and shadowy forms were all around us. We struck a hard road, and continued on it to our goal. A passing motor revealed the details of camp-equipment, stabling, and roads leading to various sections. On our left tents, and further back large, brilliantly lit huts, or are they converted aeroplane sheds? Music issues from various tents. The owners of booths to the right are having a busy time, shaving, ironing, soling, mending, and what not. Not far from our guiding lights is a great mat tent bearing the familiar ensign, "Y.M.C.A."

Music issues forth. A khaki-clad figure sits at the piano gaily calling forth melody; men are writing, reading, singing, whistling, perfectly at home and happy. There is to be a lecture on countries under Turkish rule. The men flock in, and soon fill every corner of that great, spacious hall. There are men from the Queensland Light Horse, with emu plume in hat, just transferred from Meadi, and there are units belonging to the new Australian contingent just arrived; men in great-coats, sweaters, broad-brimmed hats, field-caps, and sleeping-caps; strong, steady, resolute men, whom we feel to be prepared to face difficulties, dangers, and death.

The lecturer, a refugee from Syria, had a very thrilling story to tell of Turkish misrule, oppression, and massacres, and of all that he

and many others had to suffer since this outbreak of the present hostilities. With rapt attention all those hundreds of men followed the lecturer, and at the end they asked a great many questions. The singing of the National Anthem and three hearty cheers preceded the dispersal of the gathering.

The lecturer, being still besieged by men anxious for information, afforded us an opportunity for gathering yet further information, such as that they sell in this tent ten pounds' worth of stamps in half a day, that 200,000 letters are written in the various Y.M.C.A. tents in camp, &c.

With a hearty "Good-night," following on a cordial invitation to come again, we turned homewards, passing through the lit-up lines and then into the pitch darkness beyond, out of which loomed bicycle lamps and other lights.

The tram-car is in sight, the "on-leave" men pass us on their way to camp; with them our thoughts go back to the white tents, the big gathering-places, and the camp-life of which they form but a part; of their ready willingness to help to protect the homeland, and of their cheery making the best of present conditions.

## A NOTABLE GLASGOW WORKER.

### The Personal Tribute of One who Owes Much to Mr. Connal.

THE death of Mr. Connal, announced recently, will affect every one of us who have been connected with the work of the Glasgow Association.

There is one little incident which will, I think, be of interest. In 1873 the Branch Extension Committee—of which Mr. Connal was convener—took steps, after a thorough canvass of the Townhead district, to start what was afterwards known as "Villafield" branch. The meetings were held on Sabbath mornings at 8 o'clock—first in M'Aslin-street, and afterwards in Parson-street.

The promises of support from the young men of the district had been very encouraging, and the first meeting was held on Sabbath, November 16, 1873. But, alas! for the promises. Only five, including Mr. Connal, turned out. These five have, however, all been closely connected with the Association work since then.

Mr. Connal's death causes the first break—after over forty-one years—in that little company of five.

The others of that small company are:—Mr. Alexander Leckie, who was president of the new meeting. After years of service in Glasgow he removed to Glengarnock, and carried on the work there. Mr. Charles J. Reid, the vice-president, is still identified with the Glasgow Association work, and was, I think, present at the annual meeting of the Southern Section recently. Mr. James Barrie, the treasurer, now in Springburn, was long associated with Cathedral-square U.P. Church. The fifth one present that morning was Mr. William W. Dove, now an honorary member of the Association, and of the Scottish National Council.

In the 1884 volume of the "Magazine," of which Mr. Connal was then editor, there is an account of "The First Decade of a Branch," which Mr. Birrell recently came across, and which gives an indication of what had been the fruits of the effort of these five members that morning.

Personally, I shall always feel grateful to Mr. Connal for the kindly, fatherly interest he took in me, ever since he first saw me—then a mere boy—at the Bedford-street meeting, and for the pains he took to interest me in the Association and its work.

---

Leighton Buzzard Y.M.C.A., of which Mr. H. Waddington is leader in charge, is doing a good work amongst the men of Kitchener's Army. In five weeks a number approaching 407 have signed against drink, and several against gambling. The Pocket Testament League has taken a hold there, and 170 have joined in one month. Provision is made for Sunday services, concerts, and refreshments.

## GOSPEL TEMPERANCE WORK AMONG THE TROOPS.

### Mr. Tennyson Smith's Campaign.

MR. TENNYSON SMITH, of Birmingham, who has achieved some distinction as a temperance reformer, not only in his native land, but also in the United States, Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, has been carrying on a remarkable work among the troops in the various camps throughout the country under the auspices of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.

He has visited the Crystal Palace, the White City, Lord's Cricket Ground, Purfleet, St. Albans, and Upper Warlingham. He has also conducted a series of from two days' to a week's meetings in Aldershot, Colchester (two visits), Lichfield, Birkenhead, Reading, Slough, Chelmsford district, Maldon, Witley district, Midhurst, Bournemouth, Rhyl, Colwyn Bay, and Llandudno.

Most encouraging reports have reached headquarters from various camp leaders. In almost every place the meetings have proved attractive to the men, and have been a pronounced success. The number of pledges taken has been remarkable, and the lecturer's presentation of Gospel truth has been forceful and effective.



Mr. Tennyson Smith.

Mr. Tennyson Smith's powers as a speaker are so well known that there is little need to comment upon the style of his addresses. The Lichfield *Mercury*, referring to his visit to the barracks, says:—"His presentation of temperance truth was most powerful, and he held the audience at times spellbound as he related in a graphic manner some tragic incident, while the next moment his hearers were convulsed with laughter at one of his humorous stories. That the speech was convincing was evidenced by the fact that immediately the lecturer concluded and appealed to the men to go forward and sign the pledge a rush was made for the platform, and it was difficult to cope with the work, which only ceased when all the pledge cards were exhausted, 109 men having signed the pledge."

The lecturer's versatility gives him a great advantage in the work among the troops. He is an accomplished elocutionist, and his realistic dramatic recitals of poems, &c., assure at once the interest of the men.

The Rev. E. T. Reed, who was in charge of the recreation room at Midhurst, with the 10th Gordon Highlanders, secured Mr. Tennyson Smith's services for a series of meetings, and highly commends his work. Among other things, he says: "Notwithstanding the liberty the men enjoy in the recreation rooms to write letters, play games, &c., even when a meeting is being held, it was noticeable that the attractiveness and power of Mr. Tennyson Smith's recitations and addresses won the attention of the men."

The *Birkenhead News*, reporting his recent meetings in the Y.M.C.A. there, says:—"Mr. Tennyson Smith seems to be specially adapted for this work, as he is able to arrest the attention and interest of the men by his dramatic recitals of poems, and his addresses are not merely educative, but also thoroughly entertaining, being full of humour and pathos. The men have not only been interested, but also deeply impressed, and the numbers who have crowded up to the platform at the close of each address, in response to the missioner's appeal, to sign the pledge, have proved that the work has been effective, for 342 pledges have been secured."

The number of pledgs signed has been remarkable. Over 5,000 pledge cards have been used since January 1, and for the most of these the missioner has the counterparts, with particulars of the home addresses of the men who have signd, and who, of course, are potential members of the Y.M.C.A. in the future.

It is worthy of note that all these pledges are the usual lifelong pledge, and not "for the war only."

Mr. Tennyson Smith's reputation as a public speaker has been of considerable value in securing on several occasions official recognition of his work by the commanding officers and their hearty co-operation. In several places arrangements have been made to march the men to a public hall, officially, to hear a lecture by our friend on the physiological aspect of the drink question, and this has sometimes taken the place of a military lecture. The great advantage of this plan is that the very men who most need to hear the truth on this question are present, and the speaker has not failed to remind them that, although they have been compelled to be present at the meeting, they are free to accept or reject the views which he proceeds to put before them.

Mr. Tennyson Smith is very ably assisted in his work by his wife, whose singing is most acceptable, and who is most active and earnest in getting the men to sign the pledge.

They have given away a great number of Pocket Testaments to men who have shown an earnest desire to possess one, many of whom have expressed the wish to commence the Christian life.

The results of such work as Mr. Tennyson Smith carries on cannot be tabulated by the number of pledges taken or Testaments distributed, or of known cases of conversion, but in the educative value of the truths which he presents, in the powerful impressions produced upon the minds of his hearers, and in the seed sown in an earnest and prayerful spirit, which will undoubtedly bear fruit in the lives of many, for we have the promise, "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

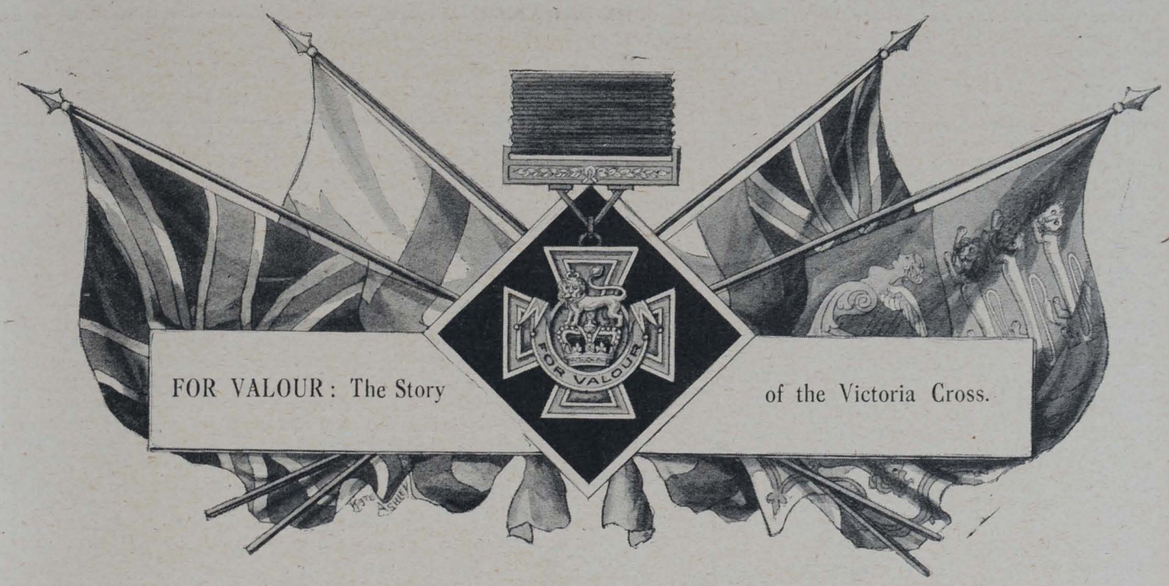
We commend our brother's work to our leaders, and urge them if possible to secure a visit from him, especially as owing to the generosity of a gentleman interested in the temperance cause, and specially in Mr. Tennyson Smith's work, his services can be obtained on payment of travelling expenses of the lecturer and his wife and a home during their stay.

Application should be made to Mr. Tennyson Smith direct. His home address is "Ivyholme," Clarence-road, Llnadudno, North Wales.

---

The Aberdeen branch of the Association has done efficient work in promoting a pleasurable social life among the troops; and a few evenings ago its activities in this direction were extended, through the opening of a social centre at the headquarters of the 157th Brigade Royal Field Artillery. A concert was held to celebrate the occasion. In addition to the members of the brigade, there were present many civilians of eligible age, and before the evening was out eighteen of these, including one or two really sturdy fellows, who had formerly worn the King's uniform, came forward to swell the ranks.






# FOR VALOUR: The Story of the Victoria Cross.

"FOR Valour." These words are to be found on the simple little bronze cross we sometimes see on the breast of a soldier or sailor. Such a quiet little decoration it looks, and yet the wearer of it, whether officer or simple private, is entitled to a military salute. Civilians, too, often long to salute, or in some manner to show how much they honour the wearers of the little brown cross, only they find as a rule that these wearers are modest men, and apt, if they think they are being noticed, to draw their great-coats hastily over their decoration, and hide it from too observant eyes. The history of this decoration must surely be of interest to everyone. The Victoria Cross was instituted, as its name implies, by the late Queen Victoria at the close of the Crimean War in 1856, and in 1857 the crosses earned in that war were distributed to the number of 62. In some cases it was made retrospective, as we see in the mention of General Christopher Teesdale, C.B., R.A., at Kais on September 29, 1855. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for gallant conduct in throwing himself into the midst of the Russians, who had penetrated, under cover of night, into the Yuksek Tabia redoubt; also for saving, at great personal risk, the enemy's wounded from the fury of the Turks.

### How the Cross is Worn and the Reward of Further Valour.

The crosses distributed as above were, it is believed, made of metal obtained from guns captured from the enemy during the war. Since that time they have been made of bronze. The form is that of the Maltese Cross, with straight bounding lines; in the centre is the Royal crown, with the lion crest, encircled by a scroll bearing the words, "For Valour." It is suspended from a clasp by the initial "V"; the clasp bears two branches of laurel, and the ribbon is blue for the Navy and red for the Army. Should the wearer perform a second act of exceptional bravery, it may be marked by a clasp on the ribbon, a distinction recently achieved by Lieut. Arthur Martin Leake, Royal Army Medical Corps, who was awarded the Victoria Cross on May 13, 1902, and is thus mentioned in the "Gazette":—"A clasp for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty throughout the campaign, especially during the period October 29 to November 8, 1914, near Zonnebeke, in rescuing whilst exposed to constant fire a large number of the wounded who were lying close to the enemy's trenches." The incident for which he received the V.C. was this: While tending the wounded under heavy fire from forty Boers at 100 yards range at Vlakfontein, he was shot three times, but although grievously hurt, he refused water to relieve his own thirst until all the others (eight) had some.

### Gallant Winners of the Distinction that all Soldiers Strive to Gain.

In the case of non-commissioned officers or men, the cross is accompanied by a pension of £10 per annum and £5 for each additional bar. The decoration is only conferred upon those who, in the presence of the enemy, have performed some noticeable act of valour or of devotion to their country, and, under these conditions, non-military persons who have served as volunteers against the enemy are also eligible. It is pleasant to record that more Victoria Crosses have been awarded for life-*saving* than for any other achievement. One other V.C. of a past war we must mention, the gallant Captain Towse, of the Gordon Highlanders, who was dangerously wounded, and lost the sight of both eyes in the Boer War. He was leading his company to the attack in an engagement near Bloemfontein when they were surprised by the Boers, and were for a time in a desperate predicament. The position was, however, saved by the resource and gallantry of Captain Towse, unfortunately, at the cost of his sight, which was destroyed by a Boer bullet. Since that time he has taken pains to learn typewriting, and is now doing much to help the wounded by typing their home letters, for which purpose he has joined a hospital not far from the fighting line—an instance of heroic forgetfulness of self which must certainly bring its own great reward. There have been so many recent cases in which the decoration has been most deservedly awarded that it is difficult to make a selection suitable to our limited space. Sergeant O'Leary's extraordinary exploit in killing eight Germans, capturing two more, and practically taking a position by assault single-handed, has been noticed so much in the daily papers that everyone must have heard the details.

Second-Lieutenant James Leach and Sergeant John Hogan were both decorated with the V.C. for an incident of which the following is the official record:—"For conspicuous bravery near Festubert on October 29, when, after their trench had been taken by the Germans, and after two attempts at recapture had failed, they voluntarily decided on the afternoon of the same day to recover the trench themselves, and, working from transverse to transverse at close quarters, with great bravery they gradually succeeded in regaining the position, killing eight of the enemy, wounding two, and making sixteen prisoners." The first Jew to be awarded the distinction was Lieut. F. A. de Pass, who was, unfortunately, killed. His official record runs thus:

### The Deed that Placed on Obscure Jew on the Roll of Fame.

"Lieut. Frank Alexander de Pass, late 34th Prince Albert Victor's Own Poona Horse. For conspicuous bravery near Festubert on November 24 in entering a German sap and destroying a traverse in the face of the enemy's bombs, and for subsequently rescuing, under heavy fire, a wounded man who was lying exposed in the open. Lieut. de Pass lost his life on this day in a second attempt to capture the aforementioned sap, which had been reoccupied by the enemy. In China the Hampshires had the distinction of winning four V.C.'s in a single day, at the capture of the Taku Forts.

Our subject is by no means ended, but space does not at present permit of our recording more, excepting that, in closing, we should draw attention to the fact that the great soldier who recently passed away—Lord Roberts—was one of the early recipients of the V.C., and that his only son also was awarded the same decoration for valour in the Boer War.

*10.—On Frustrated Ambitions.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

A FRUSTRATED ambition is a burden hard to be borne, and not a few men sink altogether under the heavy load. A wise and healthy ambition will save us from a good many perils, but when we discover that never in this life can our hopes be realised, we have reached a kind of cross-road, the dilemma of which the soul must resolutely face.

* * *

THESE considerations have been suggested to me by a kindly letter I have received from **F. G. P.** My correspondent is a country minister who, two years ago, was compelled to resign his charge on account of failing health. To a very large extent his ambitions have been frustrated, and I fancy, from one or two things he says, that now and again the burden is crushing. "To pass daily my little church," he says, "is a cause of pain. Enough. He doeth all things well. 'The bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.'"

* * *

I THINK I can enter into F. G. P.'s feeling, and understand a little of the pain. His church, he tells me, was opened by the late Joseph Parker, whose ministry I myself attended at the City Temple. What a high day that opening must have been! I can picture the eager preparations of the kindly people who attended the chapel, the overwhelming desire that nothing should go wrong, the signal that the great preacher was coming, the crowded sanctuary, the people coming from far and near, the great message, the peaceful benediction. I can feel the lofty hopes entertained for the future by my correspondent.

* * *

THEN I see the more exacting days, not less happy, though, of course, more difficult. I watch my comrade undertaking the ordinary work of the ministry. Little children are brought to him for consecration to God; perhaps they are brought to him to be laid to rest in a little peaceful grave out there in the quiet cemetery of living green. Happy lovers come to him to speak of the day to which they are looking forward; worried parents confide in him concerning their sons and daughters. I see this minister going forth to his little chapel in the summer time, the whole country-side looking majestic and grand; I hear the hymn of praise with which the worship commences; I watch the friendliness of the people for their pastor and for each other. And I know that my friend's ambition was a wise and true one.

* * *

AND now he is cast aside. Ill-health has dogged his footsteps. His hopes have fallen like a house of cards. He sees another take his place, and, be he ever so wise and true a man, sore feelings will now and then try his spirit. He passes daily the place of his ambitions which are now frustrated. "To pass my little church is a cause of pain." Why, of course; how could it be otherwise? These frail hearts of ours feel things more acutely than we are prepared to admit.

* * *

THE history of some of the purest souls is one of frustrated ambition. I mention the fact because it helps us to escape from the feeling that we are alone in the strife. I think it was the late Dr. Hamilton, of Regent's-square, who cherished an almost life-long ambition to write a "Life of Erasmus," but who, through pressure of ordinary commonplace duty, was deprived of the pleasure. If my memory serves me rightly he confesses somewhere that on a certain day, with very mingled feelings, he put away the tome folios where his material had been stored, and took leave of a project which might have brought him some literary distinction.

* * *

IT is not easy to say anything really helpful to a man who is oppressed with this burden, although I think we all have to taste the bitter cup sooner or later. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness. Thackeray used to say that in every house of nobility in the country there was a skeleton in the cupboard, and in a deeper sense, also, that is true. Most of us have made mistakes somewhere, or have been the victims of circumstances which we could not well set aside. But at the same time there is one aspect of the case which is really sane and comforting. I am firmly convinced that only as we learn in suffering can we teach in song, and in this sense I am more than sure that F. G. P.'s set-back will work out, sooner or later, for his highest good.

* * *

FOR one thing, a man's ministerial education is not complete until he has suffered and suffered bitterly. Dr. David Smith tells the story of a strapping, healthy, robust young minister who had never known an ache and never felt a pain going into the room of a fitful sufferer, to whom every noise was a shock to the nervous system. And he talked loudly and laughed immoderately, until after a while he said farewell. As he went down the stairs the sufferer was heard to murmur a fervent "*Thank God.*" If I may adapt two old lines, I should say there is a value in pain and suffering, and frustrated ambition in the case of a minister, because his hard-pressed followers will learn to say of their leader—

> He knows what pain and suffering mean,
> For *he* has felt the same.

* * *

THESE occasions of enforced retirement are not without compensation. There is a remarkable opportunity for reading and reflection, and for strengthening those things that remain. Every Arabia of the soul may be filled with visions and revelations of the Lord. I should like to assure F. G. P. that the best is in store. He will look back to these days with a sense of awe and gratitude. Above all else, I want to assure him that the victory is not always to the swift and strong. It is amazing what even frail men can achieve, and physical weakness is no hindrance to mental vigour. *Sursum corda: victoria foribus est.*

* * *

THE kindly criticism of **M. G.** (Lincoln) is very welcome. He is a little nervous of a remark the Rev. J. A. Hutton used in his recent article on "Books a Young Man Ought to Read." Mr. Hutton ventured on a few words of mild criticism regarding Smiles's "Self-Help" and kindred books. "They are," he remarked, "as I once heard Mr. Chesterton say about the Book of Proverbs, 'a little too American.'" Now, I do not think for one moment that such a remark can be construed into a theological objection. Mr. Hutton was not endorsing Mr. Chesterton's dictum for a moment; although, of course, I frankly agree with M. G. that such a remark is a kind of handle for a young man who wants to scoff at the Holy Word. I am with M. G. all the time when he says, "It is all too much the fashion to make such disparaging remarks"; but at the same time, I am sure that neither Mr. Chesterton nor Mr. Hutton desired to speak irreverently of the Bible.

* * *

I AGAIN remind my readers that I shall be glad to hear from them on any subject, and their letters should be addressed to Julius Just, 13, Russell-square, W.C.




**W. H. CULLEN,**

**32-38, Earl Street, Finsbury, E.C.**

***Wholesale Grocer and Provision Merchant.***

Canteen Supplies of all kinds despatched at shortest notice to any part of the country.

***WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.***

"Three Clarnico Goodies!"

**Lily Caramels.**

The most delicious Caramel you ever tasted. Rich, creamy, luscious. Made from the finest Sugar, Cream and Almonds. At the first bite you realise the charm that has made them so popular. Sold in various size packages by all good Confectioners, and at Y.M.C.A. Tents.

**Cream Caramels.**

Have a flavour and richness which distinguishes them from all others. If you have never tasted these delicious Caramels you have missed one of the good things of life. Get acquainted by obtaining a few—just to try—from your Confectioner, or from your camp tent.

**Marzipan.**

The sweetmeat with the delicate "nutty" flavour. So tempting and pleasing to the palate. Everyone greets Clarnico Marzipan with equal satisfaction, because it is as pure as it is delicious, and for real toothsomeness it has no equal. Obtainable in 1d. bars at most Y.M.C.A. tents, and at all good Confectioners.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd., LONDON.

**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

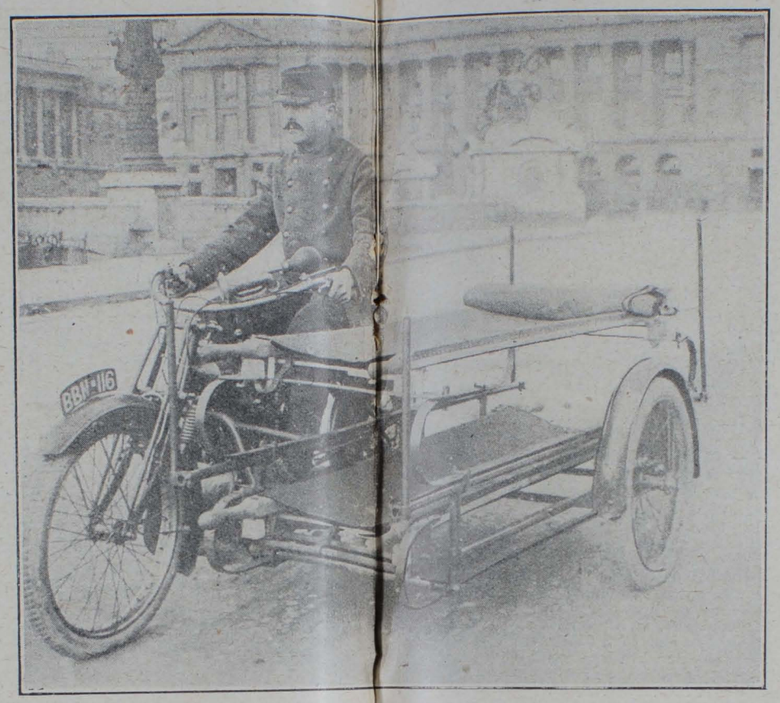
WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**

# THE BRITISH SOLDIER AT WORK AND AT PLAY, TOGETHER WITH VIEWS OF THE SERIOUS SIDE OF WARFARE.



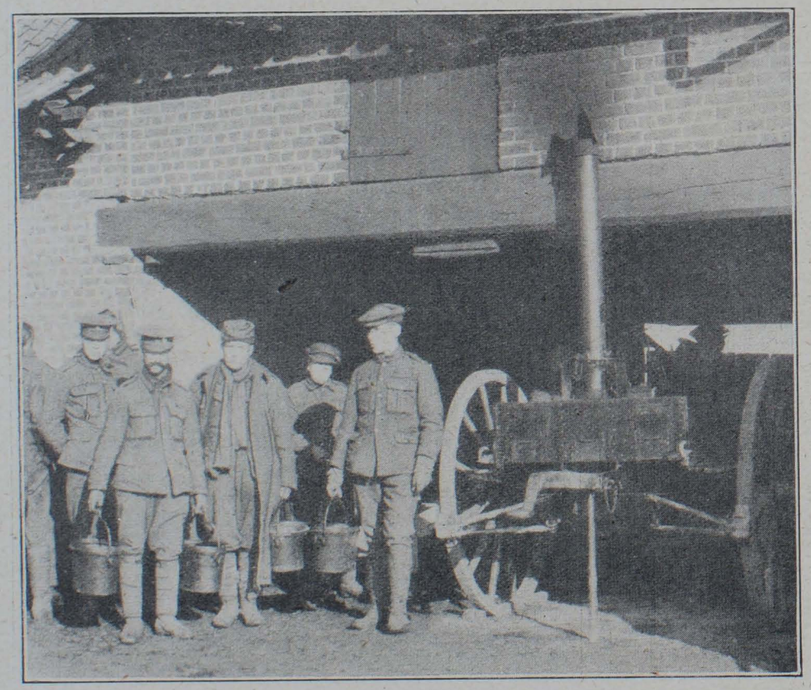
Advancing through a wood while in training at Woldingham, Surrey, members of the City of London Volunteer Corps are there preparing to deal with the entanglements that are playing such a large part in defence work at the front.




The new motor-cycle ambulance which the French authorities have adopted for the rapid transit of the wounded, for much saving of life is effected by the use of speedy methods in conveying wounded men to the hospitals.



The lighter side of the soldier's life is well represented in the above picture, which shows the London Section of Motor-Cycle Despatch-Riders enjoying a game of football in the Horse Guards Parade.



The feeding of our large Army on the Continent involves much organisation on the part of the military authorities. In this illustration orderlies are seen drawing dinner from a cooker concealed in a stable near the trenches.



Owing to the zig-zag nature of the trenches, the ordinary stretchers frequently fail in their object, and to meet the conditions Lieut. Cleret has invented a new stretcher, which has been adopted by the French Army.



Wounded, yet happy, these convalescent soldiers, who are staying at the St. George's Hill Golf Club House, Weybridge, have been allowed the use of the golf course—a privilege which they heartily appreciate.

**FOR ROUTE MARCHES.**

# Fry's

**SUPERIOR**

# Chocolates

ON SALE AT THE

**Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.**

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

**CAMP LEADERS**

should note that

**SUN COFFEE**

**is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.**

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

**QUALITY RIGHT.** — **PRICE RIGHT.**

*Write for terms to*

**ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,**
**19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.**
ESTABLISHED 1812.

**IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS**
**OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**



*Plans & Specifications free on application.*
*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*

**CHURCHES & CHAPELS**
**A SPECIALITY.**

Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

**W. J. CEARNS,** — SUCCESSOR TO — **F. SMITH & CO.,**
CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,
Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.

**IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.**



The London Scottish in a Cow Byre Billet at the Front.

## OXO in Camps and Field Kitchens

"Although much has been said about our well-fed Army, one cannot ignore the fact that an unavoidable feature has been impressing every soldier—the monotony of the food supplied, and even though it will be conceded that a good appetite is the best possible sauce, monotony still remains the worst. All who have friends at the Front or in camp are anxious to do what they can to make things as pleasant as is possible for those who are giving up so much for their country, and it is suggested that when comforts are being packed the parcels should also contain a supply of **OXO** and one or two recipes. With the addition of water **OXO** makes a good nourishing soup, while with the addition of **OXO** odds and ends of meat and vegetables may easily be made into nourishing dishes. Even bully beef and service biscuit cooked slowly with a little **OXO** lose their deadly monotony."

*Reprinted from the "Gentlewoman," February 20th, 1915.*

## OXO for Officers and Men

"**OXO** is thoroughly appreciated by soldiers and officers alike, not only on account of its remarkable portability, but because of the merits which attach to it from a gastronomic point of view. It is comforting; it is sustaining; and it is nice. To the fighting man, exposed to all kinds of weather, it is an admirable remover of chills. With a little hot water he can turn **OXO** into nourishing soup of a warmth and piquancy that will drive away the effects of the most bitterly cold night or day, whether on guard, in the trenches or dug-outs."

*Reprinted from the "Daily News and Leader," February 18th, 1915.*

**OXO is exactly suited to the needs of our men at the front, and in training, as well as for general use in hospitals and in the home.**

**OXO**

OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.




HIS Majesty King George rode through the Witley and Bramshott Camps during a semi-private visit last week. On the main road Lord Midleton, who was accompanying his Majesty, called Mr. Allan Frost forward and presented him to the King, who said he had heard of the splendid work being done by the Association among the troops, and was sure everyone greatly appreciated it. On being told of the work now being done in France, the King remarked, "A truly wonderful work."

***

DURING the week Mr. J. J. Virgo represented the Association in an address at the spring meetings of the Free Church Council at Manchester. We have taken the liberty of publishing the following paragraphs from his discussion of "The New Opportunity that will be Open to the Y.M.C.A. after the War." They indicate some of the lines along which Association work will develop in that near or far period which we speak of as "after the war." Like all other human institutions, our Association is in the melting-pot. When war is over we shall be faced by a new world, and it is exceedingly difficult to prophesy what will be, but this much is certain—that the Y.M.C.A. will come to the moment of its greatest testing, and if its leaders and members are great enough, in faith and purpose, will be able to go up and possess a vast territory of influence and power which it may use for the extension of His Kingdom.

***

KIPLING has a poem entitled "The Ship that Found Herself." When in dry dock she thought she would never be able to stand the stress and strain of the winds and waves of the ocean when the time arrived for her to put out to sea, but, once at sea, found herself strong, vigorous, seaworthy, and able to play her part in the commerce of the world.

And so the war conditions were the testing-time for the Y.M.C.A. It was good to be flung out on a tremendous national enterprise, which involved emancipation from any excessive care of the trivial. The real or imaginary glory of the parochial Associations merged into the larger good of the common cause. It is true to say that the Association has found itself and come into its own. It has discovered anew that a very artificial distinction exists between the sacred and the secular.

You will recall Milton's lines to Cromwell:—

"Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

Good as has been its past, it has to justify a continuance of the support that has been bestowed, and I venture to predict that it will again "find itself." As new occasions arise new resources will be found available to meet them.

The extraordinary desire for the consolations and reinforcement of religion which has manifested itself during these recent awful months has nowhere been more apparent than in the camps. This gives us the heavy responsibility of converting our temporary work for the Army and Navy into an equally good permanent one. A permanent Y.M.C.A. institute will, if possible, be established in each great military centre and naval depot.

***

THEN, too, the new opportunity will demand the larger heart, so that the cities and towns may be made less places of peril than they, alas! have proved to be. It ought never again to be possible for one to have to say, with Coleridge:—

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in its agony."

There must be a new passion for social service, and this need must never again be merely grudgingly recognised, but willingly accepted and positively declared.

Many a youth has a passionate interest in social problems—he must be captured at the moment of his keenness and his enthusiasm led into channels that will make for permanent service in the world.

In the future days there must be an effort made to do for the young man in the professions and in business, with a new zest, what is now being done in camp. We shall remember that his nature demands more than a Bible-class or Sunday afternoon meeting. These things, essential and of the highest value, will not suffice to perpetuate his interest and arouse his endeavour in the interests of others. It will have to deal with the young man as he is, and not as it is thought he should be. But when he is won for the service of Christ he must be shown that it is a personal service he is to render, personal love, personal interest—a willingness to go the "second mile," and be taught that, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

***

THE Association is now, and will be, I predict, in fuller measure in the new opportunity that has come, the Church expressing herself in its relation to all young men. The Churches will need to regard our movement as their best friend and ally. We are not divided, and there must be no standing aloof. Wherever there is a branch of the Y.M.C.A., ministers and laymen should strive for its prosperity—in a word, the Churches, regarding it as distinctly representative, must be jealous for the Association's welfare, and be satisfied with nothing less than the very best that is possible.

The Y.M.C.A., on its part, must ever recognise its obligations to be loyal to the Churches, and to urge upon its members that their first duty is to the church of their choice. The magnificent service rendered by the Churches—both Established and Free—in the camp work, has emphasised the necessity for the closest possible relationship.

***

IT seems to me there is a call to the Association to provide a programme for agricultural England. Why should not some of the huts which have been erected at the camps be used in this direction when the war is over? The Association has skilled workers who will be able to confer with the country minister. He has difficulties and problems, as has his ministerial brother in the city. The village church must have the benefit of the experience that the Association has gained in dealing with problems of life in the camps, and in ordinary contact with young men under normal conditions.

***

NEVER before was the call for solidarity so urgent. Our greatest work will be done together; though, of course, it is not suggested that we need slavishly to imitate one another's methods. There is, as ever, a great need for fertility of ideas. We must adopt what we can adapt, from whatever source we gain our knowledge. There must be no blind following of old lines—nothing will be haphazard—our aim must be high, and anything lower than the ideal regarded as crime.

And yet, in order to definiteness of action, there must be an accepted policy resulting from a careful survey of the field that is open; an intelligent apprehension of the need and a systematic effort to meet it.

And we must surely get fixed in our minds, as well as our hearts, the truth that preparation for this life is important as well as preparation for the life that is yet to come. Narrowness of view leads to circumspection in all directions, and pettiness is reflected in achievements little and confined.

***

THE new opportunity must include the establishment of a British training college (possibly at one of the Universities) with a view to a distinct advance in the personnel and in the standing of our secretaries. The need for this will be admitted, but the facts only enhance the importance of such a course.

The present conflict must, of necessity, mean that a gigantic total of young men will sacrifice their lives for honour and country's sake. How very important, therefore, does our work for boys become! For many years past the Association has, through its junior sections, specialised in its work amongst boys, and the results have been incalculably great. But in-

# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

**In next week's issue of *Y.M.* we shall publish a brilliant article by Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D., on "The Effect of War on Literature," and a fascinating short story by John Oxenham.**

creasingly will our movement seek to bridge the gulf separating Sunday-school and church. And, where relationships are right, the minister will make it his business to endeavour to get the boys of his Sunday-school linked with the Y.M.C.A.

***

ANOTHER feature arising out of the war is the need for preparation. That has been amply demonstrated by recent events. Ought not we, as the largest young men's institution in the country, definitely to take action in this matter? Thousands of our members have gone to the colours, but they have gone unorganised. If it is right for them to go, then it is right for the Association to foster them in it. If for any reason Y.M.C.A. companies or battalions are impracticable or inadvisable, then signalling companies or voluntary aid detachments should be selected.

The necessity for better buildings also, in which to continue our work, will surely arise when the magnitude of the opportunity that offers itself is comprehended.

***

IT is very evident that the new conditions will result in many young fellows taking their departure to the colonies and other lands beyond the seas. Though it is no part of the work of the Y.M.C.A. to encourage emigration, yet we shall have to see to it that these younger fellow-countrymen of ours, as they go out to mix amongst men of other countries, get admission to all the advantages that are to be obtained from the Association in the town or city to which they go. The Y.M.C.A. must prove in every case a clearing-house for these, and safeguard their interests in every way possible.

***

MINISTERS of the Gospel can also co-operate usefully if, in addition to a letter of introduction to the Y.M.C.A. to which their young men may go, they would also communicate direct with the secretary, whether it be in this or another country.

The experience gained by the Association will enable it to play a greater part in the nation's affairs. It may be hoped that there will be an enhanced sense of discipline following on so much military service; that there will be a gain in seriousness in place of the inane frivolity of so many, and an aptitude for work instead of slackness and boredom. It will be the Association's opportunity to direct these national assets into useful channels.

There is to be no change in the evangel we preach, but a different presentation of it to meet the changed conditions. The readiness with which the men in the camps have listened to and received the Gospel message is a still stronger demand for the insistence with which it must be proclaimed. We shall not be less loyal to the Gospel, but more loyal to all that is implied by its message.

***

CONVENTIONAL judgments a few years ago contented large numbers of men. Jesus Christ is to us, as ever, the revelation of right in life, and whilst there cannot be an application of His sayings with rigid literalness, there must be the application, under the new conditions, of those principles, which found their expression in His life as well as in His teaching. There must be no separation of our lives from our ideals, our actions from our visions.

The wonder is that so many of our youths and young men keep as straight as they do in large centres where the road to ruin is often made to appear a very pleasant and inviting one. Young men usually mean well, and will do well if the adverse conditions be not too hard for them. They want cheerful company, timely counsel, and the society and example of their fellows. They may not be strong enough to fight their way through alone, but with a little help they manage to walk very creditably along the slippery tracts of youth.

The Association has swept away at a stroke many of the greatest temptations to folly and worse.

The Association will go forward, united, determined, and free from any symptoms of exhaustion and lethargy to prosecute the work that lies ahead, and we shall seize every opportunity we can discover or create to make the future worthy of that little band of men who seventy years ago commenced to pray and work for their comrades; worthy of the title of the Association, and, most of all, worthy of the great Master Whom we seek to serve.

***

BUT one other point remains, and despite the terrible unrest and the tension that exists, the ideal before our eyes is one of Anglo-Saxon unity, and through the Association more easily than any other agency can the great unity of the race be achieved. The prospect is not only Imperial, but international. England desires the friendship of America. But England should not leave the matter to her statesmen and diplomatists, but should herself propose a union for moral, philanthropic, and religious idealism. She cannot, in fact, too frequently remind America that the supreme object of her existence is the kingdom of God, or too warmly invite the American nation to co-operate with her in achieving this ideal. And the Association firm fixed and universally extended is the best organisation for this cordial co-operation in a spiritual destiny.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

**By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr**

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### THE OLD PATHS.

"STAND ye in the meetings of the ways," says Jeremiah, "and ask for the old paths." What! Turn back the hands of the clock, and return to the ways of our fathers? It is not possible, for we have moved at God's bidding and by His guidance, and we shall pass that way no more again for ever.

And yet—and yet, there is something to be said on the other side. For not all the wisdom in the world is modern wisdom. And to the question, Which is the better, the old way or the new? there is really no final answer. The ideal for us all is to be loyal both to the new and the old, to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

But our attitude is apt to vary with our moods. At one time we are tempted to believe that the wondrous achievements of modern science have altered our outlook on all things in heaven and earth. And at other times, when some modern banality rasps our very soul, we are tempted to declare that the former days were better than now. It is just this swing of the pendulum, I suppose, that keeps us, on the whole, steady. The average is probably nearest to the truth. As Professor Blackie once said: "An absolute Tory is generally a clod or a fool; a Tory with sense is a Liberal more or less; a Liberal with sense is a Tory more or less; and a Liberal without sense is a Radical." In matters of religion we lean, perhaps, more to Radicalism than Toryism. And so I want to remind all you young fellows this week that there is something to be said for the old paths after all.

When you are out on a cross-country ramble, and come upon a broad macadamised road, it is a reasonable inference that there are a great many people, past and present, who have found that that road takes them where they want to go, that it suits their convenience and satisfies their needs. You, perhaps, in obedience to some whim or impulse, have cut through hedges and come across fields, but the big ordinary daily traffic makes and keeps the road.

It is exactly the same in religion. There are those for whom the cross-country walk is the ideal. They like to look at things from unusual points of view. They are not comfortable between parallel hedges. These are often very clever people, sincere and earnest to a degree, but—and this is the point—hardly competent or even fair judges of the broad, time-worn road that satisfies so many thousands of their fellows. For, after all, it is a big assumption, even for those gifted souls to make, that those who wore this into a road underfoot in the generations past were all either blind men or fools. When a road can be called old, there's bound to be a big, broad, common-sense reason for its existence.

So when a man finds himself regarding religion and the message of Jesus from a point of view which he finds it difficult to explain to other people, it is worth his while to ask if it is not merely some personal idiosyncrasy that has made him "take to the fields." There is the common track that the forgotten thousands of Christendom have followed in days past, that the simple-minded and the humble are treading without misgiving to-day—the great simplicities of religion—the reality of prayer, the living help of Jesus Christ, and the hope through Him of a life to come—and though there be moods when the born wanderer cuts through these at angles of his own, there are times when even he is content to think that he is just like other people.

As we grow in years we become less hypercritical, and our sense of companionship increases. We discover that there is nothing so very special about us, after all, to require a different sort of Gospel or a more modern revelation of the Eternal than Jesus brought to earth long ago. And when we have learned that we are merely ordinary mortals, with needs just like our fathers and our fellows of to-day, we come in the end to be very thankful to God that there is from of old a highway for feet like ours, on which wayfaring men, though fools, need not err.



*Our Short Story.*

# THE GUNNERY NOTEBOOK.

**By ERNEST RICHARDS, Author of "In a Deep Water Ship," "The Cruise of the 'Ratter'."**

JACK RAVEN, Lieutenant R.N., had one craze, that was gunnery. He was not a bad navigator, was fair at signals, but gunnery was his forte. He liked a cruise, he had no objection to his ship, but the Whale Island gunnery school was the Mecca of his very existence and gunnery was his delight.

He had one hobby—tramping and wandering. He was a genuine Wander Vögel. Sometimes he wandered on foot, sometimes in a car, sometimes in a fast motor-boat, sometimes in a cutter yacht. Wherever he went he was at home. He seemed endowed by nature with the very temperament of the Bohemian. In the cottages of Breton peasants, in the Alpine herder's hut, in the Norwegian fjords Raven was equally welcome and at ease.

He had one unfailing companion—a private notebook full of points on naval gunnery in all its branches and ramifications. If by any chance conversation lagged, or he fell into a fit of ennui, Raven devoted the otherwise dreary moments to his gunnery book.

A motor-yacht trip to Lübeck was a welcome relief to over-devotion in the Whale Island gunnery school. Three hands completed the crew of the yacht—Raven's cousin, an Oxford don, and a naval pensioner named Danks, who was cook, deck hand, and handy man all rolled into one. With the exception of three rifles and a swivel one-pounder the motor-boat differed in no essential details from other private yachts. As a rule the pivot gun was unmounted and stowed away. But Raven could not leave it altogether; it was always useful for firing practice and sighting experiments.

Raven was the most unsuspecting Englishman that ever visited a German town. How could he be suspicious when he had made such good friends and had been so kindly entertained? There was Herr Bruckmann, the merchant, and Herr Bosow, the Prussian army officer, and last, but not least, Herr Johnson, the German ship-master, who kept the little snug café in the Untertrave. They had even given Raven a dinner at the old Schiffergeselleschaft (sailors' guildhouse) on his birthday; whilst at Bruckmann's suburban home amid the beech trees he was always a welcome guest. Frau Bruckmann was especially fond of him. She thought him so very fine, "such a nice English chentleman." Besides, he was a naval officer, a lieutenant in the greatest navy in the world.

His cousin Regstone had warned him to beware lest in unguarded moments he might divulge "navy points" which listening German ears would greedily drink in. "Oh," said Raven, as he stepped ashore to go down to the little café, "you amuse yourself studying the archæology of this ancient Hanseatic port, I'll look out for myself, don't you fear; never found a German yet that caught me napping!" "But I know how confidential and free and easy you can get, old boy. So be aware. It's just your failing, that's all." "Oh, you're always the blighter to remind me of my sins," re-echoed Raven. "Hope you won't take offence at my reminding you of your little weakness," said Regstone, as he turned away from Raven to go on an antiquarian exploring expedition in mediæval Lübeck.

Presently Raven was seated in the captain's little snug café in the Untertrave. Herr Bruckmann and the Prussian officer were there also, and the captain sat with them at the table. They entertained Raven with pots of good Bavarian brew, "the captain's best," as the Prussian officer said. The conversation turned on the possibility of war between Great Britain and Germany.

"Germany does not want war with England," said the captain; "der ships we build are to fight Japan."

"I think there is a good deal of newspaper talk and swank among high officials on both sides," said Raven. "Anyway, I'm sure I don't want to go to war with such charming people."

"And this talk of espionage," said the Prussian officer, "is so foolish. Of course, there may be spies, but it is exaggerated."

"I quite agree, Mine Herr," said Raven. "I quite agree," he repeated, after a draught of beer. "It's all exaggerated. You might as well think me to be a spy."

"Ach," said the merchant, laughing, "but the policeman near the Holstenstor gate take your name and address from me yesterday, because, he say, 'You might be an English spy'!"

Raven laughed a merry, good-natured laugh, and then went on to say, "Now, there might be spies, I don't deny; but a lot of the so-called spy work is only the securing of information which any intelligent naval or military man can get off-hand. Now, take this so-called German blighter Graves—pardon me, gentlemen, for thus referring to one of your countrymen. But what did he learn? Why, he spent months finding out ships building and taking photographs and making silhouettes of British warships. Now, any harmless blighter could purchase photographs of British warships; and a Navy List and a British technical journal would do all the rest. Why, it's all piffle!"

"Anyway," resumed Raven, after a pause, "I don't think any German will catch me napping, with all due deference to present company."

"Why," said the Prussian officer, "my good friend, as you say in England, we should not think of taking advantage of you."

Herr Bruckmann very skilfully changed the subject to the matter of the lumber imports from Sweden to Lübeck.

In order to prove his statements of how many linear feet of lumber were imported into Lübeck each year, Herr Bruckmann took out a notebook and began to make calculations.

"Der, I have proved my figures," said Herr Bruckmann, as he laid the open notebook before the three men.

But Raven was not interested. His mind had drifted from the lumber to gun limbers and mountings. He took out his favourite book from his pocket and began reading notes involving intricate mathematical calculations about the difference between the recoil of the wire-laid guns of the British Navy and the Krupp guns of Germany. He had not been reading very long before he became very drowsy, and must have dozed off to sleep. He was just conscious before he fell asleep that he had put the book into the inside pocket of his Norfolk jacket.

He awoke at about four o'clock. Raven was not as a rule sleepy in the afternoon. He could not help wondering as he pulled himself together why he should fall asleep. He looked round and found the other men gone. All except the captain, who was behind his bar.

"You have had a little sleep, Mine Herr?" said the captain as Raven stood up.

"Yes, just a little. But I see it's four o'clock. I think I'll go back aboard; my head aches." And soon Raven was on his way to the *Seahawk*, which lay on the outskirts of Lübeck towards the sea.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the *Seahawk* lay bathed in a perfect halo of unbroken sunshine in one of the small creeks of the Trave; her brasswork shone like burnished gold; her white paint fairly glistened and shimmered in the sun's rays, and her decks shone snow white. Even in his somewhat dazed condition Raven could not help but admire his boat. He was not exactly what is called in the service a spit and polish officer—that is, one who sacrifices good shooting and general efficiency for gold-leaf, paint, and brass; but he dearly loved a clean ship, and the *Seahawk* was perfection.

The walk of two miles did him good; and the sight of his own boat sent a thrill of pleasure through him; his dazed feeling somewhat disappeared. The walk, the exhilaration of seeing his own well-kept yacht had both conspired to give him a tonic. He stepped aboard feeling much better than when he left the café.

"Well, how did you get on?" asked Regstone, as they sat on the after-deck.

"Oh, very well," answered Raven, ignoring his headache. "I like the place, so old world, so charming; I don't think the Germans are as bad as they are painted."

"Well, I for one have never painted them black," said his cousin. "But I should be careful not to say too much about the Service. In matters relating to pure science and history the Germans are good friends—that is, one can rely on them—but the military and naval people will snap up any information they can get, and sacrifice any friends or anything else to achieve their own ends."

Raven was about to reply, but his attention was suddenly attracted by a long, sleuth-like motor-boat passing down in midstream. It was a fine model of a boat, apparently quite speedy, and built on the torpedo model, a trifle bigger than the *Seahawk*. On her stern Raven read *Vögel*, which is the German word for bird.

Now, a motor-boat on the Trave is not such a *rara avis* as to attract more than passing attention, nor would Raven have given it more than a passing thought except for the fact that he noticed his two friends, Herr Bruckmann and the Prussian officer, sitting in the cockpit. He waved his hand to them as they passed, but they did not seem to notice him. At least, they did not return the salutation. He shouted, but no reply, and the *Vögel* immediately increased her speed.

"Do you know anyone aboard that boat?" called Regstone.

"Yes," answered Raven, "I see my friends the Prussian officer and Herr Bruckmann. That reminds me, Reg, old chap, I've invited Herr Bruckmann and his handsome frau to tea to-morrow, and the officer's coming along, too. After tea we are going to run up to Schwatou and then jog back and enjoy the splendour of the setting sun, as the poets say."

"What are you going to do to-night, Jack?" asked Regstone.

"Sit on deck and sleep and smoke and study gunnery by turns," answered Raven.

"By the way," asked Regstone, "did you work out that little mathematical problem about elevation we were talking about?"

"I was looking at it to-day in the café,"

said Raven. "I'll show it you. I've my notebook here."

Raven felt for his notebook in its accustomed place. It was not there. He searched through his pockets; he could not find it. He hailed Danks from forrard, but Danks had not seen it. But as he turned to go away he gave Raven a bit of information which caused his brain to dance like a wireless.

"I saw two men walking along the bank to-day as I was shifting the boat from the quay to the creek; they were taking stock of the craft, sir, same as a dockyard inspector; and, now you come to speak, sir, they was reading of a book wot was as near like your book as two brass rags."

"What did they look like, Danks?"

"Why one looked like a jolly [marine] officer, and the other a civy [civilian]."

"Did you see that motor-launch which overhauled us and passed down stream just now?"

"No, sir. I was below at tea."

Raven hesitated, and thought about as hard as his best gunnery brain would let him think for a minute. The café, the sudden drowsiness, falling asleep. The fact that his friends had so suddenly left him marconied through his mind. He saw it. At least, he guessed it. They had drugged him and taken his book. His mind was made up in less than two minutes.

"We'll get under way, Danks, in ten minutes, or as soon as possible. When we are once clear of the town get the gun ready for mounting."

Danks went forrard, and Raven went below to prepare the motor.

They had left the creek and were making a good sight down the Trave before Regstone spoke.

"Going for a short cruise, Jack?" asked Regstone, as he looked up from his writing-pad, on which he was inscribing notes about the Holstentor or city gates.

"No. Just put your writing-pad away, and I'll tell you."

Regstone obeyed, and stepped out of the cabin entrance of the steering cockpit.

"I want you to look after the engine whilst we run down to Travemunde. It will take us thirty-five minutes. When we get there I'm going to follow the *Vögel* if I see her. Rather think she's bound for the Kiel Canal. She's got something I want."

Regstone was about to remonstrate.

"Not a word, old chap. You can preach to me afterwards. I'm no Oxford undergrad. My book's aboard that *Vögel*, and a whole lot of gunnery points worth a fleet to the Germans. No, don't preach, Reg.; don't preach. I know I'm a silly ass; I know; but just stand by now, and preach afterwards."

Raven was evidently in dead earnest. Like most Navy men, he could change his front immediately the occasion demanded.

Regstone stood by the engines. Danks prepared the folding gun mountings, placed the gun and its gear ready for its bearings, but still kept it concealed.

"We've plenty of petrol," said Raven to Regstone, "for twenty-six to thirty hours' fast cruising. Open her out full speed as soon as we pass the first bridge."

Raven was more than surprised to see the captain standing on the bridge, and still more surprised to see him enter the small sub-post-office at one side of the bridge.

"He's gone to send a telegram to Bruckmann and the Prussian officer," mused Raven, half audibly. "I shall be the joke of the fleet if it ever leaks out. What an easy mark I've been for these Deutchers!"

Once past the bridge and the *Seahawk* fairly leaped forward in successive jerks until she settled down to a steady twenty-nine-knot gait. If the *Vögel* was two knots slower they might overtake her; if she was even or faster, the chance of overtaking her was remote and contingent on fortune or fate.

The distance from the bridge to the mooring dolphin at Travemunde was run without even catching a glimpse of the German boat. Indeed, they passed through the ship channels and beyond the quays without even a glimpse of her. If she once gets into the Baltic the game's up, thought Raven. It will be a stern chase till dark, and then she'll alter her course, even if we should be lucky enough to see her at all. She's had twenty-five minutes' good start, and this with even speed means ten miles. All this passed through Raven's mind as they neared the mouth of the river. But in another minute a stroke of good luck hove in sight.

The races were to be held next week, and a German royal engineer corps was constructing a pontoon bridge across the river for the horses. The pontoon narrowed the channel to fifty feet, and the Copenhagen steamer had blocked the passage. In short, the *Vögel* had been held up for half-an-hour, and was only just crossing the bar a third of a mile away when the *Seahawk* fairly flew through the gutway. Speed now would decide the contest.

The *Vögel* crossed the bar at a high speed, and then in a long curve changed her course to the east.

The *Seahawk* followed her at her best twenty-nine knots. Just over the bar a German Government launch tried to intercept her, but Raven paid no heed, and soon they passed out of earshot. Once they were over the bar he called Regstone to the wheel. "Follow the *Vögel*," he said as he let go. "I'll go forrard to give Danks a hand."

In ten minutes the gun was mounted and the ammunition to hand. "Now, Danks," said Raven, "get the morse lamp ready for signalling, and then keep a good look out forrard."

Raven went aft to the wheel. "See if you can knock another half-knot out of her, Reggie, old boy," he said, as he took the wheel. "I can gain a mile by striking a chord across this arc, and she's not gained on us yet."

The *Seahawk*, under Raven's guidance, cut a small curve inside the large arc of the *Vögel's* wake, and then shot forward in a straight line. The German was now directly ahead, and still curving towards the east, but he changed his course, and was soon forming a slight curve in the opposite direction. Raven followed suit, but it meant a slight gain for the German.

The two boats sped across the Oster Sea for half-an-hour before Raven became aware that the *Vögel* was increasing the distance between them.

"Can't you get any more out her, Reg, old man?" he shouted down the tube.

"Not another knot, Jack."

"Then I tell you what I'll do. I'll steer due east for a spell and then heave to. That boat's bound east, I'm sure, and she'll have to come across our course during the night."

In another half-hour the *Seahawk* was lying head to sea, and the *Vögel* was out of sight.

"I think we've lost her," said Regstone as he came aft to talk to Raven.

"Not at all," said Raven. "Come here and have a smoke and enjoy the sunset."

They smoked on until it grew quite dusk. "What are you going to do," asked Regstone, "if we see her?"

"Ask me what I'll do if we don't see her, old man," he replied. "But if I do see her and if she's in range, I'll take one shot and sink her."

"But you can't sink a boat like that——"

"There's a ship morsing away on the starboard bow," shouted Danks.

Raven picked up his binoculars and looked. Sure enough, there was a steamboat signalling to another vessel.

"Shall I reply, sir?" asked Danks.

"No, wait till I tell you."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Danks.

"Good God! What's that?" said Raven to Regstone as he spelled out the signal. "War declared between Germany and France."

"It can't be true," said Regstone.

"But it is true," said Raven; "we are sure to be in it in a day or so. I am in a dreadful stew about that notebook now. Right up to date, too."

"Danks," he shouted, "see that gasoline

*(Continued on page 238.)*


**POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE**

**Headquarters: 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. President: Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A.**

# 100,000 LEAGUE TESTAMENTS

**ARE URGENTLY NEEDED**

**To help in Evangelising the ARMY and NAVY with the Word of God**

**DURING SEVEN WEEKS' WORK IN MILITARY CAMPS,**

**9,000 SOLDIERS have joined the POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE.**

An evangelist who served in the South African war, after carefully investigating the work of the Pocket Testament League at one of the large Military Camps, writes: "My impression ***now*** is that the League will be one of the ***great factors in the re-modelling of the Army.*** Through its influence a new generation of soldiers will come into being, each one of them having a respect and reverence for the Word of God. The members of the League are filling their memories with the Word of God. Think what that will mean for ***the Army of the future!*** An influence is at work of consecrated Bible-reading, Bible-loving men. I see boundless possibilities in it, and shall promote its interests wherever I go."

**FREE GRANTS** are made according to the measure of financial support. **A Worker** who is returning to France in a few days desires to take 10,000 League Testaments with him.

**Every Donor of 10s. will receive a Special P.T.L. Testament as supplied to the Forces.**

**WILL YOU HELP US IN GIVING GOD'S WORD TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS?**

Send for Free Copies of the "Prayer Circle" Card, and help us to PRAY THROUGH to victory for the salvation of the men of the Army and Navy.

**GIFTS may be sent to Miss E. WAKEFIELD MAC GILL, Hon. Sec. Pocket Testament League, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.; or to the Office of "Y.M."**






Scottish troops entering a Y.M.C.A. hut at Perham Down, and the hut at Sutton Veney Camp, the gift of Sir Wm. P. Hartley. Both of these places form part of the great Salisbury Plain, on the vast expanses of which so many of our new Army have been in training since August last.

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

## *Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

Among the thousands of men at the White City is a soldier who had lived all his life in Belgium. His father and his grandfather were Englishmen who lived and worked in Belgium. At the first call of his country this young man came to England and enlisted. There cannot be many similar cases, and it is only another link with Belgium that an Englishman whose family had been associated with that country for three generations should now be preparing to fight on her behalf.

***

Despite a disappointment in the way of a promised concert, a fine audience at the White City listened intently for an hour to a lecture one evening last week. At the conclusion the men rose and gave three cheers for the lecturer. How many—or, rather, how few—of the men now in camps were accustomed to attend lectures or concerts? Probably to many of them the evening entertainments which have been given in the Y.M.C.A. huts have been an entirely new experience.

***

What will happen to the huts in some neighbourhoods when the soldiers have gone to the front? is a question often asked. Mr. Virgo, speaking at the Free Church Council in Manchester, suggested that in some country districts they could be used afterwards with great advantage for religious work among the local residents. It is a good idea which is worthy to be followed up.

***

A commanding officer checked the widespread habit of parting with buttons, &c., as "souvenirs" by ordering that the soldier should draw in chalk a representation of what was missing in his uniform! There was no rush to immortalise themselves as artists after this.

Canon Hicks must, one imagines, hold the record up to the present for having addressed over 250 audiences at camps. It says much for his energy that he is still "going strong," and has had a capital time in France.

***

Picture postcards have gained a fresh lease of popularity since the war began. To-day there is a brisk demand at camps and elsewhere for certain cards. For instance, "It Never Can Happen Again" has been sold in large numbers, and portraits of Lord Kitchener, General Joffre, and Sir John Jellicoe are in great request.

***

From the front came the other day a portrait of a young fellow in the Motor Transport section. He apologised for the startled expression on his face by the explanation that just as the French photographer was taking him a shell fell quite close to the camera! It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, the portrait is not quite a success, is it?

***

Rev. Everard Digby, so well known for the devoted work he is doing in Buxton, is now in France visiting Y.M.C.A. centres and doing special evangelistic work.

***

Mr. F. C. Reed, who has been secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Tunbridge Wells during the last two or three years, has accepted a position on the staff of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and will take up his duties almost at once.

***

A thousand men are billeted at Teignmouth, Devon. The leader has laid himself out for special work with them, and the rooms have been crowded for reading, letter-writing, and recreation.

Mr. J. J. Watson, of Ballinard, Broughty Ferry, has sent a donation of £500 for the Dundee Association. Mr. Watson's gift has been made in expression of his appreciation of the work being done by the Y.M.C.A. throughout the country.

***

At Luton a police-sergeant awakened the Y.M.C.A. staff at one o'clock in the morning, and asked them to look after twenty-one men who had arrived in the town with less than one hour's notice from Sheerness. After travelling six hours they had no place in which to sleep. Our workers got them hot coffee and made them as comfortable as possible, providing breakfast and dinner and giving them the run of our premises until complete arrangements had been made by the military authorities. On a recent evening the Soldiers' Entertainment Fund Concert was attended by a thousand men.

***

Special gatherings have been held in all the Welsh centres of the Association and in the camps in connection with St. David's Day.

***

In response to a local appeal £40 has been subscribed locally, leaving the Association free of debt, and with a balance to carry on this special work.

***

Before the war very many inquiries were made in regard to the establishment of an Association in Halifax. With the outbreak of war came the opportunity. The local committee, which has been responsible for the work, has done yeoman service. A site has now been secured in the centre of the town upon which a temporary building will be erected for the use of the soldiers as a "down town rendezvous"; concerts and meetings are continually taking place with the greatest possible success.



The Lighter Side of Military Life: A glimpse of an evening gathering in a Y.M.C.A. hut at Devonport.

# CRESTS and BADGES
OF
# HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.




The craze at the moment is Regimental Badges worn as Brooches. Messrs. H. Brandon and Co., 317, High Holborn, London, W.C., the well-known manufacturing jewellers, have produced, at a great expense, a Brooch of the actual Badge as worn by His Majesty's Forces. These should appeal to the general public, especially to friends and relatives of those who have joined the Army. The size of the Badge is 1 1-8 inch, and made so that you can wear it as an ordinary Brooch. They are produced absolutely the same as the actual Badge, only smaller. They are of gold and silver finish.







The following Regiments are now in stock, and can be had per return. Other Regiments will be ready in a few days' time.

Australian Commonwealth.
Army Pay Corps.
A.S.C.
Argyll and Sutherland.
A.O.C.
Artists' Rifles.
Black Watch.
Bays.
British Columbia.
Buffs.
Border Regiment.
Bedfordshire.
Civil Service Rifles.
Canada.
48th Canadian Highlanders.
Camer nians.
25th City of London.
12th City of London.
20th County of London.
21st County of London.
Coldstreams.
Cheshire.
Connaught Rangers.
Cameron Highlanders.
5th Dragoons.
Durham Light Infantry.
Duke of Lancaster's.
Devonshire.
Duke of Cornwall's L.I.
6th Dragoons.
East Surrey.
Essex.
East Lancasters.
Gloucesters.
Grenadier Guards.
Gordon Highlanders.
3rd Hussars.
7th Hussars.
13th Hussars.
15th Hussars.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.
20th Hussars.
Herts Imperial Yeomanry.
Herts Regiment.
Highland L.I.
Hampshire.
H.A.C.
Isle of Wight.
Irish Guards.
Imperial Service.
K.R.R.
King's Own R. Lancs.
King's Own Scottish B.
London Rifle Brigade.
Lincolnshire.
Leicester.
London Irish Rifles.
16th Lancers.
17th Lancers.
London Scottish.
Loyal N. Lancaster.
Machine Gun.
Middlesex.
Manchester.
Naval Brigade.
Newfoundland.
Northamptonshire.
Norfolk.
Northumberland Fus.
N. Staffordshire.
Oxford and Bucks L.I.
Princess of Wales Yeo.
Post Office Rifles.
Public Schools.
Queen's O. R. W. Kent.
Qn. Victoria's Rifles.
Queen's Westminsters.
R. Engineers.
R. Berks.
R. Fusiliers.
R. Warwickshire.
R. Lancasters.
R. Dublin Fusiliers.
R.A.M.C.
Rifle Brigade.
Royal Sussex.
Royal West Surrey.
R.F.A.
R.G.A.
Royal Bucks Hussars.
R.M.L.I.
Royal Scots.
Royal Flying Corps.
Royal West Kent.
Suffolk.
Sherwood Foresters.
Scots Guards.
South Staffs.
Sharpshooters.
S. Wales Borderers.
Seaforth Highlanders.
South Lancaster.
South Notts Hussars.
Shropshire L.I.
Somerset L.I.
Scottish Borderers.
Welsh.
Westminster Dragoons.
Worcestershire.
Wiltshire.
West Yorkshire.
West Riding Yorks.
York and Lancaster.

The prices are—gold plated or silvered 2s. each, sterling silver or sterling silver gilt 5s. 6d. each, 9ct. gold £2 2s. All sent post free by Messrs. H. Brandon and Co. (Y.M.), 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.; or from Messrs. Dickens and Jones, Ltd., Regent Street, W. *All Jewellers, Stores who do not stock Messrs. H. Brandon and Co.'s Badges should communicate for wholesale terms.*


Few centres have been busier with work for the troops than the Association workers in Bury. The Churches have united in giving every possible assistance, and in the Rector's Notes in the Parish Magazine appears the following:—"The value of the Y.M.C.A. is inestimable, and every one who is interested in our soldiers ought to recognise fully the services which Mr. Ledger and his many helpers have rendered so ungrudgingly through the winter season.

***

The first Y.M. hut opened in Cheshire is for the Bantams at Bebington. Mr. C. J Proctor, J.P., of Birkenhead, presided at the opening ceremony. General Sir Henry Mackinnon, of the Western Command, was present, and said he had watched for many years past the most excellent work in all their encampments by the Y.M.C.A. He congratulated Mr. Proctor and friends who had subscribed in such a way to make the construction of that hut possible, and he congratulated the officers on their good fortune in being able to have that building at the disposal of their men. He would like to say to those people who had kindly subscribed money and given personal services in the preparation of that hut, and to those who were going to help in the administration of the work—for throughout the country Y.M.C.A. work was voluntary—that they were not only assisting in the moral and material welfare of these men, who had given up good occupations to come forward and help the country, but they were also doing a great deal towards winning the country's battles. There was nothing the soldiers in the voluntary army were more keen to hear and know about than that the feeling and sympathy of the country were behind them.

***

By the death of ex-Bailie A. C. Rennie, Falkirk Y.M.C.A. has lost one of its oldest members and most devoted workers. Mr. Rennie had been treasurer of the Falkirk Association for over forty years, and took a prominent part in the erection of the institute, and in the library and reading-room associated with it before the passing of the Free Libraries Act. Through his influence £1,000 was secured for the establishment of the library as a public one.

***

Ayr United Y.M.C.A. has just entered into possession of an up-to-date institute, which was formally opened on Saturday, March 6, by Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, chairman of the Scottish National Council. This is the second building opened in Scotland as a result of the financial campaigns conducted by Mr. Charles Summer Ward, of America. Among the speakers at the opening ceremony were Rev. Dr. Watson, of St. Clement's Parish Church, Glasgow, Provost Mitchell, Rev. H. MacLuskie, Messrs. H. Lightbody, J.P., G. Miller, C. H. Millyard. A series of successful meetings was held during the week-end.

***

At the last executive meeting of Kirkcaldy Y.M.C.A. the hon. secretary submitted the following report showing the work done by the Association among the troops in Kirkcaldy and district during the past six months:—Letters and cards written (material free), 11,670; teas supplied at moderate rates, 9,786; baths supplied at 3d. each, 2,670; parcels of clothing received for laundry, 760; wash-up, towels, soap, &c., free, 3,438; Testaments sold at 3d. each, 950. The executive desire to express their warmest thanks to Mrs. George Fergusson and the ladies assisting for all their services so willingly rendered on behalf of the troops. Numerous letters of thanks have been received from the men expressing their indebtedness to the Y.M.C.A. for all the benefits received during their stay in Kirkcaldy. The men have appreciated very highly the kindness received from the ladies in the tea-rooms, and especially in connection with the mending department dealing with the soldiers' clothing.

***

Mr. David Wilkie, of Ardmore, Kirriemuir, Forfar, a former Provost of Kirriemuir, manufacturer, spinner, and farmer, of the Kirriemuir Linen Works, and of Messrs. J. and D. Wilkie, who died December 24 last, left £300 to the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Association for an Army recreation hut.


# Y. M.
## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





BY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

To H.M. King George V. To H.M. Queen Alexandra.
148 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS.

# Jeyes' Disinfectants
FLUID—POWDER—SOAP.

## Jeyes' Fluid
Best and Safest for all Purposes.

## Jeysol
(Jeyes' Soluble Fluid)

The British substitute for Lysol, or absolutely equal efficiency, and making a *clear* solution.

Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection sent free on application to:—
Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., 64, Cannon St., London, E.C.

## "What £10 a year will do."

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

# NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

£52 : 8 : 10 a year (payable half-yearly), or alternatively £569 in cash.

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,
Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.

ORGANS £4 17 6 ORGANS

The Finest Organ for the Home, the Mission Hall or Small Church.

£7 8 6 THE UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN. £8 9 6

Full Illustrated Lists free on application.
INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.

*Sole Agents for Great Britain:*
Marshall Brothers, Limited - - - 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.

ORGANS £10 12 6 ORGANS

THE

# "Y.M.C.A. with the Flag"
## BOOKLETS.

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. LORD KITCHENER'S CALL TO ARMS.
2. BRAVO! "HIGHFLYER"!
3. THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.
4. THE CHESSBOARD OF EUROPE.
5. A STRATEGIC RETREAT.
6. HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
7. THE SUBMARINE.
8. THE FOOTBALL FIELD OF EUROPE.
9. "S.O.S."
10. THE SIEGE OF LIFE.
11. "THE V.C."
12. DAY DREAMS.
13. THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.
14. KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING!
15. BEASTS OF PREY.
16. CHRISTMAS.
17. THE KICK-OFF.
18. WANTED, MEN.
19. GOAL!
20. LIFE'S RAILWAY.
21.
22.
23. SWIMMING.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d. enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* ***2,000*** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send for a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).


Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London, 99, George Street, Edinburgh, 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (Incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

**By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.**

**Friday, 19th.**—Luke xix. 28-38. "*The Lord hath need of him*" (verse 31). How wonderful that Christ has needs which He asks human hearts and hands to supply! In our present national crisis everyone is seeking ways in which he can serve his King and country. What should be the response when the King of Kings personally expresses His need of such service as each one can render!

**Saturday, 20th.**—Luke xix. 39-48. "*The time of thy visitation*" (verse 44). God visits youth with special opportunities, which, if neglected, are left behind never to return. Jerusalem took the risk of neglect, and found to its cost that there is no uncertainty in the operation of God's laws in this respect. Christ's sorrow brought tears to His eyes, but could not avert the city's self-imposed doom, the outcome of its careless choice.

**Sunday, 21st.**—Luke xx. 1-18. "*I will send My beloved Son*" (verse 13). God will not compel our obedience, but He has spared no pains in seeking to win it. His tenderest and strongest appeal lies in the gift of His only Son. This act offers the highest example of loving devotion to men, and is specially calculated to wake up selfish hearts to the meanness of refusal or neglect.

**Monday, 22nd.**—Luke xx. 19-36. "*Is it lawful?*" (verse 22). In the navigation of a ship the choice may often have to be made between a short cut, with the danger of sunken rocks, and a longer course under safe conditions. In the Christian life there is a constant alternative between convenience with its risks and an out-and-out pursuit of Christian practice. The safe course is found, not in asking is so-and-so lawful, or how near may I go to the rocks, but, what is the best way of pleasing Christ?

**Tuesday, 23rd.**—Luke xx. 37-47. "*He is not a God of the dead, but of the living*" (verse 38). The Christian life consists in attachment to One who is the God of Life, and therefore of progress and ultimate success. Apparent hindrances, delays, and sorrows, even that terrible one of death, are only allowed to work within the limits imposed by our Heavenly Father, whose plan for His children always includes the moment when these obstacles will have to yield to the demands of His own credit and glory.

**Wednesday, 24th.**—Luke xxi. 1-13. "*She hath cast in all the living that she hath*" (verse 4). The measure of true giving is not the amount of the gift, but of the possession left in the hands of the giver. This woman retained nothing; all had been handed over to God for His use. Christ has a right, not to a part only, but to the whole of a young man's strength and influence for investment in His service. It is the only safe, as well as the only God-honouring, course.

**Thursday, 25th.**—Luke xxi. 14-24. "*Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles* (the nations)" (verse 24). One fact in history is clearly foretold here—viz., that Jerusalem has to be owned and oppressed by outside nations until the fulfilment of some definite period in God's purpose. Perhaps we are near the end of this period, and the boys of to-day may be privileged to witness the great things which God has in store for Jerusalem and the Jews.

## THE GUNNERY NOTEBOOK.

(*Continued from page 234.*)

headlight's all ready, and put a cartridge into the gun. Let her go about five, Reg. I'll steer. Keep your ears open, Danks, for any noise."

Raven steered due east for half-an-hour. Then Danks came aft and said he thought he heard a boat churning away to starboard.

"Stand by the wheel, then, Danks," said Raven, "and I'll go forrard."

In five minutes Raven distinctly heard the whirr and chuck of a fast motor-boat. It came nearer. He signalled to Danks to stop dead. The *Seahawk* drifted a quarter of a mile, then stopped. Raven switched on the headlight and swept a small arc forward.

Right ahead less than a quarter of a mile he saw the *Vögel*. She immediately altered her course, but before she could swing round Raven trained the gun.

She was still in the line of light when he fired, and her rudder and propeller all jammed together by the impact of the shot.

In five minutes the *Seahawk* was close alongside, and Danks and Regstone were on deck, armed with service rifles, covering the two men in her stern.

"Are you Herr Bruckmann and Herr Bosow?" asked Raven.

"Yes, Herr Raven," said Bruckmann; "but why do you shoot at us?"

"Because I want my book back, and at once, Herr Bruckmann. Now, quick, hand it to me; I've no time to waste, and you are sinking. Give me the book and then lower your dinghy and clear out."

They saw the game was up. They threw the notebook into the cockpit of the *Seahawk*. Raven picked it up. "Now, he said, "lower your dinghy and come aboard."

They did as they were bid. "Now I'll search you, gentlemen," said Raven.

He found nothing in the way of a copy of any of his pages. "Now, gentlemen," he said, after he had completed his search, "I do not fancy having you as my guests; step into the dinghy, and I think you'll get ashore all right. I see your boat has foundered."

"Good-bye," said Raven as the dinghy pushed off. "Now, Reggie, old boy, open her out for home, and then you can preach to me all you like. But whatever you say won't alter the fact that the Germans have secured no points from me. But it was a near shave."

## HOW THE INSULT INCREASED.

The Maori of New Zealand, when converted, are said to make good Salvation Army soldiers. The Army officer out there tells of "Warrior Brown," an old Maori woman who had won her name by her fighting qualities when in drink or enraged. Coming under Army influence, she was converted, and gave her testimony at an open-air meeting, whereupon some foolish person hit her with a potato a nasty blow. A week before the cowardly insulter would have needed to make himself scarce for his trouble, but what a change! "Warrior" picked up the potato without a word, and put it in her pocket.

No more was heard of the incident until the harvest festival came round, and then "Warrior" brought a little sack of potatoes, and explained that she had cut up and planted the insulting potato, and was now presenting to the Lord its increase.

"A Glasgow boy, an only son, joined the Highland Light Infantry, and was sent to France with sixty others. He had evidently no friends, and had felt a bit lonely, so visited the Y.M.C.A. somewhere, and had been made to feel very much at home. He wrote to his friends in Glasgow, 'If you search in my wardrobe drawer in my bedroom you will find a few pounds, which I have been saving for some time. Take these and despatch them immediately to a Y.M.C.A. It has been to me like a home, and these few pounds are to be sent to help on the fine work they are doing for the Tommies. If you have any spare cash you could not do better than send it with mine, and be sure to use all your influence to urge others to join the Y.M.C.A.'"


**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Hera'dic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

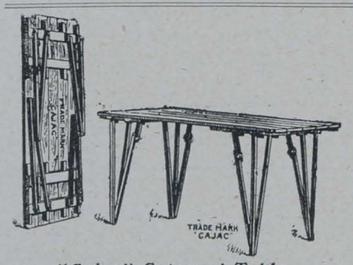
Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6** and **12/6** ,,

All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**

**EMERGENCY FOLDING FURNITURE** OF BEST BRITISH MAKE.




"Cajac" Caterers' Table.

Handiest for
CAMPS, INSTITUTIONS, MISSION HALLS.
*CLOSE FOLDING, VERY RIGID. VERY STRONG.*

**The "CAJAC" Tables are Unequalled for Excellence :: of Manufacture, Strength and Convenience. ::**

*Stocked in Six Sizes.* *Write for Prices.*

Also FORMS, CHAIRS, TRESTLES (for loose table tops), in great variety.
Illustrated List on application.

Works cover 2½ acres. Fitted with the most up-to-date machinery obtainable.

**ALLAN JONES & CO.,** Hatherley Works, **GLOUCESTER.** *Telegrams: "Lattistep, Gloucester." Nat. Telephone: No. 55 Gloucester.*







***BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.***

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

Benger's Food is especially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

**BENGER'S Food**

*is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.*

Benger's Booklet—A little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
*Branch Offices*—NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William Street, SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt Street.

*Canadian Agents*—**National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel Street, Montreal,** and Branches throughout Canada. 189

**COFFEE for CAMPS**

Coffee made by our process is better, cheaper, and more popular than that made by any other method.

Our process makes it almost as simple as using essence and yet gives more than double the quantity of coffee of a much pleasanter flavour.

**SAMPLE TIN with 1-lb. of Coffee and full directions sent post free for 1s. 2d.**

**HACKFORTH,**
*Gold Medal Coffee Specialist,*
**15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.**

***Depots: London, Goole, Stockton-on-Tees.***


## Board.


**50, DOUGHTY STREET,** Russell Square, W.C. Comfortable Board and Residence (central to all parts) from 18/6. Breakfast, late Dinner, full Sunday. Reduction Share. Bed and Breakfast 3/-. Good attendance (no Extra).

**CANONBURY, N.** 8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road. Comfortable home for young fellow. Substantial breakfasts. Full board Sundays, 10/6. W 2


## Situations Vacant.


**CLOTHING AND OUTFITTING.**—Wanted at once, smart Junior; good window-dresser and salesman. State age, reference and salary. Live out.—Broadley Bros., High Street, East Grinstead. W 19

**DRAPERS.**—Young man for Manchester department; medium-class trade; window-dresser. Good Junior for same department. Full particulars and photo; salary (live out).—Ernest W. Weeden, Southend-on-Sea.

**DRAPERY.**—Wanted, at once, Junior Salesman for dress department. Good window-dresser.—Geo. H. Leavey and Co., Ltd., 6-16, Hare Street, Woolwich. W 22

**DRAPERY.**—Junior Salesmen Wanted, for the linens, silks and dresses. High-class trade; good opportunity of advancement for industrious young men.—John Holmes and Co., Ltd., Darley Street, Bradford. W 23

**DRAPERS.**—Wanted, smart young man, of 5 or 6 years' good general experience, for dress department. Good-class trade.—Photo and full particulars, Price and Sons, Ltd., Northampton. W 24

**GROCERY AND PROVISIONS.**—Smart Assistant. State age, height, references and salary (out) to J. F. and T. Tyler, Guildford. W 18

**FARM PUPIL.**—Vacancy on mixed farm for well-disposed lad. Practical training. Comfortable home.—E. H. Cardell, C.C., Paxton Manor, St. Neots, Hunts.


## Miscellaneous.


**BEGIN TO READ YOUR GREEK NEW TESTAMENT** at once. Simple, rapid method, will greatly interest you. A powerful aid to Scriptural study. By correspondence. Easy terms. Write immediately, enclosing stamp.—Box 77, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row.

**Economy in War Time.**

To reduce expenditure in the household, and yet maintain comfort and efficiency, use

ENQUIRE WITHIN UPON EVERYTHING

466 pages containing 2,250 references.

**THE MOST COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD GUIDE EVER PUBLISHED**

**Price 2/6 net.**

**Sold by all Booksellers everywhere.**

Published by
**SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.**
**Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.**

There is **NO** ADVANCE IN PRICE.

**BRANSON'S COFFEE**

**IDEAL FOR CAMPS.**

*Sample and prices on application to*

**BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,**
**Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.**



Over 30 "Captain" Models to select from.

**Ride a "Captain" Cycle for 14 days at my expense.**

You cannot put character into a scale and weigh it; neither can you tell the merits of a cycle until you have had practical riding test; that is why I will willingly send, Packed Free and Carriage Paid direct to your door, any 1915 "CAPTAIN" Model you like to select from my free 200-page *Money-Saving* Catalogue. If, after 14 days' test, you have any cause for dissatisfaction, replace cycle in crate, return to me, and I will refund your money in full. I sell my "CAPTAIN" Cycle at prices to suit all pockets for cash, because that is the only way you can secure honest value.

HIGH-GRADE "CAPTAIN" CYCLES
From **£3 3s.** cash, *Packed Free and Carriage Paid.*

Send a postcard now for my 200-page free catalogue, "Everything that a Cyclist needs." It contains thousands of bargains in Accessories, Covers, Tubes, Rear Lights, Flags, Mascots, Outfits, etc., at Manufacturers' War Prices. Remember that whatever I sell I guarantee to be absolutely satisfactory or I return the money.

*MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO WRITE NOW.*

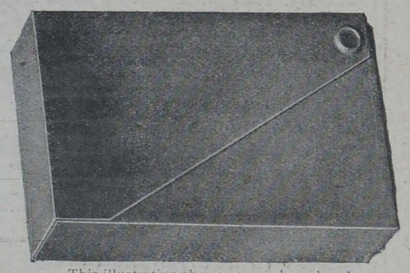
**H. FITZPATRICK (Dept. 46), BURNLEY.**

BRYANT & MAY'S

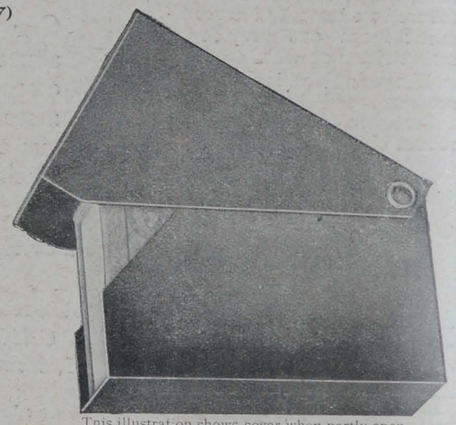
# "SERVICE"

## MATCH BOX COVER.

*(Reg. Design No. 642237)*



This illustration shows cover when closed.



This illustration shows cover when partly open.

Keeps Matches, Box and Striking Surface DRY IN ALL WEATHERS.

Stands rough usage and is specially designed for ACTIVE SERVICE—Afloat & Ashore

*Obtainable (in all Metals) of Outfitters, Silversmiths, Stores, Tobacconists, etc.*

## "RED" SERVICE MATCH TIN




**OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.**

*Illustrated Leaflet of Service Specialities sent on application (Dept. Y.M.).*

**BRYANT & MAY, Ltd., Fairfield Works, Bow, London, E.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—March 19, 1915.

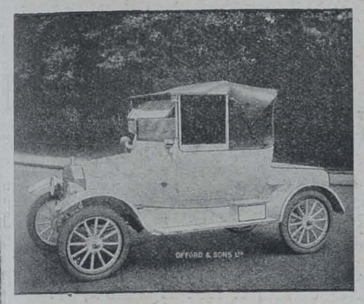
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 11. Vol. 1. MARCH 26, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.





OBTAIN YOUR

**FORD CARS**

FROM US.

Incomparably the best value in the motoring world.

**STANDARD MODELS.**

Runabout, £115.
Touring Car, £125.
Town Landaulette, £175.

*Transit from Manchester, extra £4.*

IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES. EXPERT ADVICE. TUITION. PERSONAL ATTENTION. DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

*Every car carefully tuned up and tested before delivery.*

**FORD CARS with OFFORD BODIES.**

Combine Luxury with utility. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**OFFORD & SONS, LTD.,**
**67, George St., Portman Sq., London.**

*Telephone—Paddington 99.*




HIS MAJESTY KING PETER OF SERBIA.

By the kindness of Mr. Robert Harkness, Cathedral House, 8, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., we are able to reproduce this admirable portrait. Mr. Harkness has just written the words and music of a new song, "The Call of Serbia," the profits arising from the sale of which are being devoted to the fund for the relief of the Serbians.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. X.—General Sir Leslie Rundle ... 244
THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON LITERATURE. By Edmund Gosse, C.B., LL.D., Librarian of the House of Lords. With Portrait ... 245
"Y.M." CAMPAIGN WEEK: A Special Offer of Fifty Valuable Watches 246
DAN AND HIS UNCLE: A Charming Short Story. By John Oxenham ... 247
IN CAMP AT ALNWICK. Illustrated ... ... ... ... ... ... 249
BETWEEN YOU AND ME: 11.—On Conquering Nervousness ... ... 250
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. With Illustrations ... ... ... 257



MILKMAID BRAND

Café au Lait

KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT;
NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.

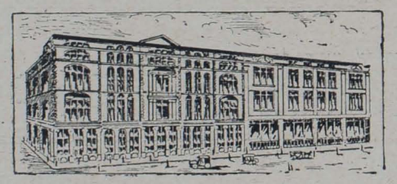
SANDLE BROTHERS,

*Contractors to the*

Y. M. C. A.

—FOR—

STATIONERY,



FANCY GOODS
AND
SUNDRIES for
SOLDIERS and SAILORS.

Camp Leaders are requested to write for Catalogues. . . .

51/57, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

This Watch Cost £10,000



Including the cost of the new machinery it took to make it, the first new thin model 5/- Ingersoll cost over £10,000. Ten thousand pounds invested just to make the

Ingersoll Crown 5/- Watch

a little better looking. A lot of money—but worth it when you think how very *many* watches this expenditure will improve.

It is the millions of you who have bought Ingersoll Watches—the thousands of you who *are* buying them every day—that enable us to spend more on the mere *improvement* of this the lowest priced reliable pocket timekeeper in the world than can be spent in the *creation* of the expensive watches made for the few.

The Ingersoll is the finest piece of mechanism the world has ever seen for 5/-, a product worth a year of skilled watchmaker's time for the cost of a ditch digger's daily wage.

See the new thin 5/- Ingersoll—and marvel at it—and get your share of the benefit by buying one to have as your own.

THE INGERSOLL SERIES INCLUDES:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crown - 5/- | Eclipse - 6/6 | Junior - 8/6 | Midget - 8/6 |
| Wrist - 9/6 | Solar - 10/6 | Reliance - 15/- | Sterling - 18/6 |

All Ingersoll models may be had with luminous points and hands at 2/6 extra; or with glow figures and hands at 5/- extra. They are invaluable to Officers and Soldiers on Active Service.



INGERSOLL CLIMAX WRIST 9/6

There is an Ingersoll for every member of the family waiting for you at over 15,000 British shopkeepers, or a watch will be sent post paid on receipt of price if your dealer cannot supply.

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,
76, Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 11. Vol. 1. MARCH 26, 1915. PRICE 1d.


### THE WAR AND THE STUDENT MOVEMENT.

At the annual London meeting, Rev. Tissington Tatlow explained how the war had affected the undertaking in various parts of the world. One remarkable circumstance was the way in which the calamity had brought out and demonstrated the strength underlying the movement. There were now unique opportunities for the work in Japan and China, the Government of the latter country having looked favourably on the movement, offering every facility for its advancement and encouragement. As a result of the propaganda in China, over 18,000 inquiries had been received, and many Chinese were preparing for baptism. In Russia and Italy, too, the work was making encouraging progress, a highly successful summer conference having been held in Italy. It was a curious phenomenon that the Student Christian Movement had never been so strong in Germany as it was at the present time; apparently the German authorities were realising the strategic importance of shaping, moulding, and influencing the student life.

### IT IS NOT EASY

To apologise,
To begin over,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To endure success,
To keep on trying,
To think and then act,
To profit by mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To keep out of the rut,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
But it Always Pays.

### THE GRATEFUL SPIRIT.

A sweet story is told of an old blind Scotswoman, whose faithful heart found only room for gratitude.

"Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if He dinna give me ae thing, He gave me mony things instead. And, mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that micht have failed. I've lost naething; my life has been all getting."

And she said confidently one day to her elder, Donald Menzies, in the tone of one voicing for the first time a long-cherished secret:

"There's a mercy waitin' for me that'll crown a' His goodness, and I'm feared when I think o't, for I'm no worthy."

"What is it that you will be meaning, Marjorie?" said the elder.

"He has covered my face with His hand as a father plays with his bairn, but some day sune He will lift His hand, and the first thing that Marjorie sees in a' her life will be His ain face."

### RED CROSS WORKERS AT THE LONDON CENTRAL.



These members of the City of London Red Cross Brigade are using the London Central Y.M.C.A. two or three times a week as a waiting place from which they can be called to the various termini for the purpose of doing duty on the trains bringing in the wounded.

### WOUNDED SOLDIERS BEING NURSED BACK TO CONVALESCENCE.



The convalescent soldiers shown in this picture are the guests at Harpsden Court, Henley-on-Thames, of Col. Leonard Noble, J.P., D.L., Acting Hon. Secretary of the English National Council, who is seen standing on the extreme right. Harpsden Court has been in almost continuous occupation by wounded men since the outbreak of the war.

## HEALTH.

### What it is, How to Acquire and How to Maintain it.

IF the average person were asked "What is health" the answer in all probability would be, "A state of feeling fit, or well." That would be perfectly true as far as it went, but it would only comprise one-third of the correct answer. To define Health we must go to the derivation, the Anglo-Saxon word "Hälig," which means "whole," "undivided," "perfect," "holy." Healthiness and Holiness mean precisely the same thing—they are synonymous. That lifts Health at once to a *very high plane.*

A very excellent definition of dis-ease is given in the Confession, "We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us." That is the origin of dis-ease in a nutshell.

Dis-ease, or want of ease, is brought about by violating the laws of health, wholeness or holiness. Ignorance of those laws leads to their violation, and Nature cares not one straw whether we violate them ignorantly or with intent. She exacts the full penalty, hard though it may seem. In an article of ordinary length it is impossible to give instruction as to how the laws of health should be obeyed; it must suffice in a general sketch to just touch upon them, and to deal with them in detail at another time.

#### What is Man?

Before explaining the laws of health, which must be obeyed if the individual is to live fully and not merely to "exist," it would be well to ask ourselves "What is man?" He is generally supposed to be the highest product of evolution, though, by the way he behaves he often descends very low in the scale. Man is a *trinity in unity,* a composite being, a three in one—body, mind, and spirit. The body is the outer casing, in which is contained that wonderful thing we call the "mind." The spirit, or soul, is that mysterious "not ourselves" which also dwells in us, *when we allow it,* and connects us with the Universal Spirit which we call God. God *is* Spirit, as we are told by St. John, and must be worshipped not only *in* spirit, but also in truth, which is what we fail, only too often, to do. Health, then, means health of body, mind, and spirit, and he who has acquired this full measure of health is very little lower than the angels. Alas! for us poor human beings, we fall far short of this healthiness, because—"we have offended against Thy holy laws."

It is very important to remember this trinity in unity, because of the interdependence of the mind and the body. The body acts upon the mind, and the mind upon the body. There is constant action and re-action either for good or for ill. So it is that a man who *thinks* healthily will act in a healthy way, whilst one who continually conjures up unhealthy, unholy thoughts is bound to suffer for violating the laws of health. It has been said that a man becomes what he eats, it may also be said that he becomes what he thinks. If his thoughts be noble, he will become noble; if base, he will degenerate. Now there are three great laws which govern our bodies, which, if we obey, we can acquire lasting health; but which, if we disobey, we cannot escape from the penalty. That penalty is disease in one form or another. Some have to suffer as a result of the sins of their forefathers—but that can be greatly mitigated by strictly obeying the laws of health. Those laws are the law of breathing, the law of digestion, and the law of depuration, or purification of the blood. In future articles I will deal with these in detail, and show as clearly as possible how they can be obeyed, and the splendid results which follow such obedience.

J. W. WILLIAMS.

---

Many rejects from the Army have been able, after six weeks' work in the big "gym.," to pass the tests and join the forces.

## H.M. NAVY.

### How to Distinguish the Ranks from Commodore to Midshipman.




## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### X.—GENERAL SIR LESLIE RUNDLE.

LORD KITCHENER has called Sir Leslie Rundle from the peaceful post of Governor of Malta to the exacting duties of commanding the Fifth Army Corps. Sir Leslie is a son of Devon, where he was born fifty-nine years ago. His father was a captain in the Navy, but he did not choose his profession, preferring a military career. At the age of twenty he entered the Royal Artillery. Three years later he had his first experience of war in Zululand. Thereafter he was almost incessantly "somewhere at the front"—in campaigns in the Transvaal, Egypt, on the Nile, the Soudan, Dongola, and South Africa. Through all these perils he came safely, and with increasing distinction. He was made C.M.G. in 1897, gained the D.S.O. next year, and was knighted in 1898. In the famous Khartoum Expedition, which is linked so notably with Lord Kitchener, Sir Leslie acted as Adjutant-General. He is brother-in-law of Sir Francis Wingate, the Sirdar. When the South African War was taxing the resources of this country, Sir Leslie commanded a division, and added to his achievements. He deepened Lord Kitchener's already high appreciation of his ability, so that it was said when Lord Kitchener became Secretary for War he would be sure to want the services of Sir Leslie. It has proved to be correct, and Sir Leslie had to give up the Governorship of Malta, and come to England to complete the training of part of the new Army.

Sir Leslie Rundle is a very methodical man, and that has gained for him the reputation of being matter-of-fact. But he likes an occasional joke, and can relax when things are going well. For a man who is nearly sixty years of age he is very alert and energetic, as the troops under his command soon discover. His wide experience of warfare in different countries will be of great value when the Fifth Army takes the field.

"There is no necessary man," says an old proverb. And yet there always seem to be some men who are almost indispensable, and Sir Leslie Rundle is one of these in the opinion of those best qualified to judge. Heredity has fitted him for his great task of leading men, but it has been industry and intelligence which have advanced him through forty years of strenuous work. And industry and intelligence always tell.

### "NO THOUGHT OF WAR."

One of the Expeditionary Force at the front, writing home, says:—"For the last week football has been 'the whole go' here, and except for the distant noise of the guns one would think that there was no thought of war. In fact, so quiet are things at times that one often hears a soldier say, 'I just heard there was a war going on,' and his comrade answers, 'No? Where?'"

### THE OPEN DOOR.

Dr. J. H. Jowett tells how he once called upon a cobbler whose home was in a little seaside town in the North of England. He worked alone in an exceedingly tiny room.

"I asked him if he did not sometimes feel oppressed by the imprisonment of his little chamber.

"'Oh, no,' he replied, 'if any feelings of that sort begin I just open this door!'

"And he opened a door leading into another room, and it gave him a glorious view of the sea. The little room was glorified by its vast revelations. To the cobbler's bench there came the suggestion of the infinite."



# THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON LITERATURE.

*An Article of Singular Power and Penetration Regarding One Aspect of Change the Future Holds in Store.*

**By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., LL.D., the eminent Author, Literary Critic, and Librarian of the House of Lords.**

WHAT the immediate and current effect of the war is in its relation to the world of books has been frequently discussed, and by myself in more than one place. I will therefore take the liberty of believing that when the Editor of this paper was so kind as to ask me to "make an appeal" on "The Effect of the War on Literature," he was looking ahead to the time when our arrogant and unscrupulous enemies shall have been subdued, and when a liberated world shall have taken up anew the normal activities of civilisation. This is a matter of very interesting speculation, but it is obvious that it can be no more than speculation. We may amuse, and perhaps instruct, ourselves by examining historical analogies and by comparing our dim future with the clearer monuments of the past. But, at the best, in a crisis of history such as we are slipping through with terrible rapidity, our experience of the past does not help us to distinguish the future much more than a knowledge of the windings of the estuary behind her help a ship that is sailing out into an uncharted ocean in a fog to know what surprises await her. One consolatory fact for the prophet is that long before the times are ripe his prophecy will be forgotten.

#### What is Expected to Happen when the War is at Last at an End.

It is suggested, I observe, that when the war is over there will be a general concentration of effort on the literature of energy and force, and that in particular nothing will be read except what has to do directly with war and with the struggle of nations in their commercial competition. It is thought by those who adopt this view that the amenities of the imagination will be found to have palled, and that our interests will be divided, at all events at first, between what is violent and what is practical. Whether this will be so or not depends, I think, on the duration of the war. If it comes to end prematurely, and without our having secured a permanent remedy, then, indeed, it is highly probable that our minds will still be painfully occupied with the necessity of resuming, at an early date, the perilous and yet inevitable contest. The tamest of nations cannot meditate on peace while its neighbour dreams of nothing but revenge. But we must not presuppose so dismal a conclusion, and therefore, as we have before us a very powerful enemy, we are bound to look forward to a long and painful conflict. At the close of it shall we still be eagerly bending over volumes of strategy and engineering? I do not think so, for by that time the spirit of man will be extremely tired.

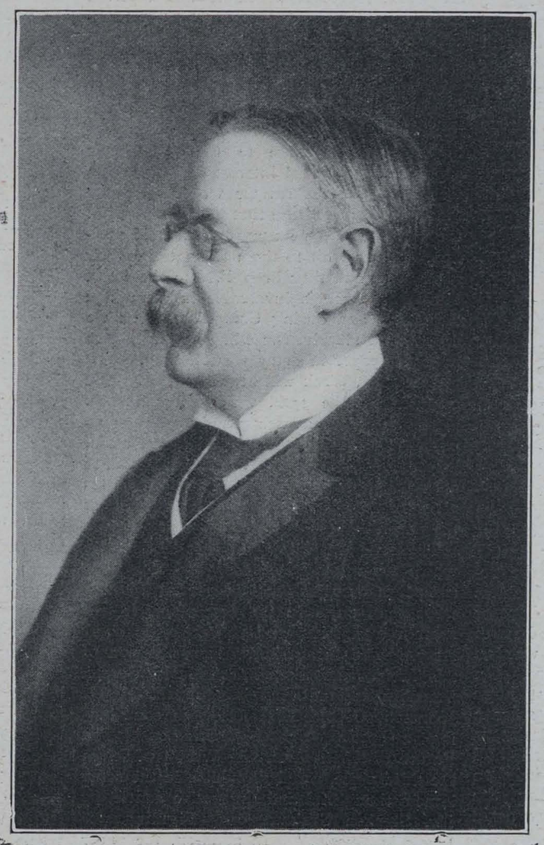


*Photo: Elliott and Fry.*

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., LL.D.

We shall find in history many analogies which suggest that human beings return after great political stress to the simpler and cooler strata of thought and imagination. It was just after the horrors of the Ten Years' War that Sophocles and Euripides enriched Greece and the world with serene and hopeful poetry, reminding those who were sick of the butchery of human heroes that—

to the gods in heaven
Comes no old age nor death of anything.

It was at the close of the long and fatiguing war with England in the middle of the sixteenth century that all France went wild with joy over the new poetry of Ronsard and Du Bellay, all about roses and hawthorn blossoms and birds that sang in the copses. It was immediately after the prodigious assault on the liberties of England attempted by the Great Armada that literature burst forth in flower, like an orchard in May, with the poetry of Spenser, the drama of Shakespeare, the prose of Hooker and Bacon. The great war which ended in the battle of Waterloo was immediately followed, not by pæans and pindarics, but by the "Endymion" of Keats, the "Alastor" of Shelley, and romantic series of the Waverley Novels.

#### The True Function of Literature Expressed in a Beautiful Sentence.

The same post which brought me the Editor's letter delivered at my door a new volume of essays, "Reticence in Literature," by Mr. Arthur Waugh (J. G. Wilson). In this little book, charming for scholarly feeling and delicate appreciation, I find a sentence which is wholly apposite to our inquiry. Mr. Waugh says—on a page apparently written since the war began—"The true function of literature is to make for every man a home of the soul, a citadel of the mind, where he may find protection against the assaults of time and fortune, and a sanctuary amid adversities." This is beautifully said, and I think it throws a light on the misty road that lies ahead of us. "Protection against the assaults of time"—that is, I believe, what the function of literature is bound to be in the new world which will be born out of the present struggle. The old calls to arms, the bellicose poetry, the self-asserting prose, the angry and accusing tone of polemics, the reverberation of energy, suspicious of its own direction—all these things, having served their time and having grown old as doth a garment, will be cast aside; and if some affectation must always be in fashion, it will be the affectation of walking in the innocence of white robes, chapleted with flowers, through avenues of mystical and eternal peace. No

obstreperous bard will be allowed to shout "Lest we forget, lest we forget!" since to forget will be our universal desire and aim.

**Forms of Literature that will Pass Away with the War.**

It is obvious, I think, that several forms of literature which have flourished malariously during the false peace of the last fifteen years will never resume their popularity. In particular, the books founded on the scolding of our own country, the wearisome iteration of charges of "degeneracy," the books that caught the popular ear by assuming that the English nation was "played out" and had reached its nadir—these, I think, we may confidently hope will never return from their limbo. The still larger and more dangerous class of books displaying in their authors the agility of mountebanks; books that taught us that white is black and virtue vice, that it is ridiculous to be a brave man and shameful to be a gentleman; books whose aim was, as has been wittily said, to display "Nietzsche grinning through a horse-collar"—all these exhibitions of self-advertising impudence will, we may be certain, find little encouragement in an age which has been washed clean and fresh by the savage realities of a giant war.

Nor is it probable that the fantastic attempts made between 1900 and 1914 to revolutionise the form as well as the substance of English literature, with no object but that of pure disturbance, on lines parallel to the excesses of reform practised in painting and music, will reappear. The people who practised these experiments before the war will doubtless exhibit them again as soon as it is over, but I do not anticipate that they will be rewarded by that public notice which is the aim of their effort. After a deluge of horror, ugliness, and discord the human soul will scarcely welcome any wanton exuberance of needless hideousness. On the contrary, I have a confident hope that at the close of this our solemn struggle with the powers of darkness literature will re-emerge, purified and strengthened, more than ever ready to assert its privilege of providing the spirit of man with "a sanctuary amid adversities."

## NEXT WEEK'S "Y.M."

Owing to the Easter Holidays, next week's issue of *Y.M.* will be published one day earlier than usual. The paper will therefore be on sale all over the country on Thursday, and as it will be a particularly attractive issue, we advise our friends to order it in good time.

Dr. A. C. Dixon, now Pastor of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, has said that his father gave him, in substance, the following excellent advice: Do not be afraid of revival meetings, have as many of them as you can; and do not be afraid of prayer meetings, keep your church at them continually; but, young man, have just as few "church meetings" as possible.

# "Y.M." CAMPAIGN WEEK.

*An Offer of Fifty Valuable Watches in Connection with a Great Forward Movement.*

IN order to still further popularise *Y.M.*, the British Y.M.C.A. weekly, it has been decided to have a *Y.M.* Campaign Week, during which all the members and friends of the movement will make a special effort to widen the circulation and the influence of the paper. Less than three months have passed since *Y.M.* first made its appearance, and in that time it has won its way into thousands of hearts and homes. Wherever it goes it finds a welcome, and the warm reception which it has received encourages us to push ahead with every confidence of still further success.

**Famous Writers Who are Contributing to Our Issue of April 9.**

For the remarkable way in which the paper has established itself we are indebted in very large measure to the enthusiastic support and personal interest of Association workers, and to them we would offer our thanks. We recognise that they have helped the paper to attain its present splendid position, and we look to them to continue their good work and thus keep *Y.M* to the front. Their assistance is invaluable in camp and elsewhere, and during Campaign Week we expect that all who can will do their best to push the paper in every possible way.

Campaign Week will begin on April 9 and continue till the 15th, which gives a complete week for canvassing and pushing purposes. To each of the fifty most successful helpers a splendid watch will be presented, as a mark of appreciation and as a slight recognition of the special effort made on behalf of the paper.

The issue of April 9—which is the issue to which we ask our friends to devote their campaign energies—will be special in more ways than one. In the first place, it will contain a striking and characteristic short story, "The First Shot," from the pen of the famous novelist, Miss Marie Corelli. Secondly, to that number Sir Harry H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., is contributing a specially-written article on "The Future of Africa After the War," while, in the third place, we shall publish in the same issue a thoughtful and suggestive article, by Mr. Stephen Graham, on "Fighting for Ideals in Russia." In addition, the paper will be splendidly illustrated, and all the usual features, which are prized so highly, will be represented, and in some cases considerably extended.

**How to Go to Work in Every Camp and Association. . . .**

It will thus be seen that our issue for April 9 will be a number well worthy of concentrated effort as regards resourceful and energetic propaganda. It will be an issue interesting and instructive in itself, and one which will bring the Association and its work for the Empire before the notice of a much wider circle than usual. Because of the immense possibilities bound up in such a campaign, we invite all camp leaders and Association secretaries to put into it the enthusiasm and energy necessary to make it a brilliant success. They can prepare the way for the campaign proper by making preliminary announcements regarding it from the platform and in other ways, and by securing the co-operation of their helpers they can introduce the paper to individuals and centres hitherto untouched.

In each camp the leader should set apart for the special purposes of the campaign one or more workers to bring *Y.M.* before the notice of the men frequenting the huts and to induce them to become regular purchasers, and the same method should be followed in every Association throughout the country. This special effort should be maintained right through Campaign Week, and we are sure that it will yield grand results if it is prosecuted with vigour and enthusiasm. Let all the workers realise that in advertising *Y.M.* they are helping the movement with which they are identified, and they will go to work with a determination that is sure to bring success.

**The Tempting Reward of Enthusiasm and Push.**

As has been said, fifty splendid watches, beautiful to look upon and excellent timekeepers, are offered to the workers in camp or Association who show the best returns. But no watch will be awarded unless at least a hundred copies of the issue of April 9 have been disposed of. This means that the fifty workers whose sales are highest over the hundred mark will receive the awards. An annual subscription of 6s. 6d. will count as fifty-two sales, which should encourage our friends to secure as many annual subscribers as they can in order to swell their total. The returns must be made to the Editor, *Y.M.*, 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., not later than April 20, by the camp leader or Association secretary. Where the return is made by a worker other than a leader or secretary, it should bear the endorsement of the leader or secretary.

**Our Hopes for a Brilliant Success If Everyone Does His Best.**

We hope in next week's issue to give further particulars with regard to Campaign Week. Meanwhile, we invite all our friends to study carefully this preliminary announcement, and to begin at once to lay their plans for carrying out the suggestions put before them. Much depends on this campaign, and we rely upon our friends to make it the brilliant success which we confidently anticipate for it.

Napoleon was impressed with the earnestness Christ inspires in Christians. He said, "Millions would die for Him." It is gloriously true. Earnestness not only expresses itself in Christian speech, but in Christian act. What deeds sacrificially zealous Christ's people do for Him! A missionary mother, parting with her children, exclaimed, "O Saviour, I do this for Thee." For none other would she have done it! The Christian's intensity of devotion to Christ knows no parallel.



*Our Short Story.*

# DAN AND HIS UNCLE.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of "Hearts in Exile," "Their High Adventure," &c., &c.

MY wife decided that we would try the East Coast this year. You see, she comes from the North herself, and she had, I think, an idea that as East Anglia lay nearer her native land than Sussex or Wessex, the inhabitants would be more likely to be imbued with or, at all events, to some extent tinctured with, some of the more prominent virtues, including that of honesty, than she had found the southrons. These latter she considered somewhat spoiled by the annual inrush of Londoners all in a heap in August, which made the natives masters—and still more mistresses—of the situation, and gave them opportunities for haymaking, of which it was altogether too much to expect human nature not to take advantage.

We fixed on Felixstowe as our headquarters, and, with the remembrance of previous experiences still very fresh in our minds, we decided to revert to lodgings. If they were not absolutely everything that could be desired—are such to be found this side of heaven?—we could, at all events, leave them for a whole day at a time without the certainty of finding a furious father and an anxious mother and a brood of distressful children clamouring for possession when we returned.

And if the Felixstowe beach did not fully answer the family requirements in the matter of sand and pools, there were compensations to be found elsewhere.

On the low-lying sandy spit near the old fort was a soldiers' camp, with drilling ground and shooting ranges, and in these things my youngsters took the keenest interest and delight. They lay by the hour in the wire grass and watched the shooting, and wandered over the butts when it was over, and dug up treasure trove in the shape of long metal Lee-Metford cartridge cases and conical bullets which had wandered wide among the sandhills. We bequeathed nearly a cartload of such spoil to our landlady when we went home, much to her surprise and disgust. They were never tired of lingering through the canvas streets of the camp, the houses of which bore facial legends in uncouth charcoal characters, the marks at once of burnt stick and a pointed, if none too polished, wit, and possibly of something of a retaliatory spirit. The "Home for Lost Dogs" struck us as hardly likely to have been so labelled by its inhabitants, but as being more probably a reply in kind from the occupants of the "Rat Pit" next door, or possibly a *tu quoque* from the "Flea Trap," or "Monkey House," or "Cockytoo Lodge," or the "Mongrel's Parlour," all of which were adjacent, or possibly it was the tangible evidence of a midnight raid by the "Laughing Jackasses" at the other end of the camp.

Our young folks haunted the camp, and came to know it in all—well, say, in most of—its phases. They watched it work, and they watched it play—at chess and draughts and dominoes, at football, cricket, and quoits. They criticised its cooking arrangements and its various methods of devouring its food, which, I am bound to say, tended rather towards business-like despatch than towards elegance of manners. They watched it receive its letters and retire into corners to read them, and lie flat on its stomach to write its replies with much arduous toil of hand and tongue. They heard it sing and laugh and grumble. They saw it receive its modest pay, and then creep, dingy and grubby, into its triangular darknesses, whence, after a brief period of retirement, it emerged radiant in butterfly scarlet, with shining face and plastered hair ornamented with a diminutive joke in the shape of a saucer, and then, with diminutive cane twirling jauntily, they saw it strut proudly away to the town on conquest bent.

Both my boys were going to be soldiers the moment they were big enough. Both my girls were going to marry soldiers as soon as they grew up. I felt it my duty to beg them to become, and to choose, officers, and my mind was relieved when they stated that such, of course, was their fixed intention.

But one morning there sprang up, on a vacant plot among the sand hummocks between the camp and the town, a sudden mushroom growth of white bell tents, arranged in symmetrical lines round the four sides of a long parallelogram, with large square mess tents at each end, and cooking ovens dug out of the sandhills beyond the lines. The work was executed in business-like fashion by soldierly men of graver aspect and more sober mien than the light-hearted irresponsibles of the "Rat Trap" and the "Home for Lost Dogs" beyond, some of whom strolled down to offer suggestions, which were received with a chilling lack of attention.

Presently, with shrill squeak of many fifes and much rattle of kettledrums, there marched in from the station a regiment of boy soldiers, the eldest, I should say, not more than fifteen, but every man of them bearing himself with all the conscious pride of a bemedalled veteran of fifty.

Thenceforth the "Rat Trap" and the "Mongrel's Parlour" and the home of the "Laughing Jackasses" knew us no more. All our attention was centred on the youthful warriors of the new camp, and we soon came to know them in the lump as well as we had known their elders farther along the shore.

But even warriors in the lump are not as interesting as individuals, and as we became familiar with the machinery of the camp, our chief enjoyment began to revolve round one particular unit thereof.

We had all of us separately been struck by him as they marched in that first day, and this alone sufficed to give him a place apart from his fellows in all our minds. He was the brightest-faced youngster in the regiment—brown hair, pert nose, quick blue eyes, which roved around in vast enjoyment of the sensation he was helping to create, perfect health and rollicking humour in every curve of his impudent little face.

He was one of the kettledrums, and the way his sticks flashed and twirled was a sight, and a source of amazement to all beholders. His very soul seemed to run down into the points of those twinkling sticks, and his boyish delight in the noise he could extract from his drum was barely veiled beneath the gravity he considered becoming to a man of his position.

We were constantly meeting him strolling out with the other men of his corps, and he always seemed to be doing the talking and gesticulating for the lot. A chance conversation which we overheard as we came along the soft sand to the camp one afternoon enlightened us as to his name and some of his characteristics.

Four of them were lying in a sunny nook, and they were quite too much interested in themselves to pay any attention to us. We were interested, too, and we trod soft and went slow for the purpose of hearing the end of their discussion, but they took no notice of us.

"When my Uncle Dan was at Watterloo"—— were the first words that reached us from our little kettledrum.

"Garn, Danny Rendle! Give yer Uncle Dan a rest. I don't b'lieve you ain't got no Uncle Dan," growled a dark-haired boy.

"You—don't—b'lieve—I—ain't—got—no Uncle—Dan,—Jim Foley?" exclaimed our youngster, in a tone of the most concentrated amazement.

"Nar," said the other. "If yer have, why don't he never come t' see yer? Why don't he never send yer nuff'n? I never seen him, nor ever heard tell of anybody that has, an' yer never gits any letters from 'im, not so much as a ha'p'ny postcard."

"He can't write, 'cos he lost his arm at Watterloo."

"Yah! he c'd write wiv his other arm, or wiv his toes, same as yon man at the show we was at, or he c'd get summun else t' write, or he c'd come an' see yer."

"Lost both his legs at Watterloo," panted our man.

"Huh! *an'* his head, *an'* his tail. Not much left of him to brag about. But I don't b'lieve there ain't no such person."

"All right, Jim Foley! You see that there sandhill"——

"I see it. Wot's that got t' do wiv yer Uncle Dan? Is the scraps of him buried there?"

"You git out to-night, Jim Foley, and come down there, an' I'll interdooce yer to my Uncle Dan."

"Will? Right! I'm on. I'd like to meet all that's left of the old gen'leman."

And then we had to pass out of hearing, having learned that our youngster's name was Dan Rendle, and that he had, or said he had, a veteran uncle, upon whose existence his companions cast unworthy doubts.

Without saying anything to my young people, I promised myself the pleasure of witnessing the introduction of Jim Foley to little Dan's aged relative.

And I was there, ambushed flat in the wire grass of a neighbouring hillock for an hour before the meeting, and counted the time well spent.

Dan was first on the field, with two supporters. Presently Jim Foley strolled up with three more.

"Ah, you there, Danny Rendle? Now where's yer Uncle Dan wot lost his arms and his legs at Watterloo, *an'* his head, *an'* his tail, *an'* every blim bit of him? I—don't—b'lieve—you—got—no Uncle Dan."

"Come on!" said Danny, and peeled off his tunic, and rolled up the sleeves of his little coloured shirt, and tied his red cotton handkerchief tight round his waist, "an' I'll interdooce yer to him."

I am not going to describe the fight. I am old-fashioned—or maybe it is new-fashioned—enough to believe that a fight is less demoralising to the principals—except, indeed, in such trifling matters as blood and cuticle—than to the onlookers.

So, briefly, the conflict waxed and waned for a good ten minutes. Jim was half a head the taller, but was not so close-knit and active as Danny, and Danny was fired with the defence of the family honour. In the event Jim measured his length on the earth, and before he could rise, Danny, in flagrant contravention of all Queensberry rules, had him by the scruff of the neck and was ramming his face into the sand, while he pantingly exhorted him to a better frame of mind in the matter of Uncle Dan.

"Now—(*ram*)—Jim Foley—(*ram*)—d'you b'lieve—(*ram*)—in my Uncle Dan?"

"No!" roared Jim, spitting out a mouthful of sand as his head rose; "you—aint—got—no—Uncle—Dan."

"Then, here goes! I'll choke you!" and down went Jim's face into the sand once more, and was held there so long that I began to fear the threat would be carried out to the last letter.

The others began to fear so, too.

"Let him be, Dan Rendle," said one. "We all know you got an Uncle Dan, an' what's it matter 'bout him?"

"Ho! do, do you?" panted Dan.

"He—ain't," came in a muffled whisper from the sand.

"Well, I guess you've had 'bout 'nough of him for one day, Jim Foley," said the victor, giving his fallen foe a final shake.

"Don't want never—t'hear his name again," said Jim, sitting up slowly and scooping the sand out of his mouth with his finger, and sneezing violently.

"All right," said Dan, letting down his sleeves and getting into his tunic, "when you want to hear any more 'bout him you let me know, an' I'll 'tend to it. He told me to lick yer, an' I done it," and he marched away with his head in the air.

Next day, as we drew near the camp, the shouts and laughter from the beach just beyond told us that the youthful warriors were at their ablutions, so we sat down to watch their antics.

They were having a right merry time, gambolling in the surf like a school of stranded porpoises, rolling, yelling, chasing one another with bunches of seaweed, while the more courageous ventured out up to their chins and essayed the voyage home.

A short-cut shout that was different from the other shouts—as different as death is from life—and all the other shouts died away, and all our eyes turned to where two slim white arms were thrashing wildly at the water which closed over them—another bubbling cry as they came in sight again.

I had kicked off my shoes and shed my jacket for a desperate venture, with little hope of success, for he was a long way out. The sergeant in charge was wading out up to his knees, grumbling volubly—I learned afterwards that he couldn't swim a stroke. All the other youngsters had scuttled ashore, and formed a shivering fringe to the lip of the tide.

Suddenly shouts broke out from the squirming line.

"Go it, Danny! You got him. Keep up, old man. 'Ray! He's got him. Danny's got him. Good ole Dan! Right and tight, here they come," and presently they were in shallow water and stood for breath, Dan with his arm round the other, supporting him, for he was spent; and then they waded ashore amid the shouts of the boys, and I saw that the other was Jim Foley, the unbeliever.

And as they came slowly through the shallows I heard—

"Didn't want you to drown 'fore you'd seen my Uncle Dan, Jim Foley."

"Y'aint—got no—Uncle Dan, Danny Rendle," dribbled sturdily from blue-lipped Jim.

"'Twere him sent me after you," said Dan.

"Garn!" said Jim; and then the sergeant took them in custody.

Now, it seemed to me that this conduct of little Dan's deserved more recognition than it was like to get, and thinking the matter over, I decided on a course which would, I had reason to believe, give Dan more satisfaction than anything else was likely to do.

I let two days elapse, and then, seeing Dan sitting outside his tent with a circle of admirers round him, and the recovered Jim playing devil's chorus at the door of his own tent, I walked in past the sentries with my youngsters, and requested audience of the Commander-in-Chief.

That high official was absent on pleasure, but I was introduced to a sergeant, who happened to be the one who got his trousers wet on the beach the other day.

"Have you got a boy here named Rendle, sergeant—Dan Rendle?" I asked.

"We have, sir. Do you know him?"

"Well, I know something about him. His Uncle Dan——"

"Ay, ay, sir, that's him. There he is 'mong all them byes. He's the cheeky-looking young limb in the middle that's doing all the talking, but he's a good bye, and a plucky one. I'll call him."

"No, if you don't mind, we'd like to go to him."

"Right, sir," and he led us across the vacant space to where Danny was holding court.

"Rendle, here's a gentleman come to see you from your Uncle Dan," said the sergeant, and Danny sprang up to the salute with a face like a red rose dusted with gold, for it gleamed all over, and tipped with dew, for his eyes sparkled like diamonds—wet diamonds.

"Well, Dan, my boy," I said, "how are you and how are you getting on? Heard from Uncle Dan lately?"

"No, sir, I ain't," said Dan, with something of a dazed look in his eyes.

"Ah, he's not much of a writer, is he, with his one arm?"

"No, sir, he ain't."

And, after a pause, "Is he—is he all right, sir?"

"All right last time I heard from him, Dan. I suppose we may sit down?"

"Surely, sir," said the sergeant, who was hovering round. "Now, you byes, skedaddle. Like your imperence, hangin' round with your mouths wide open when Rendle has visitors from his Uncle Dan."

"Well, and have they made you sergeant yet, Dan, or corporal, or what?"

"No, sir, I ain't noth'n but just full private. But I've got two good-conduct stripes, an'—an'—they say I'm t' have a medal."

"Oh, and what's the medal for? Shooting?"

"No, sir, fur—fur swimmin'," said Dan, modestly.

"For savin' a bye's life at sea at risk of his own," said the sergeant, who was still within earshot.

"Oh! how was that? That's a great thing to have done, my boy, and a thing to be proud of. It's not everybody gets a chance or has the pluck to take advantage of it."

It was the sergeant, however, who told us the story, and pointed out Jim Foley, still sitting in the door of his tent and straining eyes and ears our way, as the "fullish bye what didn't know enough to keep inside his depth, and spiled me a pair o' new trousers, he did, too, forbye, wi' his fullishness."

We stopped chatting with Dan for close on half an hour. He told us all that he knew, and a great deal that he thought, about a sham fight with the soldiers in the other camp that was to come off in the marshes that night, and strongly advised us to be present. It was to be a real banging, slap-up affair, and wouldn't they just make a noise! He showed us inside his tent, which he shared with five others, and all his belongings, and led us past Jim Foley, with his nose up and his head in the air, to the mess tent; and finally, after we had taken leave of the sergeant and begged his acceptance of half-a-crown, he conducted us proudly past the sentries, and said good-bye, and stood looking after us, with his right hand firmly clasped on a five-shilling piece, and an expression of faith that was strangely compounded of gratitude and mystification.

When we strolled up to camp next day Dan was on sentry duty at the front entrance. There were a score of the town boys regarding him enviously, and he would not permit himself so much as the flicker of an eyelid from the straight path of duty. His eyes shone on us like blue diamonds, and I got a fleeting impression of a slight tremor of the under-part of the left eye-cup, but the little warrior sternly nipped the flower of friendship in the bud, and remained as immobile as if he had swallowed the barrel of his musket and had been cast in gun-metal.

The next day we begged leave for him for the afternoon, and carried him off in a carriage and pair for a drive round the countryside, and, at his special request, past the camp, and home to our lodgings for tea, and we all delighted in him greatly. My youngest boy desired forthwith to be put into a soldiers' orphanage, that he might begin to emulate the deeds of Danny the Great, and his mother had to be at much pains to explain to him that on several counts he was not at present eligible.

Dan chattered away most entertainingly of his soldiering experiences, asserted that they had licked the big fellows all to fits in the marshes the other night, and dilated at considerable length on the great time they had had at the canteen when he had had his Uncle Dan's health drunk with full honours in forty bottles of ginger-beer. "But I ain't spent all the money yet," he said, with a deprecatory glance at me.

But when I hinted that money was meant to be spent, and was apt to burn holes in boys' pockets if kept too long—a proposition which made my own youngsters prick up their ears—and endeavoured to draw him out on the use to which the balance was to be put, he rapidly changed the subject, and I forebore to worry him.

I was very curious to know if my own surmises as to Dan's Uncle Dan were anywhere near the mark, and when my wife was putting the youngest children to bed, I told the others to run down to the beach while Dan and I had a talk.

"Now, Danny, my man, tell me about your Uncle Dan," I began, when we were alone. "Where does he live?"

He looked at me very straight for the space of a minute, as though debating in his own mind whether to unload himself or not, and said briefly—

"I ain't got no Uncle Dan."

It was so exactly what I expected that—after all that had passed—I could not refrain from a shout of laughter, at which he knitted his brows and blinked quickly, and I saw that I had hurt him. I stretched out my hand.

"You must excuse me, old man," I said, "but that was exactly what I imagined," at which a look of relief came over his face. "And yet you fought Jim Foley because he cast doubts on Uncle Dan, and you went in after Jim because your Uncle Dan sent you."

"Gosh!" said Danny, and looked upon me as a wizard.

"Tell me all about it, Danny. Perhaps I can help."

"Well, sir, it were like this," he said stoutly. "All the other chaps had sisters and cousins and aunts and things, and I never had nobody, and I felt kind of out, and I just made up Uncle Dan to be upsides with 'em. An' I made him just as I'd ha' liked to 'a had him if I'd had him really. Bin at Watterloo, an' lost his arm an' his legs an' all the rest of it. An'—an'"—and there was the suspicion of a shamefaced break in the clear little voice—"an' I tried to do things as I thought he'd ha' liked me to do 'em. An' it done me good, sir, so what's the odds?"

*(Continued on page 262.)*

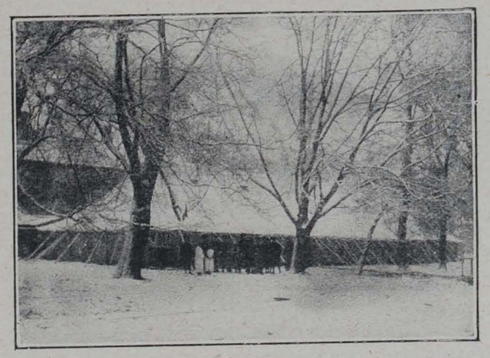


# IN CAMP AT ALNWICK.

## *Experiences and Impressions of a Worker Among Men in the New Army.*

THE camp of which I write has a canvas roof and sides of wood, and its size is great. I mention the canvas roof because the staff knows well it is not wood or iron when it snows, and it had to be pulled taut in a blinding blizzard.

Our camp leader under such conditions issues his military orders and tacks them to the office door; "The Snow Guard" and the hours each man is on duty. It is then we wish it was wood, or anything but canvas, and we could give more attention to the stoves, for the camp leader has caught the military spirit, even to the pointing of his moustache, and must be obeyed; and we rankers fall in as to the manner born. I thought to escape, but, alas! my name was the first on the list; but who can grumble when the leader's name appears on the list and his helping hand and kindly encouragement are ever ready when the others are doing their turn.



A hut which was used in the Wellington Lines at Aldershot right through the winter, and was only recently removed.

We are a jolly crew, and if there are more laughter and humour in any camp than ours it speaks volumes for the staff, scattered throughout the kingdom doing their kindly work, for in the joy we give to others we find our own best joy.

Of course, we all swank in our camp, for from our hut entrance do we not view the lordly piles of Alnwick Castle? Perhaps I should say the "ducal home," for the flag of the Duke of Northumberland flies from the flagstaff on the tower.

### Building Up the Fighting Machine.

Stretching far across the pastures, below the camp, backed with its screen of fine timber, scores of groups of men are going through the drill and physical exercises necessary to the transformation of the mere civilian into the unit of the vast fighting machine that is being forged so efficiently throughout the kingdom. And the men—are they not the choice of the North?—the Tyneside Commercials and the Tyneside Scottish Battalions—have we not a unique staff, from the leader and the Oxford undergrad., in mud-bespattered flannels, bubbling helpfulness and patient endurance, to the swankiest bird in grey breeches and the glossiest of leggings, and past the others down to the man whom they say has the softest job in the camp, and merely walks about and talks to men?

One of the many good things that have impressed me in this camp is the wisdom of the officers in not having a canteen, and so far as I can find there is no desire on the part of the men to have one. They have discovered that a glass of "Horlick's" or a cup of Camp Coffee is better far, and saves a tramp to town and coppers. A group of men were discussing what they would do if there was no Y.M.C.A. hut. One said: "I suppose we should have a canteen," and a veteran, twenty-five years' experience (military age thirty-three), said: "Well, our huts are not exactly heaven now, but if you get a canteen it will be a far remove from the Happy Land."

All are full of praise for the hut, its management, and the good things supplied; they fully appreciate the good reading, the cheap writing, the fine concerts which are provided. We can get over 800 men in, and we have had as many as twenty officers present to the weekly musical effort, almost all provided by the men themselves, for we have musical and vocal talent of high order among the men of the battalions.

The negative values of this work are magnificent. There is no drink, and no temptation to it, and the writing for which the hut is so much used provides the men with a home atmosphere, and we send off from 700 to 1,500 letters per day.

The men say: "If it were not for the hut we would simply be forced into the public-houses of the town, and it is a great comfort and assurance to the home folks to get our letters on Y.M. paper."

One of a batch of men informs me that they had drifted into drinking habits, but when they came to the hut they dropped drinking altogether, and, he added, many will never begin again; at least, "I'm one that won't."

Another spoke of the habit of swearing and using profane language that was becoming prevalent among many of the men; they found the atmosphere of the hut against it, and just dropped it, and after consultation decided that what obtained at the Y.M. hut should obtain in their own, and it was best to drop it altogether.

Another said: "Our work and the hut for writing and entertainments occupy all our time; and we gladly miss the temptations of the streets."

### The Problem of Spiritual Work.

The spiritual side of the work has been a somewhat perplexing one. With the man outside the actual work criticism and advice are cheap, but from the inside the difficulties are daily apparent. In some centres evangelistic work may be easy, in some others impossible. I think it should be remembered that of late years there has been a big falling off in the numbers of the members of the different Churches, and that in many homes the spiritual atmosphere has not been in evidence; on the part of the mass Sunday has been much more a day of recreation than of religious observance.

The men of the new Army have not all been recruited from the Churches, nor even from religious institutions and Christian homes, though these have contributed their quota, and they should prove a good leaven

I have been amazed to find numbers of young men who were connected with Christian institutions, and who upon joining the ranks have simply dropped religion and gone with the swim, but have also found many others who show a bold front and have a bad time.

On Sundays you get meetings and can hold your gatherings as often as desirable but the week-nights, generally speaking, offer no great opportunity.

The demand that created the present work was first to feed the men and provide a place of comfort for writing and amusements and keep men off the streets and out of public-houses.

The moral element and atmosphere restraining men from swearing and drinking and gambling was there, but the deeper constraining spiritual element and atmosphere to a great extent had to be created, and it has been a great benefit in the Y.M. huts to have evening prayers as a set part of the order of the day, at a convenient and stated time. I find the men strongly resent being caught, as they call it, "on the hop," but they do not object when it is a set part of the plan of campaign. Allow me to urge leaders to avoid using men who make any kind of apology for interfering with games, writing, &c., as a prelude to reading the Scriptures. Christianity need not be sneaked in or take second place.

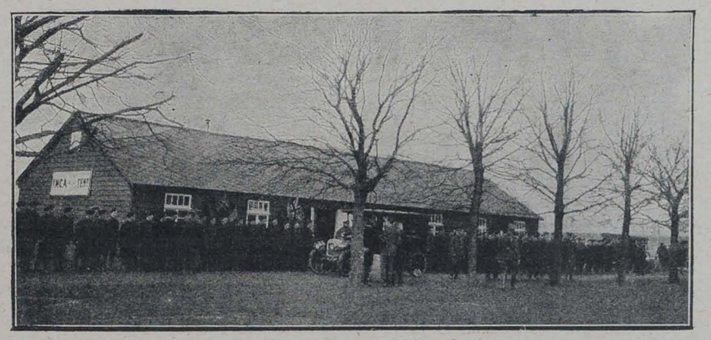
### The Day of the Individual Worker.

I soon discovered that it would be detrimental to the general work to force the pace on the spiritual side, so I adapted my experiences of camp life in Australia and other places to the present need, and concentrated on individual work.

I chatted on general topics, and found that men would generally turn the talk in the direction, or, at least, give one an opening, on the spiritual side, and my experience is such that about 90 per cent. of the men I have talked to got on the track themselves. It needs prayer and tact and consecrated common sense, but the day of the individual worker has dawned, and God has given into his hand the most glorious opportunity of history.

My note-book is full of interesting cases of men who have been helped and have decided quietly for Christ in this way. Of course, you run up against "Mr. All Sorts" and the man who says he doesn't believe in anything. One of their number told me he didn't believe in God or heaven or hell or anything, to which I quietly answered, "Well, if there isn't it will do us no harm to go on with this work of helping you fellows." In the group was a man whose mother was ill, and to whom I had written about her lad. I asked him how his mother was progressing, and he handed me her letter to read. As I handed it back I told him he had a good mother. He answered, "The best in the world." The "no heaven" chap broke in with, "My mother was a good woman, but she died four months ago." I quietly turned and asked him where she was, and the answer came like the shot out of a gun, "My mother's in heaven." "But if there isn't one, how?" "Oh, that's all right when you're discussing; but when you touch a fellow's mother you must have a heaven."

JOHN T. LEAFE.



A new hut recently opened at Norton Barracks, Worcester.

| *11.—On Conquering Nervousness.* | BETWEEN YOU AND ME. | *By JULIUS JUST.* |
|---|---|---|

I AM glad to say that my readers have taken me at my word, and have commenced to write to me on matters in which they have a personal interest. Let me again say that it will always be a pleasure for me to hear from correspondents, and their letters should be addressed to Julius Just, 13, Russell-square, London, W.C.

* * *

E. H. B. asks if I know of a simple form of grace before food, and he is good enough to say that "your replies to the inquiries are worth far more than the price we pay for the paper." The remark has not given me swelled head, as the paper costs one penny weekly; but I know what E. H. B. means, and thank him much. It is not necessary to make use of an elaborate thanksgiving at table. What is really required is a simple expression of gratitude to Almighty God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. If my correspondent cares to make use of the grace we say at home, here it is: "Accept our thanks, O Lord, for these Thy mercies, for Christ's sake, Amen."

* * *

I HAVE received a very kind letter from **H. C.** (Pangbourne-on-Thames), who suggests that we should establish a strong Junior Section in our paper, and I should like to say that we have the whole matter under careful consideration. We are making plans whereby the junior members of Associations may also feel that this is *their* paper, and, in addition to the valuable notes we publish each week from Sir Matthew Dodsworth, Bart., we shall give all sorts of hints and ideas. Of course, just now, all our energies are being spent in connection with the great war, but when the fighting is over and peace is declared (may it be soon!) our Associations will settle down to their normal programmes, and then we hope to make *Y.M.* more indispensable than ever. Many thanks, H. C., for your kind words and practical suggestions. I shall be very glad to hear from you at any time, and as you are *one* of the juniors, I hope you will regard me as your elder brother, and write to me when you want help and guidance.

* * *

SOME very practical suggestions have also reached me from **G. H. C.**, who asks me two questions regarding Sunday. He wants to know whether it is right to pay visits on a Sunday, and whether we ought to have dinners cooked on Sunday. He tells me, moreover, that some of his friends think these things wrong. Well, I am afraid that G. H. C.'s friends take a somewhat severe view of life. "Wrong" is a hard and ugly word, and needs to be used very sparingly. In neither instance can the actions referred to by my correspondent be described as *wrong*. There is no harm in paying a quiet visit on Sunday, provided that it does not hinder one's worship and service. Nor is a cooked dinner such a terrible thing! The best way to view the entire Sunday question is to make a simple resolution to keep the day as quiet and restful as possible, both for ourselves and other people. So to G. H. C. I will say: "Try to avoid Sunday labour as much as possible for others, make Sunday different in every way to a week-day, minimise your secular interests, and endeavour, as far as possible, to be in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, and you will discover, what many of us have already proved, that a Sabbath well spent brings a week of content."

* * *

MY longest reply this week is given to the request of **D. H. L.** (Leytonstone), who asks if I can suggest a cure for nervousness and shyness. "I am so nervous," he says, "that although I attend a prayer meeting every Saturday evening, I have never once taken part." This nervousness is all the more peculiar in that my correspondent has a strong desire to enter the Christian ministry. He asks me to suggest the cause and propose a cure. Well, first of all, although it may be a humiliating conclusion, we must recognise that nervousness and shyness are both very largely due to a certain form of self-consciousness. A little child of four or five will get up in public, recite, or play, or sing, with the most charming indifference to the views of the audience. This is simply because self-consciousness is not so fully developed as in the case of a grown-up person. When that same child grows up, he or she will probably have a few heart-flutters in a similar public position, and know the wretched handicap of nervousness.

* * *

IT is a good thing to make sure that there is nothing unduly grotesque about our make-up which is likely to draw attention to ourselves; for the funny thing is that not only will such things draw the attention of others, but they will also draw the attention of ourselves *to* ourselves. Thus we become nervous, and our utterance or performance suffers in consequence. In the case of public prayer I am well aware of the difficulty of which my correspondent speaks, but it can be overcome. The way to pray with ease in public is to pray with zeal in *private*. By this means we become familiar with the presence of God, and when we hear our voice in public we forget about ourselves for the sheer delight of speaking to the Lord.

* * *

AND yet it may be that D. H. L. will never really lose his nervousness, which, up to a point, is a very valuable asset in the ministry. The man who really grips a congregation is the man who knows a little of shaking knees and an occasionally dry palate. A distinguished preacher once confessed to me that when he left his room to enter the pulpit, he was always attacked by a violent trembling of the knees. Yet he was a most remarkable preacher, and is still, and I think much of his success is due to the fact that he is sensitive to impressions around him. I should be very reluctant to endorse the statement my correspondent makes regarding himself:—"I have felt an increasing desire to enter the ministry, but, of course, I cannot take this step while I am so nervous." He must not imagine for a second that the man who is as bold as brass and as fearless as a lion is necessarily the great preacher; for the man who feels nothing himself is not likely to make other people feel much, either.

* * *

MY counsel to D. H. L. is of a practical nature. Let him absorb himself in good books; let him study the methods of our great preachers and statesmen, and, above all, let him cease to be self-centred or self-directed. Let his mind be centred on the task of the moment, whether that task be public prayer or public speech; and he will find that, given health and strength, some means of training, some natural aptitude for public work, and, above all, a challenging call from God, there is nothing to hinder him from cherishing the hope and earnest desire that sooner or later he may become a minister. But that was a deep and true saying of Spurgeon to all young men who sought his counsel on this matter: "Never go into the ministry if you can possibly keep out of it." Which means—well, a good deal more than appears on the surface. I shall be glad to know how my correspondent gets on. If I can help him further, he has only to write again, and I will do my best.




# W. H. CULLEN,

## 32-38, Earl Street, Finsbury, E.C.

*Wholesale Grocer and Provision Merchant.*

Canteen Supplies of all kinds despatched at shortest notice to any part of the country.

*WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.*

# CARR'S BISCUITS

Have you tried Carr's Celebrated

**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**

Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**

Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack.

**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**

Try a 1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LIMITED — CARLISLE.

**ONCE TRIED ALWAYS EATEN.**

The most popular selling cakes that have been placed upon the market.

# ELECTRICAKES

Made under ideal conditions in our Electric Bakeries, the best of flour and fruit only used. — Every point has been considered to enable us to offer the ideal cake. — Ask your fellow Camp Leaders their opinion.

**ELECTRICAKES** *sell quickly, give utmost satisfaction and yield a fair profit.*

PRICES on application to

**ELECTRICAKES, LTD.,**

ANNETTE ROAD, HOLLOWAY, N.

# THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF WAR AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE THREE PHASES OF PREPARATION, DEFENCE AND ATTACK.



Since the beginning of the war Salisbury Plain has proved an ideal training ground for the men preparing for the front. Our illustration shows a group of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders outside the Y.M.C.A. hut at Sutton Veney.



A charming snapshot of H.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein at Crowborough, where the Y.M.C.A. is doing excellent service in the interests of the troops. The figure on the left is that of Major-General Fry.



The Y.M.C.A. staff at Crowborough, together with several of the National Council officials, including Mr. A. K. Yapp in the centre of the front row, and Mr. F. J. Chamberlain seated on the extreme right.



What it looks like at the front. The sergeants' mess in a ruined farmhouse. It is interesting to note how the remnants of the wall have been strengthened with sandbags.



The success of the Russians during the past week, particularly with regard to the capture of Przemysl, has given rise to much rejoicing in the Allied countries. Russians are here seen firing from a barn.

# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK



**The Food-Drink**
**that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-. The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—**
**DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

STRENGTH FITNESS

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**

# COCE is IT.

**For Camp Life . . . Coffee Extract is GOOD.**
**With Quality Coffee Extract is . . . . . BETTER.**
**With Quality and Cheapness Coffee Extract is . . . . BEST.**

**Clark's Optimus Coffee Extracts**
**are the BEST and CHEAPEST.**
**In Quarts, &c., &c.**

"To give strength to the men during the march, when the usual food cannot be taken, **Coffee** is better than spirits."—Sir LAUDER BRUNTON'S quotation from report on Ashanti campaign, *The Evening News, Mar. 5.*

**Write for Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. supplies.**

**C.O.C.E., Ltd., 17, Ingate Place, BATTERSEA, S.W.**

## "What £10 a year will do."

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

# NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,

**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**

# BURBERRY WAR KIT



The Burberry

**Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.**

**THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF**
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece.
**Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING.**
LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

**BRITISH WARM BURBERRY**
A splendidly protective garment made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

**UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS**
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.

**BURBERRY WAR KIT** includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S.B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing 3¾lbs.



Service Dress

**SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT**
**Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.**

*Genuine Burberry Garments are label ed "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE

**BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON**

**8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents**

# W·H·SMITH & SON

desire to bring to the notice of

## CAMP COMMANDANTS

the many useful commodities suitable for sale to soldiers in camp throughout the country.

Commandants who have not yet taken up the sale of these W.H.S. commodities are invited to write. W. H. Smith & Son are specialising in a wide range of goods for camp use, and have supplied these goods to

## OVER 40 CAMPS

Write

## W·H·SMITH & SON

**Manufacturing Stationers**
**KEAN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C**

**Head Office: 186 Strand, W.C.**




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

IT was our real privilege to be present at the Crowborough camp recently when H.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein performed the opening ceremony of the very big hut which has been erected there. It was a perfect spring day, and hundreds of residents of the county of Sussex were present. The hut measures 150 feet by 60 feet, is capable of seating two thousand people, and was quite crowded. Her Highness made a model speech for such an occasion. It consisted of thirty-three words. We report it *in extenso*:—"I have much pleasure in declaring this building open for the use of the troops in this district, and I wish you the very best of luck, whether here or at the front." Mr. A. K. Yapp spoke on the war work, and referred to the wholehearted interest taken by her Highness and her committee in the work. We hope shortly to publish an interview with her Highness on the work done by the ladies in connection with Association work at the front. Rev. Basil Bourchier rejoiced in the contribution now being made by the Young Men's Christian Association to the solution of the problem of Christian unity.

***

MR. R. H. FISHER, who has been for nearly thirty years the secretary of the North Liverpool Association, is the first secretary to lose a son in the present war. Robert H. Fisher, who was twenty-eight years of age, was married in December last, and was killed in action on March 8. The commanding officer of the 6th Liverpool Rifles, his regiment, wrote:—"I regret to inform you that your son, Private Fisher, was killed in action yesterday, March 8, while in action in the trenches, by a shell. He was buried close by with others who lost their lives at the same time, and his comrades erected a cross with his name over the grave. I am glad to be able to tell you he did not suffer. His loss will be greatly felt in the battalion, as he was an excellent soldier and a good comrade. The company officers and myself wish to express our deepest sympathy, and only hope it may be some slight consolation to you to know that he died a soldier's death, fighting for his King and country."

***

A PART of the second Canadian contingent has arrived in this country and settled down for training. They are many miles from the camping ground of the first contingent, but we hope to make adequate provision for their needs in conjunction with the Canadian War Contingent Association, which has done so much for the comfort and well-being of the men in training at the front, as well as for the wounded.

***

WE are glad that Rev. Canon Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, in presiding at the opening of our hut at Hatfield, was able to congratulate the new Army on its behaviour. Coming at the end of a long period in which troops have been quartered in his rural parish, it has additional value. In the first place, he felt they ought to be very grateful indeed to the Y.M.C.A. for all it had done and was doing. He was very grateful to the workers who endured the pitecus cold and the gales in the tent they used to have there. The work the Y.M.C.A. had done was distinctly a work that needed doing, and of which they understood the doing. It was obvious that troops, when they were billeted in a place like Hatfield, were at a very great disadvantage. There were few places of amusement; most of their large rooms were taken up for billeting purposes; and therefore they were extremely grateful to the Y.M.C.A. when they came to their rescue and put up their tent. He hoped the hut would be as much appreciated as the tent was. The other thought that struck him at the present time was the great change that had come over military life within his memory—yes, within the last few years. The military, as he remembered it, when he was young, was almost a source of anxiety to townspeople. When they heard that a regiment was coming into the town there was always a feeling that there was a certain danger, and he was afraid if he looked back twenty years or more and remembered Hertford in the days when the Militia were paid, he did not think that fear was altogether unfounded. He acted as chaplain, and he remembered that the position was improving, and in late years the position was growing better, but he did not think that anyone was prepared for the marvellous improvement that took place with the formation of these new armies. They were prepared to see a high class of man, but he confessed he had very great anxiety when he heard that two thousand were to be billeted in Hatfield. They naturally expected to have a certain number of "black sheep," and that things would happen which he would not naturally like to have happened in one's native town, but he was himself personally surprised that not one single case had been a case for animadversion. The behaviour had not only been excellent, but incredibly good. It seemed hardly short of miraculous that there should have been such a high level of moral conduct and good behaviour kept, and they as civilians ought to give their best thanks to all those who had contributed to that good result, chiefly, of course, to the men, largely to the officers, and also to institutions like the Y.M.C.A. They felt that they had assisted in maintaining a high tone, and that they had set up a higher standard and a higher note. Of course, he felt sometimes that the importance of the struggle before the troops had had a great deal of influence on their outlook on life, and perhaps sometimes he had felt a little that it would be right to have the more serious aspects of life put before the men when they were going into that great struggle. He was not at all one of those who thought that enjoyment and pleasure were wrong things; one could welcome all forms of enjoyment and pleasure that were lawful, when at the same time one could see that the serious aspects of life were not altogether to be omitted. But they could not altogether prepare for a great struggle such as this—for hours in the trenches and perhaps serious wounds—on comic songs and chocolates. They wanted something deeper and stronger, and that touched the great needs of life. That could be done without making them depressed; they need not be glum; and that was one of the reasons why he was always glad to welcome the Y.M.C.A.—because it professedly went on those lines. It did not only provide amusement and recreation for the troops, but frankly stood for something higher, and for that reason he bade it most heartily welcome.

***

WE were present at the concert given by the G.E.R. Musical Society at the White City last week. It was a delightful performance, and led to the following reflections: Music is the one art which, of all others, has been comparatively neglected in Association work. Yet it is one of the few great elevators. No human attainment is capable of doing more to recall the human mind from trivial or debasing things and to touch the very ordinary environment with the gold of romance. We use it, of course, in our religious work. The writer has visited a large number of Associations in this country. The places where the musical part of religious meetings is carefully planned and well performed are very few. Generally the instruments in the main hall of an Association consist of a moderately good harmonium or American organ and an only-very-moderately-good piano. If they happen to be attuned to one another it is more by good luck that good management. The leader of a meeting chooses a few hymns in those few nervous minutes which precede the service, which are accordingly sung. Little trouble is taken to secure competent players, though we owe a good deal to interested amateurs for helpful service.

***

BY the way, the choice of hymns often leaves much to be desired. There stands clear in memory's gallery the picture of a hundred healthy young men in the early twenties singing—

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes,"

and singing it in a dull way that suggested they had passed the allotted span, and were really "sighing for morn." Many other similar mistakes occur to us, all of which indicate a certain slackness on that side of our programme.

***

BUT it is possible to use music in every single department of the work and to make it the minister of good. Consider what might happen in the educational department classes in the theory of music, studies in both old notation and tonic sol-fa, groups for elementary piano, organ, violin, viola, and 'cello playing; string quartettes, double quartettes, or bands, brass combina-

tions can be developed; not all of them in any one Association, but some of them in almost any Association. In Lancashire and Yorkshire are many industrial centres where the sound of the "cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music" is constantly heard, and every Association might easily become a centre of real influence by giving an intelligent and thorough leadership in this matter.

***

AGAIN, much can be done by voice training. Hundreds of men have voices, but have had no training. Musical societies might be formed for study, for practice, for rehearsal of soli, quartettes, and larger combinations might easily be formed, and the helpful influence of such work would beneficially affect the whole work.

***

THE Americans use music in their athletic work more than we do. We have musical drills, but little else. They make squads do free gymnastics singing as they go. The quality of the singing matters little. It gives "go" to the thing. They go on to a baseball field with an Indian war-whoop that should wake the Seven Sleepers. They chant some impossible gibberish when they win or lose, which means much to the players. They have recognised the deep psychological significance of Henry Drummond's classic phrase, "There are times when a boy must either yell or *bust*." After all, vocal music is yelling brought under discipline. When next committees are planning programmes to draw the town, let them get a group of keen amateur musicians to spend a few hours studying our work, and then put out a programme in which music has its fair share. It would give life and colour to many programmes that are at present complete, but monotonously toneless.

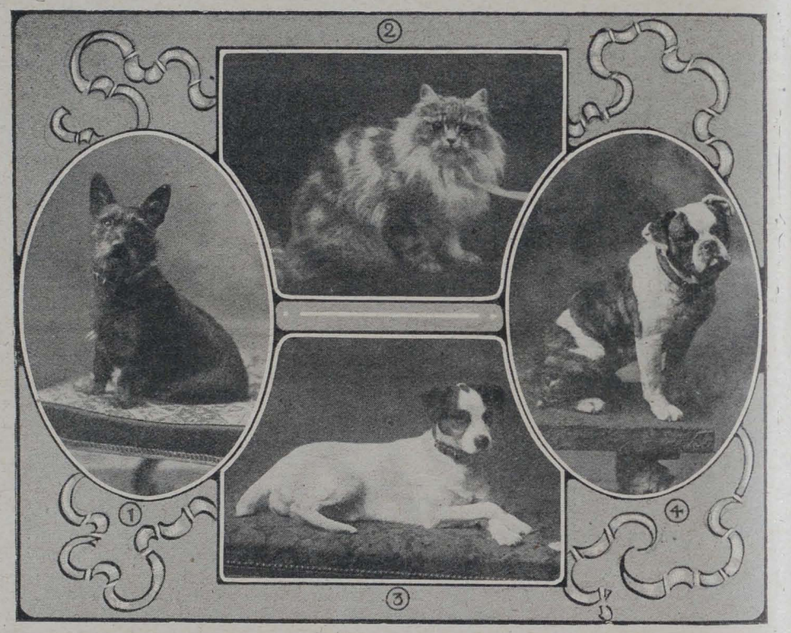
***

THE following, from a Roman Catholic newspaper, is worth our attention:—"It is gratifying to notice how the spiritual interests of our soldiers now serving their King and country at the front, or training for active service in our camps, are receiving the very best attention from the military authorities. Every facility is accorded to the clergy for getting into touch with the officers and men of their respective denominations in order to minister to them the help and comforts of religion. That these attentions are appreciated by the soldiers is evident from the testimony of the men, especially the Roman Catholics, as may be learned at Riby Camp, Brocklesby, Immingham, and Killingholme, among which stations an active Roman Catholic chaplain (Father Feskens) now dispenses his services, giving to his numerous co-religionists in H.M. Forces a weekly opportunity of hearing Mass and going to the sacraments. As a result of these ministrations a spirit of goodwill and kindly fellowship springs up and develops between the different religious bodies in our military centres, and stifles the old feelings of suspicion, bigotry, and intolerance. Take this instance. No sooner had that truly admirable organisation, the Y.M.C.A., opened their hut in Riby Camp and realised the needs of the Catholic element, than they placed their spacious and comfortable building at the disposal of Father Feskens and his military congregation. How gratefully their offer was accepted, and how deeply appreciated, both chaplains and Manchesters seek an opportunity to acknowledge. They have a special vote of thanks to tender to Mr. Smart, the devoted and courteous manager of the Riby Institute, who so readily granted every assistance he could in facilitating the Roman Catholic services."

***

WE continue to receive the most cordial appreciations of *Y.M.* The success or failure of such an organ depends absolutely on regular and guaranteed circulation. We appeal to all our friends, subscribers, leaders, workers, and soldiers in camps, members in home Associations to be regular purchasers of *Y.M.* Ask for it at the railway bookstalls. See that your newsagent stocks it. Suggest to your minister that it would keep him young to read it. Requisition it for the table of your favourite library. Read your own copy and pass it on to a friend. These are some of the ways in which circulations are built up and success assured. We understand that nearly three hundred periodicals have ceased publication since the outbreak of war. Our war baby shows every sign of vigorous and healthy life.

THE CAT AND DOG HUT. TO BE ERECTED SOMEWHERE ON THE CONTINENT.




Some of the Helpers: 1. MacPeach; 2. Alma of Toft Hall; 3. Tom; 4. Bunty.

Miss Maud Field, of Mortimer, Bucks, tells the story:—I saw in the newspaper one day that the Kaiser said Germany would fight to her last dog and cat. That made me think why should not British dogs and cats do something for their country?

I, therefore, mentioned the subject to them. They took it up warmly, and at first had the great ambition to provide a submarine to help quell Germany! I pointed out to them, however, that the war might be over before they could collect enough money, and suggested that they could greatly help by providing warmth and shelter for their masters at the front in the shape of a Y.M.C.A. hut.

They agreed; each dog and cat has given what he or she could afford, and they have now collected £450 for the hut, another £100 for the furniture, and are still collecting for its upkeep.

Two kind dogs sent gramophones, and several have sent books to help amuse the soldiers who use their hut.

Several dogs and cats have sent £5, and their pictures are to be hung on the walls of the hut. Other subscribers' photographs are being put in the dogs' and cats' hut album, which also contains some of their letters. MAUD FIELD,
Private Secretary to "Tom," the dog who collected the money.

## SOME MOTHERS.

It is a strange fact that the mothers, the moulders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers. The world sees only the successful son; the mother is but a round in the ladder upon which he climbed.

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President of the United States, "I owe to my angel mother."

"My mother was the making of me," said Thomas A. Edison, recently. "She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for, someone I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a mother all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

The hut at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, has been the scene of considerable activity of late. For the first time three weeks ago Sunday breakfasts were started. The men, who are on ration allowance, had considerable difficulty in getting breakfast on Sunday mornings, and this coming to the ears of our leader, he decided to see what the Y.M. could do in the matter, as he considered a bun and a cup of tea hardly a fighting man's breakfast. On the first occasion we had 44 present, and at the third spread 103.

***

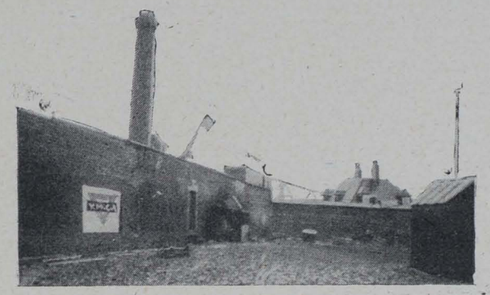
On March 17 breakfast was provided at 4.45 in the morning for the 2nd London C.C.S. and eight officers who were proceeding for the front. Several of our lady helpers came before 4 o'clock to help cook, &c. The men and officers alike expressed their appreciation of the splendid meal, and the staff felt it an honour that their last breakfast in England should be taken in the Y.M.C.A. As the company marched off at 5.30 the streets of Chelsea rang with three sounding cheers for the Y.M.C.A. In addition to our regular concerts, we have had a splendid entertainment given by the Queries Pierrot Troupe, and during the interval Mr. W. K. Haselden, the celebrated cartoonist of the *Daily Mirror*, gave some of his famous lightning sketches. At our evening prayers we have quite good attendances.

***

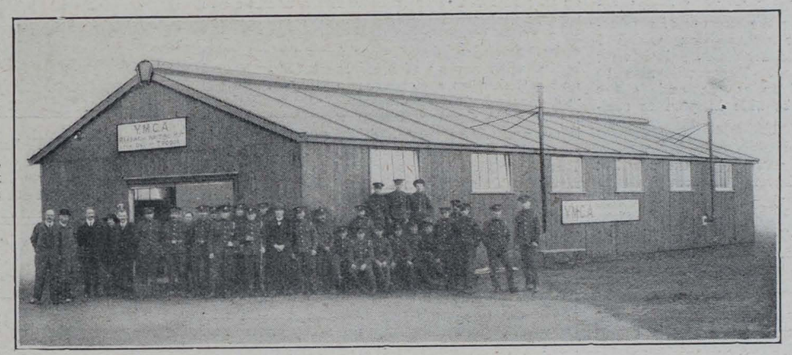
"Perhaps you might like to know," says an Irish reader, "what a lance-corporal of the Inniskillings thinks of the *Y.M.* Writing from the North of Ireland, he says, in thanking for copy sent:—'*Y.M.* is a splendid paper; it seems to get better every week,' and I quite agree with him."

***

The annual conversazione and conference of the Eastern Section of the Glasgow United Young Men's Christian Association was held on March 12 in the Section Rooms, 40, Great Hamilton-street. Mr. J. G. Freebain presided, and submitted the annual report, which showed a membership of 1,206 young men and 539 young ladies. Number of branches, senior 29, and junior 4. The Eastern Section some time ago remodelled their rooms, introducing various games, such as billiards, bagatelle, table bowls, ping pong, &c. There is a large room for the seniors and a smaller room for the youths. This new departure has fully justified itself in the large numbers of young men attending each night. A special feature is the soldiers' concert each Tuesday evening for men billeted in the district. The Conference was opened by Mr. A. S. Johnston, who spoke on "Impressions of American Y.M.C.A.'s"; Mr. John Cuthbertson, M.A., F.E.I.S., who made an appeal for "closer unity in the work of the Association," and Mr. J. L. Smith, the secretary, who spoke on "the social work of the Association." There was a full interchange of views among the members, and it is hoped that the new departure, running the annual conversazione and a conference together, will result in even more success to the Eastern Section, and enable them to get their new institute to still further extend the good work lying to their hand in the East End of Glasgow.



Y.M.C.A. huts have been established in many queer places since the war began, and in this illustration there is seen a laundry at Canterbury which is doing service under the sign of the now familiar Red Triangle.




In Ireland, as in other parts of the country, the Y.M.C.A. is rendering splendid service to the men in training for the war. This hut at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, is one of several erected in various centres throughout the city. The men shown are the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

***

Down at Purfleet, where last month Lord Kinnaird opened the splendid hut given by the Cutlers' Company, they have a capital little weekly issue called *What's On*. This contains all the arrangements as to services, classes, and entertainments for each week, and a message, written by various pens. Already there have been messages from Capt. Jeeves, Church of England chaplain; Rev. Gregory Bestall, Wesleyan chaplain; Mr. J. J. Virgo; and the camp secretary, Mr. Hilton. There is a good demand for *What's On*.

***

The men at Purfleet are enthusiasts, and they reward with loud cheers all who try to help them. The recent speakers have included Dr. F. B. Meyer, Mr. M. Goodman, and Rev. T. C. Collings. Consequently there are additions to the autographs in Mr. Parkin's Bible. Miss Holman Hunt is kindly conducting a French class.

***

On St. Patrick's Day there was a special Irish flavour given to many of the concerts in the Y.M.C.A. huts all over the country. "The dear little shamrock," or a substitute very like it, was worn by all the Irishmen.

***

A useful feature at one hut has been weekly talks on health by a doctor. This very sensible idea should be imitated, for the fighting strength of an army depends on good health.

***

A young soldier who had been rather uplifted by getting a commission received the following telegrams in succession:—"Greatly relieved at your becoming an officer."—KITCHENER. "So glad to hear of your commission. Now we shall win."—GEORGE. "Dreadfully alarmed at the awful news."—WILHELM. And now that young officer is trying to find out which of his "friends" was in a telegraph office in London that day!

***

Five centres in Clevedon continue to be thronged with men who are loud in their appreciation of what is being done for their welfare. Five hundred men registered their decision for Christ in one month, and six hundred joined the Pocket Testament League.

***

The rapid changes in the camps mean some big disappointments occasionally. Imagine the feelings of a camp leader who has a really first-class concert fixed for a certain evening, and that very day almost every soldier is ordered away!

***

Washing up cups and saucers is a prosaic, dull job, but absolutely necessary. At a Y.M.C.A. hut a young soldier has volunteered night after night for this task—not for a week, but for some months. Hats off to him!



Our photograph is of Mr. J. W. Moodie, who is making a tour of the camps, visiting the Y.M.C.A. huts, and giving addresses to the men. He has earned the cognomen of the "Soldier Evangelist," and is a popular figure amongst the "Tommies." He is a Scotsman, and went with Lord Roberts to the relief of Kandahar, and with Lord Wolseley to the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, where he was wounded. He also went with Sir R. Buller to the relief of Ladysmith. He is seen wearing his medals.

Rev. Michael Adler, who is official chaplain of Jewish sailors and soldiers, and thus has a flock scattered over the five continents and the seven seas, has just returned from Northern France. Speaking to a *Times* representative, Mr. Adler said:

"I found that I had considerably underestimated the number of Jews who are with the British forces. I have compiled a list of many thousands, and everywhere I went I found Jewish officers and men of whom I had no previous record. Wherever possible I held services, and organised the officers and men so that they might hold services for themselves. What gave me much pleasure was the way in which Jews would tramp for miles along the worst of roads in order to join with us in prayer.

"On my field cap I wear a badge which is unique in the Army—the interlaced triangles, the shield of David—and everywhere Jewish soldiers recognised it and made themselves known to me. I held services everywhere, consecrated burial grounds, and ministered to the wounded and the dying. Whenever I met a Jewish soldier I made a point of writing to his people at home.

"At the end of the month is the Passover. Of course, on active service it is impossible for the men to abstain from leavened food, but I have arranged that every Jewish soldier on service shall receive a packet of motzas (unleavened bread) and other traditional foods. A prominent Jewish family is bearing the expense of producing a special Passover prayer-book which I have arranged, and the War Office is giving facilities for distribution. These will also be sent to the Fleet, and so at sea and in the trenches the men will be able in part to celebrate the Passover."

***

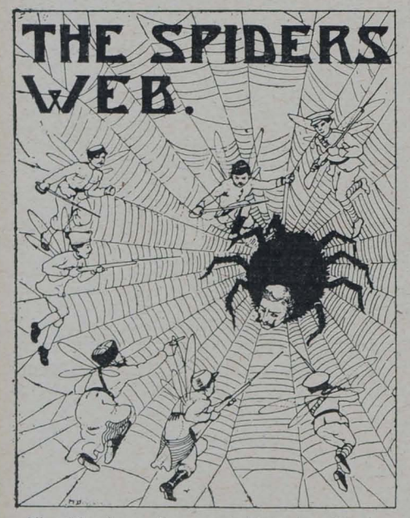
Sixteen hundred men gathered in the new hut at Crowborough for Church Parade.

***

The Duke of Norfolk and Father Bernard Vaughan have been among recent visitors to our hut at Newhaven.

***

Mr. Arthur W. Hayes has struck a very bright idea for his work at Canterbury, viz., a grand Marathon race to take place on Saturday, April 10. Only men in full uniform can take part. Competitors will start at the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, St. George's-street, and visit the ten other centres in the neighbourhood in circuit. Prizes of 50s., 30s., and 20s. will be awarded. Great interest is being aroused.




The title of one of a remarkable series of booklets written by Mr. A. K. Yapp, issued weekly and widely circulated. An advertisement of the series appears on another page.

Special concerts are arranged at Newport for the men of the Navy, who use the rooms freely.

***

The gifted authoress, "Annie S. Swan" (Mrs. Burnett Smith) has been visiting the Bramshott and Witley huts, and charming the men with her homely and delightful addresses.

***

Canon Walter Hicks has visited more than two hundred camps, speaking everywhere to crowded audiences.

***

Howard Boardman, of Stratford, gave three months to the Y.M.C.A. and then enlisted with the Sherwood Foresters. We quote a letter sent to his father:—

"I am in another barn. It has been very cold here lately, and to-day it is snowing. I am on guard to-night, and we shall have plenty to do to-morrow I expect.

"We are doing much more here than we did in England, and, on the whole, on less food, and it is not often that we sleep warmly either. But amongst all this there are happy glimpses. Sunday evening I was on top of the straw stack in our barn, and down in the middle of the floor stood a dixy can with a small lamp standing on it, and a ring of men crouched round it much tighter than we were in the trucks (thirty-nine in a cattle truck from Havre to Belgium), but quite happy, singing hymns from their service books, with a ring of soldiers standing round and catching up a word now and then, and the rest perched all over the barn; some with flashlights were singing, others were humming in harmony. After they had sung several hymns some of them asked me to pray with them, and I am sure God was as present in that barn as much as He ever is in the chapel at home.

"Any news you can send me of the war will be welcome, as we never hear a word of it here except the constant booming of the big guns, and that may mean anything, although we are told that they are our new fifteen-inch guns and are doing good work.

"I must get ready for my guard; when we are on in the night we can see the rockets and illuminating shells going up every now and then."

***

An old soldier, bordering on eighty years of age, sends us a testimony that is worthy our regard. "As the duties of your office probably brings you in contact and conversation with many young men, it may not be out of place if I mention my experience on an often-mooted question at the present time, viz., the use of intoxicants as a beverage. I have virtually always eschewed such beverages, and have now been a pledged abstainer for forty-nine years. I have also always been a non-smoker, and believe I have been a great gainer by being so, both in the matter of health and in a pecuniary sense. During these years I served in tropical climes, seventeen years in India, Burma, and Egypt, during which period I was never incapacitated for duty by illness."

***

The City Association at Belfast has completed its educational session, and students' night was as successful as ever. The principal's report stated that the Belfast Y.M.C.A. education department claimed to be the largest evening continuation school in the United Kingdom. According to a report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland presented to both Houses of Parliament, it was conducted with great, and in some respects with increased, success for the full term. The teachers were experts, and the young people must obtain benefit from the classes. The average attendance for the present session was well over 400. In addition to the ordinary English subjects, the course of instruction included history, mathematics, book-keeping, shorthand and typewriting, Latin, French, German, Spanish, music (both notations), drawing, elocution, and gymnasium. The gymnasium is the largest and most complete in Ireland. In the education department there was a scheme of scholarships, medals, and prizes, which was invaluable as an incentive to study. Indebtedness was expressed to the directors of Skerry's College, Limited, for their continued offer of three Civil Service scholarships, value twenty guineas each. The public at large owed a debt of gratitude to the Y.M.C.A. for its instrumentality in placing such educational advantages within the reach of the young men of Belfast. Altogether, scholarships value for 150 guineas, three gold medals presented by Sir Robert and Lady Kennedy, ten silver medals, 200 book prizes, and forty shorthand certificates had been awarded.



Rifleman R. H. Fisher, 6th King's Liverpool Regiment, with his wife. Private Fisher was killed in action on March 8. A paragraph relating to the sad event appears on page 255.

***

Sydney's Diamond Jubilee year has just been completed. "The year opened splendidly, and the months prior to the outbreak of the war gave every encouragement to the belief that 1914 was to be the largest and most resultful in the history of the Association. The war, however, influenced the work considerably, and the statistics show decreases upon those of 1913. These decreases are remarkably small, everything considered, and express the wisdom of the determination made during August 'to go right on with the work in all its activities.' If men come to the Association in large numbers and take part in the activities, it is a proof that they are getting what they feel to be good for them, and the work is to be judged by results just as surely as a business concern is judged by results. At the same time, it is quite true that 'no meter is sensitive enough to record the steady flow of influence for good to our young men and boys through the channels of the Y.M.C.A.' Our work calls for supernatural resources, and these Divine resources are available. In the measure that we depend upon the power of God, and allow the Spirit of God to work, so will our real and abiding success be measured."

***

Congratulations to Mr. T. D. Johnston, general secretary of Finchley Association, on his approaching marriage, which is to take place in Liverpool at Easter.

***

Cleveland, Ohio, Central Association holds seventy-five Bible classes per week.



## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

"THOU preventest him," says the twenty-first Psalmist, "with the blessings of goodness"—the word "prevent," of course, being used in its old sense of "anticipate" or "go before." The idea is singularly beautiful. The Psalmist suggests that God is in the future, getting ready for our coming as it were, and laying up surprises for us all.

You know how, in a happy home, the near approach of a birthday is signalised, how parcels are mysteriously smuggled in and disappear, to delight the fortunate owner of the birthday when the festal morning dawns. That is our feeble human way of trying to surprise one another with the blessings of goodness. That is how we "prevent" our beloved with tokens of our remembrance. So, says the Psalmist, does God deal with us. He is sowing the days to come with blessings for us to pick up when the passage of time brings us to the places where He has hidden them.

And that, of course, is the explanation of all the glad surprises of life. He has hidden them for us, and watched our delight as we came upon them. The thing we greatly fear dissolves like mist. An envied but despaired-of blessing is flung into our lap. A door of splendid hope opens in what seemed to be a blank wall. Life is full of the unexpected, as if wonder were one of the things God wanted very much to keep alive in us. When as you fear everything has been exhausted, God surprises you with a fresh gladness. And aback of all there is the unending surprise of His patience with us, and of that daily mercy of His which we so ill requite and so often forget.

Of course, no one dreams of suggesting that all our surprises are of a happy sort. It is not so. We all know that it is not so. But the point is, that if it is God who has hidden the blessings for us to come upon, it is He also who has hidden the other things. God's hand does not slip so that we get the wrong parcel by accident. He prevents us also with the blessings which we do not call by that name at all.

Surely, then, it is wrong to speak of the monotony of life. For we are on a road which is ambushed with blessings for us, and the hour of our deadliest weariness may be the immediate precursor of our most joyous find. Who would have supposed at the end of the eighteenth century, when poetry in England seemed dead, that a great galaxy of stars—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats—was on the very eve of rising? The unexpected can always happen. You may come upon another of God's hidden bounties to-morrow.

The idea of a preventing God ought to put another complexion on our fears and forebodings. Before we live it, the web of our life passes through the Father's hands. And the shaded parts as well as the bright parts are in His design. Before the mother puts her little child into his hot bath at night she tests the heat of the water first. And the Psalmist means us to believe that life comes to us from God, Who has measured and adapted it for us beforehand in a like fashion.

Someone has suggested that the story of this life and the next can be written with two strokes of the pen—an interrogation point, and, above it, a point of exclamation. Fear and question here below, and above adoration, wonder, surprise. If the Psalmist's idea of God is to be fully true the preparation for us which is here so wonderful will not fail us yonder, on the other side. Love made ready for our coming into this life, and it is not likely to fail us when we cross to the larger life beyond. The faith of our Lord Jesus Christ and the trust of the saints in every age persuades us to believe that the most blessed surprise of all is—the last one.

## WITH THE WELSHMEN IN EDINBURGH.

**The Work of Scottish Y.M.C.A.'s and Young Men's Guilds for the Men in Training.**

MUCH water has run under the bridge since the Scottish Council of Y.M.C.A.'s and the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild commenced work among our citizen soldiers in their summer camps. These organisations commenced work simultaneously at Stobs Camp, near Hawick. Twelve months later the Guild of the United Free Church entered the field, and since then they have carried on what may very fitly be described as a co-operative movement. A joint committee representative of the three bodies meets at stated intervals to discuss plans and make allocations.

The outbreak of war called forth the best that was in the different societies, and each has rendered invaluable service in its own sphere of influence. The Y.M.C.A. may fairly claim to have undertaken the greatest amount of service, yet the Church organisations have faced an enormous amount of work. Edinburgh district by common consent has been left in large measure to the Church of Scotland Guild. Early in September two fully equipped institutes were opened; a few weeks later a third was added to the number, while good work has been carried on in church halls and billets throughout the city. The 3rd South Wales Borderers, better known perhaps as the gallant 24th, were billeted in Albion-road Public School, and catered for by the Guild. St. Mungo's Church Halls were placed at the disposal of the committee by the Rev. George Jack and his board of managers, but a dividing wall between the church buildings and the school prevented successful work being done. By the courtesy of the commanding officer, Colonel Morgan, and the consent of Edinburgh School Board, steps were placed over the wall, thus putting the institute in barracks and making it easy of access to the men. The rooms were crowded. Concerts were arranged. "Sing-songs" were held. Refreshments were provided. Letters were written. Stamps were sold. Postal orders were changed. Reading matter was placed on the tables. Games were supplied. Indeed, everything that generous hearts and open hands could do to help the men was done. Sunday evening services of a bright, brief, and popular character were held in the church, and to these services the men were invited.

The South Wales Borderers, as we knew them, were a splendid set of fellows—polite, obliging, and manly to a degree—a set of men who were a credit to themselves, their regiment, and the Principality from which it hails. From the time they came into barracks in December until they left for Pembroke Dock on March 12 neither the superintendent nor his workers heard a single word inside the institute that they could not have heard at their own tables or round their own hearths. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that there were constant changes among the men, owing to the large numbers who were drafted to the front during the battalion's stay in the North.

Many total abstinence and a few anti-gambling pledges were taken—the men preferring the ordinary pledge to that of the one for the period of the war. Some recruits for the Pocket Testament League were found, and a number of young men definitely gave themselves to God through faith in Jesus Christ. The superintendent had many opportunities of helping young soldiers and of giving them counsel that would the better enable them to fight the battle of life. The band boys—an exceedingly bright lot—gathered round and looked up to him as guide, counsellor, and friend.

A few incidents may be interesting as showing the character of the men of whom we are writing. To a bandsman we said: "You seem to have a special care of these boys?" He answered without hesitation: "My bandmaster trusts me, and I must live up to that." A young private going out with one of the drafts brought us his New Testament, saying: "You know that book better than I do; would you mind taking it home with you to-night and marking some things that will help me when I go to France?" A lad who had seen service abroad said: "Mr. ——, I'm a bit religious. Sometimes swear a bit, but really am religious." We think he was definitely Christian before he left Scotland.

Our Welsh friends came to Edinburgh with pleasant recollections of the Y.M.C.A. at "P. D.," but left us with happier thoughts of the Guild Institute and "Edina, Scotia's darling seat."

CAMP LEADERS
should note that
SUN COFFEE
is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.
*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*
QUALITY RIGHT. PRICE RIGHT.
*Write for terms to*
ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,
19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.
ESTABLISHED 1812.

THE 'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag' Booklets
Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP.
Topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the gospel message.
*A donation of £2 2s. 0d. enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* **2,000** *copies.*
Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.
Or, send for a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).

Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London, 99, George Street, Edinburgh, 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (Incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

**Atten-'SHUN'!!**

*Holbrook's Drill Diagrams.*

**The most complete detailed DRILL INSTRUCTION. Shortens training by months.**

**And**

**SECTION, PLATOON**

**and**

**COMPANY DRILL**

(COPYRIGHT).

TWELVE Diagrams (16" x 10½") illustrating at a glance the Commands, Execution, and Formation.

**Price 1/- nett. (Post free 1/1.)**

ALSO . .

**SQUAD DRILL**

**(1914)**

**DIAGRAMS**

(COPYRIGHT).

Five coloured diagrams (size 16" x 10½") illustrating at a glance the Commands, Execution, and Position of every man, with his number and movement.

**Price 6d. nett. (Post free 7d.)**

*A Sergeant in the Northumberland Fusiliers writes:—*

"Many thanks for your 'Squad Drill' Diagrams. They are the very thing. Please send me a set of your Section & Company Drill Diagrams."

*From all Booksellers, or the Publishers:*

**COOKE & VOWLES, LTD.,**

**St. James's St., Nottingham.**

**London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., 4, Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.**



**COFFEE for CAMPS**

Coffee made by our process is better, cheaper, and more popular than that made by any other method.

Our process makes it almost as simple as using essence and yet gives more than double the quantity of coffee of a much pleasanter flavour.

**SAMPLE TIN with 1-lb. of Coffee and full directions sent post free for 1s. 2d.**

**HACKFORTH,**

*Gold Medal Coffee Specialist,*

**15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.**

***Depots: London, Goole, Stockton-on-Tees.***


## A GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY CONCERT.

It was our privilege to be present last week at the White City, when the Great Eastern Railway Musical Society gave a concert. The concert hall was crowded to excess, the audience including Lord Claud Hamilton (chairman of the company) and two of his daughters, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Thornton, and Col. Dunlop, D.A.A.G., representing Brigadier-General R. Scott Ker, C.B., M.V.O. Mr. W. Johnson Galloway is the honorary conductor of the society. Mr. Ben Davies very kindly gave his services, and was in great voice in such old favourites as Braham's "Death of Nelson," "Sally in Our Alley," and Tosti's "My Dreams." Miss Annie Bartle sang "There's a Land," "Killarney," and "Come, Sing to Me" with perfect artistry. No soldiers' programme would be complete without its humorist. Mr. Walter Barker filled the bill admirably. The orchestra contributed the overture from the "Bohemian Girl," selections from the "Mikado," and "When the Boys Come Home." In combination with the choir they were heard in the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust," Thor's War Song, "Annie Laurie," "The Comrades' Song of Hope," and "The Viking's Song."

It was an admirable programme, and was carried out to the rapturous applause of the audience. All the artistes very kindly promised a return visit.

---

When Drake returned from his voyage round the world, Queen Elizabeth knighted him on board his ship. She touched his shoulder with her sword, and said, "Arise, Sir Francis." He knew well enough who had conferred the honour on him. No need to ask him if he knew his queen.

When a man is converted he does not need anyone to tell him who gave him his new impulses and his new thoughts. He has heard the voice of the King. He knows Jesus.

It has become of late quite a recognised custom to wear a badge. The most popular form is undoubtedly the series introduced by Messrs. Brandon and Co., of 317, High Holborn, W.C. This well-known firm of manufacturing jewellers has placed on the market a varied selection of crests and badges of his Majesty's Forces, which are much admired. The feature of these particular badges is that they are actual reproductions of the official regimental crests. Moreover, they are genuinely artistic souvenirs, and can be obtained in the form of buttonhole badge, brooch, or hatpin. Almost any regiment may be obtained, and the prices range from the modest sum of 2s. upwards.

Our contemporary, *The Challenge*, which is only a few months older than *Y.M.*, has received approval enough to establish it thoroughly as a representative organ of the Church of England. Our own Dr. John R. Mott writes:—"I am constrained to write you to-day regarding *The Challenge*. I have been reading it since it was launched. It is one of the few papers which I find it necessary to read from end to end among the several scores of periodicals coming to me. To my mind it is indispensable for all Christian leaders and workers who wish to keep in touch in a symmetrical way with the large and complex life and work of the Church of England. Moreover, it presents more satisfactorily than any religious periodical with which I am familiar the Christian position with reference to the most pressing questions of our day. I have found it more helpful than any other paper in its dealing with the difficult problems related to the attitude that Christians should hold with reference to the war. It is one of an all too small number of Christian weeklies which evidently have a policy and take a strong and courageous line. I believe it is destined to have a large and growing leadership in Christian affairs." Both Archbishops and people of all classes pronounce their approval. It is thoroughly edited, and stands for a broad and sane Churchmanship. It would be a calamity to all the Churches if such a venture proved unsuccessful. We trust it will pull through the present difficult period with success. It can only do so if Christian people who are interested in Christian literature buy it.


# Y. M.

**The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.**

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.

Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,

12 & 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A. (COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).

Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,

30, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.

Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.

Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





"Bournville" Cocoa

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

is made by "Cadbury's"

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

AND IS OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE

CADBURY'S MEXICAN CHOCOLATE is the Best Plain Chocolate





Over 30 "Captain" Models to select from.

**Ride a "Captain" Cycle**

**for 14 days at my expense.**

You cannot put character into a scale and weigh it; neither can you tell the merits of a cycle until you have had practical riding test; that is why I will willingly send, Packed Free and Carriage Paid direct to your door, any 1915 "CAPTAIN" Model you like to select from my free 200-page *Money-Saving* Catalogue. If, after 14 days' test, you have any cause for dissatisfaction, replace cycle in crate, return to me, and I will refund your money in full. I sell my "CAPTAIN" Cycle at prices to suit all pockets for cash, because that is the only way you can secure honest value.

**HIGH-GRADE "CAPTAIN" CYCLES**

From **£3 3s.** cash, *Packed Free and Carriage Paid.*

Send a postcard now for my 200-page free catalogue, "Everything that a Cyclist needs." It contains thousands of bargains in Accessories, Covers, Tubes, Rear Lights, Flags, Mascots, Outfits, etc., at Manufacturers' War Prices. Remember that whatever I sell I guarantee to be absolutely satisfactory or I return the money.

*MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO WRITE NOW.*

**H. FITZPATRICK (Dept. 46), BURNLEY.**



**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.**

**RED WHITE & BLUE**

**For Breakfast & after Dinner**

**In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.**



**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**

**Kit Bags.**

**Nose Bags.**

**Canvas Water Buckets.**

**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**

**Marquees.**

**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**

**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**

**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 26th.**—Luke xxi. 35-38. "*Looking after those things that are coming*" (verse 26). There are two ways of meeting distress: one way is to face what cannot be avoided, and to do our best bravely to bear the threatened burden. Yet when our best has been done, how often may not the result be described in the words of our text, "Men's hearts failing them for fear"? A surer way is to "look up" (verse 28), and claim the fulfilment of Christ's assurance, "your redemption (deliverance) draweth nigh"; not our accomplishment, but His.

**Saturday, 27th.**—Luke xxii. 1-13. "*Then entered Satan into Judas*" (verse 3). Satan seems to work on the principle that everyone has his price. Judas' price for betraying Jesus was thirty pieces of silver, the price of a slave. Satan bid high for Jesus, and offered Him all the kingdoms of the world (iv. 5, 6), but in vain. Sin is the service of Satan, and every time we yield to temptation we accept his price. Let us learn of Jesus our Lord how to choose the good and reject the vile.

**Sunday, 28th.**—Luke xxii. 14-23. "*This do in remembrance of Me*" (verse 19). The only effectual remedy against wrong thoughts and low aims is the remembrance of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the service of Holy Communion we seek to fulfil His command, and when we take the bread and wine we are setting up a monument to His memory of the highest value to ourselves and to those around us.

**Monday, 29th.**—Luke xxii. 24-38. "*I am among you as he that serveth*" (verse 27). We often hear of the competition existing in business of every kind, with the consequent difficulty that a young man has in making his way in life. Everyone seems to want a bigger share than he can get. How different is Christ's business of serving and giving! He found the wide world free of competitors in His great task of giving Himself; and so to-day those who would follow Him find abundance of room for serving their fellow-men.

**Tuesday, 30th.**—Luke xxii. 39-53. "*Not my will, but Thine be done*" (verse 42). Here lies life's great battleground. Our wills having tasted the sinful pleasure of self-pleasing are subject to a constant craving for more of the same indulgence. The only escape from this slavery of human habit is by the unconditional surrender of the will to the Lord Jesus Christ, with the prayer that He will impart the new pleasure of pleasing Him.

**Wednesday, 31st.**—Luke xxii. 54-71. "*Peter followed afar off*" (verse 54). The attractive power of a magnet on a piece of steel is in proportion to its nearness. The same is true of the control exercised over our hearts by our Lord Jesus Christ. The necessary nearness to Him can only be maintained by regularity in prayer and reading the Bible, and by systematic endeavour to practise what is commanded there.

APRIL.

**Thursday, 1st.**—Luke xxiii. 1-19. "*He answered him nothing*" (verse 9). Christ was on His trial for His life, but He made no effort to argue in His own defence. What every one knew about Him was sufficient evidence of His innocence. For the rest, He left His cause in His Heavenly Father's keeping. He was there to lay down His life of His own free will, and to suffer the judgment of man's sin, including the sin of those who were plotting His death.

---

Paisley Y.M.C.A. has two hundred and thirty-six members in the forces.

One of the huts in France has just been visited by Dr. Bury, Bishop of Northern and Central Europe. The bishop was accompanied by the officer commanding and his staff, Sir Henry Austin Lee, of the British Embassy, Paris, and Mr. Hyde Coleman, secretary of the Paris Association. The bishop gave the men assembled an informal talk, describing his recent travels in Russia and Siberia, and spoke in eulogistic terms of the work now being done by the Association for British soldiers in France. A photograph of the hut where this meeting was held appeared on page 137 of No. 6 of *Y.M.* The building is located at one of the repair bases, and, like all the other huts in France, is much used and greatly appreciated by the Tommies.

### DAN AND HIS UNCLE.

(*Continued from page 248.*)

"Danny," I said, "you're a little trump. Now tell me one other thing. What were you saving the rest of that money for?"

"I were goin' to write myself some letters from Uncle Dan," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, now, Danny, I'm going to make a proposal to you. You've got no Uncle Dan, and you want one badly, to be upsides with the other fellows. Will you let me be your Uncle Dan and look after you a bit?"

The blue eyes sparkled like diamonds and filled suddenly, and his head went down into his arms on the table, and he sobbed silently for the space of two minutes, an emotion that I should imagine was very foreign to him, and my heart rejoiced exceedingly that this happy thought had been given to it.

I have never had one moment's cause to regret my self-election to the post of Dan's Uncle Dan, nor I think has Danny.

We corresponded with him regularly, and visited him frequently in barracks when the regiment went home, and found more to like in him every time we saw him.

All that happened some years ago. Before me on my desk as I write lies a letter, dated from Omdurman, September 3, 1898:—

"DEAR 'UNCLE DAN'"—(since he came to years of understanding Dan has never omitted the quotation marks)—"We had a tough time, as you will have seen from the papers, but I came through all right. They've made me full sergeant" (he was just turned twenty-two), "and I'm down for the V.C. But it was nothing. My sergeant (Braden; I've told you about him) was alongside me in the charge. We came on one nasty bit of ground where we had to jump our horses in and out and not too much room, and the fuzzies slashing and shooting and howling like" (there is a word carefully inked over here and "mad" written in above it). "Braden's horse went down in a heap and him with it. I was next him, and I saw it was only the horse was hurt. The black and white" (another word carefully inked over and "dervishes" written in above it) "came down on us like hail" (this word had also undergone revision), "and began chop-chopping away, and I can tell you their swords do cut. My horse was a brick, and danced about round Braden till he got on to his feet again. Then we made a dash at the blacks and hurt several of them, I believe, and then the lieutenant came back for us with a score of the boys, and we came out right except for a few cuts more or less. Everybody says it was a fine bit of work, for they were 3,000 and we not over 400. Everybody is talking of Colonel Macdonald. He did the hardest fighting of the day. He rose from the ranks, and I'm going to do the same. Love to all.—Yours very gratefully,

"DAN RENDLE
"(Sergt. V.C.)."

I am proud to remember that I am Dan Rendle's Uncle Dan by adoption, and I think it likely I shall be prouder yet.

He sprang from nowhere in particular, but I think he will go far.


**To CAMP LEADERS & OTHERS**

**THE POSTCARDS.**

Sensible Cards for "Tommy" to send to the Home Folk.

"I'm thinking of you every day."
"Mizpah" (To My Sweetheart).
"Kitchener's Boys."
"To My Dear Ones."
"The Old Folks at Home."
"Billet Memories."

Let us PROVE to you that the Soldiers require these cards.

**THE PROOF.**

All Postcards (any quantity) are sent on Sale or Return. Can we send you a gross assorted as a trial? Foreign and Colonial orders promptly despatched.

*THE PUBLISHERS:*

**S. BENTON & CO., 60, North Rd., Brighton**

*AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.*


## Board.


**50, DOUGHTY STREET,** Russell Square, W.C. Comfortable Board and Residence (central to all parts) from 18/6. Breakfast, late Dinner, full Sunday. Reduction Share. Bed and Breakfast 3/-. Good attendance (no Extra).

**RAVENSCOURT PARK.**—Comfortable home, terms from 17/6; 15 min. to City; 3 min. station; river and park near.—25, Rivercourt Road, W.

**ACCOMMODATION** offered in very comfortable, superior house. One or several could be received, together or separately. Very moderate terms. Easily accessible to all parts. Cheap fares. Well recommended.—D, Maitland House, 47, Longley Road, Tooting, S.W. W 26

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35


## Situations Vacant.


**FARM PUPIL.**—Vacancy on mixed farm for well-disposed lad. Practical training. Comfortable home.—E. H. Cardell, C.C., Paxton Manor, St. Neots, Hunts.

**DRAPERY.**—Wanted Junior, also Experienced Young Man for Outfitting and Manchester departments; busy medium trade.—Full particulars first letter, John Gliddon & Co., Yeovil. W30

**DRAPERY.**—Wanted, young men for Manchester and Soft Furnishing; also young lady assistants for Hosiery and Haberdashery. Serve through.—Apply, Whicher & Jamieson, Milford Haven.

**GROCER'S ASSISTANT** wanted, age 20 to 22, with good experience in high-class trade and soliciting.—State age, height, experience and salary required (out) to W. Lusby, Fareham. W32

**DRAPERY** and **CLOTHING.**—Wanted, at once, Young Man with a good general experience. Able to serve through. Permanency.—Full particulars, W. A. Foster, Stockingford, Nuneaton. W34

**VOLUNTARY ORGANIST - CHOIRMASTER** wanted. Arrangements possible for board and experience for one reading for Orders at Highbury or King's.—Rev. C. C. Wood, St. Phillip's Vicarage, Holford Square, W.C. W31

**JUNIOR BOARDING SCHOOL MASTER** required, whole or part time, resident (Midlands). Degree immaterial. Please write fully, enclosing photo. Moderate salary to start.—T., The Laurels, Grant Road, Addiscombe. W29

**IRONMONGERY.**—Junior Salesman wanted, with good knowledge of furnishing and general trade. State age, experience, and salary required.—Thomas White and Co., Ltd., Aldershot. W33


## Miscellaneous.


**BEGIN TO READ YOUR GREEK NEW TESTAMENT** at once. Simple, rapid method, will greatly interest you. A powerful aid to Scriptural study. By correspondence. Easy terms. Write immediately, enclosing stamp.—Box 77, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row.

**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6 and 12/6** ,,

All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**





# THE LAMP that is USED by the Y.M.C.A.,

**By The WAR OFFICE & The ADMIRALTY,**

The RED CROSS SOCIETIES,

MILITARY CONTRACTORS, &c., &c., &c.,

IS THE

**BLANCHARD (British Made)**

# INCANDESCENT OIL LAMP

BECAUSE OF ITS

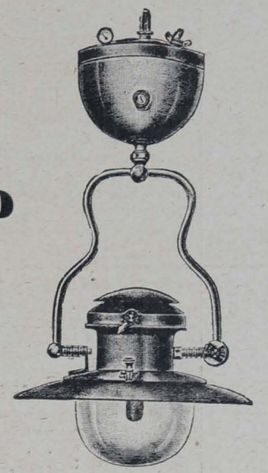
**EFFICIENCY, RELIABILITY AND ECONOMY.**

NO PIPING. CAN BE REMOVED NO SMOKE.
NO WIRING. WHILST ALIGHT. NO SMELL.
NO DANGER.



Model 1133.—100 c.p. As used by the WAR OFFICE.

*Write for Catalogues and Price Lists to—*



Model 1307.—300 c.p. As used by the Y.M.C.A.

**BLANCHARD LAMPS (BRITISH), LIMITED,**

**151, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.**

Telephone: 2973 City. Telegraphic Address: "Farringter, Smith, London."




An Agreeable, Stimulating and Sustaining Beverage. Instantly Prepared and most Economical. Equal to the very finest Coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

*Of all Grocers and Stores, or a Sample Bottle Post Free for : Nine Stamps. :*

**NEWBALL & MASON,**
**Nottingham.**

**Easy, Comfortable**



boots are assured if you use

**Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.**

It makes them supple and waterproof, preserves the leather, and prevents cracking. Tins (Brown or Black), **1d., 2d., 4d., 6d.** Outfit **6d.** Of all dealers.

Always ask for

**Cherry Dubbin,**

because the care exercised in its manufacture renders it the best obtainable.

CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN

rubbed upon the feet prevents soreness when on the march. Tins **1d., 2d., 3d.,** and **6d.** (Black or Yellow), from Canteens, Stores, etc., or a penny trial tin sent on receipt of a penny stamp by—

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, W.

**KHARKENE** cleans and renovates Khaki equipment, 1d. and 1½d. per block, of all dealers.

# KEMP'S

**CAKES & BISCUITS**

**COMMAND THE PREFERENCE.**

Camp Leaders and Secretaries cannot do better than obtain their supplies from us.

**BEST QUALITY AND QUICK DELIVERY.**

*Price List on Application.*

**GEORGE KEMP, LTD.**

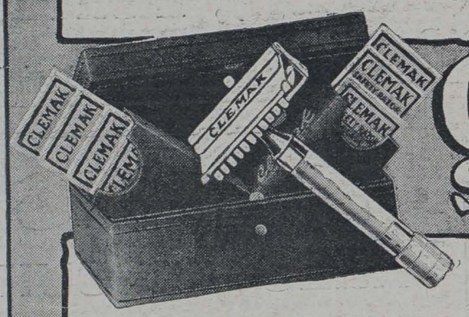
**BREWERY ROAD, LONDON.**

# CLEMAK —For Quick Close Shaving




"My word! that was a close shave."

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever.




## CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

**5/-** Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and **seven** blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, **Twelve** specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop **10/6**

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.

A useful **PRESENT** for our

**SOLDIERS. SAILORS**

and **TERRITORIALS.**

**OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c.,**

or from the

**CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.**

*The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.*

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.





PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—March 26, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 12. Vol. 1. APRIL 2, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.


# POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE.

Headquarters: 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

President: Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A.

We are receiving

## URGENT CALLS

From the FRONT and HOME TRAINING CAMPS FOR

## Large Supplies of League Testaments.

***The Men are eagerly stretching out hands for them.***

During eight weeks' work in the SCOTTISH CAMPS 10,000 Men joined the League, and a large proportion of these professed their acceptance of Christ.

AN EVANGELIST, working in Scotland, who served in the South African war, after carefully investigating the work of the Pocket Testament League at one of the large Military Camps, writes: "My impression *now* is that the League will be one of the *great factors in the re-modelling of the Army.* Through its influence a new generation of soldiers will come into being, each one of them having a respect and reverence for the Word of God. The members of the League are filling their memories with the word of God. Think what that will mean for *the Army of the future!*"

***FREE GRANTS*** are made according to the measure of financial support. An experienced worker, who is returning to France in a few days, desires to take 10,000 League Testaments with him.

**Every Donor of 10/- will receive a Special P.T.L. Testament as supplied to the Forces.**

*WILL YOU HELP US IN GIVING GOD'S WORD TO THE SOLDIERS & SAILORS?*

**GIFTS may be sent to Miss E. WAKEFIELD MACGILL, Hon. Sec., Pocket Testament League, 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., or to the Office of "Y.M."**



THE BISHOP OF LONDON OFF TO THE FRONT.

Ever since the war began the Bishop of London has been giving evidence of his interest in the troops, and on Friday last he left for the front to spend Easter with the men in the trenches. The Archdeacon of London, who is also shown in the pictu e, saw the Bishop off at Victoria.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


| | |
|---|---|
| THE RELATIONS OF SCIENTIFIC AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. By Professor James Young Simpson, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E. With Portrait | 269 |
| Our Short Story: THE SNAKE ROOM. By F. A. Robinson, B.A. ... ... | 271 |
| AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR EVANGELIST. A Character Sketch of "Billy" Sunday. With Portrait ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 273 |
| BETWEEN YOU AND ME: 12.—Did Jesus Justify Begging? ... ... | 274 |
| "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. Illustrated... ... ... ... ... | 279 |
| "Y.M." CAMPAIGN WEEK. All About the Offer of 50 Splendid Watches | 280 |



MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT;
NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.

BURBERRY WAR KIT



The Burberry

Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.

THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece.
Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

BRITISH WARM BURBERRY
A splendidly protective garment made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.



Service Dress

BURBERRY WAR KIT includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S.B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing 3¾lbs.

SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT
Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.

*Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON

8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents

This Watch Cost
£10,000



Including the cost of the new machinery it took to make it, the first new thin model 5/- Ingersoll cost over £10,000. Ten thousand pounds invested just to make the

Ingersoll
Crown 5/- Watch

a little better looking. A lot of money—but worth it when you think how very *many* watches this expenditure will improve.

It is the millions of you who have bought Ingersoll Watches—the thousands of you who *are* buying them every day—that enable us to spend more on the mere *improvement* of this the lowest priced reliable pocket timekeeper in the world than can be spent in the *creation* of the expensive watches made for the few.

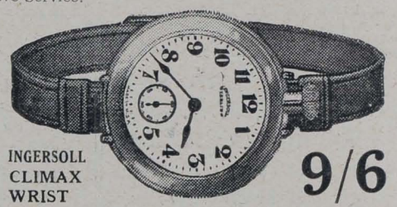
The Ingersoll is the finest piece of mechanism the world has ever seen for 5/-, a product worth a year of skilled watchmaker's time for the cost of a ditch digger's daily wage.

See the new thin 5/- Ingersoll—and marvel at it—and get your share of the benefit by buying one to have as your own.

THE INGERSOLL SERIES INCLUDES:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crown - 5/- | Eclipse - 6/6 | Junior - 8/6 | Midget - 8/6 |
| Wrist - 9/6 | Solar - 10/6 | Reliance - 15/- | Sterling - 18/6 |

All Ingersoll models may be had with luminous points and hands at 2/6 extra; or with glow figures and hands at 5/- extra. They are invaluable to Officers and Soldiers on Active Service.



INGERSOLL CLIMAX WRIST 9/6

There is an Ingersoll for every member of the family waiting for you at over 15,000 British shopkeepers, or a watch will be sent post paid on receipt of price if your dealer cannot supply.

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,
76, Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 12. Vol. 1. APRIL 2, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## TESTAMENT CRUSADE AMONG SOLDIERS.

**The Thrilling Record of a Remarkable Work of Grace.**

DURING the past eight weeks a notable work has been accomplished in more than a score of Scottish military camps, which is having a powerful influence upon the morale of the troops. At the suggestion of Sir Joseph Maclay, Bart., of Glasgow, three men, Mr. J. Barnet Gow and Mr. George Cossar, of Glasgow, and Mr. George T. B. Davis, of America, have been touring most of the military camps in Scotland by train and by motor-car, presenting handsome illustrated pocket Testaments to all the soldiers who agree to carry the little book with them and to read one or more chapters daily, thus enrolling themselves as members of the Pocket Testament League. Thus far more than 10,000 soldiers have joined the League, and more than 6,000 have professed conversion.

Following the introductory meeting at Maryhill Barracks, the three men went on an eleven days' motor trip to the North, visiting Perth, Aberdeen, Elgin, Fort George, Inverness, Invergordon, Cromarty, and the two large military camps at Nigg, in Ross-shire. Since then by train and motor-car a large number of the leading military centres in Scotland have been covered.

The meetings have been chiefly in the Y.M.C.A. huts at the various military camps, through the cordial co-operation of Mr. James MacKenzie, secretary of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. for Scotland. The soldiers everywhere have readily agreed to read and carry the little Testaments, while almost without exception the commanding officers have given every encouragement to the movement. At Fort Matilda Colonel Agnew not only attended the meeting, but urged the men to join the League and to yield their lives to God, while in the North the Mackintosh of Mackintosh helped personally in arranging for the service.

One of the Y.M.C.A. workers, who was in the regular Army for years, visited Nigg, in Ross-shire, two or three weeks after the League had been introduced, and after carefully investigating the results of the movement made the following statement:—"My impression now is that the League will be one of the great factors in the remodelling of the Army. Through its influence a new generation of soldiers will come into being, each one of them having a respect and reverence for the Word of God, and he cannot have these without his life and speech being affected for good. I see boundless possibilities in it, and shall promote its interests wherever I go."

Last Sunday week two splendid meetings were held in the Y.M.C.A. hut at Fort Matilda. Sir Joseph Maclay, Bart., of Glasgow, presided at both services. Over 200 soldiers joined the League, and more than 150 of them professed conversion. A few days later the party began a motor tour, covering a number of military camps near the East Coast.




THIS Order was founded by the late Queen Victoria on September 6, 1886, "For rewarding the distinguished services of officers in our Naval and Military Services who have been honourably mentioned in despatches." It is only awarded to those who are commission holders in the Services at the time of nomination, and have been particularised by the chiefs of the forces for "meritorious or distinguished service in the field, or before the enemy." It is also available for foreign officers who have been in association with the British Navy or Army during operations, and who are, therefore, eligible as honorary members.

The Sovereign is the head of the Order, and the Companions of the Order take rank directly after those of the Order of the Indian Empire. The badge consists of "a gold cross, enamelled white, edged with gold, having on one side thereof in the centre, within a wreath of laurel enamelled green, the Imperial Crown in gold upon a red enamelled ground, and on the reverse . . . our Imperial and Royal cypher. . . ." It is to be "suspended from the left breast by a red riband, edged blue, of one inch in width." In the present war a large number of these Orders have already been awarded, notably one to Captain Bell, of the *Thordis*, for sinking a German submarine. Some have been given for air service, many for conspicuously courageous conduct both in the Navy and the Army, some also in the merchant service, but when so many splendidly victorious deeds are done, it is difficult to single out examples. It may be mentioned, however, that, as in the case of the Victoria Cross, the awards are often for bravery in life-saving.

The Distinguished Conduct Medal is to the non-commissioned officer and private what the D.S.O. is to the officer. It was instituted in 1862, replacing one previously used "for meritorious service," which had been given as a reward for distinguished gallantry. It carries with it either a gratuity of £20 on discharge or an increase of 6d. per day to the recipient's pension. A large number of these have also been awarded, one list alone containing over 100 names, and we may well lift thankful hearts to the "Lord of our far-flung battle-line," Who has given such stout hands and brave hearts to our defenders in this time of peril.

KATE ASHLEY.

## TURKEY'S WARRIORS IN CAIRO.

Mr. W. M. Oatts, of Glasgow, who is working for the Association in Egypt, writes:—

"Some 350 of the Turkish prisoners are confined in the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks. One visitor who saw them exclaimed, 'The poor Syrian prisoners!' A company of Australian troopers, viewing them through their iron-caged bars, remarked, 'If that's the kind, I don't mind meeting them any time before breakfast.' One does not know whether to laugh or to cry at the sight of them. Were these a part of the armed forces that had been sent across the desert to attempt to wrest Egypt from the British? The prisoners are paraded round the barrack square every afternoon in tattered khaki costumes that pass for uniforms and yellow slippers provided by a kindly Government. Many of the prisoners limped painfully, and one and all bore the marks of fatigue and hardships that rest and three generous meals a day have not been able to efface. As one turned away from the sight of these poor fellows one felt that our troops will not have much trouble in disposing of them when they give our soldiers a chance.

"The weather is very pleasant. The sun shines every day and all the day, but the nights are bitterly cold, and the men in tents are feeling the cold, and are piling on as many blankets over them as they can lay hold of."

## "IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

By the Rev. Lachlan Maclean Watt.

JUST as I was about to pass on to another place a couple of soldiers of the Black Watch came round the corner. They were tough little fellows of the Gurkha build, Highland in every line and limb. They touched their bonnets, and said, "We're going off to the front to-night, sir, and we thought we'd like to have the Sacrament before we go. Can you give it to us?" "How many?" I asked. "Oh, maybe sixteen," was the reply. "Well," I answered, "at six o'clock in the shed next to this one be present with your friends."

Off went the two, with a deepened light in their faces, while I prepared the place that was to be for some of them the room of the Last Supper. A tablecloth borrowed from the officers' mess and a little wine from the same source helped out our preparations. A notice on the door that the place was closed for ordinary use until the Communion service was over did not keep us free from interruption, for the room was the ordinary one for the soldiers' "sing-song," and men would come and beat upon the doors and clamour for admission, not reading notices nor at first understanding.

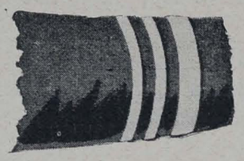
There was a very special reason why I welcomed the experience. For, some years ago in my parish, I realised how many, laid aside by sickness or old age, were unable to share in that service which is so precious to our Scottish folk. And I used to go on each Communion Sunday into the little homes in the lanes or away across the moors to some quiet bothy, carrying the sacred symbols of Divine brotherhood, and so linking on the lonely to the side community, setting the solitary in families. And the girls' class of St. Stephen's had heard of it, and given me a chaste little set of Communion vessels for the purpose. And now these were to receive a very deep consecration. They were to be brought into living touch with the sacrifice of the bravest of our imperial manhood in this the greatest conflict of opposing ideals which the world has ever seen.

The men began to gather, and sat down there as reverently as though the dim little draughty hut were the chancel of some great cathedral holy with the deepest memories of Christian generations. "You might wait," whispered one. "The Camerons and Seaforths may be able to come." So we waited—a hushed and solemn waiting. Then quietly some of them began to croon old psalm memories and quiet hymns, waiting. And at length the others came, stepping softly into the place; and with them comrades who explained that, though they were of a different country and a different Church belief, they yet desired to share in the act of worship, preparatory to celebration. At length about 120 men were there, and we began. It was the twenty-third Psalm, the Psalm of God's shepherding, the comradeship of the Divine in the Valley of the Shadow, the faith and the hope of the brave. What a power was in it—what a spell of wonder, of comforting, and uplifting in this land of war! They sang it very tenderly, for it spoke to them of times when they had held their mothers' hands, and looked up wondering in their faces, in the church at home, wondering why tears were there, as the dear old hearts remembered. Some of them, also—the tears were on their cheeks as they sang that old psalm, very precious in the homeland, very precious here; and it is a soul-shaking thing to see a strong man's tears. It was surely thus our fathers sang, in quiet places, and by foreign streams, when to be true to the faith committed to them meant outcasting, exile, and death. It means a big thing still to-day for our Empire, this heart-deep singing of our soldier men. I have never dreamed that I should see such depth of feeling for eternal things. Do not tell me this is Armageddon. It is not the end of things. It is Resurrection and Pentecost we are passing through. A harvest is being sown in France of which the reaping shall be Empire-wide.

It only needed the simplest words to seal that sacrament. And next morning, in the grey light, the men who had been touched by the thought of home and the dear ones there, and the big throbbing thought of consecration, were marching off to grip the very hand of Death, in sacrifice, like Christ's, for others.

## THE ROYAL NAVY ENGINEER OFFICERS.

*How to Distinguish*



Engineer Vice Admiral.



Engineer Rear Admiral.



Engineer Captain.



Engineer Commander.



Engineer Lieutenant over 8 Years Seniority.



Engineer Lieutenant under 8 Years Seniority.



Engineer Sub Lieut.



Chief Artificer Engr.



Artificer Engineer, over 10 Years Seniority.



Artificer Engineer, under 10 Years Seniority.

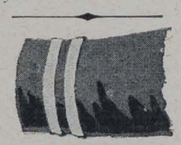
NAVAL INSTRUCTORS.



Naval Instructor of 15 Years Seniority.



Naval Instructor of 8 Years Seniority.



Naval Instructor under 8 Years Seniority.

Engineer Officers have Purple between Stripes. Naval Instrs have Light Blue

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XI.—LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, BART.

READERS of the vivid story of the Battle of Ypres, which we owe to the pen of Mr. Will Irwin, learned there of the important part played by the forces under the command of Lieut.-General Sir Henry Rawlinson. In more recent times Sir Henry has had a share in the fine achievement at Neuve Chapelle. Before the fighting began a slip was issued to the troops of the Fourth Corps, stating: "The attack which we are about to undertake is of the first importance to the Allied cause. The Army and the nation are watching the result, and Sir John French is confident that every individual in the Fourth Corps will do his duty and inflict a crushing defeat on the German Seventh Corps which is opposed to us." How splendidly the men responded is now known to all of us.

Sir Henry Rawlinson is only fifty-one years old, but he has led a busy and adventurous life since he entered the 60th K.R. Rifles in 1884. Three years later he was aide-de-camp to Sir Frederick (afterwards Lord) Roberts in India. He saw active service in Burma, the Soudan, and South Africa. He was at the great battle of Khartoum. The son of a general, he rose to that rank himself. He wrote "The Officers' Note-Book," and has been a very successful trainer of men. Fond of cricket as a young man, he still enjoys a day's hunting. Another of the general's recreations in days of leisure has been sketching, in which he is very skilful.

In this war the commander of an Army Corps has had exceptional strain, owing to the rapidity with which the men have had to be trained for arduous and novel conditions. But Sir Henry Rawlinson is cheerful and reliable, and these qualities are contagious, and spread a cheery readiness to do one's best. That is why, under great difficulties, the corps commanded by him has done such valiant service.

### HIS MOTHER'S VERSION.

A Bible-class teacher was telling of the various translations of the Bible and their different influences. The class was much interested, and one of the young men that evening was talking to a friend about it. "I think I prefer the King James Version, for my part," he said, "though, of course, the Revised is more scholarly."

His friend smiled. "I prefer my mother's translation of the Bible myself to any other version," he said. "Your mother's?" cried the first young man. "Why, what do you mean, Fred?" "I mean that my mother has translated the Bible into the language of daily life for me since I was old enough to understand it. She translates it straight, too, and gives it full meaning. There has never been any obscurity about *her* version. Whatever printed version of the Bible I may study, my mother's is always the one that clears up my difficulties."



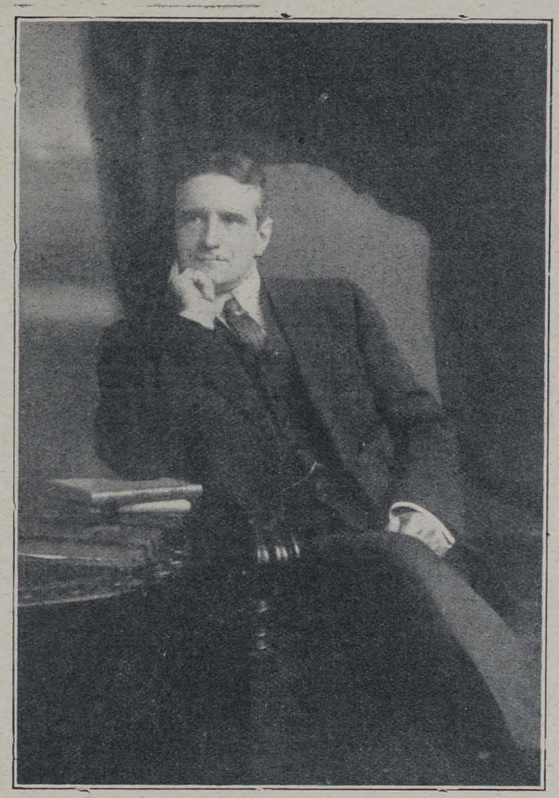
# THE RELATIONS OF SCIENTIFIC AND RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

By PROFESSOR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., New College, Edinburgh, Author of "The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature," "Life of Henry Drummond" (Famous Scots Series), &c.

*A Striking Article by an Eminent Professor, Demonstrating that Science and Religion are Not at Strife.*

TO imagine that there can be any conflict between science and religion rests on a confusion of thought. Man is a religious animal; he cannot help being so. In religion is expressed his awareness of, and his sense of dependence upon, the Power that, from the beginning, he has recognised as manifesting itself in the world around him, and later in himself. It is man's nature going out to that in the universe which secures his place in it. This sensitivity exists to-day in men in varying degrees, but it is always there in some form or another, and the history of religion has been the history of the progressive experience and understanding of the character of that Power as it is revealed in nature and in history, and in the person of Jesus Christ. Theology, on the other hand, is the orderly and systematic account that arises from reflection upon such experience. Thus the Bible, which is primarily a record or register of religious experience, passes over at points, *e.g.*, passages in the Fourth Gospel and the Pauline epistles, into theology pure and simple.

From this point of view science is comparable to theology rather than to religion. Science likewise is the result of reflection upon experience; it is ordered, organised, tested knowledge. It is sometimes maintained that science and theology deal with two totally different kinds of experience, are therefore incommensurate, and can have no dealings with one another. The question is difficult, but the statement seems to rest on a false assumption—that of the denial of the unity of experience. Experience is something complex, an activity of the whole man, with definite elements in it that may be exercised in greater or less degree in differing situations. In science experience undoubtedly is more intellectual, objective, and concrete, and deals with the measurable aspects of reality, but it must be admitted that into the sense that the man of science has of the soundness and solvency of the universe, or in the gropings that precede the formation of a new hypothesis, something of "feeling" and the subjective enters. In religious experience the latter element (*i.e.*, in human experience) there is in most cases tends rather to predominate, but the former is also very much in evidence. We are sometimes told by the religious man that the heart has reasons of its own; it certainly has, but that does not mean that they are unamenable to reason.



PROFESSOR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

The man of science sometimes considers that his knowledge is sure and concrete in a sense that is not applicable to religious knowledge, forgetting that his whole account of things is ultimately based upon a great act of faith in the uniformity of nature, and that in so far as his knowledge is confessedly merely intellectual, it is in that measure partial and incomplete. Thus of the autumn colouring of leaves or of a sunset a strictly physico-chemical explanation can be given, but to suppose that that account exhausts the significance of these phenomena is to maintain that in man (*i.e.*, in human experience) there is nothing but intellect.

If this point of view is correct then every discovery of science, as being a revelation of truth, must in that degree be a revelation of God Himself, and every chapter that is written of the history of how the world came to be is at the same time material for aiding in our understanding of certain of the attributes of the Divine character. There is nothing in the "natural history of creation" that does or can conflict with what we learn in any other revelation. It is increasingly a revelation of order and stability, and the fact of the sustained progress in type of the forms that have dominated the successive ages of life demands some purposive, directed movement through it all. The very intelligibility of the process is most naturally explained on the supposition that it has its origin and stay in something akin to mind. In this direction the fact of the insufficiency, beyond a certain range, of the physico-chemical explanations of life also seems to point. Towards this conclusion the teaching of physics itself seems to lead. At any rate, it leaves with us as its ultimates the Ether and Infinite Energy, although some of the most recent teaching would even dispense with the former. Materialism of the old type—indeed, of any type—has disappeared under the solvent influence of the electric theory of matter, and the remaining duality of Energy and Mind as we know it may ultimately be resolved in some fuller understanding of Mind as not merely directive and constructive, but actually creative, of Energy.

The conflict, however, between the supposedly scientific view of things and the religious conception of the world emerges particularly in connection with the word "miracle." The contrast is usually supposed to be between an ultra-mechanical view of things where all is determinate and calculable, and a view of matters in which God may do any kind of a thing at any time. The two views are held to be mutually inconsistent. As a matter of fact, neither represents the truth. The former may be Naturalism, but it does not correspond to any true account of

nature. By the uniformity of nature no more is meant than that under the same conditions the same results will follow. It is a generalisation based upon our very limited human experience. On the other hand, the whole essence of the conception of evolution creative and broadly progressive, implies that the same conditions not merely do not, but cannot, recur. There is a certain antinomy between the two statements, sufficient to show that any view of the world-process as a closed system is false, and that more truly it is essentially a spiritual process.

**A Spiritual World Process.**

In a progressive system, that which is can never be regulative, or afford a complete account, of that which may be. It is not common sense to urge an argument against miracle on the ground that in it we have something which is contrary to experience, and which is therefore inherently incredible. The whole history of the evolutionary process is a history of advances not so much contrary to, as transcending, any possible experience in the previous stages. This we may make clear to ourselves by imagining some Martian coming to our planet for visits sufficiently long to give him real terrestrial experience, and yet at sufficiently removed periods to let him realise the extraordinary range of evolution in our planet's history. Thus if he had insinuated himself into terrestrial conditions during the palæontological eras that were successively dominated by molluscs, fish, reptiles, mammals and man, he would in each of them have made acquaintance with much that was contrary to, or incompletely accounted for, in the terms of his previous experiences—much, in short, that was new, owing to the fact that he was in the midst of a creative process. But all this is just as we should expect so soon as we have satisfied ourselves that the world-process is ultimately spiritual.

**The Uniformity of Nature.**

Now, that really is the essential contention in all that is implied in the use of the word "miracle." There is no suggestion in it of a "breach of law," so to speak. If God is *exlex*, as the old Schoolmen phrased it—outside the order of laws under which we are living, and with which we are content—then we have no background for anything but chaos. We not merely have no miracles, but we have no universe, no cosmos. The uniformity of Nature is a mechanical conception based on a certain limited experience. The unity of Nature, which is a profounder truth, enables us to understand how she is capable both of being moulded to spiritual ends and of revealing in herself and in man—her most representative aspect—the character of her Ground. So that a miracle is any experience in which a man becomes directly aware in his own life of the actuality and activity of the living God. That is the core of the conception. That it is which makes Jesus Christ the supreme miracle. We read in the Old Testament story of how Moses turned out of his way to see a bush that burned with fire and was not consumed. It is difficult to know what Moses actually did see, difficult to suppose that if anybody else had been there he would have seen a bush burning and yet unconsumed. Perhaps as Moses wandered one day towards evening in the silence of that wilderness, pensive and brooding over the condition of his people, he may have raised his eyes from the ground so that they rested on some desert bush standing in the direct line of the setting sun, while above it were strikingly visible the waves of heated air rising from the overheated ground. That, however, is not the miracle nor anything in that realm of explanation. The whole essence of the miracle is that Moses during these moments went through some experience in which he became absolutely sure of God, and as the result of which the whole character and trend of his life were completely changed. That this is the essential, though not necessarily the whole, account of what is involved in miracle may be seen from such a passage as John xii. 28-31, "Jesus said . . . Father, glorify Thy name. There came, therefore, a voice out of heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again. The multitude therefore that stood by and heard it (R.V.) said that it had thundered: others said, An Angel hath spoken to him. Jesus answered and said, This voice hath not come for my sake, but for your sakes. Now is the judgment of the world." Without the awakened spiritual sensitivity the "miraculous" event may not even mean more than a natural phenomenon in time and space.

**A Scientific Understanding of Nature.**

Further, this attitude to the question of miracle furnishes us with the possibility of representing to ourselves why it is that miracles of some of the types recorded in Scripture do not occur to-day. For although in those earlier stages of human history there were always some souls with highly developed spiritual sensitivity, yet the evidence of Divine power was mainly apparent in the physical and concrete. At any rate, it was in that sphere that it was looked for. Spiritual appreciation even in our Lord's day was not in general so highly developed as to be capable of appreciating evidence for divinity along purely spiritual lines. Since those days we have been given the revelation of God in the scientific understanding of Nature, although some of us tend to forget the rule which Professor Rendel Harris tells us he first learnt from his "dear friend Frances Power Cobbe, that we must not cease to believe that God did anything because we have found out the way in which He did it." If to-day a man anywhere saw a bush burning and not consumed, it would not probably produce any moral effect on him, and it would be his bounden duty as a man living in the twentieth century to try and find out the cause of the phenomenon in terms of his knowledge of physics and chemistry. On the other hand, we are just beginning to appreciate the moral supremacy and significance of Jesus. We have little power to do so yet, as the scant moralisation of our business life tends to show. The personal realisation of Him not merely as pattern, but as present power is *the* miracle for every man who makes the discovery, and the more he knows himself, the greater "wonder" will it become to him. We have no faith in miracle that could carry our faith in Him; it is He that carries our faith in miracle.

Does not the fact that it is possible to predict that the next total solar eclipse visible from any part of the British Isles will take place on June 29, 1927, give us a new conception of "the Father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow that is cast by turning"? Does not the scientific proof that man is actually the outcome of the travail of a universe help to make it credible that there must be some possible association with him of a value exceeding the cost of his extraction? "Religion," said Sir E. Ray Lankester, in a Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science—quoting from Bishop Creighton—"means the knowledge of our destiny, and of the means of fulfilling it"; then added, "We can say no more and no less of Science. Men of Science seek, in all reverence, to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggles of human life, and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal."

## THEIR COUNTRY'S CALL AND GOD'S.

**An Easter Reflection.**

TREAD quietly where the soil disturbed and turned
Speaks of upheavals nature never wrought,
Where hills and vales with fire and frenzy burned
Expose the ruin war has madly wrought;
Speak softly, since beneath the sod
True heroes lie—at rest in God.

They were the offspring gentle mothers bore,
The sons whom fathers viewed with righteous pride,
Whom hope encompassed as it grateful saw
Sweet growing virtues in their heart abide;
Whose filial love was strong and great,
Yet much they spared the Parent State.

Alas! that many in life's early day
Left tasks unfinished which were well begun,
That vacant places on our every way
Make memory's chamber void of light and sun;
Since love so wholly fills the heart
'Tis human that the tears should start.

Yea! Let them fall, since they who won their fight
Could find no time to speed a last good-bye,
That all apart and hidden from our sight
Their bodies may we fear forgotten lie;
But for the brave who lasting grieves?
For tears ill mix with laurel leaves.

Great was the sacrifice they freely made!
They trod unmoved their Calvary's frowning steep,
And, kingly souls, gained crowns that never fade
And glorious fell, in Paradise to sleep;
Yet, though they suffered ere they won,
For them an Easter Day must come.

J. C.





*Our Short Story.*

# THE SNAKE ROOM.*

By F. A. ROBINSON, B.A.

THE hotels in the town on the "boundary" were crowded. For several days the men had been returning from the bush after the winter's cut, until over a thousand "lumber-jacks" from the various camps in the immediate vicinity had taken possession of the place. For most of these men the bar-room was the only social centre, and the arrival of each gang meant the recognition of old friends and the celebration thereof in a call for "drinks all round."

In a hallway adjoining a popular bar-room the missioner stood sadly watching the procession of hard toilers losing at the one time their winter's earnings and the control of their faculties. It seemed useless to plead with the men, either collectively or individually.

"It's the only way we've got to let off steam, boss—it's a fool way, you bet, but here goes." The speaker was a man of not over thirty years of age. With unsteady step he entered the bar-room again, and pushed his way to the double line that kept the bar-tenders perspiring as they sought to respond to the sometimes cursing demands for more rapid service.

Along the hallway were men in various stages of intoxication, and the missioner knew from past experiences that some of the men were only at the beginning of a debauch that would last for several days, perhaps weeks. Much had been done by the lumber companies to improve the conditions in camp and to brighten and turn to good account the long winter evenings. Then, in order to protect the earnings of the men at pay-time, arrangements were made to furnish immediate facilities for banking or for remitting home; yet everything proved ineffective in the case of some. The open bar, with its foolish and dangerous treating system, had led to what had become known around town as "the lumber-jacks' annual spring spree."

The cashier of one of the companies sauntered through the crowd, and the missioner entered into conversation with him, questioning him about the men thronging the bar-room. "Yes, Reverend, I know most of the boys; I make out pay-checks for over 200 of them, and in my time I've run across thousands, and most of them are splendid fellows if you can only keep the booze away from them. They look pretty well damaged just now, eh? And they'll be worse yet. When they get started you can't stop them till they're at the end of their tether. See that fellow lighting his cigar in Ern. Dean's pipe? Wait till he turns round a bit—there! now! his ear's half gone, see? He's some fighter, believe me! A year ago last month somebody got a few bottles of whisky into the camp on the q.t. We try to keep it out, but you might as well try to keep out mosquitoes in June. Well, sir, that night Bill got into a fight with a chap called Frenchy, and in about ten minutes Frenchy needed an identification label on him. Bill was clean plump crazy, and as Frenchy had been looking for a scrap for weeks, the boys let them have their innings for a while. Just before the boys prised them apart, the two of them took a deuce of a tumble to the bunk-house floor, and somehow Frenchy got his teeth on Bill's ear. We couldn't patch the thing together, so Bill had to foot it nearly thirty miles to the nearest town, and you see what the cross-bones had to do to trim off his receiving apparatus? Bill gets ninety dollars a month—I handed him a cheque for 450 last Saturday, and it would be safe to bet the whiskies he hasn't fifty dollars left right this minute. He doesn't know what he's done with it—quite likely a pile of it has been swiped when he was dead to the world. Between ourselves, Reverend, there's lots of dope served out right here, and when the boys come to, a good part of their boodle is gone. Just the other day Dick Booth was yelling blue murder around here, and Bertois came from the office and hooked his arm into Dick's, and said, 'Come on, Dick, and have one on me.' In less than five minutes there wasn't so much as a chirp from Dick, and he looked like the dickens for a few seconds, and then he slid down the wall to the floor, and Bertois and Sam carried him into the snake-room. You bet Bertois fixed Dick's drink all right. The trouble comes between season, when the boys are off a few weeks. They come into town to kill time, but it works the other way round."

Two days later the missioner was sitting writing at the hotel table when Bill, bleareyed, unshaven, and dirty, came staggering toward him. The voice was almost terrifying in its intensity of appeal. "For God's sake give me something to eat; I've had nothing but that stuff (pointing toward the bar-room) for three days."

Before anything more could be said, Bertois, the proprietor, hurried from behind his desk, and, grabbing Bill by the shoulder, uttered an oath, and dragged him to a door at the end of the hall. Unfastening the door with his latch-key, he gave Bill a vigorous shove, and the intoxicated man, stumbling over some object, fell heavily to the floor. Banging the door, Bertois turned to the basement stairway just around the corner, and in a sharp voice called "Sam." Sam immediately responded to the call.

"How in the —— did Bill Bird get out of there?"

"Didn't know 'e was out, sir," was the reply.

"Did you give anybody your key?"

"Hi did not, sir."

"Well, then, you must have left the door unlocked; mind you don't let any more of them d—— fools out."

As calmly as was possible the missioner protested against the treatment Bill received.

"What would you do with them? Would you want them around the house?" was the gruff reply. "Give them a bed? Not much! We don't keep beds for that brand. The only thing you can do is to kick 'em into the snake-room. You don't know anything about Bill's kind. He's seeing life; them fellows have been counting on this blow-out for months."

An hour or so later the missioner found Sam alone in the basement. The old man was worthy of a better job than the doing of the dirtiest and most objectionable work around a lumber-town hotel, but times had gone hard with him of late years, and his few relatives were on the other side of the Atlantic.

"No, sir, hit ain't the kind of place hi expected to be in at my hage, but beggars mustn't be choosers, you know, sir, and after hi cut me foot half off with a hax I ad to take wot I could get, especially as me rheumatiz bothered me a lot. Wot's the snake-room like, did you say? Hit just depends oo's in it. Hit's chuck full these days, I'm sorry to say, and it hain't a sight yer reverence would like to see. You want a peep hin, eh? Well, hi don't know as how you'd be allowed; the boss is rather perticlar about who sees 'is customers hin the snake-room. It hain't a very good hadvertisement, hin my opinion."

Nevertheless, San agreed, if the territory was clear, to show the missioner the snake-room. By way of apology, the old man explained that he had often told his boss that it was a shame to put men into such a place without any kind of bed, with no food, and frequently in decidedly cold weather, without any heat.

When the opportunity afforded itself, Sam and the missioner went quietly upstairs, and, unseen, entered the snake-room. Accustomed as he had been to see the effects of alcohol and evil living, the scene before the visitor was a fresh and terrible revelation of their destructive power.

The room was probably fifteen feet square. Its furnishings consisted of one table and two framed pictures—the latter being advertisements of "popular brands of whiskies," which were said to have "stood the test for nearly 100 years." Some results of the test were upon the floor.

In order to get inside, Sam had pushed hard against the door, crowding back the feet of the man nearest. There was scarcely more floor space than the two men needed to stand on. Curses, snores, and groans came from the filthy, stench-laden mass of men that covered the floor. Several boards in the wainscotting were spattered with human blood. One man with a recently-made gash across his forehead was lying on his side, and, with eyes closed, kept striking out with his fist, sometimes hitting the leg of an old man who seemed absolutely paralysed with liquor, and sometimes hitting the partition. Every blow was accompanied by profanity.

Partly under the table lay two camp cooks. One of them, Heinrich Lietzmann, was a most generous individual, and a great favourite with his fellow-workers. Because of his appearance, he was dubbed "Roly-Poly" Lietzmann. His broken English was very attractive, and nothing pleased the younger men better than to "get him going" on international politics. Judging from his terribly bruised face, he had either fallen heavily or been in a fight. Poor Heinrich made several attempts to raise himself to a sitting posture, each time falling back with a disturbing effect on the man nearest him, and receiving, therefore, their muttered curses, which he returned in full measure.

Along the table, on his back, lay Chris. Rogers. Nobody knew the history of Chris., although, because of a remarkable gift of speech which he manifested when excited by liquor, the report that he had once been a "Shyster lawyer" in a Western State was generally believed. He was far above the average lumber-jack in knowledge, but far below in vice. After the discovery of an unusually mean trick, Bill Bird had, in the opinion of the camp, fittingly described Chris. when he said, "That dirty rascal is so near mongrel dog that if he had a bit more hair on him he'd start running rabbits." Just why Chris. had been given charge of the camp stores was a mystery, but for nearly two years he

* From "Trail-Tales of Western Canada," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Marshall Brothers.

had held the position. He was a slender, wiry man, with a singularly repulsive face. His teeth were gone, and his long pointed moustache drooped alongside of the hard mouth that was continually stained with tobacco juice. His coat and vest were plastered with grease from careless eating, and his whole appearance suggested a dirty demon-possessed man.

Bill Bird, the fighter, had managed to get into a corner, and was sitting with arms on knees and drooping head—a picture of wretchedness. Once he managed to look up, and for a moment gazed in a dazed way at the missioner: "By God! I wish I was dead." Then there was a prolonged cry on the word "Oh," as of a man in great agony. A few of the stupefied men roused themselves enough to utter a curse in Bill's direction. Gazing once more at the missioner, Bill cried out: "Oh! oh! the devil's got me for sure."

Sam laid his hand on the missioner's arm. "We'd better slip out now, sir, or there might be trouble."

With a sigh and a heavy heart the missioner passed into the hall and up to the room he had been occupying for ten days. With a whispered cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" he fell on his knees at his bedside, and then in silence he pleaded with his God that at least Bill Bird might be released from the grip of the Evil One.

After the regular service that night a few Christian people met for prayer. The missioner confided in those present, and with sadness told of his visit with Sam to the snake-room. "What are we doing," he asked, "either as a church or as individuals, for these men? Has Satan any opposition from us as he enslaves our fellow-countrymen? Surely it is not a matter of indifference to us when these men are wrecking their own and other lives, in dens of vice that have been allowed to plant themselves in this town, and that can only thrive as manhood and womanhood are debased?

"Several lumber-men in this district say that in the past fifteen years there has been a steady deterioration in the men employed in the woods. After every pay-day, by their debauchery, seventy-five per cent. unfit themselves for the work to be done, and take from two to eight weeks to get back to normal condition. There is much that may and must be done along social lines if we are going to arrest these degrading influences, but in the meantime is it not possible for us as individuals to get into personal touch with some of these boys, and throw around them the protection of our Christian friendship and hospitality? Preaching is not the only means for advancing the Kingdom. So much may be done if Christian people will put themselves and their possessions at the service of humanity, and learn to love the lowest as well as the best of the race. Some of these lumber-jacks might go back to camp changed men if we gave God a fair chance to use us. Perhaps some of you business men or some of you ranchers could get alongside of at least one poor fellow from that snake-room, and live for his reclamation. There are many ways of keeping in touch with these men, even when they return to the bush, and, in this land of investments, you would find nothing yield such a dividend as the investment of your time in the attractive presentation of the love and power of Jesus Christ. Will you at least make the effort, and leave the results to your Master?" The words were spoken and the question asked with an earnestness that had been intensified by the heartrending appeal of the broken manhood that the speaker knew was represented by what he had looked upon in the snake-room.

In the prayerful atmosphere and the silence that followed the question one man said in his heart, "I will." That man was George Clarke.

George Clarke had a small ranch a short distance from the town. He was one of the most industrious men in the Province, but his industry had not resulted in the prosperity that most of his neighbours enjoyed. He had met with enough reverses to absolutely dishearten the average man, but he had borne them all bravely, keeping his disposition unsoured, and his character clean. His extreme reticence, however, often led strangers to misjudge him and to underestimate his worth. In public affairs he treated himself as though he had no right to anything but the most inferior position, and to have given expression to his own opinion before even a small audience would, in his own judgment, have resulted fatally. Once, under great pressure, he had consented to pass the collection plate at a church service, but after getting on his feet "everything was a blur." The boys at the rear vowed that he stumbled against every bench-end but one, and that by the time he was half-way down the aisle "he didn't know which side of the plate should be up." In replacing the plate on the organ, to the great surprise of the organist, he unceremoniously deposited most of the offering in her lap, and was too much overcome with embarrassment to assist her in replacing it. During the closing hymn he made his escape to a quiet spot in the bush, where he could wipe his profusely perspiring brow, and where he could solemnly promise himself not to be entrapped again. But despite his reticence, he was an exceptionally intelligent man, and when any individual could get George to express himself on questions of importance, it was not long before "this is what George Clarke thinks" was passed from mouth to mouth throughout the community. All through the years he had resided in the West he had been absolutely upright in his dealings and conduct, and though his reticence prevented him from taking an aggressive part in certain moral reforms that were advocated from time to time, yet there was never a shadow of a doubt as to which side he would be on. The cynical individual who stated that "every man has his price" was compelled to make an exception in the case of George Clarke.

And so it will not be deemed irreverent if we say that when George Clarke said in his heart "I will," God knew he could trust him.

Very thoughtfully George passed, with his wife, from the meeting out into the darkness. "I'm going to look for Bill Bird, Mary, and if I get him I'll bring him home—how would it do if you go on with the Frasers?" The suggestion was all that Mrs. Clarke needed, and her neighbours, without any questioning, cheerfully made room for her in their democrat.

George halted several times on his way to the hotel shed, where his horse and buggy had been left—he was wondering how best to carry out his resolve. That resolve was to do his utmost to help Bill Bird to a new life. Years ago in the East he had been on very friendly terms with the Bird family, and though he had once or twice tried to show Bill a kindness, yet he knew he had not measured up to his opportunities, and he felt condemned. Quietly he walked down the roadway to the rear of the Imperial Hotel. The shouts and oaths of the drinking and the drunken and the clatter of glassware reached his ears as he passed along. Was Bill still inside, and if so, how could he get hold of him? A side door opened, and George stepped back into the deep shadow of the building. Bertois, the proprietor, and some man whom George did not know came to the step and stood in the light for a moment. Then the door was pulled to, and the men stood silent, as if listening to assure themselves they were alone. Under ordinary circumstances George would have spoken to Bertois, but this night he deemed it wiser to remain unobserved. The men conversed in low tones at first, but after a while Bertois' words reached him:

"Don't play too swift a game for a start; give 'em plenty of bait; they'll keep on biting till we land 'em. We can easily clear five hundred from those three suckers if you watch yourself. Dick knows the drinks to dish out. Here's for luck! Come on."

Re-entering, they closed the door quietly, and George still waited, hoping that Sam would come out, and that the old man might be persuaded to get Bill Bird into the yard. Many times during the next fifteen minutes the door opened, and each time George Clarke got, in some form or other, information of the hell that was inside. The hour was late, yet he felt he must remain longer. Bill Bird was in his keeping, for, like those near the blind beggar of old, George had heard the call from the Great Physician, "Bring him hither to Me."

To face the crowd of men he knew would be inside the hotel was more than he felt equal to, and he knew that in all probability any attempt to get Bill out under such circumstances would fail.

Once more the side door opened—this time slowly and unsteadily. A man leaned against the jamb for a few seconds, as if needing support. Then someone from within slammed the door against him, and he slipped heavily down to the narrow platform. There was a curse and a drunken hiccough, and then the words the missioner had heard were uttered again, "By God, I wish I was dead."

George Clarke did not immediately recognise the voice, but he did immediately step near to his needy brother-man, and said, sympathetically, "What's the matter, mate?"

Taken by surprise, the man asked, "Who in the —— are you?"

George recognised the voice and the form, and said, "I'm George Clarke, and I'm your friend, Bill Bird." His hand was laid upon the shoulder of the sickened man, and, in a kindly voice, he persuaded him to accompany him to his home. "The place here is crowded, and we've got lots of room at our place, and can give you a comfortable bunk for the night. Come along, Bill, for old time's sake."

Linking his arm in Bill's, he led the staggering man to the drive-shed, and, after some difficulty and a few arguments, got him safely into his buggy, and not a soul in the place was the wiser.

Mrs. Clarke was a worthy helpmeet for George, and though her household cares were many, she grudged no extra labour that would please her husband and help a fellow being. And so everything necessary for the comfort of the fallen man had been done. A supper had been prepared, and the guest-room made ready. Bill ate as freely as his condition would allow, and then very willingly acted on the suggestion that he should "creep in." George gave the dirty, tired, whiskey-soaked man such assistance as he felt would be advisable. Once Bill raised his heavy eyelids, and appeared to be trying to understand the "why" of things. "This is no place for me, George Clarke—by God, no!" The body wobbled wearily, and Bill could think and talk no more. And so, with most of his clothes on, filthy from his stay in the snake-room, Bill Bird was placed in the best bed in the best room of one of the truest homes with which the district was blessed.

Before retiring himself, George Clarke went to a wicker basket in the parlour, and

(*Concluded on page 283.*)

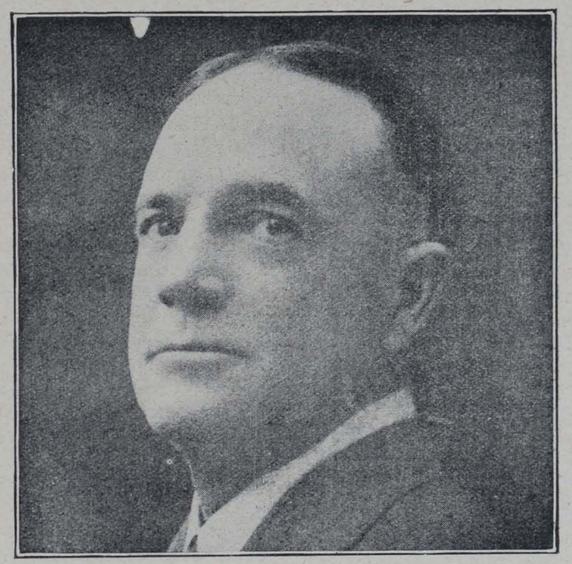


# AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR EVANGELIST.

*The Attractive Personality and Wonderful Preaching Power of "Billy" Sunday, Once a Famous Baseball Player.*

ONE of America's problems at present is the placing of Billy Sunday. Billy is a converted baseball expert who has become an evangelist. He is breaking all records in his work. We have before us a dozen articles from American papers dealing with the man, his manners, his matter, his methods, and his achievements. The reading of them leaves us perplexed but interested.

Here is one by Dr. Walter Calley, who tells us that "some phases of Mr. Sunday's work as reported in the newspapers had filled me with mingled feelings of disgust and sorrow. His slang, his profanity, his vituperation, his assumed knowledge as to who is in hell and who is not, his denunciation of the ministers who are co-operating with him and who make it possible for him to hold his meetings, and his clownish antics in the pulpit did not seem to be accrediting marks of a divinely appointed messenger of Christ. The fact that great crowds hung upon his words, that many Christians followed him and thousands rushed forward at his invitation, putting their hands in his, promising to lead Christian lives, and that his meetings created great interest and excitement, were not convincing of his Divine mission or proof of spiritual power. In all ages there have been those who, because of unusual personal powers, have been able to sway great multitudes and win them, temporarily, at least, to the cause which they have espoused.



Onec a famous baseball player, "Billy" Sunday has been a preacher of the Gospel ever since his conversion. He attracts tremendous crowds by the earnestness of his appeal, and it is said that 100,000 people professed conversion during his recent seven weeks' mission in Philadelphia.

### Two Sides to the Picture.

Turn a page of the magazine, and we get this same Doctor of Divinity's final impressions:—"I went away from those meetings with an inspiration to be a better man—more human, more genuine, to radiate more sunshine, to be more in earnest. If Sunday made that impression on the other thousands, and I believe he did, and if he brought other thousands face to face with their frivolity, formality, pride, and rebellion against God, and turned their hearts toward Christ, surely his coming to Philadelphia was for good and not for evil. Now and then we need a blowing up, a dynamiting, a cyclonic blast, a spiritual whirlwind. That seems to be 'Billy' Sunday's mission When a man is given that job we can hardly expect him to come attired in a dress suit, white kid gloves, and with the voice of a cooing dove."

Speaking of his pulpit methods, Sunday reminds one of Moody in the close attention he gives to what Dr. Broadus used to call the "physical adjuncts" of a religious service. He has had his architect construct a huge sounding-board over the pulpit, for bettering the acoustical effects of the building. He watches the ventilation, and does not hesitate to give sharp public reproofs to the ushers for "not using their noodles" in controlling temperatures and draughts. In this he reminds us of Spurgeon's directions to his deacons, in the middle of a sermon: "Open the windows, and let the Holy Ghost come in." If a child cries, quickly comes the speech: "Don't bring the babies in here. You ought to know better than that! Take them to the nursery; it will not cost you a cent over there." The rule is rigid which compels every woman to remove her hat. Nervous and quick-tempered, he takes notice of the ladies' fans: "If some of you women take off your coats, you would not get so hot—sitting there fanning!" Whether choir members are devoutly inclined or not, their decorum is perfect; they are afraid of Billy! Sympathetic and approving "amens" are to him interruptions. When a brother had shouted out a "hallelujah!" Billy paused to give admonition: "Do not get your sparker so near to your gasoline." He is absolutely a "master of assemblies" in securing the quiet and good order necessary for being heard to the best advantage.

Bishop Robert Livingstone Rudolph, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, says he went to hear Mr. Sunday, expecting to be shocked and startled.

"I was both startled and shocked, but I also felt that I had heard a great preacher, and that I had heard the Gospel preached in the old-fashioned way—in a way that convinced me this man was delivering to audiences larger than anyone else could gather the 'faith once delivered to the saints.' This is the Gospel that should be preached—the only Gospel, the Gospel of Jesus Christ—which we are pledged to preach. I think Sunday is doing a great work."

Mr. A. J Drexel Biddle, the well-known millionaire Christian worker, says:—"Mr. Sunday is helping us greatly. Our best people are with him and for him. We are going to help this great, good man who comes to us as a messenger from God. Our sixty thousand Bible-class members are for him, and all here are helping."

A janitor at one of the great halls says that only three men can draw such crowds on the American continent—"Billy Sunday, Billy Bryan, and Teddy Roosevelt." Compare these notes, and then imagine what impression this phenomenon will make when he appears in the British pulpit. He is almost sure to feel he must come here.

"Twenty-eight years ago," says the famous evangelist, describing how the great change came over his life, "I walked down a street in Chicago in company with some ball players who were famous in this world—some of them are dead now—and we went into a saloon. It was Sunday afternoon, and we got tanked up, and then went and sat down on a corner. I never go by that street without thanking God for saving me. It was a vacant lot at that time. We sat down on a kerbing. Across the street a company of men and women were playing on instruments — horns, flutes, and slide trombones—and the others were singing the Gospel hymns that I used to hear my mother sing back in the log cabin in Iowa, and back in the old church where I used to go to Sunday-school.

"And God painted on the canvas of my recollection and memory a vivid picture of the scenes of other days and other faces.

"Many have long since turned to dust. I sobbed and sobbed, and a young man stepped out and said:—

"'We are going down to the Pacific Garden mission; won't you come down to the mission? I am sure you will enjoy it. You can hear drunkards tell how they have been saved, and girls tell how they have been saved from the red light district.'

"I arose and said to the boys:—

"'I'm through. I am going to Jesus Christ. We've come to the parting of the ways,' and I turned my back on them. Some of them laughed and some of them mocked me; one of them gave me encouragement, others never said a word.

"Twenty-eight years ago I turned and left that little group on the corner of State and Madison streets, and walked to the little mission, and fell on my knees and staggered out of sin and into the arms of the Saviour.

"I went over to the West Side of Chicago, where I was keeping company with a girl, now my wife, Nell. I married Nell. She was a Presbyterian, so am I a Presbyterian. If she had been a Catholic I would have been a Catholic—because I was hot on the trail of Nell.

### After His Conversion.

"The next day I had to go out to the ball park and practise. Every morning at 10 o'clock we had to be out there and practise. I never slept that night. I was afraid of the horse-laugh that gang would give me because I had taken my stand for Jesus Christ.

"I walked down to the old ball ground. I will never forget it. I slipped my key into the wicket gate, and the first man to meet me after I got inside was Mike Kelly.

"Up came Mike Kelly; he said: 'Bill, I'm proud of you. Religion is not my long suit, but I'll help you all I can. Up came Anson, the best ball player that ever played the game; Pfeffer, Clarkson, Flint, Jimmy McCormick, Burns, Williamson, and Dalrymple. There wasn't a fellow in the gang who knocked; every fellow had a word of encouragement for me."

## SAVED THROUGH A HYMN.

Speaking on the efficiency of prayer not long ago, at a mission meeting, Archdeacon Madden, of Liverpool, said he was told a strange story by one of the officers of the *Mauretania*. One night the ship was speeding across the Atlantic, when the man on the bridge said he heard the sound of singing on the waters. The officer was so amazed that he stopped the engines, and called the captain.

The singing, in a woman's voice, of the words "Jesu, lover of my soul," was heard faintly over the moonlit waters, and though they were unable to see anything from the ship, a boat was lowered and the sailors rowed in the direction of the voice. They found a woman with a little child in her arms tied to a raft. She had been singing the hymn in prayer, feeling that there was no hope of their being saved. The mother and child were taken on board.

*12.—Did Jesus Justify Begging?*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

AS next week is our special Campaign Week, I want to have a word or two with my readers on the subject.

Our paper has been steadily increasing in influence since its first appearance in January last, and there seems to be a very fine future for it. A distinguished author wrote to me a few days ago: "I think *Y.M.* is doing immense, and I am glad to find that it is growing in popularity. Your numbers are on a rising scale of excellence. This week's is the best of all. It is really a first-class paper." From the first we have secured the aid of the best writers of the day, who have felt it a privilege to write for the official weekly paper of the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s. But next week's number is to crown all those that have gone before, and I desire to evoke the warmest enthusiasm of my readers.

* * *

IN the first place, Marie Corelli, the most widely-read novelist of the day, whose romances have secured for her an undying place in English literature, has written for us a short story, entitled "The First Shot." It is a remarkable story, and I do not recall having read anything quite like it before. Miss Corelli's sympathies are so keenly with our brave lads at this present time that her story has a certain tenderness about it which is most appealing. Already we have been privileged to publish her fine poem "For Belgium," which gave the greatest pleasure to the men in camp. Then Sir Harry H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., the eminent explorer and scientist, has written a fascinating article on "The Future of Africa After the War," which will make an irresistible appeal to all thoughtful fellows. Side by side with that article I must mention a striking paper by Mr. Stephen Graham, the greatest Russian authority of our times, on "Fighting for Ideals in Russia." These celebrated authors have written specially for *Y.M.*, and next week's issue should create a record.

* * *

IN addition to the contents of the paper, there are the valuable prizes of watches, particulars of which will be found on another page. With these encouragements, there is every reason to believe that Campaign Week will be an immediate success. It must not be thought, however, that future numbers will deteriorate in value and interest. Already we have a splendid programme for the coming days, and our contributors will include Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, Professor James Stalker, Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Canon J. H. B. Masterman, Mr. Malcolm Spencer, Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., and others. In view, therefore, of these things, I ask my readers to take a share in making our paper more widely known, so that it may become *the* young men's paper of this generation.

* * *

THANK you kindly, **C. A. B.**, for your letter. I wish I had space to print it in full. I, too, have listened to preachers expatiating on faith in the manner you describe, but somehow poor, weary people seem to miss their way altogether with some of the great words of our creed. By the way, do you know that the New Testament seems baffled adequately to explain the nature of faith? You will search in vain for any definition. The only passage approaching a definition is in Hebrews xi. 1, but that is more a description than a definition. There is, however, a wonderful passage in the Apocrypha which says that faith is the "beginning of cleaving unto Him." Most of us have proved the truth of the definition. And, as you tell me, the woman who found no comfort in elaborate theories found rest when she commenced to cleave unto God.

* * *

I HAVE been asked a curious question by **J. D.** (Bristol). He says: "Are you aware that Christ justifies begging (Matthew v. 42), and yet Christians, the same as other people, make begging a crime. Is Christ right or are the Christians wrong?" J. D.'s logic is not quite so valid as it looks. The passage he quotes reads: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." It is rather difficult to see that Christ justifies begging in such a passage. As a matter of fact, the passage turns on the question of *giving*, rather than on the business of begging. Christ is emphasising the moral obligation of His followers in a world where things must be taken as they are; and the fact that He accepts the begging spirit as a thing that existed is not to say that He approved of it or justified it. He found a system of kingship in Rome; but that is not to say that He approved or disapproved of the same, else were all Republics more or less in the moral melting pot. He accepted things as He found them, and regulated the conduct of His followers accordingly.

* * *

JESUS, in the wonderful Sermon on the Mount, was showing the spiritual interpretation of the Law. He demonstrated that although law was a wonderful thing, grace was something freer and finer. Thus, while it might be perfectly just to refuse to help one in need who ventured to beg, in His judgment it is not gracious. We are to be more than just; we are to be generous. That is the whole difference between living under law and being under grace. Christ justified the generous heart and the open hand, and I believe that a literal obedience to His words brings its own reward. If we were all a little more generous, and cared a little more for the needs of others, I am confident that a great enrichment would come into our lives.

* * *

NOW, I am not sure that Christians regard begging as a crime, although from a legal point of view it may stand open to that objection. I think, on the whole, that Christian people are the kindest people in the world, and give more to begging appeals than any other section of the community; although even among godless people there is far more kindness to those who beg than J. D. would believe. The milk of human kindness still flows in our land of promise. But surely my correspondent is not hunting for a text to justify begging! Most of us are under obligation to someone or other, and, like St. Paul, we are compelled to say, "I am debtor"; but begging is the limit of independence. If a man will not work neither shall he eat, and to beg he should be ashamed. But if he does beg, he may be thankful that his Saviour uttered kindly words concerning him, and urged His followers to give freely to those who were in need. I am firmly of the opinion that a shilling a man has earned is a great deal sweeter than a sovereign he has begged. But there, opinions differ!

* * *

I SHALL be glad to hear how my readers like next week's issue, and their letters, which are always welcomed, should be addressed to Julius Just, 13, Russell-square, W.C. And, whatever happens, don't forget April 9!




**W. H. CULLEN,**

**32-38, Earl Street, Finsbury, E.C.**

***Wholesale Grocer and Provision Merchant.***

Canteen Supplies of all kinds despatched at shortest notice to any part of the country.

***WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.***

**FOR ROUTE MARCHES.**

**Fry's**

**SUPERIOR**

**Chocolates**

ON SALE AT THE

**Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.**

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

**COCE is IT.**

For Camp Life . . . Coffee Extract is **GOOD.**
With Quality Coffee Extract is . . . . . **BETTER.**
With Quality and Cheapness Coffee Extract is . . . . **BEST.**

**Clark's Optimus Coffee Extracts**
are the **BEST** and **CHEAPEST.**
**In Quarts, &c., &c.**

"To give strength to the men during the march, when the usual food cannot be taken, **Coffee** is better than spirits."—Sir Lauder Brunton's quotation from report on Ashanti campaign, *The Evening News, Mar. 5.*

**Write for Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. supplies.**

C.O.C.E., Ltd., 17, Ingate Place, BATTERSEA, S.W.

**"I rely upon CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH"**

It makes the boots comfortable, waterproof and serviceable, preserves the leather and prevents cracking. Tins 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. (Brown or Black). Outfit 6d. Of all dealers.

You should rub **Cherry Yellow Dubbin** upon the feet, as well as upon the boots. It allays irritation, soothes, and prevents chafing and blistering.




**CHERRY DUBBIN**
**(Black or Yellow)**
is sold at Canteens, Stores, etc., in 1d., 2d., 3d. and 6d. tins, etc., or a penny trial tin will be sent, on receipt of a penny stamp, by
CHISWICK POLISH CO., Ltd., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

**KHARKENE** for cleaning and renovating Khaki equipment. Of all dealers in 1d. and 1½d. blocks.

# ASPECTS GRAVE AND GAY OF THE GREAT WAR AS DEPICTED BY THE CAMERA ON THE FIELD OF ACTION AND THE TRAINING GROUND.



The Gordon Highlanders marching over their snow-clad native heath ere they leave for the front to replace their fallen comrades.



The havoc wrought by Zeppelin bombs in the Place Corneille at Levallons. Fortunately no lives were lost.



The R.F.A. at Salisbury are being taught to ride on mules, which become so docile that they allow their riders to take all manner of liberties.



When the day's work is over, and the British soldier seeks the shelter of his hut, the mouth organ comes out, and the night is made sweet with music. Many a pleasant hour is spent in the way indicated in the illustration.



High up in the loft of a wrecked farm near the fighting line on the Continent, this lonely scout is keeping a sharp look-out for the enemy, peering, with the aid of his glasses, through the tangled ruins with which he is surrounded.

BY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

To H.M. King George V. To H.M. Queen Alexandra.

148 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS.

**Jeyes' Disinfectants**

FLUID——POWDER——SOAP.

**Jeyes' Fluid**

Best and Safest for all Purposes.

**Jeysol**

Identical in composition with Lysol, of absolutely equal efficiency, and making a clear solution.

Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection sent free on application to:—

Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., 64, Cannon St., London, E.C.

**W·H·SMITH & SON**

desire to bring to the notice of

**CAMP COMMANDANTS**

the many useful commodities suitable for sale to soldiers in camp throughout the country.

Commandants who have not yet taken up the sale of these W.H.S. commodities are invited to write. W. H. Smith & Son are specialising in a wide range of goods for camp use, and have supplied these goods to

**OVER 40 CAMPS**

Write

**W·H·SMITH & SON**

Manufacturing Stationers

KEAN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C

Head Office: 186 Strand, W.C.

**CAMP LEADERS**

should note that

**SUN COFFEE**

is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

QUALITY RIGHT. —— PRICE RIGHT.

*Write for terms to*

ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,

19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1812.




**CATERERS' UTENSILS**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE.

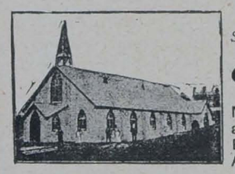
**SUMERLING & Co., Ltd.**

143 to 147, Old Street, & 63, Bunhill Row,

——LONDON, E.C.

**IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



*Plans & Specifications free on application.*
*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*

**CHURCHES & CHAPELS**

A SPECIALITY.

Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

**W. J. CEARNS,** —SUCCESSOR TO— F. SMITH & CO.,

CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,

Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.

**IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.**



# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

WHEN these lines appear Mr. A. K. Yapp, the general secretary of the English Council, will be visiting the Y.M.C.A. centres in Northern France. His absence from headquarters gives the opportunity for an acknowledgment of the great debt under which he has placed the whole movement by his leadership since the outbreak of war. For twenty-five years his life has been consecrated to the service of Jesus Christ, and he found a unique sphere for his gifts in the Y.M.C.A. He came to the National Council in the fulness of his powers three years ago, and his initiative, energy, and personality gave him a very strong position at the very heart of the work. He had gone to the East Coast for a much-needed rest, and had been there, perhaps, two days when war broke out. He returned to London, summoned a conference of his colleagues, called an emergency meeting of the National Executive, outlined and launched a programme, of which the wonderful work now being accomplished throughout the Empire is the fruit. Since then he has toiled terribly. Y.M.C.A. workers everywhere have proved their mettle, and have worked hard, gladly enduring immense strain. We believe he has "laboured more abundantly than you all." Seven days a week, and eighteen hours a day, he has given himself with selfless devotion. His vigour, his optimism, his high spirits have been an inspiration to all. We trust his visit to France may be a slight relief from this pressure, though we know it will be crowded with activities. His fellow-workers at headquarters and throughout the country have noted with deep thankfu'ness his preserved health. This is not an estimate of his work, but merely a passing acknowledgment of a great achievement splendidly realised.

***

THE Bishop of London will be a welcome visitor to the fighting line in Northern France during the next few weeks. Few men are so loved. His manliness, winsome Christian character and common-sense break down all barriers, and few men could have more influence for good than he is likely to exert. Canon Scott Holland is undertaking a short tour of Y.M.C.A. huts. His visit, too, will be eagerly welcomed. He will speak to the men in a way that will certainly make a great impression.

***

MR. FRED J. FEDARB, who is acting as a special officer of the National Council in the Salisbury Plain and Western Divisional Area, has felt constrained to resign his position as general secretary at Bristol. It is nine years since Mr. Fedarb accepted the secretaryship, and his period of office has seen the steady development of the work in all departments. The religious work has been markedly successful. The Brotherhood, which is attended each week by many hundreds of men, is a centre of great influence. Mr. Fedarb leaves the local work in the hands of a strong committee of representative townsmen, who have just completed arrangements for incorporation of the Association, which has substantial assets to deal with and a policy for the future calculated to carry it into the front-rank position it should occupy in such an important centre of West-country life as Bristol.

***

IT is with the deepest regret that we announce the resignation of Mr. S. K. Morley from his position as assistant secretary of the National Council of England, Wales and Ireland. During the last four years Mr. Morley has rendered distinguished service to the movement in difficult and important tasks. He succeeded Mr. Frank Howe in the editorship of the *British Empire Y.M.C.A. Review*, and under his guidance it increased in influence and circulation rapidly. Later he undertook the organisation of a series of campaigns for funds for local Association and divisional organisations. Many difficult problems that had persisted for years were solved as a result of these efforts. On the outbreak of war Mr. Morley was attached to the Finance Department, and the work of securing funds for the Association's war service has been carried out with great efficiency. He has given himself to his task with untiring zeal and wholehearted devotion. His very large circle of friends in the national work will greatly regret the severance of the official relationship with the Council, and their prayers and warmest good wishes will follow him when he enters on his new position as general secretary of the Bristol Association.

***

MR. MORLEY will take up his new position at a most interesting juncture in the history of the Bristol Central Association. The local directorate is committed to a scheme for a fine new building on a prominent central site. Eighteen thousand pounds have already been raised by a campaign, but a much larger sum will be necessary if Association work is to be housed suitably. Few Associations have a more worthy history, and the local workers have been slow to broaden out in the methods of their work. The new building scheme, however, is a comprehensive one, and when it materialises the four-sided work of a modern Y.M.C.A. will be thoroughly provided for. Mr. Morley has had a remarkable experience for a man still a good way on the sunny side of forty, and he will bring to his work both wide experience and the energy and enthusiasm of youth.

***

MR. ARTHUR JOHNSTON RYLE, the youngest son of the late Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, and a brother of the Dean of Westminster, went down to Felixstowe recently to assist our workers. He had decided to help in this service until the end of the war. Within a fortnight Mr. Ryle had made many new friends. He spent hours daily in the Y.M.C.A. centres, taking his share of all the work and cultivating friendship with the men. Unfortunately, he was stricken with apoplexy, and died after only two days' illness. Mr. Ryle was an artist of considerable attainments and a great golfer, being captain of the Royal Golf Club of Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire.

***

THE forty-first anniversary of the Ipswich Association was celebrated by the annual public meeting held during the week. His many friends will be sorry to know that Mr. Alfred Lambert, who has done a wonderful work as secretary during the last twenty-eight years, is feeling the burden of his task, and needs a colleague competent to share the strain. Mr. A. K. Yapp, at that meeting, said he knew no more interesting shrine than Mr. Lambert's office, where the walls were covered with photographs of old boys who had passed through the Association. General de Winton was present, and spoke in heartiest terms of the Y.M.C.A.'s service to his men in canvas camps, in billets, and in hutments.

***

THE popularity of the Y.M.C.A. is even being exploited by manufacturers. During the past few days we have received letters of protest regarding the alleged testimonial to the value of a well-known brand of medicated wine by a Y.M.C.A. secretary. Inquiries at the office of the firm have so far failed to admit us the identity of the secretary concerned. It is much to be hoped that officials of the Association will exercise the greatest possible care in giving their name, and much more care in using the influence of their official position, to advertise medicine or wine, however valuable these may be.

### GOD'S CHARIOTS.

I knew a lady at a crowded convention who was put to sleep in a room with two others on account of the crowd. She wanted to sleep, but they wanted to talk; and the first night she was greatly disturbed, and lay there fretting and fuming long after the others had hushed, and she might have slept. But the next day she heard something about God's chariots, and at night she accepted these talking friends as her chariots to carry her over into sweetness and patience, and was kept in undisturbed calm.

When, however, it grew very late, and she knew they all ought to be sleeping, she ventured to say, slyly, "Friends, I am lying here riding in a chariot!" The effect was instantaneous, and perfect quiet reigned! Her chariot had carried her over into victory, not only inwardly, but at last outwardly as well. —From Hannah W. Smith, in "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life."

Four novelists have made repeated visits to the camps with a view to introducing accurate "local colour" in forthcoming stories. They have found ample material in the personal experiences of the men with whom they talked during their visits. As Mr. Edmund Gosse pointed out, there will be a marked effect on literature produced by the war, and we may expect some striking novels with plots suggested by the national rally to arms.

*The Great Event is "Y.M." Campaign Week. See Page 280.*

# "Y.M." CAMPAIGN WEEK.

*All About the Great Forward Movement which Begins Next Friday, April 9, and in Connection with which Fifty Valuable Watches are Offered.*

THE announcement in these columns last week with reference to *Y.M.* Campaign Week has aroused a great deal of interest, both in the camps and in the Associations, and already there are signs that all our friends intend doing their best to make the forward movement a real success. As already stated, the object of the campaign is to widen the circulation and influence of the paper, which in less than three months has firmly established itself in hearts and homes all over the country. But while much has been accomplished, a great deal more requires to be done, and it is with the view of still further extending the scope of the paper that the Campaign Week has been planned.

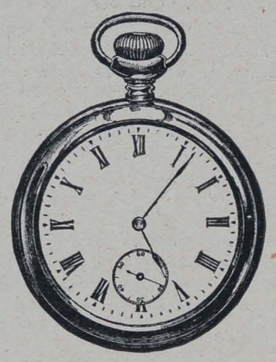
Campaign Week will begin on April 9 and continue till the 15th, which gives a complete week for canvassng and pushing purposes. To each of the fifty most successful helpers a splendid watch will be presented, as a mark of appreciation and as a slight recognition of the special effort made on behalf of the paper.

The issue of April 9—which is next week's issue and is the issue to which we ask our friends to devote their campaign energies—will be special in more ways than one. In the first place, it will contain a striking and characteristic short story, "The First Shot," from the pen of the famous novelist, Miss Marie Corelli. Secondly, to that number Sir Harry H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., is contributing a specially-written article on "The Future of Africa After the War," while, in the third place, we shall publish in the same issue a thoughtful and suggestive article, by Mr. Stephen Graham, on "Fighting for Ideals in Russia." In addition, the paper will be splendidly illustrated, and all the usual features, which are prized so highly, will be represented, and in some cases considerably extended.

Thus, from the standpoint of its literary contents, next week's *Y.M.* will be one of the best which we have yet produced. It will be a number which every official of the Association, every camp leader and worker, and every member will be able to push with confidence, knowing that, as a literary and pictorial production, it will be without a rival. It will be an issue interesting and instructive in itself, and one which will bring the Association and its work for the Empire before the notice of a much wider circle than usual. Because of the immense possibilities bound up in such a campaign, we invite all camp leaders and Association secretaries to put into it the enthusiasm and energy necessary to make it a brilliant success. They can prepare the way for the campaign proper by making preliminary announcements regarding it from the platform and in other ways, and by securing the co-operation of their helpers they can introduce the paper to individuals and centres hitherto untouched.

During the coming week, then, very careful and methodical preparations should be made, so that the campaign may begin in earnest on April 9. In each camp the leader should set apart for the special purposes of the campaign one or more workers to bring *Y.M.* before the notice of the men frequenting the huts, and to induce them to become regular purchasers, and the same method should be followed in every Association throughout the country. This special effort should be maintained right through Campaign Week, and we are sure that it will yield grand results if it is prosecuted with vigour and enthusiasm. Let all the workers realise that in advertising *Y.M.* they are helping the movement with which they are identified, and they will go to work with a determination that is sure to bring success.

To encourage our helpers, fifty splendid



The "Y.M." Watch.

watches, beautiful to look upon and excellent timekeepers, are offered to the workers in camp or Association who show the best returns. But no watch will be awarded unless at least a hundred copies of the issue of April 9 have been disposed of. This means that the fifty workers whose sales are highest over the hundred mark will receive the awards. An annual subscription of 6s. 6d. will count as fifty-two sales, which should encourage our friends to secure as many annual subscribers as they can in order to swell their total. The returns must be made to the Editor, *Y.M.*, 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., not later than April 20, by the camp leader or Association secretary. Where the return is made by a worker other than a leader or secretary it should bear the endorsement of the leader or secretary.

These watches, it may be explained, are sound and reliable timekeepers, of the best quality throughout, and beautifully finished. They are ideal gifts, and the winners will, we are sure, be more than delighted with them. They are well worth obtaining, and as we are offering no fewer than fifty of them, there is a splendid chance offered to those who like to go to work with a will.

We should like to impress upon all Association secretaries, camp leaders, and other helpers that orders for next week's *Y.M.* should be sent in at once to the *Y.M.* Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. There is sure to be a huge demand for this number, and, to prevent disappointment, orders should be sent off immediately. A good start means a lot. In every camp and Association throughout the country the campaign should begin early on Friday morning, April 9, and in order to make this possible the paper must be ordered well in advance.

If the campaign is entered upon in real earnest it will mean much to the Association in general and to *Y.M.* in particular. The movement is one in which all can join, and we hope to be able to announce in a later issue that from every standpoint it has been a brilliant success.

*"Y.M." Campaign Week will be a busy time in Camp and Association. Begin to work for your Watch NOW.*

## A WELSH SALUTE.

**The Striking Testimony of a Soldier to the Charm of the Y.M.C.A.**

THE following letter has appeared in the *South Wales Daily News*:—

SIR,—If you will allow me I should like to pay a tribute on behalf of my comrades-in-arms to one silent, unostentatious power which is working with splendid effect during this terrific struggle to the one great end. I refer to the Y.M.C.A. At every home station, at every base in France, stands a building or tent bearing the inscription "Y.M.C.A. Troops Only." And the work done by them? Gratuitous—no thanks required or expected. But I venture to say that one-half of the British Army's families, relations, and friends who receive letters from those who are "doing their bit" may thank the Y.M.C.A. for having provided paper, pens, ink, and every facility for posting. Almost nightly we get a concert or an entertainment; occasionally professionals are engaged. During my temporary residence in England from the front I have not experienced one single dull evening, thanks to the Y.M.C.A. They do not, either, push religion down our throats. As I heard a gentleman say last week—a gentleman who accompanied Mr. Lloyd George to France on his last visit:—"We don't want you men to talk religion · we want you to live it." My masters, believe me, as one who has been in the battle of Ypres, and is not afraid to speak his mind, the greatest centre of religion at this present moment is the firing line. When men have nothing but suspense between their Maker and themselves they become intensely thoughtful. We don't want Testaments at present; we don't want "Good Thoughts" or tracts. We are as deeply and genuinely religious—I refer to returned Expeditionary men—as those people who carry large Bibles. I was in a crowded railway carriage last Saturday standing in Cardiff Station. Suddenly I heard a lady's voice say, "The soldier in the corner,' please," and a small booklet was passed on to me by the occupants of my side. A tract for the good of my soul! I don't know why and how these well-meaning people became possessed of the fact that I had joined the Philistines, but there it was—a tract for me to read and duly improve myself. I was glad to detrain at Bristol. The position was rendered peculiar for me by that lady's good offices But the Y.M.C.A. do not do that sort of thing. They work quietly and laboriously for the good of the Army, and all honour to them for their splendid efforts. The Army will not forget them after the glorious day has come and gone. I should like to place on record that during my fifteen years' service in England, Africa, India, and Belgium I have never seen any outside institution working for the Army attain such a pitch of perfection or do such good work. Gentlemen of the Y.M.C.A., we salute you!—I am, &c., C. E. WELCH.
Welsh Regiment, March 15.





Led by Piper Findlater, V.C., the hero of Dargai, the Gordon Highlanders are here seen leaving the Y.M.C.A. hut on Perham Down, after church parade, while the second picture shows a group of soldiers outside the Y.M.C.A. hut at Tollgate, Dovercourt.

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

A Manchester Grammar School "Old Boy," who is in charge of one of the Y.M.C.A. huts in France, writes:—"I have just lunched at headquarters, having been down to the camp leaders' weekly meeting. Yesterday I walked and trammed down here with some 2,500 francs on my person, three days' takings over the counter. My work is extraordinarily varied—painting up large and conspicuous notices, to be read from one end of the hut to the other; controlling all the ordering of stores and finances; making daily returns and taking weekly stock; leading hymns on my fiddle; answering questions asked me every minute by my staff, by officers, by French carters bringing up supplies, and by soldiers; not to mention standing on the counter during a big rush, and shrieking out to the men that if they will not keep better order we shall close down and stop serving altogether. The amount of stuff we get through is amazing. One day I myself cut up 60 seven-pound cakes into penny slices—36 slices to a cake, *i.e.*, 2,160 slices—and we sold them all. We have in stock about a million cigarettes—that is, in our hut alone."

***

A minister working in our huts says:—"By the way, we had two Bolton men in to-day, one with a shrapnel wound in the head, the other bad feet. They gave a thrilling account of it all, and some day will tell their own tale. Several drafts have just gone to-night, after a concert and tea in the tent. They sang a hymn as they went out, perhaps to certain death. One never hears of scoffers or sceptics here; the Rationalist is awed by the presence of stupendous issues. Our religious services, like our concerts, are crowded, and the Y.M.C.A. is being born again at home because of its needed and appreciated work amongst the very flower of the manhood of the Homeland now on these shores. Kind regards and many thanks for your glorious work on behalf of the Y.M.C.A."

***

Permission has been granted for a Boys' Brigade recreation hut to be established in France for the benefit of the troops generally, and of Old Brigade boys in particular. It will be a gift from the officers and boys, and a B.B. atmosphere will be given to it which will recall old days and happy associations. The staff will consist of past and present officers, and the hut will be worked in co-operation with the Y.M.C.A. The cost of one hut will be £500, and, if funds permit, a second will be provided.

***

A member of the Quebec Y.M.C.A., finding the body of a Manchester sailor after the wreck of the "Empress of Ireland" took the trouble to forward a number of documents found on the body to the man's mother, Mrs. Catherine Shone, of Ash-street, Oldham-road.

The result of this kindly action was that the mother was able to establish the identity of her son and to satisfy the owners of the steamship of her dependency on him.

At the Manchester County Court the other day the mother and a half-sister were awarded £175 by consent, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company having agreed to pay that amount as compensation for the loss sustained. It was stated that the sailor's pay was £5 10s. per month.

***

Rev. Michael Adler, B.A., was at Russell-square this week, and one of the most interesting things he told us was that two Church of England chaplains had promised to read the Jewish burial service in Hebrew in the event of their being called on to preside at the funerals of Jews.

***

The Association's work finds an apt description in the *Baptist Times and Freeman* as "the happy art of showing kindness."

***

The Y.M.C.A. has opened the Concert Hall at Maidstone as a centre for troops.



The Alnwick Y.M.C.A. hut in a snowstorm.

The soldiers billeted at Hastings during the past few months have taken advantage of the special rooms set aside and well equipped by the local Association. The Cardiff Pals have been very prominent, and many of the brigade were members of the Y.M.C.A.

The Tuesday evening concerts have been well patronised, and on several occasions soldiers had to be turned away owing to the "full house." Capital programmes have been arranged.

On March 16 a lecture on "Prison Life," by the Rev. H. W. Edwards, formerly Wesleyan chaplain at Holloway, was greatly enjoyed by a large audience, presided over by the Mayor (Councillor Hocking). After giving the men a racy account of his experiences of the prison, and details concerning the treatment of prisoners, the lecturer urged the men to give strong drink a wide berth. He also pleaded with them to live pure lives, saying, "I should not like to insult you by suggesting that you would not act as chivalrous to the girls in the houses where you are billeted as you would to German soldiers. If you saw a wounded man on the ground you would not kick him. There is no excuse for the fellow who pleads that the woman is already down; don't give her another kick." The Mayor expressed his appreciation of the lecture, and of the words of warning uttered. He also told the men that many institutions were open to help them to keep straight, one of which was the Y.M.C.A.

***

The following message was enclosed with an envelope addressed to our treasurer:—"From a housemaid who rescued the 'Appeal' from the waste-paper basket in the house of a wealthy but selfish gentleman. Stamped envelope overlooked by him. Best wishes to the Y.M.C.A."

***

Twenty-five leaders in the work of the Y.M.C.A. huts, Western District, met at Salisbury, on Wednesday, March 24, and conferred in reference to the Christian Recruiting campaign, Mr. F. J. Fedarb presiding. Mr. J. J. Virgo and the Rev. Kingscote Greenland addressed the gathering.

***

At the evening meetings of the Young Life Campaign in Queen's Hall, London, there have been many soldiers present. They have been attracted by the clear addresses of Mr. Frederick Wood, and the genial leadership in the song service of his brother.

***

It was a curious experience to hear London evening papers being "cried" from hut to hut at a camp recently. The camp was twenty miles from London, on a desolate spot, and the familiar sound of "*Star*, Special!" "*Evening News*, Special!" must have been very welcome to the men, most of whom were Londoners.

A Canadian officer, proceeding to the front, writing to one of our secretaries, says :—"I may say here, frankly, that at first I was not deeply impressed with the idea of a Y.M.C.A., as I thought it might take up too much of our young men's time, and interfere with their work, but a few days at Pond Farm, followed by our stay at Sling Camp, convinced me thoroughly that without the Y.M.C.A. an army is incomplete, and the men are deprived of those comforts which, considering the sacrifice they are making for their country, they are surely entitled to.

"When we were enjoying a plenteous rainfall daily for 82 days out of 91, and there were no stoves in camp, we gathered at the Y.M.C.A. When we wished to write a letter home, and had no place to go and no material, we biked to the Y.M.C.A. When we stopped for a moment to think of our mission here, and how much longer we would have to get right with the Great Redeemer, we went to the Y.M.C.A. We found there what could not be had anywhere else in camp life, and I assure you I shall always be grateful for the good work done."

***

The son of a well-known London journalist related an extraordinary experience at the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, which happened to one of his Highland comrades. This man, to escape shells, lay on the ground. On one side of him was a Ghurka and an English soldier on the other. A shell fell, killing the Ghurka, and, passing through the pack of the Highlander, killed the Englishman on his right.

***

The Y.M.C.A. hut has improved month by month, as we gain a clearer view of what is a useful disposition of the space. One of the latest built is really an ideal erection, with a nice little bathroom adjoining the workers' cubicles. After our experiences in the last seven months we have learned just what is the best kind of building for a hut. It is getting standardised, with much advantage to all who use the hut.

***

Another institute has been erected and equipped under the auspices of the Scottish National Council at Peebles, where two battalions are billeted. An excellent site has been obtained in the centre of the town, and a large, well-equipped institute has been established. At the opening ceremony on Monday, March 22, there was a large, enthusiastic gathering of the officers and men of the Royal Scots. Col. Forbes occupied the chair, and brief addresses were given by Col. the Master of Polwarth, Col. R. Wardlaw Ramsay, and Mr. James Mackenzie. The ladies of the town, who have done excellent work since the troops were mobilised, have cordially agreed to continue their work under Y.M.C.A. leadership in the new institute.

***

"I write these few lines to you," says a rifleman at the front, "to thank you for the *Y.M.*, which I have just received. I am sure it is good of you to think of us out here who are fighting for our King and country. I have been wounded, and now I am out of the hospital and I am going to have another smack at the Germans. I must say that the Y.M.C.A. at our base depôt was good, and I did enjoy many a night there after I came out of the hospital. I know that without a doubt we shall win, for our cause is in the right, but we require all the soldiers we can get. We get plenty of good food to eat. We are now having better weather out here. It has been a severe winter, but now it is like summer."

***

Mr. J. H. Lang, formerly secretary at Hyderabad, India, has been appointed national secretary for Australia.

***

Last Friday evening the Darvel Y.M.C.A. entertained the Belgian refugees who are the town's guests. There was a large attendance of the members and friends. Mr. D. Lammie, the genial president, occupied the chair.

The manner in which large commercial undertakings have responded to the appeals created by the present war is remarkable and encouraging. Only recently at the 35th annual meeting of the Birmingham Exchange the members decided that a donation of £300 out of the funds of the society should be given the Y.M.C.A. for the provision of a soldiers' recreation tent, to be called the "Birmingham Exchange Tent."

***

The officers and boys of the Boys' Brigade are giving a hut for the British troops in France to be worked in co-operation with the Y.M.C.A. It is intended for the benefit of the troops generally, but it is hoped that old Brigade boys in particular will make use of its accommodation. Those who are not eligible for military service have been glad of the opportunity to do something for old comrades who are at the front. Already former members of the Brigade have won many honourable distinctions for the part they have played in the campaign.



*Photo: Elliott and Fry.*

Mr. A. K. Yapp, General Secretary of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., who is spending a few weeks in France.

***

Mr. John Hoyle, J.P., of Halifax, who died last week, was one of the warmest friends of the new Association in that thriving Yorkshire town.

***

Princess Victoria's Auxiliary Committee of the Y.M.C.A. Base Camps would be very grateful for gifts of large gramophones with horns, also for magic lanterns and slides, with acetylene apparatus for use at the recreation huts at the base camps in France. Remittances in money and kind should be addressed to H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, 23, Bruton-street, W.

***

The Rev. L. Maclean Watt, M.A., who is at work with the Y.M.C.A. in Northern France, tells the story of his talks with the Gordons, "men to be proud of, broad-bosomed men, clear-eyed, lithe and large of limb." "There was a University company among them," he adds, "and one man had folded up in his sporran a copy of Delitzsch's edition of the Psalms in Hebrew to read in the train. That was a typically Scotch touch. You cannot get away, even to-day, from John Knox's dream of a school in every Scottish parish."

***

Members of the Carlton Club have presented to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein a motor restaurant for use at the front. Mr. Lort Phillips has organised the collection of funds. Wherever the car is used it will be possible to serve out fifty gallons of hot soup, tea, coffee, cocoa, or tea for 400 men.

***

Even in war time the work spreads. Mr. E. L. Bennett is to address a meeting at Goole, and it is hoped an Association will be formed as a result.

***

The City Sale and Exchange, of 26 and 28, King's-road, Sloane-square, W., have received a letter from a Mr. Mellor, who gives no other address than Y.M.C.A., H.M. Forces, on Active Service. They will gladly fill Mr. Mellor's order if he will forward full address.

***

A North of England worker writes :—"On Sunday afternoon I saved two men belonging to another camp from being run in. They were the centre of a hostile crowd in a Northern town, one of them having struck a civilian. When I showed my badge and mentioned the Y.M.C.A. they came with me quietly, putting their arms through mine. The crowd dispersed."

***

Rev. James McCammon, M.A., who has been ordained recently as a Presbyterian missionary, spoke of the movements which had influenced his life, and referred to the Association thus :—"A second interdenominational agency that has exercised a most potent influence in my life is the Y.M.C.A. To the Portadown branch of the Association, and my good friend Mr. Moffett, its early secretary, I owe more than I can ever hope to repay. Through the Association I received a schooling in broad-mindedness, a grounding in the principles of Christian manhood, and an experience in cottage meeting and evangelistic work that have been of the utmost benefit to me. The happy times of fellowship I had with the old members of the Association will ever remain with me a treasured memory. I am happy to think that in the mission field to which I go the worth of the Y.M.C.A. is recognised by the Church. It is one of the chief means used in reaching the educated young men of China."

***

On Good Friday afternoon there will be a performance of "The Messiah" at the Lewisham Hippodrome. The building has been lent entirely free of charge. There will be a choir of 300.

***

The Crystal Palace workers are to be congratulated on their remarkable programme of entertainments. During April the Naval Reserve men will be entertained by the Temple Church Choir, the Soldiers' Fund Concert Parties, the Funbeams, Madam Strathern, South London Philharmonic Society, the Three Arts Club, and many other privately organised parties. The Lord Bishop of North and Central Europe will lecture on "With the Men of the Naval Brigade interned at Groningen." Mr. Gordon Palmer is responsible for the organisation.

***

Lieut. W. M'Curry, M.B., R.A.M.C., a member of Mr. Black's Bible class, in the City of Belfast Y.M.C.A., was killed at the front a few days ago.

***

Lieut. W. Tyrrell, M.B., R.A.M.C., a member of the City of Belfast Y.M.C.A., has been mentioned in despatches by Sir John French for gallantry in the field.

***If you want a splendid Watch, do your best in "Y.M." Campaign Week. All particulars on Page 280.***



## THE SNAKE ROOM.

*(Concluded from page 272.)*

searched through the family collection of photographs. At last he found the one he sought. It was of the Bird family, and was taken shortly before the oldest boys went West. George took it out to his wife, who was still working in the kitchen. Pointing to the face of a bright, manly boy who stood with hand upon his mother's shoulder, he said to his wife, "If Bertois and his gang changed a boy's face as terribly as Bill's has been changed, and did it in a few minutes, they would be sent to the 'pen' for five years, and yet we let that same gang take their time on the job, and do it in hundred lots, and scarcely raise so much as a finger to stop it—and I'm as guilty as the rest of them. Poor Bill! He used to be as decent a little chap as you could find in the county of Addington."

The photograph was returned to the parlour, and dropped somewhat carelessly upon the table, but the unthinking, and yet, perhaps, not unguided act was the first of many influences that brought better days to Bill Bird.

Long into the morning the occupant of the guest-room slept on. George Clarke had opened the door quietly at breakfast-time, but the heavy breathing caused him to leave the wearied man undisturbed. About the middle of the forenoon, after much yawning and stretching, Bill's consciousness slowly returned.

He pushed back the white coverlets and gazed around the room. Many times he had awakened in a drive-shed, twice in the police cell, more than once in the "snake-room." But this morning everything was different. What had happened? Was he dreaming? The room was the most attractively furnished of any he had slept in for years, and his soiled clothes on the chair at the bedside were strangely out of harmony with the surroundings.

He had confused memories of events since he came out of the camp, but he knew he had spent his money in the way most of his earnings had gone for the last few years, and he condemned himself for having been a fool again. With a half consciousness of someone being near, he looked to the opposite side of the room.

The bedroom door had been quietly opened, and a bright "Good morning" greeted him. There need be no hurry, he was told, but whenever he was ready he might just as well have a bite of breakfast.

No word was spoken in explanation of his presence, nor in regard to the trouble George had had in getting him away from the "Imperial" the night before. Slowly and with mingled feelings of embarrassment and disgust, Bill attempted to clean himself up a little. He knew he was in George Clarke's home, and, in his own words, "felt like a fool, and looked the part to perfection."

It was not easy to face those he knew had befriended him, for sin had not yet lost its shame to Bill Bird.

His bedroom door opened into the parlour, and he stood alone for a few seconds. Then his eyes fell on the old photograph. His hands trembled as he held it, and gazed into the faces of mother and brothers and sister. Pictures of the old home and of happy family relationships of past years crowded themselves upon his memory.

He remembered how his widowed mother had toiled and struggled to bring up her six boys aright, and give them the best equipment possible for the battle of life. He recalled his own setting out from home—from the home to which he had never returned, and to which he had rarely written. The "Western fever" had gripped him in his early twenties, and nothing could induce him to stay on the homestead. And so ere long the property had to pass into other hands, because there were no boys left to work the place. The mother's sorrow over the parting with her "Willie" had rested very lightly on him the morning he started Westward. Yet to-day he viewed it in a different light, and he lived the parting over again with very different feelings. The last breakfast had been prepared in silence by the one who had never ceased to love him. More than once she had tried to speak, but the lump in the throat prevented. At last they stood in the hall, and her words were uttered with sobs as she clung to her "baby boy." "Good-bye, my Willie, and remember that as long as your mother has breath she will pray every day for her boy, and ask God to take care of him." He had assured her he could take care of himself. He remembered the last flutter of the handkerchief as she stood on the milk-stand watching the buggy disappear from the side-road on to the "gravel." He had "taken care of himself," and a mighty poor job he had made of it, and there seemed little chance of any improvement.

While he was in the midst of such thoughts George Clarke entered. Bill was still holding the photograph. With moistened eyes he looked into the face of his hospitable friend. "George Clarke," he commenced, "it takes a man a long time to own up that he has made a botch of things; it's too late now to make a fresh start, but I've been looking at this picture, and God knows I'd like to have as good a character as I had when that was taken. That woman is as good a mother as any boys ever had, and I haven't shown her the gratitude of a dog."

To this day George Clarke feels that he never made a poorer attempt at trying to speak a helpful word to a discouraged man than on the morning when Bill Bird stood in his little parlour on the old ranch. One result of the conversation, however, was the decision on Bill's part to accept the invitation to remain at the Clarke ranch for at least a few weeks, and during those weeks he saw demonstrated the best type of Christian living with which he had ever come in contact. On several occasions he accompanied George to the hall in which the special services were being held. Rather to the surprise of the Clarkes, he made no response to the appeals from the missioner, which seemed to them so powerful. One Sabbath evening, however, as they sat around the stove, Bill expressed himself in such a way as to bring a thrill of joy to the hearts of those who were greatly concerned in seeing him make the "Choice of the Highest."

"George Clarke," said Bill, "I haven't taken much stock in religion, but if there's a kind that makes a man do what you and your missus did for me when I wasn't fit company for a pig, I guess I ought to go in for it." Then in a lower and subdued tone he added, "For anybody to take an interest in me is a stunner, the dirty tough that I was."

It was Bill's own opinion that for him life in the bush was no longer safe, and so, until his future was fully decided, he agreed to assist the Clarkes with the work on the ranch. When a few months later, through the death of a brother in the East, George Clarke decided to make his home in Nova Scotia, Bill Bird said in effect, "Where thou goest I will go."

And so it happens that to-day, down by the Eastern sea, the former lumber-jack is building a home, a business, and a character. He has not again returned West, but he has often told intimate friends that there is a rancher's small home in the distant province which he never forgets, and he thanks God for those who valued a dirty, wrecked, but God-loved man more than furniture and carpets, and whose hospitality and service awakened desires that have transformed a life.

But it was not to Bill Bird alone that an uplift came. Let George Clarke speak for himself. His words were spoken as he renewed his acquaintance with the missioner two years later. The audience had dispersed, and George and the speaker walked down the street of the little fishing village. Bill Bird was the main subject of their conversation. For a long time they stood in the darkness as George narrated all that had transpired after the missioner's departure from the Western town. When his story was ended, the missioner clasped his hand and said, "God bless you, Clarke, for what you did in Bill's behalf. If only we could multiply that kind of effort, we could redeem this dominion."

George clung to the extended hand as he said, "You are very good, sir, to say that to me, but I tell you honestly, when I tried to do that little bit for Bill Bird, I did a deal more for George Clarke. I have had my ups and downs, as you know. Since I've been in the East I've done pretty well on the whole, but honestly, sir, the palmiest days I've ever had, and the best returns my bank-book ever showed, are as nothing in value compared to the satisfaction that came to me and my wife when we saw Bill Bird solidly on his feet as a Christian man. If you're going back by the Intercolonial, try to stop over at C——. Bill would be mighty glad to see you, and you'll see what the Lord can do with a man who has gone even as far as the "snake-room."

## CHESTERFIELD ENTERPRISE.

### How a Great Opportunity Was Seized by the Y.M.C.A.

THE war has brought to Chesterfield the chance for which those who have long desired to see an Association established there have been impatiently waiting. And with the hour came also the man. At the time of the mobilisation Mr. F. Knott was in charge of what has been known as the progress department of Messrs. Markham's engineering firm. Immediately his employer released Mr. Knott for special relief work in the town. This move suggested his suitability for the task which the Y.M.C.A. felt they were called to, viz., to make immediate social and religious provision for the large number of troops quartered in the town. The Mayor presided over a meeting of representative citizens to discuss the question, and the Archdeacon and several other representative Churchmen, together with the Nonconformist ministers and many of their leading members, warmly supported the proposal for the establishment of a Y.M.C.A. centre for the troops.

Mr. F. Knott at once took over the responsibility of management, and a central suite was obtained in Knifesmith Gate. The premises were previously used as a café, and contained twenty admirably suitable rooms. To these have been added also three adjoining shops. The property had not been in use for two years, and was in a somewhat dilapidated condition. Mr. Knott was appointed to co-operate in the work of cleaning and decorating the whole place and making it suitable for the use of the soldiers. This work has now been carried out in most attractive style, and the favour of the troops has been boundless. Unfortunately, a number of the troops are unable to visit the rooms, as their headquarters are too far away. Mr. Knott's enterprise soon overcame that difficulty, and he and his committee took a commodious house at Spittall as a branch of the Association. It has now to be recorded that yet another branch has been opened at Hasland for the use of the A.S.C. stationed there. All three branches are now in full swing and working order, and the greatest credit is due to the courage and efficiency of the Chesterfield committee in the splendidly prompt and large-hearted way in which they have faced the sudden emergency.



**BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.**

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

Benger's Food is especially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

**BENGER'S Food**

*is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.*

Benger's Booklet—A little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
*Branch Offices*—NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William Street, SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt Street.
*Canadian Agents*—National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, and Branches throughout Canada. 189



**COFFEE for CAMPS**

Coffee made by our process is better, cheaper, and more popular than that made by any other method.

Our process makes it almost as simple as using essence and yet gives more than double the quantity of coffee of a much pleasanter flavour.

**SAMPLE TIN with 1-lb. of Coffee and full directions sent post free for 1s. 2d.**

**HACKFORTH,**
*Gold Medal Coffee Specialist,*
**15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.**

*Depots: London, Goole, Stockton-on-Tees.*


## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

"IN ANOTHER FORM."

HAVE you ever reflected upon that strange feature of our Lord's appearance after His Passion—that He could draw near to men, unknown and unobserved? There was no one, for example, who knew Jesus better than Mary, yet when He spoke to her in the garden she supposed Him to be the gardener. When He stood on the shore and counselled His disciples where to find a catch of fish they did not recognise Him. And, as Mark informs us, He appeared after that "in another form unto two of them as they walked and went into the country." When the Christ had passed through death He could be speaking to those who loved Him best, and helping them by His presence, without their recognising Him. This is a very important truth for you and me who call ourselves His disciples, for it is with the Risen Christ that we have to do. And the mark of that Divine Lord is that He draws near to men in many different forms. I remember being greatly surprised when a man of true Christian standing and deep experience showed me the verse which in all the New Testament meant most to him. It was also the shortest—"Jesus wept." That beautiful soul, the late Percy Ainsworth, has left this testimony: "For myself, I can say that, though I accept the miracles of Jesus as true history, the whole of them put together (saving, of course, the fact of the resurrection) do not reveal my Saviour to me so helpfully nor so convincingly, in all the divinity of His loving power, as do the simple words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

This truth, clearly grasped, that Jesus draws near to different men in other forms, is one that brings assurance to the timid and distrustful, and teaches tolerance and charity to the strong and confident.

Mary was in deep distress of heart when Jesus came to her. It was His mission to her to bring her comfort, hope, and gladness. She met her Risen Lord in the valley of the shadow, where so many more have met and recognised Him too.

But it was just at their day's work that Peter and John and the others on the lake had tokens given them of His presence. They found Him in the doing of His will as they followed their calling as fishermen. And there are many who will tell you that they find the Christ truly there. The Master of whom they are very sure is He in whose sight they ply their daily task, to whose Spirit they look for guidance as to what they ought to do, and from whom they seek for and obtain help and strength for the daily duty and its temptations.

But yet again, in another form, he met the two who were walking out into the country. There are some of us who have met Him there too. When the caller air from the hills washes our hearts free from what is sordid and mean, and the quiet of the clean, wholesome country falls upon us like a benediction, the Christ who walked the fields of Galilee is sometimes nearer and more real than even in those chambers where we make our prayers.

As long as we cherish our own point of view, and remember that Christ appears also in other forms, all is well. It is when those who have met Him in the garden deny that He can be seen upon the shore that loyal disciples are troubled, and despite is done to His very Spirit. Keep that truth before you for your own comfort, and also for your guidance when you presume to judge a brother's confession of what his Lord is to him. Remember that your Lord can meet your brother "in another form." For there are diversities of appearance, but the same Christ.

---

Tragic interest attaches to a letter received by Mr. F. J. Fedarb, of Bristol, from a widower, who encloses his wife's wedding and keeper rings. Both are well worn, and yet are permanent evidences of the desire to help good causes in the time of national emergency.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A. (COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street, Edinburgh

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





There is **NO** ADVANCE IN PRICE.

**BRANSON'S COFFEE**

**IDEAL FOR CAMPS.**

*Sample and prices on application to*

**BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,**
**Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.**



**"What £10 a year will do."**

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

**NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE**

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,

**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**



**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**


THE

## 'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag' Booklets

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. **Lord Kitchener's Call to Arms.**
2. **Bravo! "Highflyer"!**
3. **The Man behind the Gun.**
4. **The Chessboard of Europe**
5. **A Strategic Retreat.**
6. **Halt! Who goes there?**
7. **The Submarine.**
8. **The Football Field of Europe.**
9. **"S.O.S."**
10. **The Siege of Life.**
11. **"The V.C."**
12. **Day Dreams.**
13. **The Conquest of the Air.**
14. **Keeping the Flag Flying!**
15. **Beasts of Prey.**
16. **Christmas.**
17. **The Kick-off.**
18. **Wanted, Men.**
19. **Goal!**
20. **Life's Railway.**
21.
22.
23. **Swimming.**

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d. enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* ***2,000*** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send for a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).

Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London, 99, George Street, Edinburgh, 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (Incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.


CLARNICO LONDON

THE TRADE-MARK OF DISTINCTION.

There is such a fascinating distinction with

**CLARNICO CONFECTIONERY.**

Something exclusive, something unique; possessing that little extra "moreish" flavour which makes just the difference, so much appreciated by discriminating people. In the selection of over 1,000 different varieties there's a flavour for every palate.

*Sold in Y.M.C.A. Tents, and by Confectioners everywhere.*

*Made by*

**CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd.**
**LONDON.**

## HEALTH.

### What it is, How to Acquire and How to Maintain it.

II.

IN the first article we considered the meaning of health, viz., wholeness, or holiness of body, mind, and spirit. Healthiness of body is acquired by obeying the laws of health. These laws are three—the law of breathing, the law of digestion, and the law of purification of the blood. Of these three laws, the first is the most important, and there is so much to be said about it that it must be allotted an article to itself if full justice is to be done to it. In that most ancient language, Sanskrit, is a little root-word, "an." This word means "to breathe," "to blow." The word "animal" is derived through the Latin word "anima" (air, life) from this little root-word "an." An "animal" is an organised being that breathes, has life, sensation, and voluntary motion. It is distinguished from a plant, which, though organised and having life, has *not* sensation or voluntary motion.

From the Latin word "animus" we get "spirit," "soul," as distinguished from the word "anima" (air, life). It will therefore be seen that the breath has a double signification; it is actually the "life," and without it is no life. This is seen in "He gave up the ghost." The other meaning has a higher spiritual significance, and is seen in "*Holy* Spirit," "*Holy* Ghost."

Too great emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that the breath *is* the life. The more we breathe, the more we live; the less we breathe, the less we live; *consumption* is slow dying for want of oxygen, inability to breathe sufficiently to satisfy the imperative needs of the organism. That may be said to be the prime cause of that terrible disease, the bacillus playing its part afterwards. It is curious to note that in India thousands of years ago the greatest importance was attached to breathing properly, whilst in these days of boasted advancement the subject has been—until lately—very much neglected, and not even taught in our medical schools! Educational authorities, pressed from outside, are now incorporating breathing exercises in the curriculum, but it is a very "go-as-you-please" affair, and the teachers themselves are mostly ignorant of the right method.

How breathing first started has been so far an unsolvable problem to scientific men. The writer of Genesis, however, had no doubts on the point. He says, "God breathed into his *nostrils* the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Note that the breathing was through the *nostrils*, a most important point for health. In this short passage is summed up the double significance of the breath, giving both "life" and a "living soul."

The ignorance about breathing which exists amongst all classes is simply lamentable. It is very doubtful if ten per cent. of the whole population breathes sufficiently for health. The proper channel to the lungs is through the *nostrils*—not the mouth. The nostrils are fitted with a filtering apparatus, consisting of tiny hairs, which prevent floating matter in the air entering the lungs and causing irritation. See the state of the nose in a London fog for verification of this. Not only does the nose filter, but it also warms the air which enters the lungs at the required temperature. In mouth-breathing the air is neither filtered nor warmed, and the result is a host of diseases, from a sore throat to consumption, and very possibly cancer.

Let us see why full, deep breathing is of such vital importance.

The body is composed of cells, *hundreds of millions of them*. Each cell must have its quotum of oxygen if it is to live. Without oxygen there is no life. In the air there are 21 parts of oxygen to 79 of nitrogen. The nitrogen acts as a diluent of oxygen, which, alone, is too fiery. How do the cells of the body get their oxygen? By a very wonderful process. Half the blood (about six pints) is composed of red corpuscles. There are about two billions of them to one pint! They are so small that 3,200 can lie side by side in the space of one inch.

When air is breathed in to the lungs, these corpuscles are crowding there to get it, and they have the curious function of loosely seizing oxygen and racing off along the blood-stream with it. The blood circulates rapidly round the body at the rate of ten inches a second; and as it races along, the tissues greedily seize the oxygen, and back go the red corpuscles for more. By this means the cells of the body, from the top of the head to the soles of the feet, are fed with oxygen. As *every* cell has to live, it can easily be seen how tremendously important it is for enough oxygen to be inhaled. *Most people do not breathe in enough, and to this cause is attributable a large proportion of disease.*

If this fact were more widely recognised the teaching of health matters in all schools would form a part, and a most important part, of our national education.

J. W. WILLIAMS.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

### For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Friday, 2nd.**—Luke xxiii. 20-38. "*Father, forgive them*" (verse 34). To-day we are thinking of Christ on the Cross, deeply occupied, not with His own terrible sufferings, but with the sin and consequent suffering of the world. Christ, the world's Saviour, as He hung there showed by these words how intent he was on His task of bringing His Heavenly Father's forgiveness within reach of every longing soul.

**Saturday, 3rd.**—Luke xxiii. 39-56. "*To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise*" (verse 43). This account of the penitent thief illustrates the completeness of Christ's work. A man whose crimes made him unfit to live on earth throws himself on Christ's merits, and finds that they are an immediate title-deed to the privileges of heaven. Further, this man's appreciation of Christ gave evidence of a change of heart in harmony with the life of heaven, where Christ's companionship ("with Me") is the chief attraction.

**Sunday, 4th.**—Luke xxiv. 1-12. "*Why seek ye the living among the dead?*" (verse 5). To-day we think of the crowning triumph of Christ in His victory over death. Just as He died for the whole world, so has He also risen in order that all who will may share His victory over sin and death. To doubt His present value to "myself" personally is to treat Him as though He were a dead Christ, still in the grave.

**Monday, 5th.**—Luke xxiv. 13-24. "*Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them*" (verse 15). Jesus, who showed His deep and loving sympathy with men in His earthly life, has carried the same sympathy with Him into heaven, and, wherever there are inquiring hearts, He loves to draw near and reveal Himself as the Answer to every doubt and Master of every difficulty.

**Tuesday, 6th.**—Luke xxiv. 25-35. "*He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself*" (verse 27). The Bible is one continuous message of good news, because throughout its whole length it tells of Christ. That the same message should have been given in so many ages and by so many different pens is a convincing proof that the real author of the Bible is none other than God Himself. He alone could anticipate events by hundreds of years, and describe in the Old Testament the revelation of Christ as fulfilled in the New.

**Wednesday, 7th.**—Luke xxiv. 36-53. "*I send the promise of My Father upon you*" (verse 49). Christ has entrusted the continuance of His work on earth to His human followers under the direction of His Holy Spirit, whom He describes here as "the promise of My Father." The world-wide message of Christ's salvation is summed up in verses 46 and 47, and the commission to His messengers is given in verse 48.

**Thursday, 8th.**—Ps. xix. 1-14. "*The Law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul*" (verse 7). The writer evidently speaks from wide experience in the use of God's Word, and the various expressions which he employs may be taken as describing the many ways in which it had met the searching of his heart as he longed to be able to come before God with the assurance of acceptance.

**Friday, 9th.**—Ps. xx. 1-9. "*We will rejoice in Thy salvation*" (verse 5). Here we have a song of praise to the King whom we now know to be none other than Christ Himself. We seem to hear the cheers of successive generations as they have come to recognise, however distantly, the Person of their Heanvenly King, and have realised something of the greatness of His salvation.

---

A man in uniform, giving his name as Harold M. Orton, and saying he is recommended by Mr. Smith, of Leicester, has been going round some of the London Associations, imposing on the secretaries. He has been to Clapham Junction, Hornsey, and Bayswater.

One of our official appeals was received by the landlord of a public-house. Though the landlord and his customers would be perfectly aware of the strong line we take on the question of temperance, yet their goodwill enabled them to put up our appeal, with the result that from amounts varying from five shillings to threepence £7 2s. 6d. has been sent to our funds.

The Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein's Fund for the provision of comforts and entertainments in Y.M.C.A. centres in France will benefit to the extent of £1,450 through the great kindness and interest of Miss Lena Ashwell, who organised an afternoon performance at the Coliseum. Mr. Oswald Stoll very kindly lent the building for the purpose, and a great many famous performers gave their services. Her Majesty Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary, Princess Victoria, and Princess Christian were all present at a very successful function.


**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6** and **12/6** ,,

All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**





## Subscription Rates.

**POST FREE.**

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*


## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

### ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**
**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."

## Board.


**55, PETHERTON ROAD,** Canonbury Station. Board-residence, late dinner. Bath (h. & c.), gas, and piano. Every convenience. From 15/- per week. 5

**30, CALABRIA ROAD,** Highbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for City gentlemen. Board as required. Moderate terms. Visitors 2/6 bed and breakfast. Penny fare City. 10

**58, FINSBURY PARK ROAD,** Finsbury Park. Superior homely board-residence; temporary or permanent. Close to tubes, trams, parks. Bath, gas, piano. Very moderate; well recommended. 11

**13, MILDMAY PARK.** Bedroom, gentlemen from 6/-; use of sitting-room. Visitors, bed and breakfast, 2/6. Motor 'buses to City and West End. Well recommended. 12

**11-13, HIGHBURY HILL, N.** Board-residence; comfortably furnished rooms. Electric light; good and liberal table. Sitting-room, bath, billiards, dark-room. Terms moderate. 18

**WOODLANDS, BOWES ROAD,** New Southgate, N. Board and residence. Comfortable home; cycle accommodation. Easy access to City and West End. Liberal table; moderate terms. 19

**WEST HAMPSTEAD,** 77, Fordwych Road. Near Brondesbury Met. & N.L. Stations, and 'buses along Edgware Road to Cricklewood. Billiards; late dinner; comfortable. Terms from 16/6 sharing. 67

**12, STANLEY GARDENS,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable board-residence, late dinner. Three minutes Belsize Park Tube. Every convenience, from 16/6 per week. 24

**27, BELSIZE CRESCENT,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable, highly recommended home; spacious, well-appointed house. Electric light, bath (h. & c.), piano, billiards, late dinner; excellent table. Moderate terms. Near Belsize Tube, Hampstead Heath and Swiss Cottage. 25

**16, THE GARDENS,** South Hill Park, Hampstead. Comfortable board-residence, double or single rooms, facing Heath. Three minutes train, tram and 'bus. Twenty minutes City. Telephone: 6788 Hampstead. 26

**168, HAVERSTOCK HILL,** Hampstead, N.W. Board-residence, en famille; up-to-date appointments; late dinner; billiards, tennis. Near Belsize Park Station. 18/6 to 21/-. 27

**11, GLAZEBURY ROAD,** West Kensington. Few paying guests offered quiet, refined, comfortable home. Bath (h. & c.), garden, piano, electric light. Close to District and Piccadilly Tube. Partial, 25/-; sharing room, 21/- inclusive. 29

**21, BRIXTON HILL, S.W.** Partial board-residence for two gentlemen. Good house on main road. Late dinner, garden, bath, piano, tennis. Trams pass door. Near station. Terms 14/-. 30

**261, UXBRIDGE ROAD,** Shepherd's Bush, W. Comfortable single bedrooms, use of sitting-room, bath. Every home comfort. Partial board if desired. Near tube, Metropolitan Railway. 31

**2, STOCKWELL PARK ROAD,** Clapham Road. Board-residence, 16/-; bed-sitting room, 6/6. One minute trams, 'buses, and Wireless Telegraphy School. Suitable for study. Bath (h. and c.). 33

**"LALEHAM,"** Clarence Road, Clapham Park. Most comfortable home; large house. Three acres woodland garden. Four baths. Partial board, 26/-; full, 35/-. 37

**CHELSEA,** Street's Temperance Hostel, 25, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea. Comfortable home; strict cleanliness. Full board, 25/-; partial board, 18/6; bedroom and breakfast, 12/6. 40

**"KINGSTON HALL,"** 7, Brunswick Square, Bloomsbury. Partial or full board in superior residential home; centrally situated. Gardens, tennis, electric light, baths. Bed and breakfast, 3/6. 53

**28, CARTWRIGHT GARDENS,** Sandhills Hotel. Board and residence, electric light, baths. Telephone, 5329 City. Three minutes St. Pancras, King's Cross. Access to garden. Proprietress. 54

**44, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.** Board-residence. Liberal table; access to gardens. Moderate terms. Bedroom and breakfast from 3/-. Two minutes Museum and University. 52

**THE BENSON RESIDENTIAL ESTABLISHMENT,** 2, Brunswick Square, W.C. Central, comfortable and economical, facing large private garden, to which visitors have entrance. Tariff from C. Holloway. 55

**33, DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.** Bedroom, bath and breakfast, 3/-, or 15/6 per week. Five minutes G.N.R., Midland and Euston. Very central.—Mrs. Winter. 56

**97, GOWER STREET, W.C.** Board-residence from 21/- per week, or rooms only, in quiet, clean, well-kept house. Good cooking and service. Well recommended. Near trams, tube and 'bus. 62

**CLAPHAM,** 73, Jeffreys Road. 5 minutes Stockwell Tube Station, 2 minutes trams, motors. Good bedroom 5/6, partial board 14/6, full 16/-. Liberal table. Recommended as a social and comfortable home. 28

**247, KENNINGTON ROAD.** Board-residence, comfortable home. Bath, piano; partial board. Near all bridges and W.E. Terms 14/6 per week (late dinner, 15/6). 63

**W.C.,** 35, Doughty Street. Bedrooms from 5/6, also bed-sitting rooms from 7/-. Meals optional. Quiet, clean, comfortable. 79

**ST. JOHN'S.** Gentleman can be received as paying-guest with private family. Refined home, superior house, with every modern convenience. Large garden, pleasantly situated Trams to Embankment, and 'buses to West End and City. Terms moderate.—Apply, 74, Tressillian Road, St. John's, S.E. 64

**24, ST. MARY'S ROAD,** Canonbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for gentlemen. Terms very moderate. Board as required. Visitors, 2/6 bed and breakfast. 1d. fare City.

**47, AYNHOE ROAD,** West Kensington, W. Apartments. Electric. Comfortable quiet Home. Bedrooms, double or single; use of sitting. Terms moderate. Visitors from 2/6 bed and breakfast per day. Recommended.

**CANONBURY, N.** 8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road. Comfortable home for young fellow. Substantial breakfasts. Full board Sundays, 16/6. W 2

**50, DOUGHTY STREET,** Russell Square, W.C. Comfortable Board and Residence (central to all parts) from 18/6. Breakfast, late Dinner, full Sunday. Reduction Share. Bed and Breakfast 3/-. Good attendance (no Extra).

**RAVENSCOURT PARK.**—Comfortable home, terms from 17/6; 15 min. to City; 3 min. station; river and park near.—25, Rivercourt Road, W.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**THORPE BAY,** 151, Shaftesbury Avenue. Season Ticket Free. Two minutes from Sea. Board-residence 24/-. Golf. 66

**123, LADY MARGARET ROAD,** Tufnell Park, N. Single and double rooms; board according to requirements. Two minutes 'buses, tube, trams, and Tufnell Park Tube Station. Superior house with every home comfort. Moderate terms. Highly recommended. 20

**70, GLOUCESTER STREET,** South Belgravia. Bed-sitting-rooms, board, bath, from 17/- per week. Other rooms as required. Stamp.

**ANERLEY,** best part. Comfortable home with musical family, every convenience, good garden, central position for trains, etc. Terms quite moderate. Recommended.—Box 80, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row, E.C. W38

**"PARK HURST,"** 35, Highbury Hill, N. Comfortable board-residence. Late dinner. Electric light, Bath (h. & c.), every comfort. Highly recommended. Easy access to all parts. Inclusive terms. 4

**WANDSWORTH.** Boarding House for Christians. Separate Rooms or Sharing, Bath (h. & c.). Easy access to City and West. Select locality close to Common.—Apply, Miss Hollingsworth, 6, Aspley Road, East Hill.

**BOARDING HOME FOR YOUNG MEN**
**BAYSWATER Y.M.C.A.**
(President—The Hon. Mr. Justice Lush.)
**28, PRINCE'S SQUARE, QUEEN'S ROAD, W.**
**close to Kensington Gardens.**

Pleasantly and conveniently situated within three minutes' walk of the "Tube," Metropolitan Railway Station, Queen's Road, 10 minutes from Paddington Station (G.W.R.), and 'buses to all parts. Bedroom charges, **5s., 6s.** and **7s. 6d.** Moderate tariff (see prospectus). Full particulars from WALTER WILD, Secretary. 2

**RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR YOUNG MEN.**
**BLOOMSBURY HOUSE,**
**Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.**
President: Mr. WALTER HAZELL, J.P.

Central situation. Within walking distance of City and West End. The Club is fitted throughout with Electric Light.
**Bedroom Charges (including Boots, Bath, etc.) from 7/8 per week.**
*Refreshments according to Tariff at Minimum Charges.*
The arrangements of the Club are quite modern and every provision has been made for the Comfort and the Social Life of the Members, Lawn Tennis, Gymnasium, etc.
**Enlarged to 180 Bedrooms.**
All applications to be addressed to the WARDEN. 71

**St. Pancras Y.M.C.A.**
**RESIDENTIAL HOME,**
**62, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.**

Close to the West End, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, and on main road, with Tubes, Trams, and Trains to all parts.
**BEDROOM ACCOMMODATION 5/6 PER WEEK.**
*Board by Arrangement.*
*Special Tariff for Visitors.* 1

**ESMOND HOTEL,**
**1, MONTAGUE ST., RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.**

This Temperance Hotel adjoins the British Museum, and is Central and quiet. Night Porter. Private Garden.
10 Bedrooms, Lounge, 2 Bath Rooms, recently added, Electric Light installed, and whole house renovated.
Bedroom and Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Attendance, from **5/-** to **6/6**; or with Plain Breakfast, **4/3** to **5/9** per night.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
T. MOFFETT, proprietor, late Gen. Sec. Leeds Y.M.C.A.
Telephone No.: Gerrard 1675. Telegraphic Address: "Agroup, Westcent, London." 72

**Fulham and South Kensington Young Men's Christian Association.**
**BOARDING HOME for YOUNG MEN**
**"FAIRLAWN," 643, Fulham Road, London, S.W.**

Has been visited by over 2,800 Men from all parts of the World. Accommodation for 23. Beds from **5/-** per week. Single Rooms, **6/-** and **6/6** per week. Sitting and Study Rooms, Cycle Storage and Dark Room. Moderate Tariff. Reduction to Y.M.C.A. Members and permanent boarders.
*Apply (with stamped and directed envelope) to*
THE MANAGER, *mentioning* "Y.M." 73

**Kingston Hall,**
**7, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.**

Newly decorated and handsomely furnished. Spacious Drawing and Dining Rooms. Is pleasantly situated in one of the healthiest and most open parts of Central London, overlooking large private gardens with tennis court, to which visitors have access.
Close to Tube, Train and Bus, to City and West-end, the principal Northern Termini, and the Central Y.M.C.A.
Electric Light, Baths (h. & c.). Sanitation modern and perfect. Excellent cuisine, under personal supervision.
*Terms by arrangement for Board and Residence.*
**Bed and Breakfast from 3/6.**
Address—PROPRIETRESS. 81

**BRIGHTON**
**Y·M·C·A·**
**HOLIDAY HOME**
**Ideal for Young Men.**
**THE BEST POSITION IN BRIGHTON.**
*Write the SECRETARY for Prospectus.*


## Situations Vacant.


**DRAPERY.**—Wanted, Junior, also Experienced Young Man for Outfitting and Manchester departments; busy medium trade.—Full particulars first letter, John Gliddon & Co., Yeovil. W39

**JUNIOR ASSISTANT** for Oil, Colour and Hardware Trade. State age, where employed, salary required, with photo.—Apply, J. A. Pirkis and Son, Sun Street, Hitchin. W39

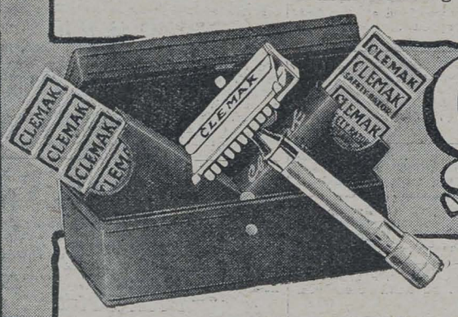
**DRAPERY.**—Experienced Salesman wanted for Dress department, also for the Soft Furnishing, and Improvers (Male) for all departments. Full particulars when applying.—V. H. Bennett, Weymouth. W37

# CLEMAK —For Quick Close Shaving




"My word! that was a close shave."

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever.




CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

**5/-** Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and **seven** blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, **Twelve** specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop

**10/6**

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.

A useful **PRESENT** for our

**SOLDIERS. SAILORS**

and **TERRITORIALS.**

**OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c.,**

or from the

**CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.**

*The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.*

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.





PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.; 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.— April 2, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS. Ltd.. Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 13. Vol. 1. APRIL 9, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.

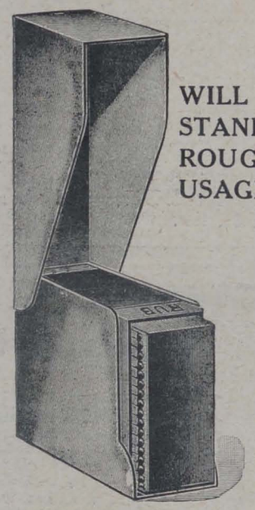


BRYANT & MAY'S

"SERVICE"

MATCH BOX COVER

*(Reg. Design No. 642237).*



WILL STAND ROUGH USAGE.

KEEPS MATCHES, BOX & STRIKING SURFACE DRY IN ALL WEATHERS.

*Specially designed for*

ACTIVE SERVICE— AFLOAT & ASHORE.

Enclose one in parcels of 'Comforts' to friends on Active Service.

*Obtainable (in all metals) of Outfitters, Silversmiths, Stores, Tobacconists, &c.*

*Illustrated leaflet of our Service Specialities sent on application.*

BRYANT & MAY LTD., Fairfield Works, Bow, LONDON, E.





READY! AYE, READY!

Never in its long history has the British Navy been more fit and a'ert than it is to-day. The Empire's shield in the hour of peril, the Navy is living up to its glorious heritage, and proving that the spirit of Nelson and of Drake still animates the men who to-day are fighing on the mighty deep for King and country.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


THE FUTURE OF AFRICA AFTER THE WAR. By Sir H. H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.Sc. With Portrait ... ... ... ... 293
MARIE CORELLI'S GREAT WAR STORY: "The First Shot"... ... 295
FIGHTING FOR IDEALS IN RUSSIA. By Stephen Graham ... ... 297
SINGING TO SAILORS. By Madame Ada Crossley ... ... ... ... 298
OUR OUTLOOK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 303
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD... ... ... ... ... ... ... 305
EVENTS IN THE FOREIGN FIELD ... ... ... ... ... ... 308
DIES IRAE—DIES PACIS. A Splendid Short Poem. By John Oxenham... 309

# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK



**The Food-Drink**
that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feels the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM** as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/- The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3d. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**

STRENGTH FITNESS





MILKMAID BRAND
# Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

**"Excellent."**
**"Delicious."**
**"Very satisfactory."**
**"We all like it very much."**

So say some of those who have tried it.

**NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT; NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.**

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.



# ELECTRICAKES

**ONCE TRIED ALWAYS EATEN.**

The most popular selling cakes that have been placed upon the market.

Made under ideal conditions in our Electric Bakeries, the best of flour and fruit only used. — Every point has been considered to enable us to offer the ideal cake. — Ask your fellow Camp Leaders their opinion.

**ELECTRICAKES** *sell quickly, give utmost satisfaction and yield a fair profit.*

PRICES on application to

**ELECTRICAKES, LTD.,**
ANNETTE ROAD, HOLLOWAY, N.



# BURBERRY WAR KIT



The Burberry

**Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.**

**THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF**
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece.
**Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING.**
LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

**BRITISH WARM BURBERRY**
A splendidly protective garment made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

**UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS**
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.

**BURBERRY WAR KIT** includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S.B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing 3¾lbs.

**SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT**
**Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.**



Service Dress

*Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE

**BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON**

**8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents**



# Y. YMCA M.
## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 13. Vol. 1. APRIL 9, 1915. PRICE 1d.


### THE UNKNOWN STEERSMAN.

Robert Louis Stevenson tells us that he remembers a time when he was very idle. In his life's battles, however, there came a change in the campaign, which turned him from one whose business was to shirk into one whose business was to strive and persevere. It seemed to him later as if all that had been done had been done by someone else.

He says: "I came about like a well-handled ship: there stood at the wheel an unknown steersman whom we call God."

Robert Louis Stevenson saw this dimly; some of us may realise it more clearly, and remember that when we yielded, or ceased to resist the loving solicitations of Christ our Saviour, that we came about like a well-handled ship, and the unknown steersman was God.

### HATS OFF!

Mr. Spurgeon on one occasion was much annoyed by three young men persisting in wearing their hats in the Tabernacle. He appeared for the time not to notice them, but proceeded to tell his audience of a visit he paid to a Jewish synagogue.

"When I entered," he said, "I took off my hat, but was informed that the great mark of respect was to keep it on. I did so, though I can assure you I felt very strange wearing my hat in a place of worship. And now, as I paid this mark of respect to the synagogue, may I ask those three Jews in the gallery to conform equally to our rules, and kindly uncover their heads."

The young men "collapsed."

### WERE THEY BOTH INSANE?

Lord Shaftesbury was fond of a good story, and he used to relate an amusing anecdote in illustration of the way in which eminent men sometimes formed their opinions as to the sanity of their patients. He was sitting one day as chairman of the Lunacy Commission when the alleged insanity of a lady was under discussion, and he took a view of the case adverse to that of his colleagues.

One of the medical men who was there to give evidence crept up to his chair, and said in a confidential tone: "Are you aware, my lord, that she subscribes to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews?"

"Indeed," replied Lord Shaftesbury; "and are you aware that I am the president of that society?"

### GETTING PAST THE BIBLE.

In the ambition to be well-read, to be conversant with the new books which are being discussed in the periodicals and called for in libraries, there is a lamentable ignorance among young people of a certain old Book which contains the most important message ever committed to print. These young people are like an old Scotsman who was so ambitious to read his Bible that his pastor gave him instruction in reading.

He proved a proficient scholar, and was soon able to make progress without outside assistance. After the lessons came to an end the clergyman was unable to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he found only the wife at home. "How's John?" he inquired.

"He's canny, sir," replied the wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"I suppose he reads the Bible quite easily now?" said the clergyman, pleased with his pupil's advancement.

"Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago!"




### "ON WINGS AS EAGLES."

The Rev. John McNeill tells of a friend who had kept an eagle confined in a hen-house. He caught it when it was young, and had brought it up, as far as he could, like a domestic fowl. Having to go to the other side of the world, the happy thought came to him that he would set the eagle free. He opened the place in which it had been kept, and brought it to the garden. The eagle was astonished. It walked about and stretched itself, gazing from side to side. Then the man lifted it and set it on the garden wall. The sun had been obscured behind a cloud, but just then the cloud passed away, and the bright, warm beams poured out. The eagle lifted its eyes, drew itself up, stretched out its wings, and beating the air with a mighty stroke, uttered a great cry, and soon was far away.

So, if we will, we, too, may rise to heavenly places. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up on wings as eagles." "Work out your own salvation, for it is God which worketh in you!"

### PRIDE'S FALL.

Dr. Marlay, Bishop of Waterford, once ordering his coachman (in the absence of the footman) to fetch some water from the well, the coachman objected that *his* business was to *drive*, not to run *errands*. "Well, then," said the bishop, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and *drive* to the well!" a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the bishop's neighbours.

### A CONVINCING REJOINDER.

A celebrated man once received a just rebuke. A lecturer stated that the aforesaid knew how to make a most excellent cup of coffee. A country parson wrote to him asking for the recipe. His request was granted, but at the bottom of the letter was the following manifestation of stupendous conceit:—"I hope that this is a genuine request, and not a surreptitious mode of securing my autograph."

To this the parson replied: "Accept my thanks for the recipe for making coffee. I wrote in good faith, and in order to convince you of that fact, allow me to return what it is obvious you infinitely prize, but which is of no value to me—your autograph."

The Warminster branch of the Women's Unionist and Tariff Reform Association is devoting its 1915 subscriptions to purchase a piano for the Y.M.C.A. hut in that town.

### WHAT THE CHURCH SPIRE MEANT.

A story is told of two sailors who were shipwrecked and thrown upon an unknown island. They began to reconnoitre carefully, thinking that the island might be peopled by cannibals. To get a view of the valley, one of them climbed a high tree, and when he looked around, he suddenly sang out aloud, "Hurrah!" "What is it?" cried his companion. "The spire of a church in the valley," was the reply. Where Christ is known enemies are changed to friends, and men are safe as was prophesied at the birth of John the Baptist.

## "ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE."

SCENE.—A Bar in a Y.M.C.A. Hut.—It is covered with a bewildering assortment of commodities, ranging from pastries and cakes, in great piles, to candles and bootlaces. Two perspiring helpers and a diminutive Boy Scout are endeavouring to cope with a "rush" of formidable proportions. From the far end of the hut lusty voices accompanied by a piano announce, concerning one "Tom Bowling," that he has at length gone aloft. The helpers look as if they, too, would be glad to be out of it.

FOURTEEN VOICES (*in unison*): "Coffee, please!" WRETCHED INDIVIDUALIST: "Let me have a cup of 'Oxo,' will you? And can you tell me the time the evening train leaves for Bungay!"

FIRST HELPER (*endeavouring to fill two cups of coffee at once, and at the same time trying to remember whether he gave the last customer the right change*): "Johnnie! fetch up a jug of hot water, and mix an 'Oxo.'"

THE BOY SCOUT (*much begrimed*): "I've just filled up the boiler, and there ain't any hot."

FIRST HELPER: "Then get the big kettle going. I shall want some more for this urn in a jiff. 6.26! Oh, yes, stops at every station. Johnnie! Open another tin of milk, and peel the paper off a slab of cake. Ping-pong ball? Half a minute; I've got one or two inside. Two hot raspberries? Johnnie! is that water boiling yet? Shan't keep you a minute, sir." (*Dives into rear for ping-pong balls.*)

FOURTEEN FRESH VOICES: "Coffee, please!" "Let me have three bars of chocolate in a bag, please." "Have you got any more shortcake?" "Where do you keep the song books?" "Now then, Baden-Powell, look alive with that hot water."

WOULD-BE HUMOURIST: "Let's hear you make a noise like a glass of hot raspberry."

FIRST HELPER (*returning*): "There you are, sir. Now then, Johnnie, slide along some of those clean cups."

SECOND HELPER (*suddenly appearing from the Post Office side*): "I say, old chap, can you change a fiver?"

FIRST HELPER: "Good gracious, no! Tell Mr. Rockefeller to put it in the Savings Bank. Give a hand with these coffees will you, while I cut some more cake?"

THE MEN WITH COLDS (*hoarsely*): "Hot 'Horlick's' please! Ah, that's good! You ought to bring us round some of this when we get into bed."

THE MAN WITH A RUG ROUND HIS WAIST: "Got such a thing as a needle and thread, governor? Thanks! Yes, just my luck, and no chance of getting a new pair, not to-day at any rate. Thanks awfully!"

RENEWED CHORUS: "Coffee, please!" "Got any of that bloater paste?" "Give me a bit of brown paper, please. I'm sending some socks home. Do you take parcels at your Post Office? Yes? Oh, thanks!" "Make me a pot of tea, guv'nor, please, and give me two pieces of cake on a plate. This is my birthday, and I'm doing things in style."

FIRST HELPER: "What about those dirty cups, Johnnie? Come on now, Be Prepared!"

SECOND HELPER: "Can you give a bob's worth of coppers? I had to take threepence-ha'penny out of the stamp till and four coppers from the postcard money and twopence from the Y.M. stamps to give a chap change, and I shall be in a muddle in a minute."

[And so it goes on. The helpers become more and more deliquescent, until the closing of the bar for evening prayers brings a change of duties. The Boy Scout moodily contemplates his badge, and inwardly calculates the number of "good turns" he has wasted on a single day.]

A. J. K.

THE Y.M.C.A. IN AN IRISH PUBLIC-HOUSE.




This public-house in Sackville-street, Dublin, was recently closed by order of the military authorities: now it is a Y.M.C.A. centre, and in a successful way is catering for the troops in Ireland's capital.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XII.—BRIGADIER-GEN. SEELY, D.S.O.

ONE of Brigadier-General Seely's most treasured possessions is a beautiful gold medal presented to him by the French Government twenty-four years ago. It commemorates an heroic act of saving life at sea. Politicians who criticised General Seely in Parliament never forgot that he was a brave man. Again and again he had gone out with the lifeboat from the Isle of Wight and rescued shipwrecked crews on stormy seas. It was not an occasional adventure, for he has been a regular member of the lifeboat crew for several years. The General has never put a high price on his life, and was constantly risking his neck in air-flights long before airmanship had become the comparatively assured experience which it is to-day. He has been also down in submarines, so that the two extremes of adventures by air and sea are familiar to him.

On the last day of May the Brigadier-General will be forty-seven years of age. He has contrived to fill his career with enough variety of incidents to satisfy three ordinary men. He served with the Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War, winning the D.S.O. He entered Parliament while the war was still in progress. In 1908 he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and three years later became a Cabinet Minister and Secretary for War. He resigned his post last year in memorable circumstances connected with incidents in Ulster.

Now he is in command of the Canadian contingent, and it is certain that the longer they know him the better they will like him. In this war we have had many splendid instances of men who "counted not their lives dear." Brigadier-General Seely is of that noble company, and has that courageous outlook which makes him a born leader. He has also an inexhaustible vitality, and that is of the utmost value in times of strain.

OPENING A NEW HUT FOR THE TROOPS AT WITLEY.



We have already drawn attention to the splendid work going on at Bramshott and Witley, and in this picture is seen the opening of a new hut, in connection with which Viscount Midleton presided. An account of the ceremony appears on page 306.

---

Two salmon, contributed by Mr. Harry Lauder, have been sold at Aberdeen. The £10 10s. they realised have been divided by the Lord Provost between the Y.M.C.A. and Soldiers' Club funds.



# THE FUTURE OF AFRICA AFTER THE WAR.

By SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.Sc.

*In this Valuable Contribution to a Great Discussion the Eminent Traveller and Explorer Offers some Arresting Suggestions from his Intimate Knowledge and Personal Experience.*

THIS is a question that is being debated with increasing interest and seriousness in various organs of the Press and in various London and provincial circles. For there is vague fear that if public opinion be not co-ordinated and plainly expressed, the settlement in regard to Africa which may be arrived at by his Majesty's Ministers may be in accord with what they think advisable, but not entirely in sympathy with the views of those who best know Africa and best understand the requirements of British interests (philanthropic and commercial) and the desires of the Africans themselves.

Those who have discussed this problem in the Press have done so not infrequently from a quite antique point of view: the expediency of the question as it presents itself to the British people. Some of them are of the kindly, easily forgiving school, that does not want poor Germany to be treated too harshly when she is restored to sanity. Others, again, would like to grab all the Africa they could lay hands on, for exploitation by existing or later-to-be-formed commercial associations. Others, again, in a light-hearted and irresponsible fashion, would hand over East or Central Africa to the Japanese or to the French, or greatly increase the area of the Belgian possessions as some compensation for the destruction of Louvain. But none of these writers seem to take into account the growth of *African* public opinion, the growing intention of the now conscious African to be listened to in the disposal of the land in which he was born. Therefore perhaps my small contributions to the discussion may be of use, since I happen to be unusually well acquainted with native opinion. By native I mean the opinion of the indigenous and resident peoples of Africa, whether they be black, brown, white, or yellow in complexion.

For instance, the suggestion that Japan should be distracted from her inconvenient desires to colonise other parts of the world by being offered German East Africa: do the persons making this suggestion suppose that the seven to eight millions of vigorous negroes and negroids in German East Africa would welcome Japanese colonisation on a large scale, or their being transferred from the rule of a European Power to that of an Asiatic? Japan is, we are told, doing splendidly in Formosa, and apparently has now reconciled the eight millions of Koreans to becoming subjects of the Japanese Emperor. Similarly, she has caused few, if any, complaints by her administration of southernmost Manchuria. But the natives inhabiting these regions of Eastern Asia are closely allied in one way and another to the Japanese peoples. What is most Mongolian in the Japanese finds its analogue in Korea and Manchuria, and what is most Malay or even Negrito is represented by the indigines of Formosa. Undoubtedly there is room in the north and north-east of China for a great deal of Japanese colonisation without injustice to the Chinese or to foreign commerce for a hundred or even two hundred years to come.



*Photo: Elliott and Fry.*

SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON.

It is quite possible that at the end of such a period what is now German East Africa may be a self-governing negro State or congeries of States, just as by that time the greater portion of British West Africa will have some form of autonomous government under British control. If German East Africa is not to be restored to Germany when it has been conquered by Great Britain [and if the British Empire really has this intention of restoration as the expression of our public opinion, it would be perfectly insensate to waste valuable men and money in conquering it], if German East Africa is to cease to be German, under whose flag is it to pass? There can be but one answer from anyone who understands the question. It must be British. It must form that substantial link in the chain of the Cape-to-Cairo that has been an axiom and an aspiration of all far-seeing Imperialists from 1888 onwards, from the beginning of the scramble for Africa. And I wish it to have this fate quite as much from the point of view of the negro and negroid natives as from that of the needs of the British Empire. I do not believe at the present day that any European nation governs Africa so well or so sympathetically as Great Britain. But I *mean* "Great Britain." There must be a limit placed to the direct rule over negro Africa of the self-governing dominion of Boer and British South Africa. This Colonial Government is gradually building up a magnificent white State in southernmost Africa, but it is as intensely and overbearingly "white" in its sympathies and aspirations as are the United States, the Commonwealth of Australia, and Canada. It is not disposed to treat with fairness and equity large and educated negro communities.

We must bow to the inevitable. The greater part of Africa south of the latitude of the northern Limpopo—let us say of 20 degrees S. lat.—will have to become in course of time a country mainly of white people, in preference to being a country of a white race enslaving, or at any rate keeping in a condition of semi-serfdom, millions of black people, and refusing ingress to the best types of Asiatic. Therefore at latitude 20 degrees S. must stop the rule of the Union, unless and until it can solve its racial questions with perfect equity towards black and yellow. It is therefore out of the question that German East Africa

should be in any way placed under the control of the High Commissioner for South Africa or of the Union Government. It must, on the other hand, be governed from Zanzibar, be in a sense once again restored to close connection with Zanzibar. Yet here, again, sentimentality must not come into play. We must not reinstate the Sultan of Zanzibar and his Arab counsellors as rulers over the wide dominion of German East Africa. Such rule to a slight degree they possessed before German East Africa came into being, but the devastating Arab slave-trade was the result. There will, of course, remain a Sultan of Zanzibar, who will have regained control over the Island of Mafia. But just as there are self-governing Indian States round about Simla, the summer capital of the Indian Empire, so some degree of Arab autonomy on the Zangian islands will not be inconsistent with Zanzibar being the capital of our vast East African Empire. In this way some degree of fusion between British East Africa and German East Africa must be brought about. It will be the easier since the native races of both regions are closely akin.

**Some Practical Suggestions for the Division of the Spoils of War.**

Possibly the mountains at the north end of Lake Nyasa might be added to the Nyasaland colony or protectorate, and this might further be enlarged by including within its limits what used to be known as North-Eastern Rhodesia—that is to say, the Tanganyika plateau and the regions between Lake Bangweulu and the Luangwa River. Rhodesia should be compensated in territory by the allotment of the northernmost part of German South-West Africa, thus giving Rhodesia a sea coast on the Atlantic. The southern two-thirds of German South-West Africa will, of course, go to the Union of South Africa. Walfish Bay and Swakopmund are already an appanage of Cape Colony. But the northern portion of South-West Africa is not well suited by its climate and conditions to white colonisation, and, further, it is already inhabited by a somewhat numerous and vigorous people of Bantu negro stock—the Ovampo and the Herero. The British South Africa Company so far, in Northern and North-Eastern Rhodesia and in Barotseland, has shown itself wise and tactful and kindly in its government or control of large negro populations. It would give it very little trouble or additional expense to extend this control and this sympathetic administration over the tribes between Western Zambezia and the Atlantic coast. Such an arrangement need not disturb the excellent existing conditions as the government of Bechuanaland, which similarly is not to be included—as the natives do not wish it—within the limits of the Union of South Africa.

The Protectorate of Uganda should receive an accession of territory connecting its present limits with the north end of Lake Tanganyika, but the west bank of Lake Kivu and the west shores of Lake Albert Nyanza should be ceded to the Belgian Congo in return for the cession to Great Britain—to the Uganda Protectorate—of all lands east of the Semliki River and of the eastern half of Lake Edward; and further, the cession to British Central Africa of the inconvenient Bangweulu peninsula of Belgian territory.

**Directions in which Great Britain, France and Portugal may Benefit.**

Portugal might receive at our hands Tungi Bay and the south side of the Ruvuma delta, in exchange for an extension of Nyasaland southwards along the west bank of the Shiré down to the River Zambezi. On the West Coast of Africa we have, or we shall have before very long, conquered and occupied two important German concessions—Togoland and the Cameroons. The greater part of Togoland might be transferred to French Dahomé, only enough being retained by Great Britain to assure the control of the Lower Volta. In regard to the Cameroons, we must certainly annex to Southern Nigeria all the western portion of the former German colony, including the Cameroons and the Manenguba Mountains and the coast as far south as the River Sanagá. The eastern boundary of British Cameroons should be the Faro affluent of the upper Benue to its source, and thence a line drawn to the Jerem affluent of the Sanagá, and from this point the course of the Jerem and of the Sanagá to the sea. The whole of the rest—three-fourths of "Kamerun"—might pass to France, and thus greatly enlarge French Congo and French Central Africa. France would thus, in addition to about 200,000 square miles of new territory, regain all that she ceded to Germany in 1911. Great Britain has especial claims to the Western Cameroons, since this region was first opened up and civilised by the British Baptist missionaries, who implanted English there so firmly as a trade language that the Germans have found it impossible to displace it, and still continue to use a "pidgin" English in their intercourse with the natives. In the hinterland of what should become British there are Fula kings and chiefs having close family connections with those of Northern Nigeria, and the trade language of the interior of the Western Cameroons is Hausa. Any other solution than that which I advocate would gravely militate against racial lines of demarcation, and against important British commercial interests.

**Russia's Prospect of Maritime Intercourse with the Rest of the World.**

I have seen it remarked here and there in discussions on this subject that in thus disposing of German Africa Great Britain would be taking the lion's share of the spoil. Such an argument betrays at once great ignorance of recent political geography. In order to content their industrial and imperial aspirations, Germany and Austria were allowed by Britain, France, and Russia to acquire important and clearly-recognised spheres of influence in the Turkish Empire, which will also be available for redistribution when the Allies have triumphantly concluded the present war. There is Albania, for example, that incongruous State which has no claim, no right vested in unity of peoples or civilisation, to nationhood or autonomy. The greater part of Albania should be divided between Servia and Montenegro in compensation for what they have suffered at the hands of Austria, the circumscription of Valona passing to Italy, and Epirus to Greece. Undoubtedly, Russia must henceforth have control either of Constantinople or, at any rate, of the eastern shores of the straits between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. As one of the unquestioned results of the present war, the Russian Empire must have free, unrestricted maritime intercourse with the rest of the world. The rest of the world wants this quite as much as Russia; wants never again to have its supplies of Russian corn, Russian petroleum stopped by Turkey or Germany. In addition, I do not see how we can very well refuse to Russia control over the greater part of Asia Minor and of the course of the Baghdad Railway as far south as the Gulf of Skanderün. Possibly Italy, if she joins the Allies in an effective manner, may be allowed some claim to control the Smyrna region and a portion of South-West Asia Minor. Or, if Italy prefers the Trentino and Rhodes as the price of neutrality, then satisfaction might be given in these Greek-speaking regions to the kingdom of Greece, on the understanding that any further nonsense about "a Greek Cyprus" was definitely dropped.

**A Forecast of the Future in Relation to Syria, Armenia, Arabia, and the Belgian Congo.**

It is absolutely essential not only on behalf of the strategy of the British Empire, but quite as much of the whole mass of Cypriote people, that Cyprus should be (in course of time) a self-governing State within the limits of the British Empire. France will assume a protectorate over Syria, which may be largely enough interpreted to bring her to the western bank of the Euphrates, and perhaps as far south as the Gulf of Akabah. Russia, of course, will proclaim a protectorate over Armenia, which unhappy region may *at last* receive the autonomy it has long deserved and desired. The greater part of Arabia will remain or become independent, and the shores of the Persian Gulf, Mesopotamia, and the railway route from the Euphrates to opposite Cyprus be added to the Indian Empire.

The more than 900,000 square miles of the Belgian Congo may be increased to the full million by the additions of territory out of German East Africa or the Uganda Protectorate already alluded to. Surely this million square miles in some of the most richly endowed regions of Africa should be sufficiently satisfying to the colonial ambitions of Flanders? But

(*Concluded on page 298.*)



*Our Short Story.*

# THE FIRST SHOT.

## AND WHERE IT LED TO.

### By MARIE CORELLI.

*A Striking and Characteristic Short Story, specially written for "Y.M." by the World-renowned Novelist.*

DAN WILLOWBY sat in his "dug-out," just about the middle of a trench where other "Tommies" like himself were hidden, waiting for the foe. The place was "somewhere in France," and the time between midnight and morning. There was a curious, heavy silence everywhere; the enemy's fire had ceased at sunset, and for a few hours at least, Nature had asserted her mother-right to hush her weary, angry, fighting children to rest.

Most of Willowby's comrades had fallen into a state of uneasy semi-dozing, but Willowby himself was wide awake—much more wide awake than he had ever been in his life. The experience he was undergoing was quite new to him, and though he had expected a good deal that was strange and terrifying, he had not been prepared for the full reality of his present surroundings.

His trench was wet and muddy; it had been baled out twice during the afternoon, but the climatic conditions had not allowed it to become dry, and though he was wrapped in a thick blanket-cloak his feet were stone-cold, and icy shivers ran through his blood, making his eyes water and his teeth chatter. Above him the dark sky was clear and patterned with stars, and he looked up at them in sudden wonder. What millions of bright, twinkling specks there were in that depth of cold, calm space! He had never really noticed them before. At home, in the quiet English village where he had lived through years of comfortable, unthinking peace, he had scarcely seen the stars. They had shone just the same—of course, they were always shining; but when his work in the fields was done he had been tired, and anxious to get back to the cottage where his old auntie lived, and where she kept house and cooked for him; and somehow he had never considered anything much beyond working, eating, sleeping, and a Saturday afternoon's game at football. The mystic and wonderful panorama of natural beauty had moved before his eyes without awakening much response in his mind. Then—all at once—on the spur of a moment's patriotic impulse, he had enlisted, "For King and Country," and here he was—"somewhere in France"—hardly knowing how he came; and the stars were with him as they had never been with him before—or so he fancied; at any rate, it was the first time in his life that he had thought them beautiful. Such crowds of them! All so bright and glittering!

Then he suddenly remembered a girl he had been fond of when he was a stripling of eighteen—a shy little rustic maid named Rosie, whom he had kissed and promised to marry. And one evening, after a month or two of love-making, she had said, with a happy little smile, "Dan, dear, how lovely the stars are! They make me think of angels!" But he was in a sullen mood; a "pal" of his had sneered at his Rosie, and another girl, handsome and impudent, had laughed at his "bit of a sweetheart," and, like all his sex, he resented ridicule. So he had answered sharply, "Angels be hanged! What do *you* know about them?" And her little face had changed and paled, and she had answered nothing. But very soon afterwards he had found a trumpery excuse to quarrel with her, and finally broke with her altogether. She was dead now; he never understood how she had managed to die before she was twenty.

Following this train of recollection, he came, as it were, with a sudden shock on the thought of Death. She, the silly little maid who had spoken about the stars and the angels—was dead. What was it like to be dead? It was to be senseless, sightless, cold—hidden from the sun and moon: out of sight, out of mind. Yet here he was—here by his own will and consent, within a chance throw of death at any moment! As this thought flashed across his brain it hit the very centre of his consciousness as with a fierce blow. Enlisting, training, marching, and embarking for the front—all these things had excitement and "go" about them, and the phrase "die for the country" had been to him as meaningless as the constantly repeated phrase of a parrot. But Now, and Here! Why, now and here Death was a real thing—an awful truth—an imminent possibility! A sudden trembling seized him; he looked at his comrades on either side; they were slumbering. Again he lifted his eyes to the stars; there they were, twinkling through space like jewels in a net. They would twinkle on just the same when—when he was dead. He repeated the words slowly to himself over and over again, "When I am dead," but could not realise the meaning of the words as applied to himself. What was death? The clergyman who preached dull sermons in the village church at home had said on one occasion that it was "the wages of sin," and on another that it was "eternal life." How could he reconcile these two statements? When his mother died he was told she had had a "happy release," and had "gone to a better world." What was that "better world"? Nobody was quite sure of it, he fancied. One thing alone seemed certain, namely, that death was an end of *this* world. Yet what a pleasant world to live in! Why should one be forced to leave it? Flowers, trees, birds, blue skies, sunshine, and at night the stars! There they were, glittering in beautiful millions ever so high!—the stars which silly little Rosie had said made her think of angels! Of course, there were no such beings as "angels," and to die and go away from all the wonders and pleasures of life was surely a cruel business! What a fool he had been to leave his village, and the wholesome toil in the fields where the very smell of the good brown earth was sweet, and the song of the lark in spring-time lilting far aloft was a very spirit of joy expressing itself to the sun! No "next world" could be like England in May-time, when the wild hyacinths carpeted the woods with a glory of blue, and the hawthorn buds shone like pearls amid the pale green of the hedgerows. He would escape, he thought; now, while there was a lull in the fighting. Under cover of the darkness, he would crawl out of the trenches, and, lying close to the ground, he would slip secretly and silently away. Cowardly? Yes! Desertion? Yes! But anything was better than cold, stark Death, which, like a terrifying spectre, seemed hovering over him. Moved by a desperate impulse stronger than himself, he crept to the edge of the trench, and very cautiously and slowly lifted his head inch by inch above it——!

There came a sudden terrific crash in his ears, a blinding flare, as of silvery light slashed with the dark red hue of blood, and then—— then——?

Why, then he found himself lying on a stretch of warm, soft grass in a field besprinkled with flowers! Over his head the sky beamed in clear azure; birds were singing, and a light wind full of fragrance waved the rich foliage of a group of trees close by. Turning his head from side to side in bewilderment, he looked round him; the place was strange, yet familiar. There were no "trenches"; they, and the men concealed within them, had suddenly and miraculously disappeared! He wondered what had happened. Why was he lying here in delicious indolence on this bright, warm, sunny day?

He made an effort to rise, and found he could do so easily, and that when he stood up he was conscious of a lightness and joy that he had never felt before. But now there came upon him a most astounding impression. *He was not aware of himself!* That is to say, he did not realise that he was an actual, tangible personality. He lived, he moved, he walked, but he could not understand his own powers of volition. He was not a dusty, dirty, stone-cold man in khaki; he was Something Else. He was a Something Else that was amazingly vital, young, and full of eager and delightful sensations. What his Appearance was he could not tell; he was only aware of his Soul—a thing he had never known very intimately. This Thing was now Himself—a wonderful creature, ready for any new, brilliant or amazing experience. And as he stood, trying to realise himself, he saw a figure coming towards him; a light, white aërial form of exquisite girlhood, with a lovely face that smiled and eyes that shone. A sweet voice spoke.

"So you have come!" it said; and the words were unlike any language, yet he understood them.

"Yes, I have come!" he answered, wondering at his own utterance. "But I must go again at once; I cannot leave my comrades in battle."

The beautiful Spirit gave a slight warning gesture.

"You have left them!" she said. "You can never go to them again. They do not know you any more; you are what they call dead!—so much better than to be dishonoured!"

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "No! I never lived till now."

The Spirit smiled.

"True! But in the world you have left they would not believe you. You were killed a moment ago, and you are dead—dead on the field of honour!"

He heard, and tried to think.

"Strange that I cannot remember," he murmured. "There seemed a noise and con-

fusion, and cries as of children fighting——."

The Spirit's fair face became more luminous and lovely in the pitying tenderness of its expression.

"Ah, yes!" she sighed. "'Children fighting': poor little souls! They will learn to be wise in time. But you, why do you think about them? You are no longer a child; you are full grown, and you have put away childish things. Come with me! The hyacinths are in bloom."

She held out her hand. He looked at her in sudden surprise and recognition.

"Why—you are Rosie!" he said.

Her angelic eyes brightened.

"I *was* Rosie," she answered.

He took her hand; it was warm and fine and soft. He drew her closer.

"You *were* Rosie?" he echoed. "Who are you now?"

"Your friend!" she replied; "your guide through this new and beautiful country so long as you need me—but only till then."

"I shall always need you!" he said. "Dear little Rosie, I was not very kind to you once. Have you forgiven me?"

She smiled.

"There is nothing to forgive," she said. "One remembers no wrong and no unkindness Here."

Still clasping her hand, he looked at the beautiful scene around him.

"And Here is—Where?" he asked. "Surely this is England?"

"It is what you have known best and loved most, always!" she replied. "It is a land of No-Name save Love! It is England for you, it is England for me; it is as we see it, as we feel it, as we desire it."

A wave of immortal intuition swept over him.

"And Love?" he said.

"Love is as we find each other, as we know each other, as we need each other. We did not understand this in that world where we died."

"Died!" he exclaimed. "We are not dead—we live!"

"To that world we have left we are dead," she repeated, gently, "dead and buried. *You* were killed at the first shot from an enemy."

"And you?"

Her delicate head drooped, her bright eyes were for a moment veiled.

"I, too, was killed," she answered, "at the first rough word from a lover!"

He drew her closer in his arms; an intense joy thrilled through every fibre of his new being.

"The first shot!—the first rough word!" he echoed. "Did these unbar the gate of Heaven? How shall I ever thank my enemy? And—how will you reward your lover?"

She lifted her head, and her look was radiant as the sun.

"Come!" she said. "Come to the wood we used to know so well at home, where the hyacinths grow; it is springtime, and they are all in bloom!"

With light steps and arms round each other they paced slowly into the soft shadows flung by over-arching trees on a carpet of moss, and there a misty multitude of heavenly blue flowers tempted them onwards—still onwards through all the sounds and fragrance of a springtide wonder and delight that could not change, except to deeper and more entrancing beauty. And he, full of exquisite sensations, began to realise slowly but surely that he had arrived at the beginning of a new existence—a future mysteriously built up out of the fragments of the past; a life wherein old follies, faults, ignorances, and mistakes and troubles were all done away with as though they had never been; and new hopes, new interests, new ambitions, new delights opened out before him in a long and brilliant era of promise. A Divine Beneficence had worked this change—that vast and splendid, patient and loving Power whom we may call "Our Father, who art in heaven," and who "knoweth" that we "have need of these things." Conscious of growing strength and happiness, he moved among the sweet dark bluebells swinging their censers of perfume around him, and thought, "This is surely England as God made it!—not the God of Battles, but the God of Love!"

And, drawing his angel companion more tenderly to his side, he said:

"Is it not strange that an enemy's first shot should give me Death?"

But she, smiling into his eyes, answered: "It would have been stranger still if it had not given you Life!"

## IN QUEST OF HEALTH.

### A Cheery Letter from Mr. Frank Anderson in Canada.

EVERYONE interested in our work in India recognises the name of Frank Anderson, remembers his devoted and excellent service, and regrets his bad breakdown. With Mrs. Anderson and his family, he is seeking health, chicken farming in Canada. We print his last letter:—

I am afraid it is some little time since I wrote to report progress, but we have been living a pretty strenuous life, and there has not been anything very special to record. We can thank God that things are going well with us; my wife and the children keep well, the former has had a little trouble with a sort of rheumatism in the shoulder, but this is better, and we hope will get quite all right when the warmer weather sets in; the children have had colds, but are otherwise quite well, and have settled down well to their Canadian school life; they both seem to be getting on well. I am thankful to say that I continue to feel stronger, and the improvement in my sleep is maintained. I was able to preach in our church a short while ago, and do thank God with all my heart for permitting me to do this again; I hope to be of some service to the Association here, in speaking or any other way, now that I feel better. The farm is going on well, though I am afraid we were a bit late in hatching out our chickens; we hope to do better this year. We continue to be more than pleased with our little place; it seems to be exactly what we wanted. We have made a number of friends, and the people have been so good to us.

I am not going to weary you with a long letter, for you must be fearfully busy; we are so thankful to see what a fine work the Y.M.C.A. is doing for the soldiers, and pray that God will continue to bless it. I do not want to add anything to the work of the office, which must be very heavy just now, but I should be so grateful if you could arrange to send me any periodical literature from time to time which will enable me to keep in touch with all that is going on both at home and in the foreign field; perhaps you could arrange to have the new *Y.M.* paper sent to me regularly. I had mentioned the matter of literature in previous letters, both to Major Young and Mr. Cowley, but nothing is being sent, and I do want to know what is going on.

Please remember me very warmly to all friends on the council, and especially to the foreign committee; let me again say how deeply grateful both my wife and myself are for all their kindness to us.

## FINE AIR—BUT NOT FINE ENOUGH.

A bishop congratulating a poor parson said he lived in a fine air.

"Yes, my lord," replied he, "I should think so, too, if one could live upon it as well as in it."

## ROUND THE CARDIFF CAMP.

### Some Vivid Impressions of the Association's Work in South Wales.

NO work among our troops is being prosecuted with greater zeal and effectiveness than that under the auspices of the South Wales Associations of Cardiff, Barry, Portheawl, and elsewhere. The Principality has responded in magnificent numbers to the nation's call, and instead of being daunted, have been the more nerved by the severe losses the Welsh regiments sustained in the earlier days of the war. Gallant little Wales has shown its wonted patriotism, and the coal-pick and shovel have been abandoned for the khaki and the rifle with an alacrity and enthusiasm that are nothing short of marvellous. But the large bodies of men thus crowded into Cardiff and Barry and adjacent localities have laid almost as severe a strain on the Y.M.C.A. as upon the military, and Mr. Higman, who has become so familiar a figure in the life of the capital, and his assistants have had their energies and ingenuities taxed to the uttermost. A couple of days spent last week among the Association's huts and other accommodations revealed an inspiring spectacle of successful work. The hut provided by the Marquis of Bute for us in the Castle grounds is put daily to splendid use. We have also very good accommodation given us by the authorities at the Docks, where the Manchesters are. Another of our largest places is in the Skating Rink. In part of this the men of the 3rd Welsh are billeted, and at the upper end is the large portion devoted to our work. The writer was privileged to devote an evening to this, and gathered round him a goodly number for a scratch concert, which, as our custom is, he turned, as the evening went on and the numbers increased, into a species of informal service. The men listened with utmost attention, and eagerly joined in the hymns and responded to the closing prayer. At Barry there is a big encampment of huts, and what is known as the Buttrills—the breezy heights at the back of the town. Here our hut is most popular with the men, and besides the counter work, a student from Brecon College who is a ministerial candidate is nobly devoting some weeks to the men. He plays chess with them, wins their confidence, and then uses with delicate Christian skill his advantage for highest ends. The writer particularly enjoyed his personal conversations with individual men, whom he found most approachable. One man announced that he was a freethinker. "So am I," was the writer's reply; "I am free to think as I will, and I do!" "But you know what I mean," came the rejoinder; "I don't believe——." "Don't tell me what you don't believe; tell me what you do believe," I replied. "I believe in courage," he answered, leaning over the counter. "I can't but believe in it after what I saw in the retreat from Mons." "And in what also?" "Oh! I believe in comradeship; a soldier, like a good footballer, spoils everything if he is selfish." "Good! so he does. And what also?" "I don't believe in a chap being a rotter—he's a fool to drink." "Good again. Now let's sum-up. You believe in courage, brotherliness, temperance, virtue. Come, that's a pretty good order for a man who doesn't believe. I should call you a believer." He laughed. "Well, I suppose I am if you put it like that." Were anything easier, after that, than to show that we believe in One Who was Himself brave, and man's comrade, the altogether temperate and virtuous One. "Two-thirds of a Christian, am I?" he said, again smiling; "but the other third is the stiff bit." "No, it is the easiest bit, the stiffest bit is to do right."

Many a little wayside chat of this sort gives the chance that is so welcome, and our men at Cardiff are doing a yeoman's best to create such chums and to use them. It only remains to add that the staff of hut helpers is most generously backed up by the President of Committee of the Y.M.C.A., and also by the churches of the city. Of the helpfulness, and courtesy, and appreciation of the military authorities it is, as always, impossible to speak in too high terms.



# FIGHTING FOR IDEALS IN RUSSIA.

*An Appealing Description of the New Vision in a Great Country.*

By STEPHEN GRAHAM.

IN a little village in Russia recently a party of German soldiers entered the church, cleared out the worshippers, clubbing some with the butt-ends of their rifles. This done, they set to work to dig up the floor of the building, being persuaded that the Russians had buried explosives under the altar. They could not find any there, but they went on digging a long time, being convinced they would come to something at last. But they unearthed nothing beyond a few bones and the dust of the saints. When they had tired of this they cut out a picture of the Saviour from an ikon frame, and put in a portrait of the Kaiser. Then they went off in high spirits, feeling that they had made some sort of triumphant joke. Whilst they were laughing, however, destiny was swiftly overtaking them; a sudden alarm was given, but before they had time to discharge their rfles a whirlwind detachment of Cossacks was upon them, and every one of the marauding band was stricken in the village street. The Germans were laid low, the hewn picture of the Saviour was taken from one of the dead foes, and the Cossacks, with the villagers, returned to the church, restored the ikon, and resumed the service which had been interrupted.

In such terms does Russian battle life express itself to-day, and the witness is given to true Christianity. We should always keep in our remembrance the simple religious faith of our Russian Allies. We go into battle to the strains of "Tipperary," though in our hearts we are pretty near to God; the Russians go in with triumphant hymns and faith.

In Russia a war to succeed must be a holy war, and this one against Germany has evoked more Christian enthusiasm in Russia than anything since the Crusades. The Russians are all sure that their cause is a good cause. They are fighting for ideals, fighting against materialism, against a brutal Power, a bullying Power. The war has the whole enthusiasm and faith of the Russian Church and nation behind it.

It often seems astonishing how well the Russians are doing; they are keeping the Germans on the rush the whole winter, tiring them out, persistently and bravely tackling a nation superior in technical knowledge, training, and in the application of science. Some have said that the Russians win because they are better equipped, because their artillery is so good, because they are clever tacticians; but this is a mistake—they are inferior in equipment, organisation, artillery, tactics. They win in spite of these things. It is the Russian's bare breast in the cannon's mouth. They win through their enthusiasm and great religious faith. It is difficult to stop the Russians in their forward movements, difficult to enforce the necessary discipline and keep the soldiers back to make them more effective—they are so enthusiastic, so ready. The Germans, who allow for everything in their calculated attacks, are, all the same, constantly upset by something for which they do not allow, and that is the religious inspiration of the Russian soldiers. As the verse says—

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked though locked up in steel
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

In one great sense the Russian is better equipped than the German—he is better equipped religiously. When you come to think of it, it was rather pathetic that the Germans should be digging with spades and picks under the altar of the Russian church trying to find hidden munitions of war. The munitions of war were there all right—tremendous explosives, great guns, wireless, plans of battle—but then they were religious explosives, the explosives that hurl living men into the fray with the inspiration and the will to express the wrath of the Lord.

But, of course, it is not only on the fields of battle that there is fighting for ideals, but in politics also, where the Tsar has struck out of existence the revenue-producing but nation-corrupting vodka, where, also, love towards a small people has been expressed in the great proclamation to the Poles. There is fighting for ideals in private and social life, where, as if in direct contrast to Prussian cruelty and ruthlessness, there has sprung into publicity a wonderful tenderness and affection, care and love and sympathy for all people who are suffering, for the wounded, for the prisoners, for the German wounded as much as for their own, for the families of those who are suffering or have died. From the top to the bottom of Russia every one is working for his neighbour. Christianity, as far as the ethic of love is concerned, is now during the war at its Golden Age in Russia. The victories which Russia has won during the war augur well for the victory of the Allies; but, putting aside that personal and immediate aspect of their spiritual life, what do they not promise for the time after the war? This war, which will no doubt wrest both Jerusalem and Constantinople from the Saracen, may be called the Last Crusade. We know that victory will be ours, and we look ahead right beyond the strife and the carnage to a revival of true Christianity and a wonderful era of peace and happiness, when the nations, safeguarded from envy and aggression, will live peacefully side by side, and work out in the face of God each his own wonderful destiny. To-day is the wild winter and time of death; to-morrow will be the spring, the day after will be summer. And the flowers will shine in the garden of the Lord.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### POURED OUT BEFORE GOD.

WHEN David expressed a desire for a draught of water from the well of Bethlehem, and three of his brave soldiers ran deadly risk and brought it to him, he was ashamed to touch it. He could not bring himself to accept what those generous fellows had procured at so great a cost. Such a sacrifice, he felt, was worthy of being offered to God alone. It was His due, service rendered actually to Him. So he solemnly poured it out on the ground untasted, the ancient way of making an offering to God.

A smaller man than David would probably have thanked these warriors profusely and gratefully, and accepted their gift. But David saw into the heart of their service, and recognised that, at its heart, it was spiritual and Divine. He put it, therefore, past himself. Such service, he said, as he poured the water out, is really an offering to God. He taught those men that day, and he teaches us to-day, that the final destination of that goblet of water, just because it was a tribute of love to a fellow-man, was the Altar of the Most High God.

Even when it has been pointed out to us, I venture to say that neither the world nor yet the Church of Christ has learned the truth that David saw. For we are not yet bold enough to tell the world what it cannot find out for itself, though at times it seems to be groping after it, that every noble self-sacrifice and unselfish act that is done under the sun, no matter by whom, is also service of God, is a sacred thing, and comes into the realm of religion. God has His claim upon it, of which even our ignorance cannot deprive Him. Men lay these gifts on the altar of heaven, though they know it not.

When some young fellow to-day quietly lays his ambitions aside, gives up a lucrative post, and offers himself to his country as a soldier in the cause of honour and liberty and righteousness, as many hundreds, God be thanked, are doing, he ought to be told that his offering has really been poured out before heaven. We call it patriotism, nobility, self-sacrifice. David would have called it religion. In his way of it, any such gift belongs to God alone. David's three soldiers imagined they were serving him. So they were. But he taught them that, all unconsciously, their service was really rendered to God. The young Kitchener's man, who has stepped out of affluence and comfort into the ranks, is proud to think that he is serving his King and country. So he is. But isn't there a David among us to tell him that, at the spiritual heart of it, his offering is made to God?

There are humble souls who, when they hear some preacher speak of serving God, take shame to themselves that that is something far beyond them. Why does not somebody tell them that in their acts of neighbourliness, in the quiet sacrifices of their ordinary days, in all that they take upon themselves and do for Love's pure sake, they are in very truth pouring out their offering day by day before God? The words which Lowell puts into the mouth of our Lord Himself remind us that there is always a Divine Third to the kindly act or the generous sacrifice.

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me.

Ah! my brother, you may sometimes miss your friend with your offering or your service. But you never can miss God. Himself, his hungering neighbour, *and Me.*

## THE FUTURE OF AFRICA AFTER THE WAR.

(*Concluded from page 294.*)

if the Allies issue victorious from this struggle, undoubtedly the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg will be wholly detached from the German Empire, and be placed under the protection of the Belgian Crown, while other small portions of intrusive contiguous territory may be at the same time legitimately added to the Belgian kingdom.

France, also, is fighting at the present time, firstly, to save herself from further spoliation, and, secondly, when victorious, to regain as much as possible of the provinces torn from her in 1871. France, forced to defend herself, is now fighting for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, and for the final ratification of her position in Morocco. Consequently, if further compensated by the allotment of 200,000 square miles in the Cameroons the greater part of Togoland and a Protectorate over Syria, she could scarcely have any aspiration to interfere in the settlement of German East or German South-West Africa. It is possible, however, that if Italy decided once and for all to abandon her neutrality and to join the other Allied Powers, both France and Britain might make some sacrifices respectively in regard to the hinterland of the Libyan Desert, which would enlarge the interior of the Italian Tripolitaine till it expanded beyond the actual desert area and touched the confines of Darfur, Tibesti, and Kanem, so as to give Italy a better chance of participating in the development of Africa.

But all these redistributions of African territory must be undertaken on the distinct understanding that Europe enters tropical Africa rather as the guardian and administrator of the estate of a minor than as the actual freeholder. It is useless to evade the knowledge that Africa has been awakened by missionaries of all creeds, and is now ready to stand up for her own rights. There must be no repetition of the Congo blunders of France or of King Leopold. The Portuguese must learn wisdom and learn to administer their rich territories in Africa not entirely to suit the pockets of a few capitalists in Lisbon and elsewhere, but mainly to answer to native aspirations. If the black man is not to receive a vote on the same lines as the white man in South Africa, then we must be careful to restrict the limits of white South Africa, so that in the regions north of the Limpopo the black men may congregate, increase, and multiply, and look forward with certitude to a reasonable degree of autonomy. France must keep alcohol as far as possible out of North Africa, and the British should immediately retrace their administrative steps, and exclude distilled alcohol from access to the peoples of West Africa, however much they may offend British distillers. The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan must without pretence be governed by an administration appointed in Whitehall, and continue to be governed as far as possible in the interests of the indigenous peoples; but not too much (and these remarks apply to Northern Nigeria even more forcibly) in the interests of a ruling caste of Mohammedans. It is scarcely believable that at the present day British Christian missionaries are virtually excluded from Northern Nigeria, and the way is not made too easy for them in the Sudan. And this policy is carried out not really on account of tenderness for Mohammedan prejudices—for Mohammedans seldom in reality object to Christian missionaries of European origin, inasmuch as they appreciate the education and the medical treatment they bring with them—as to spare the feelings of such officials as may dislike criticism and any outside interference with their ideas of government; or too much investigation into the question of native rights. Constitutional government and popular assemblies are not, as a rule, conditions for which the greater part of negro Africa is fitted at the present day, but they are ideals towards which our administration must work, and we must have no more "benevolent despotisms" or the arbitrary rule of personalities, castes, or cliques in any part of British Africa. As a matter of fact, we want to spread all over Tropical Africa the excellent type of government of our Crown Colonies, such as Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Uganda, or Nyasaland.

The war against germ diseases must be unhesitatingly and scientifically prosecuted, and any official heard to declare that the mosquito theory is all bosh, and precautions against germ-conveying insects too tedious to carry out, should be transferred to other spheres of activity better suited to his imperfect education.

Above all, as soon as Europe has recovered from the appalling effects of the German madness and its consequent waste of capital, railway building must be renewed in Africa, and carried to the triumphant conclusion not only of a Cape-to-Cairo railway route, but of that great project of the Trans-Saharan railway which the French were about to undertake when this war burst on them. The great trunk line of Africa must start from Tangier, and proceed *viâ* Fez to the Moroccan Sahara, and thence to the Northern Niger, and through Northern Nigeria, the Cameroons hinterland, the Western Congo, Angola, and South-West Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.

---

A cordial appreciation of the Y.M.C.A. work at Felixstowe appeared last Saturday in the *Star*. "Striking testimony of the inestimable value of the Y.M.C.A. Recreation Rooms and stores has been forthcoming." The writer adds, "The advantages of the Y.M.C.A. camp rooms have been recognised by officers and men alike, and it is through special appeals of the former that the Y.M.C.A. have extended the scope of their work at Felixstowe."

The Rev. D. C. Macgregor, M.A., in appealing for an offering on behalf of the Y.M.C.A., mentioned that many of the students at Westminster College, at Cambridge, the college devoted to the training of Presbyterian students for the ministry—were working in France and elsewhere with the Y.M.C.A. He paid a high tribute to the Y.M.C.A. and its labours in war time.

## SINGING TO SAILORS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

### A Personal Impression.

BY MADAME ADA CROSSLEY.

[On Friday, January 22, Madame Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, and other famous singers visited the men of the Royal Naval Division at the Crystal Palace. We have already recorded the impressions of Mr. Davies, and we now have pleasure in giving the following statement, so charming in its simplicity, from the pen of the eminent contralto, Madame Ada Crossley, whose husband, Lieutenant Francis F. Muecke, F.R.C.S., the well-known surgeon, is with the R.A.M.C., at present stationed at Eastbourne, but expecting to go to France very soon.]

YOU have asked me to send you a short impression of the concert at the Crystal Palace on Friday, January 22, when I sang to the men of the Royal Naval Division. Well, I may tell you that in my experience of singing to a Crystal Palace audience I have never felt such an atmosphere of restfulness, sympathy, and appreciation as on that occasion.

You know, artistes are very sensitive regarding the "atmosphere" of their audience, yet from the moment I went on the platform I felt at home, and my heart went out to those dear, brave men, so virile, so strong, and yet so simple.

When I looked down on those grand blue-jackets, for the moment I saw them through a mist, for I realised only too well the purpose of their being in that great building, and thought of the anxious prayers and thoughts that their dear mothers, wives, and sisters were sending up hourly for them. I felt a lump gather in my throat, but only for the moment, for their bright, cheery faces and enthusiasm recalled me to earth. I felt as if I were in a big schoolroom singing to a lot of happy boys, and I knew I must give of my very best in the short time that I was helping them to forget that such a thing as war existed.

I hope that I succeeded; at any rate, if the warmth of their applause and enthusiasm count for anything, I may feel satisfied on that point.

As I sang, I saw how earnestly and intently each man listened. This was the highest tribute to me, and at the conclusion of my song, whilst I bowed my thanks, I sent out to each and every one of those dear brave boys a fervent wish that God would bless their efforts, when they crossed the Channel, with success, and send them safely home to their dear ones.

---

## FUTILITY OF DESTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.

Once a madman startled a congregation in a New England church by rising suddenly and shouting, "I will pull the place about your ears." He caught hold of a massive pillar. Women screamed, and there was great excitement. An old man said, quietly, "Let him try," and as the congregation realised the absurd disproportion between the lunatic's strength and the solid marble pillar the alarm was quelled. May we not say, as one after another announces his power to destroy Christianity by criticism, "Let him try"? The Church of Christ is built on imperishable foundations.

---

Mr. F. H. Barclay, president, took the chair at Cromer's annual meeting. Forty-five members are with the troops. Finances have improved during the year.

Colonel Leonard Noble defined the other day the religion of the Y.M.C.A. as "simply that of Christianity." He said he had heard of its being summed up by a Tommy, who said about the Y.M.C.A., "They ain't got no religion; they are just Christians."



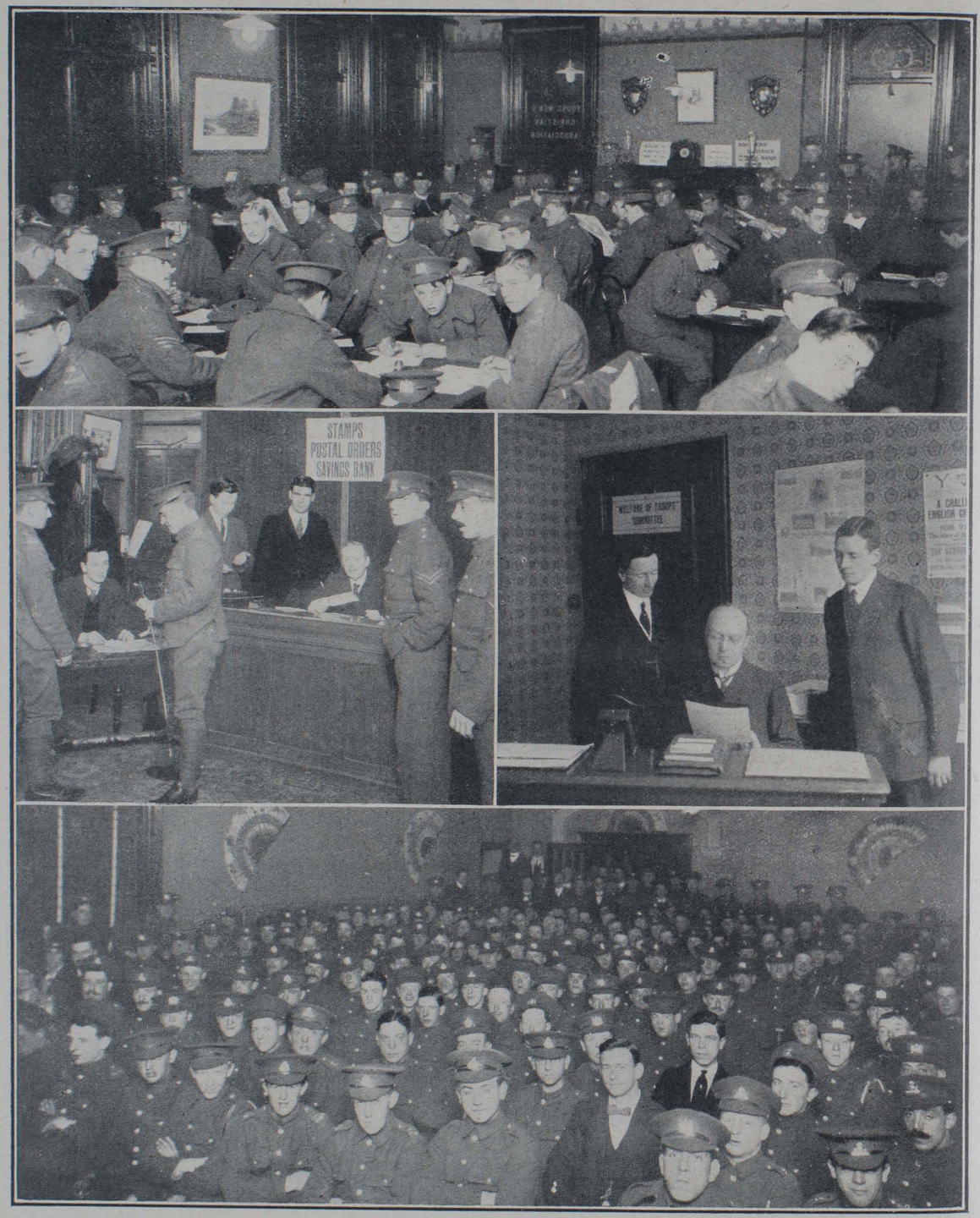
"Bournville" Cocoa
(REGD. TRADE MARK)
is made by "Cadbury's"
(REGD. TRADE MARK)
AND IS OF EXCEPTIONAL FOOD VALUE
CADBURY'S MEXICAN CHOCOLATE is the Best Plain Chocolate

COCE is IT.
For Camp Life . . . Coffee Extract is GOOD.
With Quality Coffee Extract is . . . . . BETTER.
With Quality and Cheapness Coffee Extract is . . . . BEST.
Clark's Optimus Coffee Extracts are the BEST and CHEAPEST.
In Quarts, &c., &c.
"To give strength to the men during the march, when the usual food cannot be taken, Coffee is better than spirits."—Sir LAUDER BRUNTON'S quotation from report on Ashanti campaign, *The Evening News, Mar. 5.*
Write for Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. supplies.
C.O.C.E., Ltd., 17, Ingate Place, BATTERSEA, S.W.

Established 1795.
FOR SECURITY AND VALUE.
JOHN TANN'S SAFES
120 Years without a Single Failure.
STEEL CASH CHESTS for Y.M.C.A. and ARMY TRAINING CAMPS.
*Write for Catalogue of everything appertaining to security.*
117, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

MR. A. F. WILDING,
— THE —
WORLD'S LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION
For 1910, 1911, 1912, and 1913, writes:—
"I have consistently used ROBINSON'S 'Patent' BARLEY for making Barley Water, for many years. It is undoubtedly the best drink for every one. To Athletes I particularly recommend it, as it will materially assist them in their training."
BARLEY WATER
MADE FROM
ROBINSON'S "Patent" BARLEY
is delightfully refreshing and invigorating. It cools the blood, quenches the thirst, and ensures
A HEALTHY SKIN & A CLEAR EYE
*Of all Grocers, Corn Dealers and Stores.*
Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd., London.

## SCENES IN SOUTHPORT'S BUSY RETREAT FOR SOLDIERS.




The Y.M.C.A. headquarters at Southport are proving an admirable rendezvous for the men in khaki, whose needs are considered and provided for in many ways. The first picture shows how the lounge is being utilised as a writing-room; the secretary's office, now converted into a post-office, is seen in the first of the middle illustrations; while the second (with a *Y.M.* poster on the wall) represents a group of secretaries —Mr. J. O. Kollier (on left), hon. secretary of the Junior Department and of the Soldiers' Work; Mr. S. Yates Ormerod, travelling secretary for Lancashire and secretary of the Welfare of Troops Committee, Southport; and Mr. W. D. Briscombe (on right), hon. secretary of the Southport Association. The photograph reproduced at the bottom of the page was taken at a concert.





# CARR'S BISCUITS

Have you tried
Carr's Celebrated

**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack.

**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**

Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LIMITED — CARLISLE.

## Camp Commodities
*First List*

THE attention of Camp Commandants is directed to the following short selection from the list of articles finding a ready sale among the soldiers in camp.

1d. Packets of Stationery, containing 6 sheets of Cream Laid Note, 6 Envelopes to match and Blotting Paper.
1d. Packets Brown Paper, etc. (1 sheet Brown Paper, 45 × 29 in., 4 yards of string and 1 Luggage Label).
2d. Packets Brown Paper, etc. (1 sheet Brown Paper, 46 × 36 in., 5 yards of String and 1 Luggage Label).
1d. Pencils (Pocket and Full Length).
2d. ,, "Repeto" Copying, Pocket Size with Protectors.
2d. ,, "Carlton" H.B. ,, ,, ,,
1d. Pen and Penholder.
*All these are carded 12 on an attractive Showcard.*
1d. Packets Postcards (New Regulation Size, 25 in Packet).
1d. ,, ,, (Court Size, 25 in Packet).
Pocket Books, styles from 1d. each.
Writing Compendiums, various designs, at 6d. and 6½d. each.
,, ,, ,, ,, at 1/- each.
The famous "W.H.S." Self-filling Fountain Pen, 3/9, 72 styles to select from.

Supplies of any or all of these goods will be sent immediately on receipt of order (which should be accompanied by cash). A complete list, together with special discounts, will be forwarded on request. 40 Camps are now selling W.H.S. goods.

**W. H. SMITH & SON,**
**Manufacturing Stationers**
**KEAN STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C**
**Head Office: 186 Strand, W.C.**

**"What £10 a year will do."**

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

# NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £534 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,
**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**

# CAMP LEADERS

should note that

## SUN COFFEE

is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

QUALITY RIGHT. —— PRICE RIGHT.

*Write for terms to*
**ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,**
19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.
ESTABLISHED 1812.

# I. N. LYONS, LTD.

## 51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY,
MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE,
TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

THIS issue of the *Y.M.* will reach our readers in the midst of Decision Week, and will find them engaged in the most serious, urgent, and glorious campaign our Association has put its hand and its heart to throughout all its history. We desire, therefore, though two days of the all-too-short period will have already gone by, to offer in the most affectionate and, indeed, passionate terms a word of explanation, reinforcement, and confidence. The meaning and object of the campaign are already fully known from the official letter sent to all our camp leaders and other helpers, lay and ministerial, from headquarters. To quote from that letter:—"A million men are being drafted into France. The majority of them are in our Y.M.C.A. tents and rooms, and have a high appreciation of the services of our devoted helpers. Our workers have already led thousands of men to accept Christ, but very many more have not yet made the great decision. The proposed campaign is planned with the object of putting the resurrecting power of the Lord Jesus Christ before them during this Easter season, and calling upon them to determine on whose side their remaining life is to be spent. It is a great Decision Week that is planned, not for the Y.M.C.A., but for a Christian England."

***

UNDER the heading of "The Appeal" the letter goes on to say that "each speaker and camp leader will find his own method of presenting the appeal of Christ, and personal salvation must of necessity be the first and foremost aim. It is suggested, however, that a new challenge may now be made to the men, or at least a new emphasis be laid. These are very extraordinary times, and they seem to call for a mode of presentation differing from the ordinary. A mighty wave of superb resolve, of supreme self-sacrifice, has swept over the land. The manhood of the nation has sprung to 'attention,' fallen into line, and is marching with firm step towards a great and unselfish end. Is there not here a new opportunity presented for emphasising the appeal of Christ to the *will*—to the will to believe; and this less for personal ends than for the sake of comrades and country? Never has the appeal to the 'will to power'—to power in Christ—been so possible as to-day, and never have men been so ready to respond to a call to serve, not for personal gain, but at much personal loss. The present wave of patriotism and its concomitant self-sacrifice for country's sake presents Christian men with their highest form of appeal, that young men of such fine spirit should rank themselves under Christ, and make whatever further sacrifice may be necessary in order to make their country the *best* in their power. Our Lord's strenuous demand of the 'impossible to men' may rightly come as a welcome spiritual challenge to men in these tonic times, when an appeal on easier lines, or on personal grounds, may find indifferent response. To-day he that demands much need not be disappointed. This war has proved it. The very air is charged with the ozone of resolve to do and dare all things. Now is the time for great demands for God, for Christ, for country. In the moral and spiritual interests of these men and of our country we cannot afford to let the opportunity pass unclaimed—to the full. 'According to your faith be it unto you.'"

***

THESE are trumpet words, a trumpet with no uncertain sound, and it is for us all—for all who love our gallant young Britishers, no less than our Divine Lord and our dear land—to prepare ourselves by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving for the splendid battle. And let every one of us put far from him any idea that the Association is endeavouring in any sense whatever to take a self-interested advantage of the tragic national emergency. The mere thought is abhorrent. It is no time for self-interest in any direction. The opportunity is not of our making. The case has come from the divinest of Headquarters and is clothed with supreme authority. It is one of those spiritual situations that make one tremble to handle, so awful is it. The Council meeting which decided it—for human means must be employed to carry out Divine behests—felt bowed down with a sense of more solemn responsibility than their shoulders had ever borne before. Think of it! The flower of our country and the light and joy of our households going with exquisite fortitude and valour into the very jaws of death. Rank after rank they sweep by us, waving their hands to fathers and mothers, wives and little ones, whom some of them will assuredly never see again till they stand with us in the light of God's presence. Patriotism they carry in their hearts, and determination to live or die as duty to their country may decree. But do they carry with them that passionate devotion to a living Lord, that certainty of His forgiveness and confidence of His presence which will make a gate of life eternal of a bloody trench, and turn even a bayonet charge into an act of moral heroism and a gift of supremest spiritual service? And if they do not, then now, *now*, is our utmost duty, our never-to-come-again privilege of offering to them, and, indeed, of affectionately beseeching them to accept the forgiveness and leadership and dying and undying love of their great Comrade, Christ.

***

NO sooner is the case of the men of our home army put in this light than it assumes all the glowing and awe-inspiring proportions that we so earnestly desire it to assume for all who are now taking part in this campaign. Ultimate responsibility for the souls of others no doubt does not belong to us. But relative responsibility is ours, and that of the heaviest kind. To aid and applaud the sending of hundreds of thousands of men to incur the risk of death, believing in Christ Jesus as we do, and not to put forth every and any means at our disposal for acquainting them with the love and power and nobler fellowship of Him who alone can nerve their arm with uttermost bravery, and hold His arms to receive them to Himself should they fall, is little short of spiritual murder. Certainly it is treachery to God, treachery to the men themselves, treachery to Britain. And we feel confident that these considerations will have their due weight with all our leaders and speakers, and induce them, with the exercise of every tactfulness and Christian winsomeness at their command, to make the utmost of their fateful five days that now remain.

***

AT the same time, there are other points and aspects that should be kept well in mind. None of us can fail to recall Cromwell's insistent belief that the religion of a soldier of freedom was his greatest asset. Referring to his famous Ironsides, he said that "real religious enthusiasm is the only force adequate to match the chivalry of the Cavalier," and that "men of religion, who make some conscience of what they do and who fear God," were invincible. So that in urging our young soldiers to accept Christ and "sign on" for Him, we are helping him to be a better soldier for his King and country and a more irresistible defender of the violated right and laws of Christian civilisation.

***

THERE is also another fact that we may urge upon the soldiers these coming evenings with very great appropriation. This war is a war of ideals, a struggle for supremacy between rival creeds and competing philosophies. On the blood-red fields of Flanders and France Christ is struggling with Napoleonism, and the religion of power is wrestling with the religion of pity and mercy for the supremacy of the world. For Christ, then, are we sending these men to fight, and that being so, could irony reach a more tragic pitch than that a man should risk his life, and, maybe, lay it down for a Master he did not himself serve, and for a Gospel of forgiveness that he himself had not accepted? Soldiers for Christ should be soldiers of Christ, and to this glorious end—as glorious in its Divine common sense as it is in its Divine delight—we have one and all set ourselves to this week's task.

***

TWO matters still remain to be emphasised. One is the pledge the men are asked to take, and the other is the roll they are asked to sign. The pledge is mounted on a neat card bearing at the top the familiar red triangle crossed with the black bar, and below is the following wording:—"I am willing to sign the *War Roll*, pledging my allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and King, by God's help to fight His battles and bring victory to His Kingdom." Then follows a line for the name and the regiment and number. Great care should be exercised in the distribution of these pledges, and the utmost seriousness should be attached to this signing. By no means

must they be carelessly or indiscriminately given out. What is cheaply and easily offered will be estimated as cheap and easy. Then as to the roll. It has been carefully prepared, and is supplied to our own huts and rooms, there being separate columns for name, regiment, regimental number, home address, and denomination. The objects of this roll are stated in the official letter to be as follows:—(1) To league together for mutual service the Christian men in each camp; (2) to link them more closely with their Churches by bringing them in closer contact with chaplains and others of their own denomination who can help them; (3) to follow them up during the war with prayer and service; (4) to band them together *after* the war for Christian work. It is hoped the camp leaders and speakers will sign first and thus encourage their men to do the same. And now the matter, so vital, so weighty with supreme importance, so shining with spiritual romance and beauty, must be left to the prayerful and zealous care of our workers. That they will seek daily—nay, hourly—God's blessing on their efforts we know, and that He will give that blessing we know, too. Let every man work and pray as he has never done before for the young soldier's manhood of our dear Motherland, and to spur him to his topmost zeal let him ask himself how he will dare to face, we will not say his Lord, if he has not done all he could to point out with passionate solicitude the Saviour and King of men—no, not his Lord, but the coming casualty lists. According to your faith be it done unto you.

***

WE have been perturbed by the criticisms which have been levelled at the C.E.M.S. We have a Press cutting before us recording the dissolution of the Huncote branch of the society. The vicar is reported to have delivered the following speech:—"The question for consideration was whether it was advisable and whether it strengthened the Church to belong to a society that proved itself such an absolute failure as regards the war. The Church of England Men's Society was supposed to be a great missionary society to men, and as far as he (the chairman) could judge it had done absolutely nothing towards the spread of Christ's Kingdom amongst those men who were now in training, and even less for those who were in the trenches. The C.E.M.S., as far as he knew, had not even erected a single recreation tent. All the letters he had received from men who had enlisted were written on Y.M.C.A. notepaper. The Y.M.C.A., he said, were truly doing a noble work, both in England and France. With regard to the Huncote branch of the C.E.M.S., that, too, was a fiasco. The men who joined and wore badges were supposed to work and to pray. He was quite certain that the ten who turned up at all meetings did both, and that their membership of the C.E.M.S. was not the reason why they worked and said their prayers. They did so before, and would continue to do so. But, on the other hand, there were several who only liked whist drives, who paid no subscriptions, and who never came to a Corporate Communion." We have referred to similar criticism before, and only rediscuss the question because the supposed failure of the society is compared with the wonderful success of the Y.M.C.A. in the present national emergency. We regret such comparisons. The Association has had seventy years in which to develop its work. Its appeal is to the whole community. It sets out frankly to provide an everyday rendezvous for men permeated by the spirit of the Christian religion. The largest hearted amongst the laity of the Christian Church have backed its work by gifts and by service. It claims to be capable of representing both State and Church in the life of the younger generation, and it would have failed indeed if, when the supreme crisis of our nation had come, it had neither programme nor place. With the C.E.M.S. the position is entirely different. A decade ago it had not been organised. It was formed for the purpose of reinforcing the workers in the parishes. It aimed at no institutional work. Its pledge was a pledge of faith, of communion, of worship, and of service. Its success has not been everywhere equal, but we know that it has done excellent work where it has been well directed. It has given a new definition of churchmanship to many men; it has brought thousands of laymen into close fellowship with the clergy, and it has given to many an inexperienced and harassed cleric a vision of how to unload some of his burdens on his lay brethren. The Young Men's Christian Association owes a debt to it for the many excellent men who have come into the war work as C.E.M.S. members. We could and would say the same of the men's organisations of other denominations if the need arose. They have their work to do within the borders of the denominations. The Y.M.C.A.'s supreme responsibility is that of using the co-related forces of all Christian denominations in the work of winning men from the *great outside*, of developing men when reached into equipped Christian workers, and of handing them back to the Churches for such work as the task of leadership in societies like the C.E.M.S., the Wesley Guild, and the other young people's societies. We would like to make it clear to the public in general that we have no desire to be associated with such criticism.

# "Y.M." CAMPAIGN WEEK.

## *All About the Great Forward Movement which Begins To-day, April 9, and in Connection with which Fifty Valuable Watches are Offered.*

THE announcement already made in these columns with reference to *Y.M.* Campaign Week has aroused a great deal of interest, both in the camps and in the Associations, and already there are signs that all our friends intend doing their best to make the forward movement a real success. As already stated, the object of the campaign is to widen the circulation and influence of the paper, which in less than three months has firmly established itself in hearts and homes all over the country. But while much has been accomplished, a great deal more requires to be done, and it is with the view of still further extending the scope of the paper that the Campaign Week has been planned.

Campaign Week begins to-day (Friday) and continues till the 15th, which gives a complete week for canvassing and pushing purposes. To each of the fifty most successful helpers a splendid watch will be presented, as a mark of appreciation and as a slight recognition of the special effort made on behalf of the paper.

From the standpoint of its literary contents, this week's *Y.M.* is one of the best which we have yet produced. It is a number which every official of the Association, every camp leader and worker, and every member will be able to push with confidence, knowing that, as a literary and pictorial production, it is without a rival. It is an issue interesting and instructive in itself, and one which will bring the Association and its work for the Empire before the notice of a much wider circle than usual. Because of the immense possibilities bound up in such a campaign, we invite all camp leaders and Association secretaries to put into it the enthusiasm and energy necessary to make it a brilliant success. They can share in the campaign proper by making announcements regarding it from the platform and in other ways, and by securing the co-operation of their helpers they can introduce the paper to individuals and centres hitherto untouched.

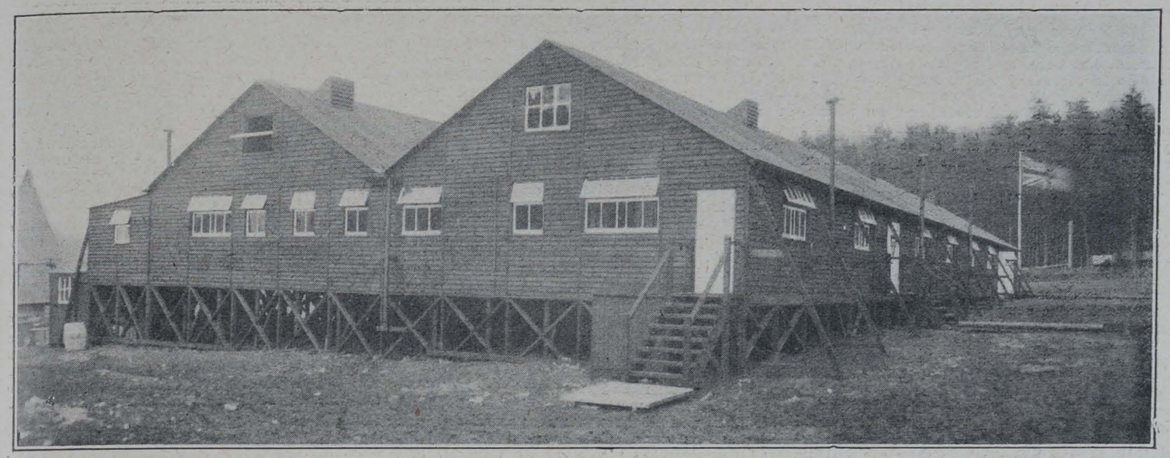
In each camp the leader should set apart for the special purposes of the campaign one or more workers to bring *Y.M.* before the notice of the men frequenting the huts, and to induce them to become regular purchasers, and the same method should be followed in every Association throughout the country. This special effort should be maintained right through Campaign Week, and we are sure that it will yield grand results if it is prosecuted with vigour and enthusiasm. Let all the workers realise that in advertising *Y.M.* they are helping the movement with which they are identified, and they will go to work with a determination that is sure to bring success.

To encourage our helpers, fifty splendid watches, beautiful to look upon and excellent timekeepers, are offered to the workers in camp or Association who show the best returns. But no watch will be awarded unless at least a hundred copies of this issue of April 9 have been disposed of. This means that the fifty workers whose sales are highest over the hundred mark will receive the awards. An annual subscription of 6s. 6d. will count as fifty-two sales, which should encourage our friends to secure as many annual subscribers as they can in order to swell their total. The returns must be made to the Editor, *Y.M.*, 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., not later than April 20, by the camp leader or Association secretary. Where the return is made by a worker other than a leader or secretary, it should bear the endorsement of the leader or secretary.

These watches, it may be explained, are sound and reliable timekeepers, of the best quality throughout, and beautifully finished. They are ideal gifts, and the winners will, we are sure, be more than delighted with them. They are well worth obtaining, and as we are offering no fewer than fifty of them, there is a splendid chance offered to those who like to go to work with a will.

We should like to impress upon all Association secretaries, camp leaders, and other helpers that additional orders for this week's *Y.M.* should be sent in at once to the *Y.M.* Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. There is already a huge demand for this number, and, to prevent disappointment, other orders should be sent off immediately. A good start means a lot. In every camp and Association throughout the country the campaign should begin early on Friday morning, April 9.





The splendid new hut at Crowborough recently opened by H.H. the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The substantial character of the building, which measures 150 ft. by 60 ft., is well shown in the photograph.

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

## *Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

The new building at Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S., has been opened. It provides accommodation for a gymnasuim, a lecture hall, a billiard-room, a refreshment bar, a reading-room, baths and dressing-rooms, and boys' rooms. A verandah a hundred feet long and six feet wide runs the entire length of the building. The entire floor is of square polished tiles.

***

Alister Stewart, of Waterbeck, is a clergyman in Scotland, but at Boulogne he is a wholehearted Association worker. He is an old "Heart of Midlothian" footballer, and has set on foot a football competition. A cup and badges have been provided. Twelve teams are in it.

***

Captain John Ward, M.P., of the Navvy Brigade, is a keen friend of our work, and is giving every possible assistance in the provision of a Y.M.C.A. hut for his men who are in training at the Alexandra Palace. The funds for this hut have been provided by the Sons of Temperance, and it will be known as the Sons of Temperance Y.M.C.A. Hut. They will provide the staff.

***

Rev. Wilton McCann has, at the request of Rev. Canon Barker, preached on the work of the Association at one of the Lenten mid-week services. The collection was given to our War Emergency Fund.

***

Latest news from India shows that the 1st Home Counties Brigade R.F.A., commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Berry Cusack-Smith, K.C.M.G., is distinguishing itself in the sports field. The officers of the Brigade won the Lawn Tennis Tournament, promoted by the Club of Central India, on February 22, and on the following day the 2nd Sussex Battery of the Brigade beat "G" Company of the 4th Battalion East Kent Regiment (the Buffs) in the final of the Y.M.C.A. Football Tournament. A correspondent says all Mhow was present to see a ding-dong struggle. At the end of full time each side had scored a goal, and an extra ten minutes each way was ordered. As it was a very hot afternoon this took the last ounce out of both teams. But Sussex pluck was not to be denied, and the R.F.A. won by two goals to one. Lieut. Coleridge Cole captained the 2nd Sussex Battery's team, for which Bombardier Gurr played a grand game at half-back. Major-General Lloyd Payne, C.B., D.S.O., presented the medals to the winning team.

Mr. F. E. Rands, at the Ipswich annual meeting, announced that more than a hundred members were serving with the colours.

***

Association men throughout the Empire know the Venerable Archdeacon Madden as a keen friend of young men. We sympathise deeply with him in the loss of his son. It must be some consolation to know he died as a British officer and gentleman should. An officer of the 1st King's Liverpools, in which Lieut. Madden was serving, writes:—

"Hylton (Lieutenant Madden) died a real soldier's death, in the middle of the most magnificent charge the 'King's' have ever made. It was a sad day for us, and yet a glorious one.

"Hylton had made a great name for himself in the regiment, especially for pluck, determination, and coolness; nothing ever flurried him; everybody misses him.

"A and B Companies, after a heavy artillery bombardment, had to take the German trenches opposite Givenchy. Lieutenant Young led the first line of A Company, and was killed, and most of his men.

"The second line, led by Hylton, never hesitated a moment, but went straight forward. It was the same with both companies. Hardly a man reached the enemy's wire entanglements, and of eight officers making the charge, only two got back unhit, five being killed, Feneran, Hylton's captain, one of them.

"The general, although the trenches were not taken, was awfully proud of the performance, and said that we had drawn off the enemy's reserves from Neuve Chapelle, thereby enabling the Indian Corps to break through there.

"Therefore the lives lost were not wasted. We lost six officers killed, three wounded, and over 200 men."

***

Croydon has provided eleven concerts during the season in the municipal lodging-houses.

***

Mr. Joseph B. Massey, of Burnley, has died at the age of 58. He was a worker in the Y.M.C.A. Boy Scouts and amongst the United Methodists.

***

The *Sheffield Telegraph* reports:—"It is perfectly certain that there is not a man in the camp who does not feel very grateful to the Y.M.C.A. and its friends for what has been done through the hut at the Rednures Camp. The place was crowded on a recent afternoon."

The Hanley Photographic Society is doing first-rate work. Its eighth annual exhibition has been a great success.

Eighty-five per cent. of the pictures were on bromide, and there were a few bromoils and P.O.P.'s and one platinum print. The classes and successful exhibitors are as follows:—Class 1 (open to members for any picture not having taken an award). The first and second places are both awarded to one exhibitor, Mr. E. Marks, for two pictures in bromoil entitled "After Mass" and "A Country Lane," Mr. W. C. Barcroft coming third with "A Portrait Study." Class 2 (landscape and seascape). Here, again, Mr. E. Marks has the two first positions with his pictures entitled "A Washing Day at Falaise" and "Caudebac," respectively. The award in this class, however, goes to Mr. A. W. Harding for a picture called "On the Downs." Class 3 (flowers, fruit, and still life). In this class "A Rose Spray," by Mr. A. Hawley, gains the award, a Nature study of "Primroses," by Mr. G. T. Boulton, being second, and a photograph of "White Lilac," by Mr. F. R. Williams, third. Class 4 (portrait and figure studies). The first and second positions in this class are gained by Mr. W. C. Barcroft with photographs "In the Study" and "A Portrait Study," followed by a seaside portrait, "The Only Pebble on the Beach," by Mr. J. Wright. Class 5 (open to members who have not won a society's medal)—any picture. The award in this class goes to Mr. G. T. Boulton for a picture called "The Bridge," the second position being gained by Mr. E. Hitchens with "Summer," and Mr. O. Harris coming third with "The Bracken Gatherers." Class 6 (lantern slides in sets of three). Mr. J. Wright takes the first three positions.

The judge was Mr. E. B. Wain, who concluded his judging by saying that picture No. 4, "After Mass," by Mr. E. Marks, was without doubt the finest picture in the exhibition, and its high artistic merit would earn it a place in any photographic exhibition in the country.

***

Corporal Paxman, one of the staff from London Central, is at the front, and sends his own impressions of things in general:—

"Just a line to let you know how things are moving out here. I am still keeping well, and in ripping health, and trust the same applies to you.

"Very shortly now I expect we shall be moving this depot, and at the new place we are all going under canvas, which should be very nice during the hot summer months.

"Possibly you may know that for the last three months we have been blessed with a Y.M.C.A. hut here, and right well it is used, too. Go in there any night, and you find the place crowded. There is one billiard table, plenty of draughts and chess, and an abundance of books and papers, pens, ink, and paper and envelopes. The tea and coffee bar is very popular, and generally has a good crowd round it.

"Unfortunately, as I stay between two and three miles from where the hut is situated, I am not able to use it every night, but when we move no doubt I will be right close to it. One thing I do appreciate, and never miss, is the Sunday evening service. We have some good times. The other week we had the Bishop of Northern Europe come and speak to us; sometimes the ministers and clergy of English churches and chapels around here take it, and sometimes Mr. Hyde Coleman himself takes it. Whoever takes it, it is always good, and we enjoy it exceedingly.

"Very early the other morning we had a Zeppelin raid quite near to us, and they did make a noise. Two of our officers nearly lost their lives, the house where they are billeted being pretty well knocked about. However, they managed to escape injury. Some of the bombs came down about ten minutes' walk from where I was staying, and even at that distance the concussion shook the place tremendously."

***

The full complement of Association huts for the use of the men on Witley Common was completed with the opening of the fourth building, which took place last week. Viscount Midleton, who has taken so deep an interest in the work from the beginning, was in the chair, and was influentially supported. The chairman said it was extraordinary to think that that work was being voluntarily carried out, not only in that camp, but, as he had heard Mr. Frost tell his Majesty a fortnight ago, when he was passing through the camp, at 700 other institutes which had been opened by the Y.M.C.A. during the present year. It was a great effort, and he thought they all of them felt that this typified the national spirit, the strong desire which everyone of every class throughout the country, and of both sexes, had shown to give a hand if they possibly could towards the success of the war. That was an absolutely novel feeling which had never before been awakened in the lifetime of any one of them, because the emergency had never arisen, but the only people that one heard complain were not those who had given of their best, and lost that which they have cared for most—it was not those who had suffered in pocket and purse owing to the war, but it had been the complaint of those who had offered their services and had not found any means of employment for the good of the country. He thought that was a noble record upon which English men and English women might compliment themselves when they looked back to the retrospect of these past trying months, and that had shown itself particularly in the efforts to fit the troops for their arduous work. He believed that in Berlin, if they were to cross-examine the ordinary German about Lord Kitchener's Army, he would tell them that they were all members of the Y.M.C.A. He did not for a moment suggest that that was a necessary or even a proper qualification for entry into Lord Kitchener's Army, but he was quite certain of this, that they were imbued with the spirit which animated the Y.M.C.A., and that spirit was devotion to duty.

***

Lady Edmund Talbot made an admirable speech. She was, as the chairman had said, the wife of an officer, and she also had a son, she was proud to say, who had been fighting for his country, and who had been wounded and was now in one of the French hospitals. She had a younger brother, who was training, she believed, in that camp. That hut which they were opening that day was a recreation hut, and it was not only a place for recreation and social intercourse, but it was also a place where all of them might gather together after their day's hard work, and where all the voluntary workers and all the men might gather together in a spirit of good comradeship, which was the essential characteristic of the British Army and the Englishman. And not only that, but the idea of those who met in those clubs of the Young Men's Christian Association was that they fostered in them all those great qualities which went to make the British soldier what he was—she meant courage, loyalty, patriotism, and sobriety.

***

Colonel Pollock said that, on behalf of the General Officer Commanding in that camp, he was pleased to take over the charge of that hut. He had known something about the work of the Y.M.C.A. before the war, and there was no doubt that they did a tremendous amount of good among the Territorial Associations. What they were now doing was a continuation of that work on a larger scale, and was a fresh proof of their deep concern for the welfare of the British Army. He thought they were vastly indebted to them and also to the local people, whose donations had made those buildings possible. They were also indebted to Lord Midleton and all those who were associated with him in this work. Col. Leonard Noble, J.P., D.L., represented the National Council, and expressed hearty appreciation of the co-operation given by local friends.

***

The sixty-fifth annual conversazione of the City of Dublin Association has taken place under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. Lord Langford. Some remarkable messages were received. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin wrote regretting his inability to attend, as acting under advice he had refrained from attending night meetings during the winter and spring months. "I take the opportunity which this invitation gives me," continued his Grace, "to express my strong appreciation of the splendid work which the Association has been doing amongst our soldiers since the outbreak of the present lamentable war."

***

Major-General Friend, C.B., regretting his inability to attend owing to his absence from Dublin on duty, said he wished to be present to express on behalf of the troops in Ireland their warm appreciation of the valuable help given by the Y.M.C.A. in providing accommodation for their comfort and recreation. The members of the staff of the Y.M.C.A. had greatly impressed him with their tact and knowledge of men, and wherever they went they carried with them an atmosphere of kindliness and good feeling which left a marked improvement in the character and well-being of the soldiers. General Friend concluded:—"I have mentioned to Lord Kitchener my opinion of your work here, and I am sure he will join with me in offering our most grateful thanks and in wishing you a continued success in all your endeavours."

***

One of the speakers was Mr. John Leetch, K.C., who said that in the great emergency that had arisen after the bursting of the war-cloud, the British War Office had risen to the occasion under the able leadership of that great organiser, Lord Kitchener. An army of three hundred thousand had been increased tenfold, an achievement worthy of the greatest admiration. Had it struck them that another extraordinary phenomenon had occurred at their very doors? The City of Dublin Y.M.C.A. had risen to the needs of the crisis, and at the urgent request of commanding officers they had erected permanent huts in the barrack squares to provide for the comfort of those brave men who soon would have to face death, difficulties, and privations. In addition they had carried on the great work for which the Association was originally established. The Y.M.C.A. held up the Word of God whole and unscathed. It stood for the Bible, and the whole Bible, and an Association which had risen to such a crisis, and carried on such grand work, was worthy of the support of the Christian public.

***

Old soldiers who are efficient Christian workers have a wonderful opportunity just now. Mr. W. R. Lane has some most interesting personal experiences with men.

"Thank you for that little prayer for the kiddies. I've left four at home; I'm glad you did not forget them," said a father to me. Another: "I did not take any notice of your address—I hadn't enough interest—but the prayer touched me, and made me think of the time, 'way back home, when I used to pray myself." "I should like to make a new start," he said; "but it does want some doing in camp, sir." "Yes," I replied, "I know it by experience; but Christ has got grace and strength equal to it, and it is well worth the doing. And, mind you, who rises after every fall will sometime rise for good and all." "Thank you so much," he said, as he hurried off to the roll call.

***

The hearty hand-grip and grateful nod of these dear fellows as one bids them good night and good luck are extremely encouraging; as also is the shout across the hut of "Good night, sir; come again" of others, as they pass out into the darkness of the camp to find their quarters.

***

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught has been telling a Canadian Association audience what he thinks of the movement. "It has been my good fortune to have seen a good deal of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is true my experience has been mostly connected with the troops. As you know I have held a number of commands in the Army, in India, in the Mediterranean, in Egypt, and in different portions of the United Kingdom, and my experience has been that excellent work, warm sympathy and a kindly Christian spirit have always guided the Association on every occasion. And the same experience is true of every other general officer I ever came across.

"The Association has always done all it could to make the life of the soldier easier, pleasanter and saner, it has always given him good facilities; it has always set a good example. If that has been my experience as a soldier, how much greater has been the experience of men in civic life? We have a large population in Canada, many of whom have come from different parts of the Old Country, men new to their surroundings, new to the climate; and the Y.M.C.A. have come forward and extended the right hand of friendship and fellowship, have opened their doors to them, and have done what they could do to help them in every way."

***

A worker's experience: Did I meet some real rough specimen there? Well, yes, it may be, a few. But the very atmosphere of the Y.M.C.A. hut seems to shame all the roughness in a short time. Hardly was there any need to call attention to the bad language. We did not preach against it, but all the workers, all along, have lived it down. It was a long string of "please" and "thank you," at the counters, and the six of us there might have been serving some of the very élite most of the time. Yet it must be remembered that, as in most other regiments, there were all sorts and conditions, making up a fine unity in diversity. Carmarthen Training College for Teachers is represented by some forty of its students. Here you have a sergeant who is a B.Sc. of the University of Wales; there you have another sergeant who was well known in England as a champion boxer. Here you have a non-commissioned officer known in his home as a high official in one of the largest of Glamorgan's urban councils; there another non-commissioned officer who has travelled extensively as the representative of a large business house. Among the privates are bank clerks, teachers, colliers, tinplate workers, and the brawny hauliers—all united and in harmony under the British flag.

As to the games—there was no end of ping-ponging. And the billiard table, newly established, was already claiming a daily increase of devotees. Draughts were there, and ring throwing—but no cards, in the best interests of the men themselves, according to the decision of the Y.M.C.A. headquarters.

During my stay I felt all along that the men regarded us as their friends. As one came to know faces, little confidences passed, and when opportunity offered a word of advice was given, and never was it resented.



## ON A TROOPSHIP.

### The Graphic Story of Some Adventures Near Home.

WE started off about 10.30 p.m. from —— with a full ship. We have getting on for 2,000 soldiers of one kind and another. We three—Newell, Rees, and I—have a cabin for four, so that gives us a bit more room. However, I cannot speak with authority on the cabin yet, as I have spent so very little time in it.

I was in bed, but not asleep, when there was a big bump about 12.30. I never thought it was a torpedo or a mine, because it made no explosion, only a bump. People sort of got out and wandered about a bit, and jaloused mainly that it was a collision, as, indeed, it was, with a collier or something, which hit us with its bow just at the rise of the promenade deck and all that.

#### A Hasty Summons to Dress.

Then the ship began to make water a bit, so we all put on lifebelts, and wandered round in each other's cabins by way of helping things on, and presently they gave us coffee and biscuits. The naval men manned the boats, but they weren't let down, and the soldiers all lined up on the decks. The rest of us camped around in the first-class saloon, and I produced Maisie's chocolates, and handed them round to the fair ladies and children. Great applause! Presently they beached the ship to prevent her from leaking any more, only, unfortunately, they chose a rock to beach on, which was a pity. Then we mainly dressed a bit more efficiently, my attire ultimately consisting of a pyjama jacket, shirt, and trousers, shoes and socks, green suit, burberry, ulster, and lifebelt, the whole surmounted by father's squash hat, as I had presented my cap to a soldier who was perturbed at not having got one in the dark, and was sadly attempting to wrap his very close-cropped head in the puggaree off his or another's helmet! The rest of my outfit consisted of attaché case, camera, and Jeanie's leather cushion! The other things we locked up and left in the cabin, to be called for. Then we began to go off in boats to a small patrol boat which happened to be about, it being by now about 2.30, I suppose. An officer of the ship requested me to go in the first boat to give chocolates to the children and all that, so I had to hold a baby on my knee while we rowed across. I think I got it the right way up, and it could still move about when I had finished with it; also discoursed very learnedly about ships and shipping with a small boy, who evidently regarded the whole thing as part of the show. Well, they planted us in boatloads on the patrol ship—all the passengers and about 180 soldiers—and then the fun began! Of course, most of the passengers and some of the soldiers had to go below, to make room on deck, and there were numerous casualties. I sort of wandered around patting ladies very much in deshabille on the back, and assuring them that they were now, or would be after the "operation," all the better for it. A good many of the soldiers were very sorry for themselves, too, poor dears.

#### The Charms of Hospitality.

We learned that we were being taken to ——, near which we had the smash-up, and arrived there, I suppose, about 5, and presently came to this hotel, where they gave us tea and bread and butter—served by Territorials billeted here, who co-operated with the hotel people. By this time it began to be time to get up, so one strolled around a bit with soldiers, and observed our boat being brought round into the harbour. She came off the rock at high tide. Then I fell in with an old gentleman who had been bringing supplies by motor to the hotel, which gave 600 of the soldiers breakfast, and he insisted on our going back to breakfast at his house. This turned out to be a sort of small restaurant of a homely type, and Newell and I had a valiant breakfast. We couldn't find Rees for this event, and I beat Newell sitting! Then the old gentleman refused to be paid for his breakfast! So you see, "The barbarous people showed unto us no small kindness"!

We had lunch here, and spent the morning in a state of perplexity, not knowing whether we ought to come back to London or not; but we hear now that we can sleep and eat on board our own boat, which is docked (and the other boat, too), and another transport will turn up to-morrow or next day to speed us on our way. Our boat had quite a big hole in it, made by the bow of the other one, which will take more than a week to mend, I should think.

Well, well, you see we might easily have had a bad smash-up, with a lot of lives lost; but we were so near shore that we couldn't come to any particular harm—"and a mercy it was no wuss." Everybody behaved very well, though the Lascars showed a slight tendency to get there first, which, however, they didn't! "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land!"

The soldiers seem a very decent lot of fellows, mainly from Cumberland and Westmoreland, and our little opening jaunt ought to make them sit up and take nourishment in the form of the deftly sugared pill! The depot chaplain came on board last night, and saw us, and introduced me to the colonel and adjutant. He knows Bishop Taylor Smith very well, and seemed a very good sort, —— by name. There is no chaplain on board; it does not appear why. "Someone had blundered"!

Well, now I will stop, and try and get a little sleep before tea, as I didn't get any last night, and go aboard about 5.30.

#### Making the Best of Difficulties.

I meant to write yesterday, but everything was in such a rare old mess! They brought the —— into ——, and found a big hole in her. We slept Friday night on board her. We were all cleared round to this boat last night. A bigger boat, but not built for the East, so will be very stuffy and hot later on. We three have a side-cabin on main deck, with porthole, so should be better off than some. My stars, this is a quaint life! There was nearly a row last night over quarters. The boat has been doing odd jobs during the war, including German prisoners, so she was all over the shop, and nothing ready for passengers. Also they had difficulty in raising a crew, but they have been hard at it, and I expect in a day or two we shall settle down all right. First class is officers and such; second class, us, some soldiers' wives, and a lot of children—ten or so—including two or three babies! It isn't quite all jam, but it's all for the good of the cause, and we have come to the unanimous conclusion that we are not downhearted! Everybody was pretty well dead beat by last night, but we are getting all serene now. Second class also includes the sergeant-major and quartermaster-sergeant of the regiment and fourteen petty officers of the naval chaps. These are great fun, and tell at enormous length. There is also the inevitable nice old lady, who has more or less taken me to her heart, I having lent her my ulster in the smash-up!

We are supposed to be sailing this morning, so there won't be any church. Possibly the C.O. will have a church parade later, but I doubt it in the present state of affairs. He is quite a good chap, I think, and so is the adjutant, so we shall have Blastus on our side.

R. D. WHITEHORN.

## WITHOUT FOREIGN AID.

### The Magnificent Development of Work for China's Young Men.

ABOUT three years ago a Hinghua man, James Huang by name, finished a course of training as Association secretary in the Shanghai Association, and returned to his native city on fire to do for his fellow-townsmen work like he had seen in Shanghai. He had no money, so he taught English in the schools, and supported himself, wife, and family while he worked. In a short time he had organised an Association in rented quarters, where for over a year splendid work was done.

#### A Mansion for the Movement.

But he saw that in such limited quarters they would never do the work he was determined they should do. So last year he and his board of directors approached the head official of the city with their difficulty, and he gave them free of rent half of one of the biggest yamens (official mansions) in the city, so impressed was he with the value of the work. In these new quarters, with plenty of rooms and a large open space for an athletic field, they settled in November of last year. When the science lectures were being planned, and they were in need of a large hall, they again went to this official, and this time he gave them the other and larger half of the same yamen, which contains a splendid hall capable of accommodating over 1,000 people. The missionaries have assisted much in all this work, but Mr. Huang has been the leader and inspirer, and I was told by several that the splendid church unity was due in a large degree to his skill and Christlike spirit in bringing members of the two missions together in the common work for the young men of the city.

I went to Hinghua recently to give some science lectures. On arrival I found everything splendidly organised. A theatre stage had been secured and erected in the court facing the open front of the hall, so that in case of crowding the hall the court could accommodate the overflow. The seats were divided into groups, with an usher in charge of each group. The first meeting was presided over by the president of the largest Government school of the city. This man had been a member of the Pekin Assembly, and was the most influential man in Hinghua. The audience was composed of officials and gentry, and every important official from the chief down was there, including the military commander of the district. Some gentry came as far as twenty-five miles from the surrounding towns. It was an interesting meeting this, in the place where for centuries before military officers had held sway, and from which doubtless many an offender had been led out to execution. Great gilt mottoes hung upon the walls extolling the justice and mercy of the ruling official of the day in which they were presented.

The meetings which followed were for business men, students, Association members, church members, and Christian women. They ranged in attendance from 700 to 1,200. Several meetings overflowed into the court. The total attendance was 5,640 in three days.

#### Christian Triumphs in China.

On Saturday night the heads of the fourteen schools of the city united in giving us a feast. It was served in semi-foreign style, and about thirty sat down. At the head table sat the chairman of the first meeting, in whose school the feast was held, an American and an English missionary, my interpreter, Mr. Koh (an Oberlin graduate), and myself. Before partaking of the first course, the chairman rose and asked all to rise while Mr. Koh gave thanks to God—and this though he is not a Christian. In fact, there were less than six Chinese Christians present. The religion of Jesus Christ is commanding respect and reverence in China. At this feast one speaker said the lecture had done more to prove to the people that thunder was not caused by the terrible and much-feared dragon than all the talking they as teachers had done. I did not understand how the lecture had produced such an unaimed-at result until the pastor on Sunday in introducing me referred to it, and then I found it came from the experiment of exploding a small mine.

G. H. COLE

## THE FOREIGN FIELD.

### The Rise of a New Christian Literature in English and the Vernaculars.

Christian missionaries in India are most anxious to see the rise of a new Christian literature, both in English and in the vernaculars. Groups of men have banded themselves together for the express purpose of producing books of the highest possible character, and of a type suited to the circumstances of our day. A group of thirty-five, consisting of thirty-two of the most prominent men, both Indian and European, in missionary circles, three of the great English Orientalists, and the leading art professor in India, are working together. Three distinct series of works are planned.

The Religious Quest of India series will deal with the leading aspects of Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism and Islam in India. In each case a careful comparison with Christianity forms a prominent part of the volume. One is now in the Press, and will appear in a few weeks, "Indian Theism," by Dr. N. Macnicol, of Poona. The MS. of another is ready.

The Indian Religious Life series, which may run to twenty volumes, deals with the sects of India. They will be published by the Association Press in India at a low figure, in paper. The first MS. of the series is now ready. It is by the Bishop of Madras, and deals with the village Deities of Southern India. Other five volumes are being prepared, and writers are being sought for the rest.

The Heritage of India series of small books will likely run to fifty volumes. They are meant to bring to the ordinary man all that is best in the ancient literature, philosophy, biography, fine art, and music of India. The first MS. is ready, an anthology of Buddhist poetry translated into most graceful English verse by K. J. Saunders, of our national staff. Other twenty volumes have been already promised, and are being prepared. Professor A. A. Macdonald, of Oxford, Mr. A. Berriedale Keith, the most brilliant young Sanskritist in Great Britain, Professor J. H. Moulton, the Zoroastrian scholar, and Mr. Percy Brown, principal of the Government School of Art, Calcutta, are all writing for this series. The fact that they are willing to be associated with us proves our work is reaching a very high standard of quality.

Mr. J. N. Farquhar and Mr. Kenneth J. Saunders, of the Indian National Staff, are identified with this new movement in important relationships.

The Association Press in Calcutta is getting quite a reputation in India for the character of its publications and the quality of its printing. The *Indian Social Reformer* has repeatedly called attention to the value of our books. There can be little doubt that success in English will very soon reproduce itself in vernacular success; so we may reasonably take heart.

The physical work department at Buenos Ayres has outgrown the extension accommodation provided for it. Very strict moral discipline, which is quite foreign to the customs and clubs of the city, has been enforced, but the department has been crowded all the year. The committee consists of twelve men, of whom ten are Argentines, and meets weekly.

The desire to teach all Argentina to swim has awakened an increased enthusiasm in swimming, and the Government made it compulsory that each conscript know how to swim before leaving the service. Not having a swimming pool, they asked the privilege of sending two regiments twice a week to the Association pool. Boxing has been emphasised, because we believe the knowledge of making use of the fists will solve the problem of the fatal custom of carrying a huge knife with which to settle even minor differences. It is already popular. There is a genuine desire on the part of some worthy Argentine men to form small parties of members and visit the small towns and cities of the country to explain and demonstrate the association work. The evening gymnastic classes gave to these young men who work on the ordinary clerical jobs their first opportunity to experience the glow that follows a recreative hour in the gymn and a hot shower bath. All other gymnastic clubs closed their physical department at 7.30, because nobody thought of exercising after dinner, and those who worked until dinner-time or 7.30 were not supposed to be in the class to expect such things.

When the present crisis developed more than thirty Greek members of the Constantinople Association were enlisted in a Bible-class of their own nationality and faith. The opening message was given by the Greek Bishop of Pera, constituting almost a sure guarantee of a large and regular attendance. The regular teacher was another clergyman of the Greek Church. The purpose of the class is to teach practical Christianity, rather than Church doctrines. This development is regarded by those informed as one of the greatest successes of the Constantinople Association. A similar class for Armenians is contemplated.

More than 50,000 people attended a bazaar held by the Kyoto Association. It drew together the Christians of all churches, 150 being on committees, and was highly appreciated by the pastors and members. It made the Association known throughout the city, and helped to popularise this Christian institution in the heart of Buddhism.

## BRIEFS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

YENPING, FUKIEN.—The Governor, his main attendant, the Mayor, Superintendent of Prison, leader of the Anti-Opium Society, two bankers, eleven Government school teachers, three Buddhist priests, were among the men signed up for Bible-classes.

FOOCHOW.—Fifty-one men have joined the churches during the last two weeks. On a recent Sunday twenty-eight were baptised in one church. The total number of inquirers enrolled in the evangelistic meetings in the eight cities already visited by teams is 6,222.

ALLEPPEY, INDIA.—Thirty-five men in the first-aid class. Membership increased from 80 to 430.

CHENGTU.—The Association needed $50,000 (Mex.) for extension work. Financial depression made $10,000 as a maximum, a fair estimate of what was possible. The Governor of the Province accepted the chairmanship of the committee, gave $5,000, secured another $5,000 gift, and the campaign ended with $77,000 pledged. One element of success was the co-operation of a Baptist missionary, who travelled four days overland in order to co-operate, and gave a month of his time to the campaign.

PEKING.—2,000 Bibles at $1.00 each were purchased by a Chinese gentleman to be presented to his official friends, after hearing an address in the Association on China's need of the Bible.

SHANGHAI.—During the month twenty-nine evening classes enrol 578 men. One class of forty men met four times each week, and kept up an average attendance of 97 per cent.

VALPARAISO, CHILE.—The finest gymnasium in Chile waits to be opened, until the splendid equipment can be released from the Customs House, which is not possible with the present financial depression. A good year is before us if we can secure this equipment.

JAFFNA, CEYLON.—Land has been given by the American Mission for two Association buildings, one for Jaffna College and one for the business men of Navaly.

BUENOS AYRES.—From 200 to 1,800 in twelve years the membership has grown. There are six hours every day in which it is difficult to find a seat in the social rooms. Average attendance in swimming pool is 150 a day in winter and 350 in summer. Seven hundred Boy Scouts are directed by the Association. The Argentine Government has invited the Association to be represented in its official exhibit at San Francisco Exposition.

HOKCHIANG, FUKIEN.—Between 300 and 400 men assigned to Bible-classes, including the magistrate of the city. This city never heard anything equal to the second address of C. T. Wang, leader of the evangelistic meetings.

HYDERABAD.—"Sympathetic hearings can now be secured which would have been impossible five years ago. This result, we believe, is attributable almost entirely to the presence of the Young Men's Christian Association. The Hyderabad Missionary Conference hereby expresses its hearty appreciation of the work of the Association and promises its co-operation wherever needed."

HANGCHOW, CHINA.—"I have decided to become a Christian because I wish to be like Christian men whom I have observed—a man of pure heart, strong blood, true patriotism, and perfect zeal. My first impulse of Christianity was in a Bible-class in the Tientsin Union Church. My next impulse grew out of my close relationship with Barnett, the Association secretary, as a result of which I came to realise the claims of Christ on my own life and became at heart a believer. I have been much influenced by the Young Men's Christian Association. To me it is the embodiment of what is simple, happy, and progressive in religion. The conception of Christianity it reveals prepared me to become a Christian and a Church member." (Signed) S. T. Wen, Commissioner of Foreign Affairs.

| TIENTSIN.— | Bible Classes. | Men Enrolled. |
|---|---|---|
| Student ..... | 71 ..... | 810 |
| Boys ..... | 36 ..... | 440 |
| Gentry ..... | 11 ..... | 80 |
| | 118 | 1,330 |

KOBE.—Fourteen members have been baptised, but one of them from a Christian family.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—His Beatitude, the Greek Bishop of Pera, graduate of Oxford, leads a new Bible-class. We close the year with 600 members.

SEOUL.—Sixteen Bible-classes a week, enrolling 750 men, are conducted by the student secretary; 272 of the men have become Christians.

OSAKA.—1,686 men in educational classes ranks us with West Side, N.Y., Boston and Los Angeles. Every new class means a new Bible-class—this is now a fixed principle.

## NATHAN AND DAVID.

The Rev. Nathan D——, a worthy minister, had in his congregation a wealthy member named David, who he thought would be a suitable match for his daughter; but as David seemed rather dilatory in coming to the point the minister thought he would give him a helping hand. Meeting David one day, he casually remarked that his daughter was getting married soon. Of course, David eagerly inquired who was to be the happy man. The minister told him to be at the church on Sabbath, and he would then tell him. Imagine David's surprise when the text was given out, "Nathan said unto David, thou art the man."

Doré, the great artist, was once refused entrance to a European country because he had no passport to show. He told the officer who had arrested him who he was.

"You are Doré, you say?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Doré.

Calling for crayons and paper the official put them before the prisoner, and said, "If you are Doré, the artist, prove it."

Taking the simple tools of his craft, the artist sketched rapidly, after his own unique style, the outline of one of his famous pictures.

"It is enough," said the official; "this is sure proof. You are Doré. You carry the evidence with you. Your skill is your passport."

Miss Jessie Bateman, L.R.A.M., has organised a concert at the Public Hall, Harpenden, the programme being entirely contributed by children. The following naïve rhyme introduces the programme:—

TO THE AUDIENCE.

We kiddies all want to do our tiny bit,
This show is just our little plan.
We hope that you will not be too bored with it,
We'll do it as well as we can.
The grown-ups knit socks and make parcels of chocs
For our Tommies and Jacks far away,
We kiddies desire to give our "Children's Hour"
To the Harpenden Y.M.C.A.,
To raise funds for the Y.M.C.A.

THE YOUNGEST KIDDIE.



## HEALTH.

### What it is, How to Acquire and How to Maintain it.

III.

FULL, deep breathing is also necessary to keep the red corpuscles themselves active, and also the white ones, which act as policemen in the blood. *Alcohol depresses these corpuscles,* rendering them more or less inert and unable to attack the enemy. When the tissues get their supply of oxygen a slow burning process of waste products commences, and the result is a combination of carbon and oxygen—or carbon-di-oxide—a poison which is eliminated from the body by breathing *out.* So that breathing in carries in life, breathing out carries out death.

It is strange how easily things are done in a wrong way! This applies to breathing especially. The proper way to fill the lungs is to breathe slowly, commencing from the bottom of the chest (the diaphragm), and gradually filling it right up to the collar-bone. Many people neglect to take long breaths, and only partly fill the lungs. Deep breathing should be practised out of doors—not in close, stuffy rooms. It should be done without the slightest effort, no sniffing or snorting, or raising shoulders, but just an even, easy filling of the lungs from the bottom to top. Should this not be possible, it shows there is some nasal obstruction which should be attended to, though any operation on the nose—except for the removal of a spur of bone—should not be lightly undertaken, much harm having resulted from indiscriminate operations.

Breathing really enters into everything that we do, but there are two things that it especially affects—viz., walking and speaking or singing.

Walking has become almost a lost art! Man is said to be the highest product of evolution, yet of all animals he is the least dignified. How many people walk with true dignity consonant with a potential son or daughter of God? Very few. Our public schools and universities are greatly to blame for this. It is a part of our education that has been sadly neglected. At public schools boys generally slouch with hands in pockets and eyes on the ground; and at the universities more attention is paid to the correctness of coat, trousers, or socks, than to manliness as shown by upright carriage and a dignified walk! Masters also err greatly in this respect, and professors and dons are worst of all! Character can often be told by the way a person walks. With breathing properly regulated, the walk becomes elastic—almost a glide—the feet scarcely feeling the ground. A long distance can be covered if the chest be properly inflated, and, as a consequence, a minimum of tiredness is felt. Besides this, by correct breathing the shoulders take their proper place, the body becomes poised, or in balance, the head erect. We should see far fewer round-shouldered people did they practise the art of breathing correctly. Speaking and singing, also, can be greatly improved by proper manipulation of the breath. What a priceless possession a good voice is—yet how few possess it! How bare the world is of really first-class singers and orators, and what a huge price they can command! Clergymen, teachers, and officers often lose their voices because they do not produce them properly. All this might be avoided if only they understood the way to control the breath. It has always been a marvel to me that clergymen should make so little use of their splendid chances, and too often repel their congregations by the way they deliver their sermons. True it is that the pulpit is often the "grave of lost opportunities." All this might be rectified if they were but educated in the art of breathing and voice production. Obedience to this first great law of health means a wonderful improvement in most things that concern man. It strengthens the body, cheers the mind, enables the individual to practise concentration and the development of will and self-control. It enables him to walk with dignity as befits his high estate; it soothes the nerves, helps to cure insomnia, and enables him to speak and sing more melodiously. It is, indeed, Nature's great tonic, costs nothing, and is of infinitely more value than any medicine. I commend to all who read these lines this most salutary practice, and can assure them that if they obey this first law of health they will never regret the time spent upon it, and will reap an ample reward for their obedience. In the next article I will deal with the other two laws of health, which also must be obeyed if we are to become "whole."

J. W. WILLIAMS.

## Dies Irae—Dies Pacis.

*AS earnestly as any I crave the victory of Right over this madness of Insensate Might against which we are contending. As certainly as any I would, if that were conceivably possible, have adequate punishment meted out to those who have brought this horror upon the world. But I see, as all save the utterly earth-blinded must see—that, when the Day of Settlement comes, and we and our Allies are in a position to impose terms, unless we go into the Council Chamber with hearts set inflexibly on the Common Weal of the World—it is a word, unless we invite Christ to a seat at the Board—the end may be even worse than the beginning; this which we have hoped and prayed might be the final war may prove but the beginning of strifes incredible.*

"Only through Me!" . . The clear, high call comes pealing
Above the thunders of the battle-plain;—
Only through Me can Life's red wounds find healing;
Only through Me shall Earth have peace again.

Only through Me! . . Love's Might, all might transcending,
Alone can draw the poison-fangs of Hate.
Yours the beginning?—Mine a nobler ending,—
Peace upon Earth, and Man regenerate!

Only through Me can come the great awaking:
Wrong cannot right the wrongs that Wrong hath done;
Only through Me, all other gods forsaking,
Can ye attain the heights that must be won.

Only through Me shall Victory be sounded;
Only through Me can Right wield righteous sword;
Only through Me shall Peace be surely founded;
Only through Me! . . . . *Then bid Me to the Board!"*

*Can we not rise to such great height of glory?*
*Shall this vast sorrow spend itself in vain?*
*Shall future ages tell the woful story,—*
*"Christ by His own was crucified again"?*

JOHN OXENHAM.

## AN HONEST HORSE.

There is a story told of an Irish jockey, who, selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never desaved me."

## CARVING THE FACE OF CHRIST.

An incident is related in connection with the building of one of the great Continental cathedrals. An old workman came to the master-builder and begged that he might be given something to do in the building of the great cathedral. He was old and trembling, and seemingly incapable of high service. But the master showed him a bit of roof, and told him he might try to carve something. Day by day he came, and the months sped away. But one day the old man was missing, and after diligent search at last they found him lying on the scaffolding with his face turned up to his finished work. Visitors are shown the old man's work when the rays of the setting sun strike through the Eastern window. He had carved the fact of Christ. We can all at least do this.

TWO LEADING LINES IN HARDWOOD . . FOLDING FURNITURE



Folded Thickness, 1⅛ in.

Registered Trade Mark: "CAJAC." Reg. Trade Mark: "YINDAW."

POINTS!! POINTS!!

Immense Strength.
Close Folding.
Lie quite Flat.
Best Workmanship
Rapidly Operated.

Large Stocks which also include
CATERERS' TABLES, FORMS, TABLE TRESTLES,
All made to fold up.

Special Cut Quotations for Large Quantities. ILLUSTRATED LIST ON APPLICATION.
Manufacturers of the Renowned Hatherley Lattisteps.



Perforated Seat. Folded, 2½ in.

ALLAN JONES & CO., Hatherley Works, Gloucester.

# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*


## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 10th.**—Ps. xxi. 1-13. "*Thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee*" (verse 8). There are two sides to the greatness of Christ. To those who welcome Him He loves to come as a mighty Saviour, but to those who resist Him it cannot be but that He will eventually prove Himself an irresistible opponent. Meanwhile, that pierced right hand is still stretched out in loving invitation.

**Sunday, 11th.**—Ps. xxii. 1-18. "*My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?*" (verse 1). We must seek the meaning of this Psalm in the innermost thoughts of our Saviour as He hung upon the Cross, just as we find in it the very words which he used (verse 1). This cry expresses the pain of His heart as He took upon Himself the responsibility of the world's sin and experienced the awful darkness of its guilt.

**Monday, 12th.**—Ps. xxii. 19-31. "*All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord*" (verse 27). Here we see the gleam of joy amid the gloom of the Cross, as our Saviour saw a vision of the benefits which His saving work was going to confer upon the world. His great task was to bring men back to God, and as He has told us in the New Testament, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me" (John xii. 32).

**Tuesday, 13th.**—Ps. xxiii. 1-6. "*The Lord is my Shepherd*" (verse 1). Here we have a prophetic picture of Christ as "the good Shepherd" of His People. The description is so true to life that it has become a household word in our homes. It touches, too, upon what we all have experienced, viz., "want," whether real or fancied, and the little child caught the meaning of the first verse when she read it out as "the Lord is my Shepherd and that is enough."

**Wednesday, 14th.**—Prov. i. 1-19. "*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge*" (verse 7). It is natural for a boy's mind to be constantly feeling out after fresh knowledge. He is always testing things to see what they are worth to him and his pleasures. Amid this experimenting, God would have him remember that His approval is the only safe test of the things that are food and those that are poison.

**Thursday, 15th.**—Prov. i. 20-33. "*Wisdom crieth*" (verse 20). "Wisdom" may be taken to be the voice of Christ who is Himself called "the wisdom of God" (1 Cor. i. 24). He is always appealing to men's consciences on behalf of *right* and in condemnation of *wrong*. Just as by practice the ear becomes keener to distinguish between different sounds, so by attention to God's word the conscience becomes increasingly quick to distinguish between what is pleasing and what is displeasing to God.

**Friday, 16th.**—Prov. ii. 1-17. "*If thou searchest for her as for hid treasure*" (verse 4). The wisdom, contained in a knowledge of God and His will, comes to those who take pains to seek it diligently in God's word, as though for treasure in a mine. It is this knowledge alone which can enable youth, in facing new experiences, to detect the danger of the temptations associated with them. It provides him with a wealth which grows in the spending, and which is the only supply that will meet all his questionings with a right and satisfactory answer.

## "MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE."

A staff-officer in the British Army was talking recently about the complete sympathy which existed between the staff and the General. "I have so often carried out the instructions of my General," he said, "so often acted on his instructions, that now I feel I know exactly what he would do in any critical situation, however suddenly it developed." Christ says, "My sheep hear My voice"; that is because they have followed Him, and been so much in His presence. If we are continually carrying out the Master's instructions, we shall learn His will, and be undismayed, no matter what new crisis in our lives may arise.

## HOW LIFE LOOKS

To the Pessimist—

Keep out.
Dangerous.
No admission.
Beware of the dog.
Keep off the grass.
Elevator not running.
Don't feed the animals.
Trespassers will be prosecuted.
Not responsible for hats and coats.

To the Optimist—

Come in.
Take one.
No collection.
Admission free.
You are invited.
Strangers welcome.
Ask for a free sample.
No trouble to show goods.
Let us "feather the nest."
Money back if not satisfied.

A member of the Y.M.C.A., who is at the front, has lately seen the Prince of Wales. "He was looking splendid ly well, and as alert a young officer as you could wish to see," was his description of the Prince.

We do not intend to remain for ever inhabitating the sites of our present huts, but while we are occupying the land in this way, it would be as well for us to do everything we can as the longer days come on to make the huts attractive and bright in appearance. To this end much may be done by the arrangement of a few simple flower-beds on the ground round the hut. Some easily grown annuals will provide a quick and profitable return for a little labour. Nasturtiums may be sown now, and both the trailing and the Tom Thumb varieties will give a welcome touch of colour. The first-named, where canvas roofs are in vogue, may be trained to the eaves of the tent. Virginia stock quickly gets into flower. Candytuft also, like the foregoing, may be raised from seed under such circumstances as we are considering. It may be best, however, to purchase small plants of godetia, ten weeks' stock, &c., so as to get them well started. In a camp at Ravensworth Park last autumn one of the sergeants of the Durham Light Infantry had made his tent quite gay by placing plants in pots between the tent cords. The pots were sunk in the ground, and the tent furnished quite a bright and interesting feature in the lines. A little resourcefulness and interest in the matter will be certain to secure good results. There must be many of our friends capable of providing seedlings and plants for such a purpose as this.


REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.
A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.
Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.
Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.
GILT and ENAMEL ... ... ... ... 1/6 each.
SILVER (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... 2/6 ,,
GOLD, 9ct. ,, ,, ,, ... 10/6 and 12/6 ,,
All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.
'Phone: 172. BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.





COFFEE for CAMPS

Coffee made by our process is better, cheaper, and more popular than that made by any other method.

Our process makes it almost as simple as using essence and yet gives more than double the quantity of coffee of a much pleasanter flavour.

SAMPLE TIN with 1-lb. of Coffee and full directions sent post free for 1s. 2d.

HACKFORTH,
*Gold Medal Coffee Specialist,*
15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.

*Depots: London, Goole, Stockton-on-Tees.*


## Board.

**PARTIAL** or late dinners, for Gentlemen, in a comfortable home. Long references. Very Moderate terms; 3 minutes from Belsize Tube.—11, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.W. W42

**20, DEVONSHIRE STREET,** Queen Square, W.C. Bedrooms from 5/6. Board as required. Bed and breakfast, 2/6. Central, near tram, train and tube; terms moderate. 48

**WANDSWORTH.** Boarding House for Christians. Separate Rooms or Sharing. Bath (h. & c.). Easy access to City and West. Select locality close to Common.—Apply, Miss Hollingsworth, 6, Aspley Road, East Hill.

**RAVENSCOURT PARK.** Comfortable home, terms from 17/6; 15 min. to City; 3 min. station; river and park near.—25, Rivercourt Road, W.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

## Situations Vacant.

**DRAPERS.**—Wanted, smart Young Man, of 5 or 6 years, good general experience, for dress department. Good-class trade.—Photo and full particulars, Brice and Sons, Ltd., Northampton. W41

**BAKERS.**—Wanted, a young man as Improver, to help with bread and morning goods. Opportunities for thorough knowledge of business.—Apply, stating wage required (with food), to Tilleys, Newcast e-upon-Tyne. W43

**CLOTHING AND OUTFITTING.**—Junior Man required.—Apply, stating age, height, experience, salary required (live in), Hamilton Bell, Evesham.

## Miscellaneous.

**LADS.**—To those working among lads, a friend will gladly send as many copies of a helpful "Letter to Lads" as they can distribute. Requests by post only to "J. S.," 3, Victoria Street, London, S.W.


THE
'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag'
BOOKLETS.

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the Gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. Lord Kitchener's Call to Arms.
2. Bravo! "Highflyer"!
3. The Man behind the Gun.
4. The Chessboard of Europe.
5. A Strategic Retreat.
6. Halt! Who Goes There?
7. The Submarine.
8. The Football Field of Europe.
9. "S O.S."
10. The Siege of Life.
11. "The V.C."
12. Day Dreams.
13. The Conquest of the Air.
14. Keeping the Flag Flying.
15. Beasts of Prey.
16. Christmas.
17. The Kick-off.
18. Wanted, Men.
19. Goal!
20. Life's Railway.
21.
22.
23. Swimming.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d., enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* **2,000** *copies*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).


Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London, 99, George Street, Edinburgh, 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.


ECONOMY IN WAR TIME.

To reduce expenditure in the household, and yet maintain comfort and efficiency, use

Enquire Within Upon Everything

466 pages containing 2,250 references.

THE MOST COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD GUIDE EVER PUBLISHED

Price 2/6 net.

Sold by all Booksellers everywhere.

Published by
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.
Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.



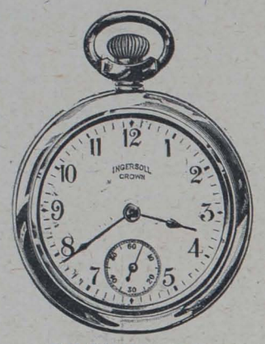
**Every Soldier** should use CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH smeared upon the boots; it makes them supple, waterproof and serviceable, preserves the leather, and prevents cracking. Tins (Black or Brown) 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Outfits 6d. Of all dealers.
When buying Dubbin insist upon having CHERRY DUBBIN. Excellent as a dressing for Boots.
CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN should also be rubbed upon the feet to prevent soreness: made entirely from the finest and purest materials.
CHERRY DUBBIN (Black or Yellow) put up in 1d., 2d., 3d., and 6d. sizes, can be obtained from Canteens, Stores, etc., or a penny trial tin will be sent, on receipt of a penny stamp, by Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.



KHARKENE cleans and renovates Khaki equipment, 1d. and 1½d. per block. Of all dealers.



DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.



CROWN **5/-**

The leader of the Ingersoll series, and the lowest-priced reliable pocket timekeeper made.

# War Watches!

—or watches that will stand up to their work in the Trenches—work in the Factory—work in the Navy—work anywhere, and always prove absolutely dependable.

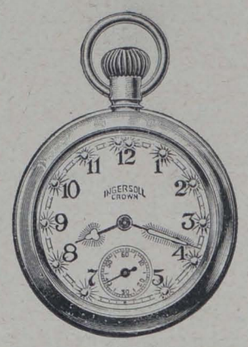
No matter if your choice be an

*Ingersoll*

## 5/- Watch

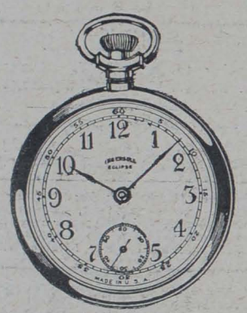
—an elegant thin model "Junior" 8/6 Watch—or one of the beautifully finished "Sterling" Silver Wristlets at 18/6—you get a wonderfully accurate timekeeper, guaranteed to stand real hard usage.

For all military purposes the best watches are the luminous dialled Ingersolls, which tell the correct time by day or by night. Thousands are in daily use by Officers and Soldiers on active service and in training.



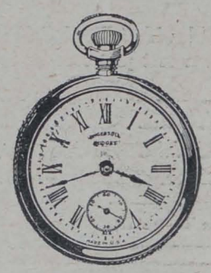
CROWN RADIOLITE **7/6**

With an Ingersol Radiolite Watch you can tell the correct time as well by night as by day, the luminous points and hands standing out brilliantly in the dark.



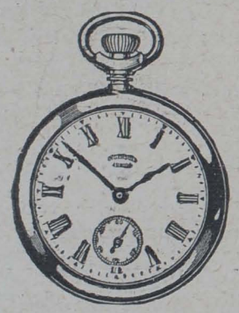
ECLIPSE **6/6.**

This model is similar to the "Crown," but considerably thinner and neater. Case is of Solid Nickel, and can be had in Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.



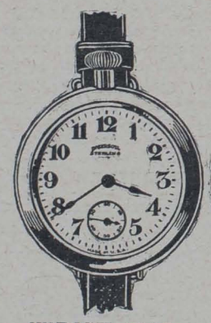
MIDGET **8/6**

The Midget is designed for use by ladies, girls and small boys. It can be supplied in Solid Nickel, Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.



JUNIOR **8/6**

This is a Gentleman's thin Dress Watch, a most attractive model. Case is of Solid Nickel, Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.

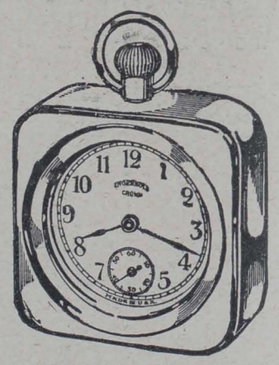


WRIST **9/6**



WRIST Glow Dial **12/-**

Ideal for Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen. Sportsmen, etc. Also highly recommended for Nurses both at home and upon Active Service.



UNIVERSAL **6/-**

This attractive little Watch-Clock comprises two parts, a regular "Crown" watch and a metal holder which stands 2½ in. high.

Ingersoll Watches are on Sale by over 15,000 British Shopkeepers, or watches will be sent post free upon receipt of Price. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 76, Audrey House, Ely Place, LONDON, E.C.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.— April 9, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 14. Vol. 1. APRIL 16, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



## MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES




**R.A.M.C.** **Hampshires.**

**Exact copy of Regimental Badge, but slightly smaller in Brooch form.**

*Regiments in Stock:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Australian | Liverpool Comrades |
| A.M.C. | ,, Irish |
| A.S.C. | ,, 6 Batt. |
| A.V.C. | Lancashire Hussars |
| A.O.C. | Middlesex |
| Argyle | Manchester |
| Black Watch | Northampton |
| Bays | Norfolk |
| Buffs | North Staffs. |
| Bedfordshire | New Zealand |
| Canada | R. Engineers |
| Cameron High'ders | R. Fusiliers |
| Cheshire | R. Field Artillery |
| Devonshire | R. Garrison ,, |
| Duke of Lancaster | R. Flying Corps |
| Duke of Cornwall | Sherwood Foresters |
| E. Surrey | Suffolk |
| Essex | Scots Guards |
| E. Lancashires | South Staffs. |
| Gloucesters | Seaforths |
| Gordons | South Lancs. |
| Hampshires | Worcestershire |
| King's R. Rifles | Warwickshire |
| Lincolns | W. Surrey |
| Loyal N. Lancs. | W. Kent |
| Lancs. Fusiliers | All Canadian |
| Liverpool Scots. | Regimental Badges, |
| ,, Regt. | Etc., etc. |

*Each Brooch is well finished and packed in neat box.*

**In Metal Gilt ... ... 1/6**
**Sterling Silver Gilt ... 3/6** } **All Post Free.**
**9-ct. Gold ... ... 20/-**

FROM . . .

**R. FORD & CO.,**
**8, London Street,**
**LONDON, E.C.**




WAR IN THE AIR. *Photo: Cribb, Southsea.*

**Squadron Commander Ivor T. Courtney, who, in a recent air raid on the enemy's quarters near Antwerp, planed down to 1,000 feet and dropped four bombs on submarines. The photograph shows the gallant commander in his machine.**

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


| | |
|---|---|
| THE MILITARY CROSS. Illustrated ... ... ... ... ... ... | 316 |
| THE WOMAN WHO WENT RECRUITING. By Coulson Kernahan ... | 317 |
| STORIES FROM THE WORK OF J. W. MOODIE, THE SOLDIER EVANGELIST ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 318 |
| HIS FATHER'S WILL. A Complete Story. By Laura Kingscote ... ... | 319 |
| BLUEJACKETS WHO SHUN THE BOTTLE: A Chatty Illustrated Article about Miss Agnes Weston and her Work ... ... ... ... | 321 |
| BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 13.—Prayer and the Spirit of Pluck ... ... | 322 |
| "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. Illustrated ... ... ... ... | 329 |
| THE BISHOP OF LONDON IN FRANCE ... ... ... ... ... | 331 |



MILKMAID BRAND

Café au Lait

KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT;
NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.

## Camp Commodities

*Second List*

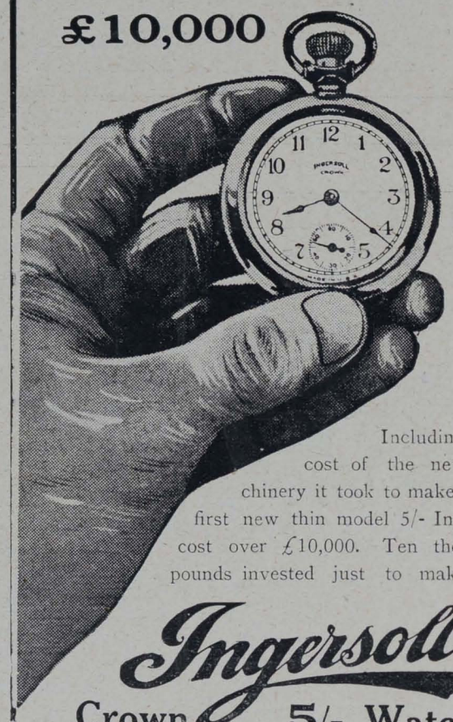
THE attention of Camp Commandants is directed to the following short selection from the list of articles finding a ready sale among the soldiers in camp.

Topical Picture Postcards, 1d. each.
Jug Purses, 6d.
Gent.'s Purses (various) 6½d. to 1/- *Carded 6 on a Showcard*
Khaki Compact Case, No. 1687/1 (containing 12 sheets Bank Notepaper, 12 Postcards and Copying Pencil), 1/-
Tinder Lighter, 1/3 Pocket Knives, 1/-
The "Kitchener" Writing Pad of Notepaper and Envelopes, 6d.
The Soldier's Ideal Stationery Pad—The "For Freedom" Pad, 6d. Similar to above.

Supplies of any or all of these goods will be sent immediately on receipt of order (which should be accompanied by cash). A complete list, together with special discounts, will be forwarded on request. 40 Camps are now selling W.H.S. goods.

**W. H. SMITH & SON**
**Manufacturing Stationers**
**KEAN STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C**
**Head Office: 186 Strand, W.C.**

## This Watch Cost £10,000



Including the cost of the new machinery it took to make it, the first new thin model 5/- Ingersoll cost over £10,000. Ten thousand pounds invested just to make the

**Ingersoll**

**Crown 5/- Watch**

a little better looking. A lot of money—but worth it when you think how very *many* watches this expenditure will improve.

It is the millions of you who have bought Ingersoll Watches—the thousands of you who *are* buying them every day—that enable us to spend more on the mere *improvement* of this the lowest priced reliable pocket timekeeper in the world than can be spent in the *creation* of the expensive watches made for the few.

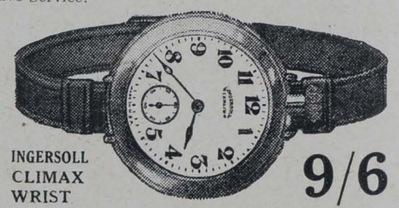
The Ingersoll is the finest piece of mechanism the world has ever seen for 5/-, a product worth a year of skilled watchmaker's time for the cost of a ditch digger's daily wage.

See the new thin 5/- Ingersoll—and marvel at it—and get your share of the benefit by buying one to have as your own.

THE INGERSOLL SERIES INCLUDES:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crown - 5/- | Eclipse - 6/6 | Junior - 8/6 | Midget - 8/6 |
| Wrist - 9/6 | Solar - 10/6 | Reliance - 15/- | Sterling - 18/6 |

All Ingersoll models may be had with luminous points and hands at 2/6 extra; or with glow figures and hands at 5/- extra. They are invaluable to Officers and Soldiers on Active Service.



INGERSOLL CLIMAX WRIST **9/6**

There is an Ingersoll for every member of the family waiting for you at over 15,000 British shopkeepers, or a watch will be sent post paid on receipt of price if your dealer cannot supply.

**ROBERT H. INGERSOLL & BRO.,**
**76, Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.**



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 14. Vol. 1. APRIL 16, 1915. PRICE 1d.


### A NEW HOME.

In Leeds there lived a man who was debased by drink and sin. As is often the case, his wife and children were the worst sufferers. He made his home a hell. The poor bairns would fly at his approach, for he knocked them about terribly and led them an awful life.

One night he went to a mission, and God shook him as He did the gaoler of old. Sin gave place to Jesus Christ, and what a change! His children regarded him with wide-eyed amazement. A kind father was a new relation altogether.

A few days after his conversion they were sitting around the fire singing hymns, when suddenly his little girl looked up into his face and asked, "Father, is this heaven?" Poor bairn! It was heaven to her, and will be to many another if Jesus comes into heart and home.

### RESIGNATION TO GOD'S WILL.

Several gentlemen were visiting a French school, in which was a boy both deaf and dumb. One of them asked him, "Who made the world?" The boy took his slate, and wrote the first verse of the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heaven and earth." He was then asked, "How do you hope to be saved?" The child wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The last question proposed was, "How is it that God has made you deaf and dumb, while those around you can hear and speak?" The poor boy appeared puzzled for a moment, and a suggestion of unbelief seemed to pass through his mind, but, quickly recovering himself, he wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

### A CHANCE FOR A BLESSING.

A collector for benevolent causes said one day to a lawyer, whose offering he had just received, "I guess you would be glad never to see me coming again?"

"Why should I?" asked the lawyer, in surprise. "I should miss one chance to get a blessing. If I stopped giving, I should soon get as thin as a fence-rail."

### WHAT BROKE HIS HEART.

A gentleman was once visiting a convict, a notorious criminal, in his cell, taking a little child with him, and he was trying to show the man how he had offended God as well as man, and that God was an angry Judge, but he forgot to say that He was God of Love as well. The man remained unmoved. The little child had been watching him, and she went up to him and put her little hand on his knee, and looked up at him with the sweet confiding eyes of childhood.

"Mr. Convict," she said, "I loves 'oo, and God loves 'oo."

The poor fellow brushed away the tears fast gathering in his eyes, and said:

"My God, I can't stand this; it breaks my heart."

ENGLAND IN PEACE, AND WAR.




### WHAT JESUS DID.

A man who had been converted from a sinful life gave this experience of his acceptance with Jesus: "I just crept to the feet of Jesus, and, greatly to my astonishment, He did not scold me—He knew I had been scolded enough; and He didn't pity me; and He didn't give me any advice, either. He knew I had had plenty of that. He just put his arms around my neck and loved me. And when the sun arose I was a new man."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XIII.—RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

"I AM a war correspondent," said Mr. Winston Churchill when he was captured on an armoured train by General Smuts in the South African War. The general looked at Mr. Churchill, and burst out laughing. "Anyhow," he said, "you have done the best part of the damage. You fight too well to be treated as a civilian."

The fighting instinct in Mr. Churchill is hereditary. He is proud to be descended from the great Duke of Marlborough, whose ancestral home at Blenheim was the nation's reward for his brilliant services in Flanders. It is a strange coincidence that the duke's descendant, Mr. Churchill, should have been personally concerned in fighting in Flanders. He has always loved the fray, and fought for Spain in Cuba, was at the Battle of Khartoum, and served through two campaigns in India.

Mr. Churchill's career has been a panorama of varied incidents. From his experience in the Army he migrated into Parliament, and has sat on both sides of the Speaker. From being Home Secretary he passed to the Admiralty, and with rapid power of absorption he has become as deeply interested in naval affairs as he ever was in military concerns. The root of all his achievements—so remarkable in a man only forty years old—lies in his extraordinary precocity and in his mercurial temperament. He has always "taken trouble" with his public work. Overcoming a certain hesitation in speaking, he has become one of the few real orators in the country. The most careful preparation precedes the delivery of an important speech, with the result that it has memorable phrases that long survive the moment of delivery.

Mr. Churchill insists on seeing things for himself. That is why he has gone up in airships and down in submarines. That is why he went down the Mediterranean and inspected military and naval fortifications. For the readiness of the British Navy at the critical moment of the outbreak of war we have chiefly to thank the First Lord of the Admiralty, who, with the zeal of youth, had brought a breath of speed into our naval preparations.

Courage, industry, personal inquiry, mastery over difficulties—these, surely, are some lessons we can draw from the life of Mr. Winston Churchill. For the first time in his Parliamentary career he is popular to-day, and one feels that he has honestly earned the goodwill of his countrymen.

### THE LETTER H.

Rowland Hill, when at college, was remarkable for his wit. In a conversation on the powers of the letter H, in which it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration of breathing, Rowland took the opposite side of the question, insisted on its being to all intents and purposes a letter, and concluded by observing that if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being "ill" all the days of his life.

### THE POWER OF UNITY.

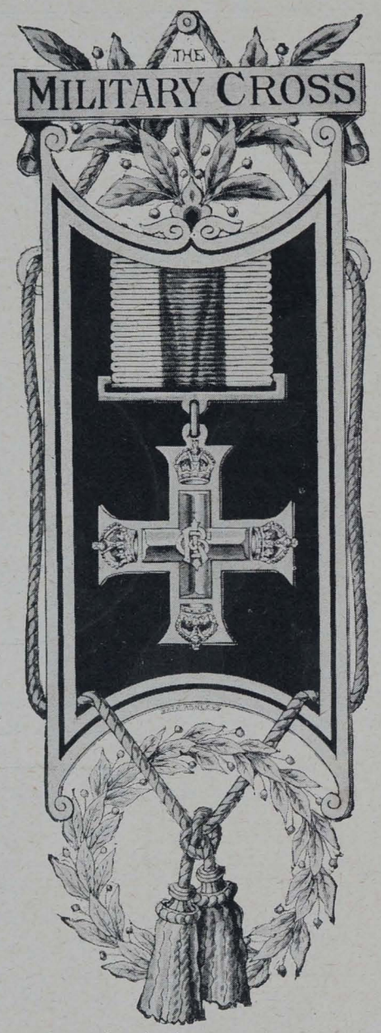
On the plains outside the city of Athens one may see a noble pillar, sixty feet high, lying in separate fragments. When the column towered in splendour these portions all were united together, and only as they were united could the pillar stand and help to sustain the Temple of Jupiter. Christians must unite if they would uphold the Church of Christ, and as they are joined in fellowship so they gain strength.

## THE MILITARY CROSS.

### Interesting Facts Concerning the Decoration of the Great War.

THE Military Cross here represented is of silver, and was designed by Mr. H. F. Burke, C.V.O., C.B., F.S.A., Norroy King-of-Arms. It is 1⅝ inch square, and the riband is white with central stripe of dark purple. The monogram in centre is that of the King. The following paragraph is from the Royal Warrant:—

"No person shall be eligible for this decoration unless he is a captain, a commissioned officer of a lower grade, or warrant officer in the British Army or Indian or Colonial Military Forces, and the Cross shall be awarded only to officers of the above ranks on the recommendation of the Secretary of State for War. Foreign officers of an equivalent rank to those mentioned above who have been associated in military operations with the British, Indian, or Colonial Forces shall be eligible for the honorary award of the Cross. The Military Cross shall not confer any individual precedence, and shall not entitle the recipient to any addition after his name as part of his description or title."




Already a goodly number of these decorations have been conferred by his Majesty, two of which we quote as examples of heroism:—

Captain N. A. Morgan, 2nd Battalion the Leicestershire Regiment. For conspicuous gallantry in going out in the open under fire to assist the Medical Officer and a stretcher-bearer in the rescue of a wounded man on February 23, 1915, at Richebourg l'Avoue. He remained until the man's wounds were dressed, and meanwhile the stretcher-bearer was wounded in the neck. Both wounded men were brought into cover, the enemy being only 150 yards distant and firing the whole time.

Lieutenant T. W. Clarke, M.B., Royal Army Medical Corps, Special Reserve. For conspicuous gallantry and great devotion to duty during the past six months. On the 5th inst at Neuve Eglise, when the 14th Field Ambulance dressing station was destroyed by shell fire (one officer and five men being killed and nineteen wounded therein), Lieutenant Clarke continued to attend on the wounded with great gallantry until he collapsed from his own wound, which he received from the first shell.

We think our readers will agree that the design of the decoration is exceedingly elegant and effective, and worthy to be worn by the many heroic warriors who will doubtless receive it.

## IN THE GRANITE CITY.

### What's Doing at the Aberdeen Y.M.C.A.

SINCE the outbreak of war the Aberdeen Y.M.C.A. has occupied a prominent place in the public mind. It has made for itself a reputation that will long outlast the war. Almost every citizen will henceforth be interested in its welfare.

The reason is not far to seek. It has done for the soldiers what no other local organisation could have done. It has deomonstrated the worth of "the expulsive power of a new affection" by providing for the men such entertainment as could not elsewhere be had. Every night throughout these long weary months a two hours' concert has been arranged, and the quality has been the best that the "city by the sea" can give. Every choir of any note—irrespective of creed—has rendered yeoman service, and high-class artistes from the south who have been visiting our city have also responded.

But the Central Institute does more than entertain. It looks after the general well-being of the soldier, supplying refreshments at an appallingly moderate figure, and undertaking the cleansing of his soiled linen, handling on an average 160 parcels per week. The refreshment department is in the hands of the members of the B.W.T.A., who have rendered most self-sacrificing service. The Y.M.C.A. likewise acts as banker, keeping anything that the men may entrust to its care.

The popularity of the Aberdeen Association may be gathered from the fact that since the beginning of September 71,236 men have passed through our building; 36,141 letters have been written and posted on the premises, and 6,776 letters and parcels have been received for the men.

Nor is this all. The soldier's higher needs—and in the past months we have discovered that he has higher needs as well as others—are not neglected. Over 500 Pocket Testaments have been distributed. On Sunday evening, at 6.45, a "sing-song" is held, and many of the soldiers take advantage of our P.S.E. meeting at 7.45 p.m. Our efforts are appreciated not only by the men, but by the military authorities, who have co-operated with us as far as they could.

Locally there are three centres, in addition to the one at the Central Institute. There is one at Balnagask, where two concerts are provided weekly by the Central Institute, one at Stoneywood, and one at the Albert Hall (Huntly-street), the centre for the City of Aberdeen R.F.A. The Central Institute has organised two recruiting concerts for the latter place, and has been the means of securing 32 recruits.

This work is under the supervision of Mr. Robert Duncan, the popular secretary of Aberdeen Y.M.C.A.



# THE WOMAN WHO WENT RECRUITING.

*An Incident in the Hopfields which will Make its own Poignant Appeal.*

By COULSON KERNAHAN.

A WOMAN, whose age I judged to be between forty-two and forty-five, drew me aside and asked whether I would be so kind as to advise her about a lad's enlisting.

"Your son?" I inquired.

"No," she said, simply; I am not married. It is about my brother."

She spoke with such quiet refinement of voice and accent that, remembering we were in the hopfield, I looked a little curiously at her. Hers was a singularly attractive face. Had she been a happy mother and wife, living the protected life of the prosperously placed, she would possibly have retained much of the comeliness and the colouring of matured womanhood. As it was, the face, though still beautiful, was worn, lined and anxious, but something there was in her eyes and in her expression that compelled not only respect, but reverence, that caused one instantly to say to oneself, "Here, if ever there were one, is a good woman."

"There are only the three of us—my father, my brother, and myself," she said. "There were other children, but they're all dead, and as I was the eldest and my brother was the youngest, and a late-comer at that, I was a young woman when he was born, and old enough to be his mother. That's why, perhaps, even now, when he's near on being a man, he still is, and always will be, something of a baby, my baby, almost, to me. I have been his elder sister, and his mother, and even his godmother, so to speak, seeing to it that he was confirmed——"

### A Sister's Lofty Praise.

She stopped an instant then. "We are Church people, not Chapel folk," she added, pointedly, even proudly, as if between Chapel and Church there existed a marked distinction, social or religious, in her mind.

I am a Churchman myself, but I should not greatly have wondered had one or two Nonconformist friends of mine who are strong on "religious equality" been a trifle nettled at the assumption of superiority with which she spoke. She was too gentle-natured a woman to toss her head; but if anywhere in her heart there lurked some remnant of the old Adam or the old Eve, in the shape of a temptation to pride, spiritual or temporal, I think the tiny tempter, could he just then have taken form and shape, would have been seen to give something of an upward jerk to her chin. It was the one and only touch of assertiveness which I saw in a singularly sweet and unassuming woman, the cheerfulness, the beauty, and the self-sacrifice of whose life, not only to her father and to her brother, but to all with whom she comes into contact, have—so I have since incidentally heard from one who knows the story of her life—won the love and respect of all.

I put one or two questions about her brother's occupations and interests, which she answered readily.

"And, thank God!" she added—"for it would have been a cruel blow to my father as well as to me had it been otherwise—there's not a more loyal, manlier, or more patriotic lad living—and, oh! so handsome, so splendidly handsome," she added, with radiantly shining eyes.

### The Women Who Watch and Wait.

It seemed as if all the stores of a woman's wonderful love—the love that should have gone out to a lover-husband, and thereafter, perhaps, should have gone out newly (a divided love now, and yet in dividing not lessening, but doubling in intensity) to a little child—as if all the wealth of love had been lavished upon the only brother of whom she spoke.

"Yes," I said. "And now he wants to enlist, and you don't want him to. Is that it?"

"It is true that he wants to enlist—I should be ashamed of him if it were not so," she answered, proudly. "We have been brought up to believe that in such a time as this there is absolutely no sacrifice which one should not make. But it is *not* true that I don't want him to. I want him to. I want him to make the sacrifice, and I want myself to make the sacrifice, for (ah! if only I were a man and could go myself!) it is almost as great, perhaps a greater sacrifice for a woman to consent to her son, her sweetheart, her brother, her father going than it would be to go herself. It is we women who stay at home, to watch and wait and pray and wake, trembling and sobbing, from some horrible dream in the night, for whom it is worst. Not want him to go! He should go, even if I knew it were to his death, and, much as I love him, if I were the only one to suffer. That's why I have spoken to you. You are a recruiting officer. You'll know as these other people can't what I ought to do. And, mind! I'm not telling you this to get you to let my brother off. He must do his duty, and I want to do mine, whatever it is. Am I taking up too much of your time, or may I go on?"

"Go on," I said.

### A Problem of Conflicting Duties.

"A bad illness a year or two ago affected my father's sight in some way. It got worse, and now he is totally blind, and so has lost his means of livelihood. I was earning enough for him and me, but . . . I don't want to talk of myself, but . . . I'm ill now . . . and shall be worse, the doctor says."

As she spoke she unfastened the collar of the cotton blouse she was wearing, laying bare her neck and pointing to something there that I knew not merely as a symptom, but as the actual manifestation of the presence of a disease.

"There will have to be an operation, the doctor says," she continued, "but it isn't that which is troubling me. It is about my father and Fred. The boy so wants to go, and I can't bear to hold him back. It will only come once in his life, this call. He may never forgive me in years to come. I could never forgive myself if for selfish reasons I failed him—failed in all I have tried to be to him, all I have tried to make him, and failed my country in her greatest and gravest hour of need by keeping him back. I can't see my way. I don't know what is his duty—or mine!"

When a woman is very over-wrought, as this poor woman now was, and small wonder, it is sometimes kinder (it brings her to herself sooner) to be plain, practical, and businesslike, rather than to be too manifestly sympathetic, which is apt sometimes to add to her own emotionability. Had I (so at least it seemed to me) spoken as pitifully and as tenderly as I was minded to speak, she would have broken down, and when I told her that her brother's duty was to his father, she would perhaps have thought that I was moved to say so in response to her pleading, and not because of the facts, and so she might thereafter have reproached herself for failing in her duty, and causing her brother to fail in his.

### In Quest of the Brother.

"Where is your brother to be seen?" I asked. I spoke brusquely, and purposely so.

She mentioned an ironmonger's shop in a town some ten miles distant. The time was, I saw by my watch, four-thirty. I had worked my hardest all day, and was now fairly entitled to an hour or so "off" before the meeting on the village green that night where two of us were to speak from the caravan. A quarter of an hour's walk from the hopfield lives a friend of mine who owns a motor-car. His wife is the Lady Bountiful of the village—every man, woman, child, horse, cat, and dog of which she knows personally as well as the family tree, and full history of every said man, woman, child, horse, cat, and dog for generations back. Over a cup of tea I mentioned that I understood there was a blind man living with his daughter and son in the village, and I was wondering whether the son was or was not free to enlist. That drew from my hostess the comment (and I know no more patriotic woman than she): "In the circumstances it would be simply wicked

to take that boy. The sister, who is very ill, is the noblest woman I ever met. I beg of you, pray of you, do nothing whatever to break up that home."

This left me free to speak more fully of the matter, and when I told my friends that I wished to see the boy in question at once and why, and was wondering whether their chauffeur could run me over to the town where the lad worked, they gladly agreed.

Outside the ironmonger's shop a handsome car, on the seat of which lay a rich fur rug, was waiting. The chauffeur, apparently—one can never be sure in these matters—a strong, able-bodied man of military age, was standing as if to open the door for the owner of the car when he or she appeared.

In the shop when I entered I saw a tall, handsome lad, white-faced and trembling, behind the counter, looking at a lady with a heavy double chin and pince-nez perched on a high-hooked nose. She was richly clad in furs, and was rating the young man roundly.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself skulking there behind a counter, a strong, big fellow like you!"

The boy—he was only just eighteen, I afterwards heard—gazed agonisedly at the two red-cheeked girls who were giggling vulgarly at another counter and made a reply of some sort, but he was so nervous and his mouth was so dust-dry that the words seemed literally to stick on his lips, and standing where I was I could not distinguish them.

**The Wrong Way to Recruit.**

Presumably the lady did, for her comment was:

"Excuses again! Oh, yes, of course. You needn't tell me! I've heard them all before—many times—and don't believe a word. They're simply made up for the occasion, and if it wasn't a father and a sister it would be someone else, so you needn't add lying to your cowardice. It is simply disgraceful, the want of patriotism among you young men of the working classes. I must have spoken to at least a score to-day, and there wasn't one I could persuade to do his duty to his country. Most of them weren't even civil. It's disgraceful. I repeat it—disgraceful."

Then, seeing me standing by, waiting for my turn with the lad, she inquired: "Don't you agree with me?"

"I agree with you," I said, "about the urgent necessity for every able-bodied man who can come forward to do so. And I am very sorry to hear that any of them were uncivil. But are you quite sure—your intentions I know are most patriotic, and are of the best—but are you quite sure you go to work in the wisest way?"

"What do you mean?" she inquired, haughtily, making as she spoke a call upon reinforcements by bringing into action a pair of tortoiseshell-handled gold-mounted lorgnettes which she placed in front of the pince-nez. Having thus got me under double gun-fire, she raked me from toe-tip to hat-top with a look that I suppose was meant to be withering.

"I really don't think you know anything at all about it," she said, "and I must trouble you, sir, not to interfere in a matter which is no concern whatever of yours, and when your opinion was not invited."

"No?" I replied. "I understood it was. I'm sorry. But in a sense it is a matter which does concern me, as I happen to have in my pocket the papers which show I am duly and formally appointed to act as a recruiting officer."

"Ha!" she said, recovering herself and turning triumphantly upon the lad behind the counter. "Then you have come to tell this . . . person . . . that it is his duty to go to the front."

"On the contrary," I said, quietly, "I have come to tell him, and with full knowledge of the facts—which, pardon me! I doubt whether you possess—that it is his duty to remain where he is."

# THE DEEPER SIDE OF THINGS.

*Stories from the Work of Mr. J. W. Moodie, the Soldier-Evangelist.*

THE Sunday evening service in the Exhibition Building at York will be remembered as the most remarkable scene I have yet witnessed among the troops. The hour to begin was 7.30 p.m., but by 6 o'clock the men were trooping into the immense hall. What struck me most was the unconventional way the men sat. There was no attempt whatever at facing the speaker; they sat anywhere and anyhow, some on very low easy chairs, others on high ones. The whole gathering resembled a huge drawing-room party absolutely at their ease. However was I to address such a crowd of men was more than I could tell.

At 7.30 prompt "Stand up, stand up for Jesus" was sung, and by the time we had finished singing between 700 and 800 had taken their seats. At once I arose and began my address, and just as though the men had been turned by an automatic machine, every man faced towards the speaker. The effect was most inspiring, and never had I a more interesting and responsive audience in my experience with the troops.

During my visit to Doncaster I was very anxious to visit our men, so I presented myself at the house where the convalescents are living, of course explaining who I was and on what mission I had come. The lady in charge, with an outstretched hand, bade me enter, and, after more conversation, she informed me that I could with perfect ease go through the whole house wherever I could find a soldier. With a most gracious bow and another hearty shake of the hand she withdrew. I soon got in touch with my wounded comrades. At first they were a little shy, and wisely too, not communicating with me. But when I told them that I too had been wounded, that at once removed every barrier, and so we were soon fighting our battles over again. But oh! what a sight! How these poor fellows must have suffered! And sufferings tell. Many of them were not only wounded, but severely frostbitten as well. A sergeant with whom we talked told us how he was wounded at La Bassée in the back through the bursting of a shell, and how he still suffers by a piece of the shell being still deeply embedded in his left lung. Another, who was all bandaged up, told us how a bullet entered his chin, came out at his neck, and spent itself in his breast. We found him a most intelligent man, and when we offered him one of Mr. Yapp's little books, "The Dispatch Rider," "Oh yes," he said, "Y.M.C.A.," and burst into tears. The reason for the tears is best known to himself.

From one room we passed into another, and here the same sight met us, wounded and frostbitten men all around, some lying down, others sitting by the fire. At times one could see their faces clouded with the expression of pain. To one I said, "Are you suffering pain?" "A wee bittie pain," was the Scotsman's reply.

By the fireside sat a rather bright-looking boy, bandaged round the loins, where he had been wounded at the battle of Ypres. He stretched out his hand for one of the Gospels we were giving away with a smile on his face, and, pulling from his pocket a tattered and torn book, said, "I, too, have a Gospel of St. John, which I have read many times in the trenches." As we looked at it we felt it would soon fall to pieces; it had indeed been much used. I made a suggestion to him if he would give me his I would give him a new one. In a moment he snatched it from my hand, putting it back into his pocket, as though it was a priceless gem. So it was, to him at least.

While among the troops I always like to visit the prisoners, so between the afternoon and evening service of Sunday I went to the guard room, and got permission from the sergeant of the guard to see the men in their cells. He sent one of the guard with me to open the cell doors. This man was a little bit of a character, for every time he opened the cell door he would cry out in a voice like thunder, "Attention for the general." The poor prisoners would spring to their feet and stand to attention, trembling as though I were some unkind being. But as I drew from my pocket a New Testament and placed it in their hands, there came a smile over their face, and the sight of God's Word calmed their troubled breast.

Again and again in my evangelistic tours among the troops I have been told that our soldiers care little or nothing for the religious side of the Y.M.C.A. work, and only for games, concerts, and all kinds of amusements. One Sunday, being in the North and in a city where 10,000 troops are stationed, I was determined to put this statement to the test, and that night I witnessed a sight which completely proved the assertion to be a mere fallacy and an absolute untruth. In the Y.M.C.A. building, not a game was played, not a song sung, and not a cup of coffee sold, 800 men sat listening to a Gospel address of thirty-five minutes' duration, and only two men were seen to leave the building. From the Y.M.C.A. we passed on to another place, run by another society. Here we found ourselves altogether in a different atmosphere. The billiards and ping-pong tables were being used; draughts and dominoes and halma were interesting a few, and in a shaded part of the room card-playing was going on. A few were at the supper table, and one or two were sound asleep by the fire. Downstairs the rifle range had captivated four or five. Although the whole building could accommodate 600 men, yet I could not find 100 in the place. Who will now affirm that the soldiers do not care for the religious side of the Y.M.C.A. work? If the truth must be told, that is the very side which makes the Y.M.C.A. so popular with the men.



*Our Short Story.*

# HIS FATHER'S WILL.

**By LAURA KINGSCOTE, Author of "The Pride of His Regiment," "The Deserter," &c.**

HE looked every inch a soldier still as he sat bolt upright on a hard, wooden chair, his broad chest heaving deep breaths as he pulled away at an old pipe and gazed moodily into the glowing fire, while his quiet little wife moved self-effacingly about the small kitchen preparing the evening meal.

Presently the ashes were knocked noisily out of the pipe on to the hob, and Jim Dawson, once lance-corporal in His Majesty's service, now reluctantly superannuated, turned brusquely round and blurted:

"I can't stand it, Bess, I tell yer! I can't look the world in the face, much less my old mates. Even the squire 'ad his fling at me this morning. 'Well, Dawson,' he sez, 'ave yer lads joined the colours yet? But in course they 'ave, being your sons,' when all the while he knew as they 'adn't. Then he goes on to say as young Mister Ronald 'ad gone. 'His mother don't like it, in course,' he sez; 'women never do, but I insisted. Let him win his spurs, I say, eh, Dawson?' And I answers, 'Yes, sir,' and blushed to think of my own two lads. I'm ashamed, I tell you! 'Ere am I, an old soldier who's been forty years in the Army—blessed, peaceful years as gave me no chance o' showing my mettle—and now, as the biggest war the world 'as ever seen is a-raging, and I'm reckoned too old to go, I ain't got one single son as is willing to go instead o' me. Two puny-minded, lily-livered, mother-coddled——"

"Oh, hush, hush, Jim, for God's sake!" interrupted gentle Mrs. Dawson, in piteous expostulation; "the dear lads aren't any o' those dreadful things you're calling them. They're just ordinary, home-loving, quiet lads as——"

"'Ome-loving'! Stop such rubbish, woman! It isn't time to love one's 'ome; it's the time to hate one's enemies. And now we're on the question I may as well tell yer the truth, Bess. It's you as has spoilt our lads. If you'd only lived in barracks along o' me when the lads was kids instead o' hugging yer father's old farmstead and bringing 'em up quiet, they'd 'ave bin soldiers, like their father, both of 'em, and I'd 'ave bin realising me ideal life at last in that o' me own flesh and blood. You've ruined 'em, and you know it. Look at Jack now! As strong as a young lion—ay, and a dash o' dare-devil in his blood, too, when it ain't a question o' serving anyone else by it. Why don't the young shirker turn it over to the service o' his King and country? Twenty-one, and what's 'e a-doing? Farming, 'e calls it. Fooling's my name for it! Loafing about wi' a dog and a gun by day and wi' fools o' silly girls o' nights—that's all his farming comes to, and his country a-crying out for his strength and his hot young blood. Bah! I'm ashamed, I tell yer! As for young Davy—well, 'e's worse; but I ain't so surprised at 'im. 'E was always a mother's coddle, 'e was. Must take up with schooling, 'e must, and moon away 'is life over books and such-like trifles. Eighteen, and 'e ain't never earned a shilling o' his own yet! Eddication 'e calls it; a-playing with life I calls it. Bone o' my bone and flesh o' my flesh are they? It makes me fair sick!"

"Oh, Jim, Jim, stop——"

"It does. Idlers, shirkers, cowards I call 'em! Well, if them German Johnnies ever land my lads 'ull get what they deserve. What 'ull their play guns, as they never use, and their books do for 'em then? You and me, Bess, may have this 'ouse as we've saved up so long to buy a-pulled down over our 'eads, all becos' our own children——"

"For mercy's sake, stop, Jim! I 'ear them a-coming. Let 'em come home in peace after their day's work. They weren't never for fighting, weren't our lads—leastways not Davy. I mind now how Jack was a bit given that way at school, but he grew out of it——"

"'Grew out of it!' A deal better if 'e never had. 'E should ha' cultivated 'is talent. 'E'd find it useful now. Every right-minded Briton has a bit o' the bulldog in 'im. . . . Well, 'ad a 'ard day, lads?" and the old soldier's voice reached a crescendo of scorn on this last sentence. "Come in and 'ave a good supper; you've earned it, I'm sure."

The pale, thoughtful face of the slim youth who entered first flushed vividly under the scorn of his parent, and flinging a pleading look at his mother, he put a parcel of books down on a chair, and sat down silently at the small supper-table, where a frugal meal awaited him.

Not so the second youth. Jack Dawson, the soldier's first-born, had truly a bit of the dare-devil in his appearance. He was big and muscular, rather blustering in his manner, and with something doggedly determined in his bold dark eyes.

"Look 'ere, dad, you'd best stop that ragging. We're a bit sick of it. Time enough to force us when conscription comes," and he slid noisily into his chair at the table and drew a cottage-loaf roughly to him.

The ex-soldier, recognising his match, grunted, and turned sullenly back to his contemplation of the fire.

The little patient wife and mother, accustomed now, unhappily, to these scenes, pressed a quieting hand on her eldest-born's big arm, and sighed softly as she began to cut up large slices of cold bacon. Then as the slices disappeared she looked compassionately and yet proudly at these two delinquents in parental eyes. How different they were! Suddenly to her imagination a comparison occurred. Jacob and Esau! Yes, in physique and character they were as opposed to each other as those Eastern brothers. Her Jack, like the famous hairy man of old, had, so to speak, "had his hand against every man" since he was a boy: at school—though her mother-heart had refused to acknowledge it—he had been a bit of a bully with smaller boys, though with his physical equals he had lacked the physical courage of his hairy prototype. David, her youngest, also, though resembling in many points the quiet, meditative Jacob, had—she fondly assured herself—none of the selfishness and meanness of that thief of birthrights.

Meanwhile, the old soldier had thought better of his mode of attack, and decided on a change of tactics—he would try if persuasion would do what contemptuous criticism had failed in. He turned round brusquely in his chair, cleared his throat noisily, and abandoning the bugle-loud, "call-to-arms" tone of voice he had used for the past few weeks, said:

"Look 'ere, lads, if yer won't join the colours for dooty's sake, and for love of yer King and country, why—will yer do it to please yer mother and me? Yes, mother, I'm going to include you, my girl"—as he caught a protesting look on the gentle face of the lads' mother at this unjust use of her name—"you'll be proud some day when they both come 'ome from the war wi' medals on their chests. Will yer, lads? There's a recruiting sergeant a-down at the Drill 'All this very night. Now you both go and sign on. Will yer?" And the old soldier's voice shook now with genuine intensity of feeling—a feeling prompted by a sentiment that stood higher with him than even the sacred sentiment of fatherhood—love of King and country.

For a moment there was silence, persuasion's voice proving stronger, as it ever does, than coercion.

Then Jack Dawson raised his rough dark head, and said, though sullenly withal:

"Well, dad, I'm glad you're more civil over it this time, anyway. Your treatment of us has been a bit out lately, you must own, and it's a queer day to live in when, if a fellow don't feel called on to go and kill somebody, he's a slacker and a coward. This 'ere war has mixed things up a bit. I for one don't know where I am, and even Davy here, the scholard, he don't either, he says. Howsoever, I'm off to hear what this recruiting chap has to say—I'm a bit sick o' being taunted, I'll own. That young snob, Master Ronald, passed me this morning, and he says, sneering-like, 'Not in khaki, Dawson?' All very well for him; he's bought a commission. Well, I'm off. You coming, Davy?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack! Are you going to 'list, my dear? You see what you've done, Jim——."

"Mother, I'm ashamed of yer! He's doing 'is dooty if he do 'list, and three months behind time at that. Be off, lad, and be sure you join, and God and yer country, ay, and yer father 'ull bless yer."

As the door banged after his brother young David Dawson rose to his feet, and, with pale face and diffident air, looked across at his father.

"I'm sorry to displease you, dad, but *I* can't do it. I don't feel called to. I can't make a soldier of myself; it isn't in me. I'm not physically built for it, for one thing, and secondly, I don't believe in war—it's damnable. It's against all laws of humanity, it's against——."

"Stop it! How dare you say such things to me, a soldier and your father? I tell yer war's the oldest profession in the world, and it never would ha' bin if it never oughter ha' bin. You're an irreligious young fool. You've got these ideas from them silly books o' yours. It's yer father's trade, and it's good enough for you. You'd best go to bed afore I say something I'll be sorry for."

Half-an-hour later Jack returned, and, stating laconically that he'd joined the colours, went moodily off to bed.

Stumbling into the little dark room above the kitchen which he shared with his brother, he espied his mother kneeling by her youngest-born, and heard her whisper:

"Never mind your dad, dear. He doesn't mean all he says. Always hold your tongue, lad, when he's angry, and remember there's many a brave battle fought in our own little kitchen, as brave as any as are fought in those trenches in France; and there's enemies inside us as hard to fight as those Germans, and you've conquered many of them; you did again to-night. Besides, I couldn't let both of you go. Oh, surely it can't be asked of me!"

"What did she mean by all that, eh?" asked the newly-made recruit, as he flung himself down for his last sleep on his comfortable bed.

"I know," replied David, shortly; but the reader must be told that the knowledge did not altogether bring comfort to the youthful philosopher and dreamer, and, like Jacob of old, he wrestled till the daybreak with thoughts and doubts that he could neither conquer nor yet be entirely conquered by.

* * * *

It was a proud day for the ex-soldier when his eldest son came home three months later on a couple of days' furlough from barracks. Jack Dawson certainly looked a fine, strapping example of young British manhood in his smart khaki uniform. Three months' training had straightened and hardened his tall, broad figure and improved somewhat his general deportment, but the weak, full mouth was still there, and our modern young Esau still bore the look of a temperamental outlaw and self-pleaser.

"What do yer think o' your first-born now, mother? Ain't 'e fine, and aren't yer proud of 'im?" asked Jim Dawson of his wife as they sat round the fire the first evening, while the young hero-in-the-making sat and smoked and told tales of barrack-life as "to the manner born."

"Yes, he looks fine," half-sighed Mrs. Dawson, as she wondered fearfully and secretly what the fate of that young khaki-clad body would be.

"You oughter ha' joined earlier, lad; that's your only blunder. You'd ha' bin along wi' Kitchener's men now. Well, 'better late than never.' What was that in the old Book as we used to read at Sunday-school, mother—something about a father as 'ad two sons, and 'e told 'em to do something, and the one said as 'ow 'e would and then he didn't, and the second one said as 'ow 'e wouldn't and then went and did? You're like that last 'un, Jack; eh, mother?"

Mrs. Dawson admitted that he was; then added softly:

"It ends, I remember, in the question: 'Which of them did the will of his father?' or something like that."

"Ay, so it does. Well, Jack 'ere is like the second chap, and that young shirker David is 'tother one. Where is the lad? In bed? Ashamed to hear Jack talk, no doubt. Well, you go now, lad. You'll be glad of a good night in yer old bed?"

"That I shall," cried Jack.

* * * *

"I say, Bess, 'ere's news! The Royal Field Artillery, 22nd Battery—that's the one our Jack is in, bless 'is heart!—is ordered to the front. To tell the truth, I was half afraid the war'd be over before 'e got there," and Jim Dawson eagerly read again the paragraph in his morning paper that had supplied him with this information.

"'Ordered to the front'! Our Jack! '*Afraid* that the war would be over'! Oh, Jim!" brokenly gasped his wife.

But the old soldier did not heed her words.

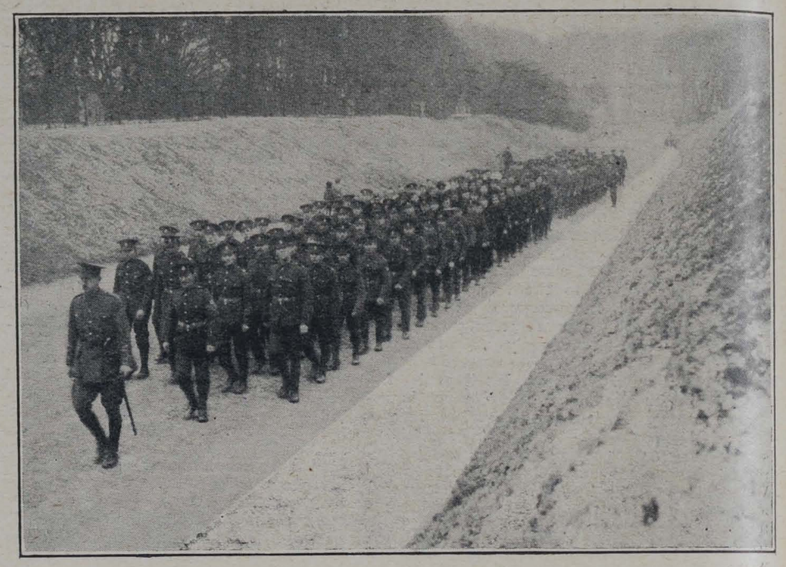
"David," he called up the wooden stairs that led to the bedroom of his younger lad, "Jack's going to the front! What do yer say to that?"

"I'm glad," replied the youth, quietly, coming down the stairs, a smile on his youthful, thoughtful face.

"'Glad'!" echoed both his listeners in surprise.

"Yes. Fact is, I've changed my mind about offering for the war. I joined the colours yesterday, but I thought I wouldn't disturb you both last night. I wasn't convinced that it was my duty before, but now I am," he ended, simply.

"AN EMINENT SURGEON LEADING HIS MEN.



As we stated in last week's issue, Lieutenant Francis F. Muecke, F.R.C.S., the husband of Madame Ada Crossley, the famous contralto, is an officer in the R.A.M.C. In the photograph (which is by R. W. Vieler) the surgeon-soldier is seen leading his men from a church parade at Eastbourne, where he is stationed.

"Bravo, lad! I'm proud of yer at last. 'Better late than never,' as I always say," shouted his father, clapping him on the back. "What about that Eastern chap as said he wouldn't go, and then repented and went, mother? Isn't that our David?"

But David's mother could not join in the joy of her husband; instead she stood gazing tearfully, incredulously at the thin, unsoldier-like figure of the darling of her heart. Was she to make this greatest of all sacrifices, after all? Could her country require it of her, could her God? It was hard, oh, so hard, to believe it!

"Well, this is a great day for us, and no mistakes," went on Jim Dawson. "Why, if that isn't Jack a-looking in at the window, and at this time o' day! Open the door, mother! Come to say good-bye, lad?" as Jack Dawson entered and, avoiding their eyes, advanced slowly into the middle of the room.

There was a moment of curious silence none of them understood; then Jack spoke:

"Yes, I'm come to say good-bye. I can't stay here, I know. I won't disgrace you all, if I do meself. I only want a few of my things, then I'm off. I must be sharp, too," and he glanced furtively across at the window.

"What do yer mean? Speak out!" cried his father, his voice trembling, his face white, for he knew full well what it meant.

"I've funked it—going to the front, I mean. I always did hate the thought of it. So I've deserted, that's all! Yes, you'll be fine and angry, I know, but I have. Here, help me to get my things," and he began pulling off his disgraced uniform.

Jim Dawson dropped into a chair as if stricken by a mortal blow, and buried his face in his hands.

Then the gentle wife and mother did a marvellous thing—a thing that surprised even herself. She stepped up to her husband and, flinging her arms about his stricken figure, she whispered:

"Never mind, Jim; Davy will go instead. You see, he sees it his duty now. And please don't be hard on poor Jack. No one suffers more for sinning than the sinner himself." Then as Jim Dawson still bowed his head in humiliation and grief she added:

"What about that old Bible story now, Jim? 'Which of the two sons did the will of his father?' He that said he would go and didn't, or he that said he wouldn't and did? What about our Davy? Ah! and what about poor Jack, too? They are both our soldier lads now. May God help you and me how to deal with them! Maybe we've made mistakes with both of them."

"Maybe we 'ave," cried the old soldier.

## LIVINGSTONE'S FORWARD TREAD.

David Livingstone was a great walker. Once when he was training for missionary work he walked from Chipping Ongar—a distance of twenty-three miles—to London. On his return journey he stopped to help a poor woman who had been thrown out of a trap, and this involved an extra walk. Finally he arrived home, white with weariness, at midnight, having walked at least fifty miles. Of him a friend said, "After forty years I remember his step—a characteristic forward tread—firm, resolute, neither fast nor slow, no hurry and no dawdle, but which evidently meant *getting there*." Is not that a picture of what our Christian walk ought to be like—"a forward tread . . . which evidently meant getting there"? A man's walk is one of the most individual things he does. The very sound of his footfall is memorable. In the Christian life there is often much halting, instead of the forward tread, which means getting there.

## A WITTY CLERIC AND AN AGED BRIDE ROOM.

An old gentleman of eighty years having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him, "The font is at the other end of the church." "What do I want of the font?" inquired the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."



# BLUEJACKETS WHO SHUN THE BOTTLE.

*A Chatty Article about the Sailors' Loved Friend, Miss Agnes Weston, LL.D.*

A LITTLE while ago I saw a sailor so drunk that he could not walk. In common with many others, I looked at him, noticed the stripes on his arm, and thought, as doubtless the others thought, "What a pity! And very likely he is a decent enough fellow when out of the drink." Had a policeman appeared on the scene, the man would certainly have been arrested; but, as it happened, there was somebody—better even than a policeman—patriotic, and with a great soul, in the crowd. Stepping out from the crowd, the man called a passing taxi, put the bibulous sailor in it, ascertained his address, and gave the chauffeur instructions to drive Jack home.

### Total Abstainers in the Navy.

This little incident, by sheer contrast, served to remind me of the splendid work the mother of the British Navy, as Miss Weston is affectionately called, is doing amongst our Fleetmen—work in which the temperance pledge-book plays a large part, for the Royal Naval Temperance Society, of which she was the founder, now has a membership of some 25,000 officers and others in the British Navy.

Miss Weston, by the way, comes from a distinguished ancestry, and she is related to General Hunter Weston, who a month or so ago was promoted on the field of battle to the rank of Major-General.

Only a week or two since—the occasion being a little journalistic enterprise—I visited the Royal Sailors' Rest at Portsmouth, which, like the one at Devonport and Keyham, was founded by Miss Weston.

Lieut. Porch, R.N., Miss Weston's secretary, conducted me over the spacious and attractive buildings, which have all the appointments of a first-class hotel.

As I passed through some of the rooms frequented by the men, my eye caught sight of numerous wall cards. One said, "Now is the watchword of the wise." Another, "God never makes a mistake." And a third had these significant words, which I felt were so much more complimentary than "No swearing or bad language allowed," "Every bird is known by its note, and every man by his conversation."

### Medals for Meritorious Service.

In connection with the R.N.T.S., honours are awarded for periods of faithful membership and special awards made for meritorious service. These honours take the form of fidelity stars, victory medals for five years' service, &c. The men forming the happy group shown in the photograph are evidently high up on the honours list!

I was privileged to have a chat with Miss Weston. My immediate object was to induce her to dictate an article to me on a given subject, but as it would have involved considerable thought and research, Miss Weston felt bound to decline. Just at that moment Miss Weston's life-long friend and co-worker—Miss Wintz—entered the room. "This gentleman has come from London, and wants me to dictate an article to him on —— straight off the reel," said Miss Weston to Miss Wintz, "but I tell him we do not go about charged with dynamite in that fashion!"

Seeing the two ladies together, I took the liberty of reminding them of a little incident which shot into my mind—how the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, when Admiral Commander-in-Chief, expressed his surprise that they had worked together so very many years and had neither quarrelled nor parted. Pleasing explanations as to the why and wherefore were given to the Duke. But it was abundantly clear to me that the same happy state of affairs has existed, and exists to-day, for Miss Wintz remarked to Miss Weston, "No time to quarrel, is there, dear?"

### Lifelong Service.

Both these ladies, I may say, in passing, have not only given their lives to work amongst the bluejackets, but large sums of money as well. Had they cared, theirs might have been a life surrounded with practically every comfort and luxury this world can afford.

These two ladies propose giving up their work when they give up their lives—not before.

Miss Weston spoke to me of the grand work being done by the Y.M.C.A. amongst the soldiers and sailors, and referred to the Naval Division at the Crystal Palace, where, some few weeks ago she addressed a mass meeting. "I took 900 pledges there," said Miss Weston, "and formed yet another branch of the R.N.T.S."

How Miss Weston became a teetotaller is interesting. Let me tell the story in her own words:—

### Miss Weston's Personal Experience.

My friend got up a large temperance meeting in Avon-street, Bath, and she asked me to be one of the speakers, to which I willingly consented. The room was crowded, and the meeting was bright. I spoke, proving to my own satisfaction the evils of drink, and others much more fitted than myself spoke as well. At the close of the meeting several people came up to sign the pledge; amongst others was a man, a chimney-sweeper, with plenty of marks of his profession upon him; two friends were with him, one on each side. He had without doubt been "liquoring up" to stand the ceremony.

"Our chum is going to sign the pledge," said one of his friends; "he's about sick of the drink, and he's going to give it up, aren't you, Jim?" "Yaas," answered Jim; "give me the pen." He stood for a moment balancing the pen in his hand, and, looking me straight in the face, he said in Somerset dialect, "Before I zigns, I wants to ask this lady one question. Be you a teetotaller, miss?" This was crucial, the leading question that had been hanging over me ever since I had worked in the good cause.

### Stepping Over the Line.

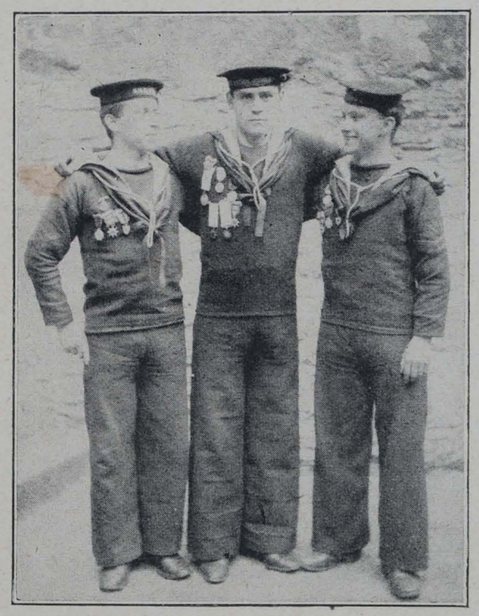
It was an awful moment; what could I do, what could I say? If only the floor would have opened and swallowed me up! But no such good luck; the audience as well as the man waited for my reply. I had to say, "No, I am not exactly a teetotaller, but I only take a glass of wine occasionally." "Right you are," answered my tormentor; "that's exactly what I do; I take a glass sometimes for the benefit of my health."

"Nonsense, Jim," said his friends; "you don't take a glass, and you don't know when to stop; give it up, man." "Nothing of the sort," he replied; "I'll do what the lady does; I shan't zign," and, throwing down the pen, he shouldered his way out of the room.

My duty was plain, which was to take up the pen and to sign my name where his would have stood, and from that day to this, by God's help, I have kept it, and hope to do so all my life through.

I always felt that by my inconsistency I had lost that man, and I prayed for many years that someone more faithful might win him.

At last, after a lapse of thirty years, I heard that this very man was still alive, and had become a temperance man and a Christian. I thanked God, and took courage when that good news came to me. C. H. C.



Honours men of the R.N.T.S. wearing the decorations awarded for meritorious service.

## TOO KIND TO THE GERMANS!

Among the recruiting auxiliaries there must be counted the newspapers, says a writer in the *Scotsman*. In some villages, far away from the railway, they come by gig or bicycle at a late hour. A crowd congregates. Eavesdroppers hang about to save the bawbee. One poor woman, who had no ha'penny, heard the newsboy burst out with his cry, "Gran' news the nicht! A' for a bawbee!" She could not resist the temptation to get the gospel without money or price. "What is't, laddie? Tell me, Johnnie, darlin'?" With an exaultant voice he shouted as he passed, "We've driven the Germans back twenty miles! Hooray!" She stood and ruminated. Her face fell ominously. "Och, dear!" she said, "that's juist like oor folk! Aye sae saft! Driven them, nesty vratches! Sallna, heu I hed my wye, I wud hae taen the beets aff ilka ane an' made them gang every inch o' the road on their bare feet!"

*13.—Prayer and the Spirit of Pluck.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

I HAVE to thank a number of correspondents for their kind letters about our paper. A soldier writes to me from Wareham and says, "Tommy, universally, wants *Y.M.* I know him;" and I am glad to think that the "boys" have taken kindly to us. We are doing what we can in about 800 centres, so we are not idle. My correspondent waxes eloquent when he speaks of the paper. "I want to tell you," he says, "how much I like *Y.M.* It, like the huts, is practical Christianity in literature. It is eagerly looked forward to, and read with much avidity and appreciation from cover to cover." In the opinion of those most qualified to judge, we are improving each week, and we hope, in due course, to make *Y.M.* as near perfect as possible.

* * *

MANY of the letters I receive clearly show that my readers are always thinking about the highest welfare of the soldiers. From **M. A.** (Skipton-in-Craven) I have received a charming note on prayer, which I really must give in full. "While reading the *Y.M.* the following thoughts occurred to me:—Our men have very bravely offered their lives for the service of King and country. Why should so many of them shrink from offering themselves just as bravely to serve the King of kings and to fight against our common foe, the devil? Many of them will unflinchingly face a rain of German bullets, and yet they are afraid to kneel down in front of their companions to pray."

* * *

"OURS is a free country," continues M. A., "and we are a free people, and every man has the right to read his Bible or kneel in prayer; and everyone who tries to hinder him from so doing is a foe to liberty. I would suggest that in every sleeping-hut or tent the men should arrange among themselves, at a set time, to have five or ten minutes' quietude, that everyone might feel at liberty to kneel and pray undisturbed. If there are any of the men who have never prayed before, certainly now is the time for them to do so. And, if they take the trouble to try, God will teach them what to ask for."

* * *

I NEED hardly say how earnestly I agree with M. A. in these sentiments, but I am wondering why is it that prayer and pluck do not always go hand in hand. Certainly it takes a plucky man to kneel down before a crowd of comrades and say a prayer; and yet, when we come to think it over, such pluck ought to be normal rather than abnormal. Prayer is not a fool's game; it is not something stupid and silly. Prayer is a real thing, and, to many of us, as real as any known fact of the physical universe. If a man believes in God, and believes in prayer, it seems strange that he should hesitate to pray just because some of his "pals" may think him a fanatic. If a thing is worthy of belief it is worthy of confession, and therefore I deplore any cowardice on the part of the man who believes in prayer, but who is reluctant to avow his faith.

* * *

BUT sometimes a man will shrink from such a public ordeal for reasons other than cowardice. Not every soldier is a coward who somehow finds it next to impossible to kneel down before his fellows. It may be that he feels it is a parade of piety, from which, soldier-like, he naturally shrinks. Some men are so sweetly human that they shrink from anything which resembles a religious display, and so they refuse to wear their hearts on their sleeves for the daws to peck at. Or it may be that a man has a certain high notion of consistency, and fears that he will be a marked man if he kneels down in prayer, and if there is anything a decent man hates it is to be a marked man. He is afraid that too much will be expected of him, and, in his heart of hearts, he has a sneaking fear that his faith may be imposed upon. So he becomes a secret disciple; and there are many such to-day—men who love the Lord and who are seeking the true way of life, but who dread anything approaching a public demonstration.

* * *

WHILE out of sheer brotherliness I am prepared to do my best to excuse the man who does not nail his colours to the mast, I am not prepared to justify his omissions. I think every Christian man should be characterised by a certain frank and simple bravery which scorns the consequences of ridicule, and which boldly makes mention of the kindness of the Lord. Otherwise, a Christian may be in a camp and hide his light under a bushel all the time. Especially at the present time, when there is such a need of prayer, is it vital and necessary for Christ's true soldiers to be loyal to Him, and show men, through their simple devotions, that they know whom they have believed.

* * *

IT is worth while remembering that the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts had family prayers in his home for over fifty years. His servants and men knew exactly where he stood, and respected him for it. We may be sure that at the beginning he made a firm resolve, which, by the blessing of God, he kept to the end; and I am disposed to commend this thought to my comrades. We are such a non-committal crowd, so reticent and hesitant, that we are slow to declare ourselves on the side of Christ, and yet we do not hesitate to declare ourselves on the side of King and Allies. Why cannot we show the same spirit of determination over our soul as we do over the country? I sincerely hope that M. A.'s wise and kindly reminder will have a great effect on those who read this page.

* * *

IN a letter from **A. C.** (Dover) I gather that he is not best pleased with Mr. John Oxenham's story, which he thinks makes the telling of a lie by the hero too much of a virtue, and which seems to offer a sanction for "white" lies. Those who know Mr. Oxenham realise full well how devoted a man he is, and will smile at the idea; and yet we are wholly with our correspondent in his protest that there is "no bravery in a lie in whatever circumstances it is told." It is worth while granting a certain author's licence when reading fiction, for usually things happen somehow different from what they do in ordinary life. Another writer was taken to task severely a short time ago for referring to witchcraft in a short story. From what we know of the author in question, we should say there is no man living who is more opposed to such trickery, in whatever form it may appear. One of these days I should like to prepare a careful essay on "The Ethics of Fiction," and examine all such points. But let me say to A. C. that we want to keep the standard of this paper as high as we possibly can, and that we shall never countenance anything that is not strictly true. But when it comes to John Oxenham!—well, let A. C. read "What Can a Little Chap Do?" and he will see something of the white flame that burns in the breast of the popular novelist.

* * *

I WANT to draw my readers' attention to a capital article on "Christ or Nietzsche?" by the Rev. Canon Masterman, M.A., which will appear in our next issue; and all letters for Julius Just should be addressed, as usual, to 13, Russell-square, W.C.




**BURBERRY WAR KIT**



The Burberry

**Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.**

**THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF**
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece.
**Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING.**
LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

**BRITISH WARM BURBERRY**
A splendidly protective garment made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

**UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS**
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.



Service Dress

**BURBERRY WAR KIT** includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S.B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing 3¾lbs.

**SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT**
Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.

*Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE

**BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON**

8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents

**FOR ROUTE MARCHES.**

**Fry's**

**SUPERIOR**

**Chocolates**

ON SALE AT THE

**Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.**

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

BY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

To H.M. King George V. To H.M. Queen Alexandra.

**148 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS.**

**Jeyes' Disinfectants**

**FLUID—POWDER—SOAP.**

**Jeyes' Fluid**

**Best and Safest for all Purposes.**

**Jeysol**

Identical in composition with Lysol, of absolutely equal efficiency, and making a clear solution.

Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection sent free on application to:—

**Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., 64, Cannon St., London, E.C.**

**"What £10 a year will do."**

In the hands of a well-managed Insurance Institution like the

**NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE**

£10 paid yearly by a man aged 28 next birthday till he is 60 (33 payments) will secure for the remainder of his life

**£52 : 8 : 10 a year** (payable half-yearly), or alternatively **£569 in cash.**

Premiums returned in the event of death before age 50, while if death occurs between 50 and 60 a cash payment ranging from £334 to £542 is guaranteed.

**NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED.**

Write for Special Pamphlet to the Secretary,

**Norwich Union Life Office, Norwich.**

**CAMP LEADERS**

should note that

**SUN COFFEE**

is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

QUALITY RIGHT. PRICE RIGHT.

*Write for terms to*

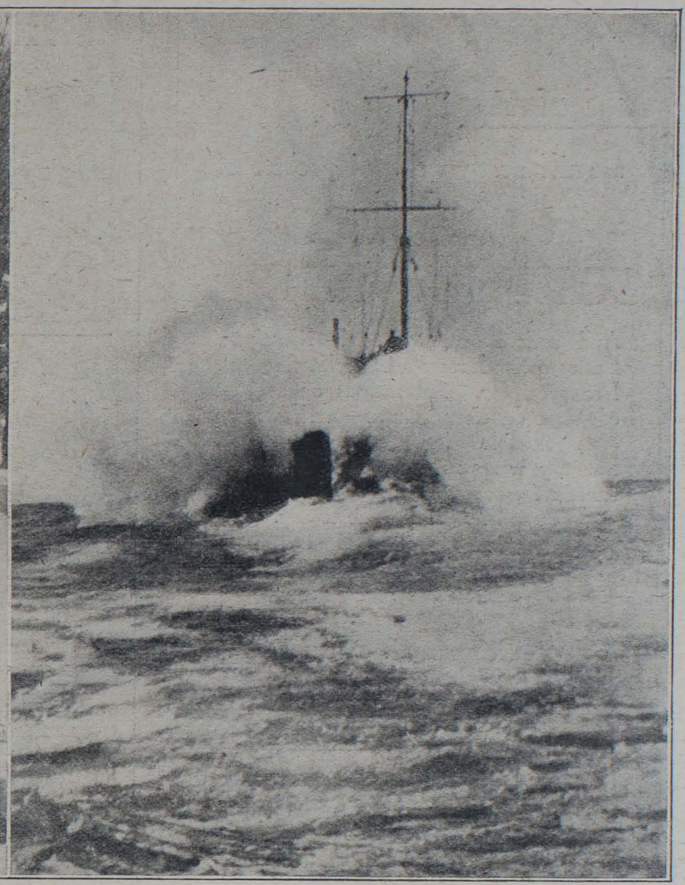
**ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,**
**19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.**
ESTABLISHED 1812.

# OURSELVES AND OUR ALLIES: SOME ASPECTS OF THE GREAT WAR ON LAND AND ON SEA.









This striking photograph of a land mine explosion brings home in realistic fashion one of the many forms of death and disaster which characterise modern warfare. The picture in the centre illustrates the spirit of young France in the present conflict, showing a great rally of cadets in Paris on Easter Monday; while in the other illustration we get some idea of the conditions on the North Sea, on which our ships keep constant vigil. At times the waves break right over the bows and sweep the deck from stem to stern. The photograph shows a destroyer in the boiling wake of a larger vessel.





It is a characteristic of our fighting forces that they always look on the bright side of things—a trait which is brought out in both the above illustrations. In the first there are shown some of the Navvies' Battalion, in training at the Alexandra Palace and shortly to leave for the front, making merry with several varieties of musical instruments; in the second picture men of the 6th Suffolks are seen enjoying a well-earned rest after a hard day's work. The photos of the land mine explosion and the destroyer are by Cribb, Southsea; the others are by Photopress.

CLARNICO LONDON

**How dainty**

are the neatly wrapped packets of

**CLARNICO CONFECTIONERY**

And such a variety, too! Marzipan, Butterscotch, Caramels, Chocolate, Nougat, Lozenges, etc. All famous on account of their delicious flavour—a flavour so distinguishable in Clarnico goodies. Daintily wrapped to retain their characteristic freshness, they are just ideal for camp life. Try some to-day.

*Sold in Y.M.C.A. Tents, and by Confectioners, from 1d. upwards.*

**Made by Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, Ltd., London.**

**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**

There is **NO** ADVANCE IN PRICE.

CALL A A

**BRANSON'S COFFEE**

**IDEAL FOR CAMPS.**

*Sample and prices on application to*

**BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,**
**Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.**



**Remember:** It is

**CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH**

which makes boots so supple, comfortable and serviceable, which renders them so waterproof, preserves the leather and prevents cracking. Tins (Brown or Black), 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Outfits 6d. Of all dealers.

THE SOLDIER should always use CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN. Rubbed upon the feet, as well as upon the boots; it allays irritation and keeps the feet "fit." Made only from the finest and purest ingredients.

**CHERRY DUBBIN (Black or Yellow)**

in 1d., 2d., 3d., and 6d., sizes, etc., can be obtained from Canteens, Stores, etc., or a penny trial tin will be sent on receipt of a penny stamp by CHISWICK POLISH Co., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

**KHARKENE** cleans and renovates Khaki equipment, 1d., 1½d. per block. Of all dealers

**Always ask for**

**R. WHITE'S**

**Celebrated**

**MINERAL WATERS**

They are Brewed in Modern Factories under strictly Hygienic conditions

**GUARANTEED PURE**

**BREWED GINGER BEER**

**Soda Water, Lemonade, Lime Juice & Soda, etc.**

FACTORIES — Camberwell, Barking, Kingston, Watford, Croydon, Windsor and elsewhere.

**IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS**

**OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

*Plans & Specifications free on application.*

*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*



**CHURCHES & CHAPELS**

**A SPECIALITY.**

Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

**W. J. CEARNS,** — SUCCESSOR TO — **F. SMITH & CO.,**

CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,

Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.

**IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.**




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

DURING Easter we had an opportunity of seeing something of the work that is being done by the Young Men's Christian Association in the British military camps in Northern France. It was quite a revelation to see how wonderfully complete is our organisation there. In every camp we visited it was evident the Y.M.C.A. had been first in the field, that it was welcomed by the military authorities, and occupied strategic sites with its recreation tents. It was intensely interesting to go to hut after hut—thirty-six wooden buildings have already been erected or are now in course of erection—and see the buildings crowded with British Tommies. One of the first centres visited was the "Queen Mary Hut." It was crowded from end to end. The letter of thanks to her Majesty for the interest she takes in the welfare of the troops stationed in that particular centre was signed by nearly 400 men. Over and over again we received testimonies from commanding officers, chaplains, workers, and residents alike as to the value and efficiency of the work. It would be difficult to overestimate the need. Many of the men are very young, many are feeling homesick, many others have returned from the front sick or wounded, and the majority have a considerable amount of time on their hands, and are exposed to endless temptations amid their novel surroundings. Everywhere we found the British soldier had won for himself in France an enduring name, not only on account of his bravery at the front, but by his self-restraint and good behaviour in the base camps.

***

ON Easter Sunday we had the pleasure of welcoming General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who visited a large number of our centres, and was immensely pleased with all he saw. On Easter Monday evening the famous soldier spoke in two of our huts; they were densely packed with men from end to end, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the welcome they accorded to the "Hero of Mafeking." In one centre a huge cinema hut has been erected by the Y.M.C.A., and at the opening performance given by Miss Lena Ashwell's Concert Party, organised in connection with the Committee of her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, there must have been at least 1,200 present. It was a weird sight. The electric light had not yet been laid on; only one large Blanchard lamp was available, and the rest of the huge building was illuminated by candles. As one looked round the crowded audience and remembered the mud and rain outside, one could not help wondering where the men would have been had such provision not been arranged by the Y.M.C.A. Another interesting event was the "Final" for the Y.M.C.A. Football Cup, presented by Lady Rodney. Hundreds and hundreds of soldiers were present as spectators, and the game was very keen. It was intensely interesting not only to take part in the huge meetings that were held in various centres—we had the pleasure of speaking in seven different huts on a single evening—but afterwards to have the opportunity of speaking with men who had returned from the front. Naturally, these men are wonderfully impressionable, and are quite ready to listen to any man who has a message that can really grip them. It is wonderful the spirit they all possess, and it is that British spirit that is going to carry us through this awful struggle.

***

ONE of the outstanding impressions of our visit is the value of work that is being done by ladies in the base camps under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. In one case two young ladies are running a hostel most successfully; here week by week they entertain the friends of dangerously wounded men. The French people cannot understand how ladies of the highest social rank in England are prepared to leave their homes and go out to France and do the work, which, after all, is drudgery, and about which there is very little romance. At the beginning of the war we all felt there was little work that ladies could do in connection with our work for the troops, but that impression has vanished altogether now. We realise that there is not only something that ladies can do, but they can do that something infinitely better than our own men. It is quite a revelation to see the difference in the refreshment department when it is run by ladies compared with what it is when only men are in charge. There is also a great difference in the decoration of the hut—ladies have the knack of making a place appear attractive and homelike. It was interesting to notice how much individuality had been introduced into the decoration of many of the huts. We were also glad to see that in many cases little gardens are beginning to make their appearance round the Y.M.C.A. buildings. In one large base camp the members of the H.A.C. had voluntarily undertaken to provide shrubs, creepers, and plants for the decoration of all the Y.M.C.A. institutes in that centre.

***

IN some of our huts we saw French soldiers who were mixing with our own men and exchanging lessons in English and French. In other cases it was a very real pleasure to visit the buildings in camps occupied by our Indian fellow-subjects. The religious difficulty does not enter in, because before undertaking the work amongst these men we had to give our pledge to the Indian authorities that no religious work should be carried on amongst the Indians. The influence we are able to exert, however, is remarkable, and we have rarely seen a more interesting sight than one of those big huts crowded with Pathans, Sikhs, Sepoys, and Ghurkas, all of whom were having a good time under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. and under the sign of the "red triangle." In two centres we had the privilege of meeting the workers in conference; in one case more than fifty were present, and in the other seventy-five. This gives an idea of the magnitude to which the work had already grown.

***

OF course, we are all anxious to get up nearer the front, and we hope that may be possible before long. There can be no doubt that in the small towns near the firing line where troops are billeted they are subject to endless temptations when off duty from the trenches, and we believe it is no exaggeration to say that our work would save battalions to the fighting strength. However, we realise the difficulty of the military authorities, and are assured we have their sympathy, and we shall be quite ready when the moment comes to take a big step forward. A visit to France enables one to realise more fully than at home the seriousness of the task that has been undertaken by the Allies. Preparations are being made by the British Government, and wisely so, as if the war were going to be a long one. There are many differences of opinion in France as to this—some people think it will be over soon, others think it will take a long time, but all are absolutely confident as to the result, and the Y.M.C.A. is doing "its bit" to that end.

***

OUR visit to France coincided with the death of one of our valued workers, Mr. H. G. Allen, M.A., of Edinburgh University, a young Canadian who had been studying in this country for some years. He had been poorly for several days, was taken suddenly ill, and died within twenty-four hours. He was accorded a military funeral, and we appreciate very much indeed the courtesy of Colonel S. S. Clarke, A.M.S., who not only carried through all the arrangements, but spared time from his extremely busy life to follow the body to the grave in that little country churchyard in Northern France. Mr. Allen had been assisting us for several weeks in France, and had endeared himself to workers and troops alike, and even while we are writing these words a letter is returned to us by the Censor from the Base Camp in which he was working, who adds, "His loss is greatly felt by all ranks at this station." We express our sympathy with his father and other relatives in Canada in their great bereavement.

***

WE should also like to place on record our warm appreciation of the magnificent help that is being rendered to our work in France by the officers and chaplains, as well as by the troops. As to our own men, we are proud of them and the magnificent work they are doing at the front.

***

A RATHER embarrassing tribute to our work was paid on a recent Sunday evening in St. Paul's Cathedral. The head of Oxford House, Rev. F. A. Iremonger, was the preacher, and his theme was "Lost Opportunities." It was a very excellent sermon, though its appreciation of the Association revealed a curious failure to understand that its previous work and history must have been quite different from what the preacher had thought, otherwise the Association leaders would have been quite incapable of suddenly undertaking a great Im-

perial task. "We turn from prayer to service, and we ask ourselves again, What have been the opportunities for our Church of service during these past months? Let me recall to you one fact. We know that more than a million men, of the best of the manhood of our country, were to be separated from their homes, most of them from the best influences which they had yet known; that they were to be exposed to temptations day by day; that they would have soon to face great dangers; that they were open to receive impressions which might be made upon them; ready for their characters to be overthrown by a perfectly devilish recklessness, or for their hearts to receive the quiet strength of a religious faith. Now, to what body would they naturally look for help at such a time? Where, but to the Church of their fathers, the Church of the nation, the Church of England? I have heard it said, and I have seen it written, that they looked in vain. It may be that our critics know nothing of the efforts which have been made in some dioceses, and the individual work of many faithful clergy; of those who from time to time are preaching and administering the sacraments in our training camps; and of the fact that our own Bishop, who now, as ever, claims the prayer of the faithful in this city, is at the present moment at the front. But granting all this, would it not be still true to say that there was a national work to be done, and the national Church failed to do it? It remained for a body which has no definite connection with our Church, and which would only claim the loosest connection with any form of organised religion—in spite of its limitations and in spite of what we should look upon as the inadequacy of its religious system—to guard, to help, and to watch over the manhood of our country. Many a communicant of our Church has written from a training camp to say that without the Y.M.C.A. he never could have lived a straight life; and to tell of his wonder and his grief that the Church of his baptism, which he had tried faithfully to serve, had done so little to help him. All honour to the Young Men's Christian Association, which, from being the butt of the comic singer, has become the benefactor of Britain's manhood; which has shown to the nation, in the hour of her need, how a national work can be done, and has earned the gratitude of hundreds of thousands of her sons."

***

VIEWED from the standpoint of the British Islands, the circular issued by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, is remarkable. It reads:—"In view of the benefits derived from certain voluntary agencies, such as the St. John Ambulance Association, the Safety First movement, the Railroad Y.M.C.A., and athletic associations, I have decided to appoint an officer to co-operate in the development of such organisations amongst the employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the title of General Welfare Agent. Lieut.-Colonel Lacey R. Johnson, heretofore General Superintendent of the Angus Shops district, who since he joined the service in 1882 has been actively identified with the general uplift of ideals and service among the railroad employees, will assume that office."

***

AMERICAN business men are not more interested in their employees than commercial men at home, but they have shown themselves quick to invest money in enterprises which do not directly bring "grist to the mill," but are proved character builders. Huge sums of money are contributed to the Young Men's Christian Association of America by men who judge it solely by its results in the character and efficiency of their employees.

***

WITH the opening of the spring, camp leaders are reporting a general movement of troops from billeted centres into large training camps, where there will be the greatest possible opportunity for Association work. There is, therefore, at the moment increasing need of qualified workers, and once more we are impelled to make an appeal to all our friends to put us in touch with those who can give personal service. We need active men who are prepared to rough it, and to turn their hands to anything that needs doing, from the cleaning of lamps to the taking of the Sunday service. Of course, due regard is paid to a man's natural aptitudes, and any particular gift he possesses can be turned to good account. Many men are being attracted by the claims of the work in France, Egypt, and India. More reflection, however, will show that for real work the home field is not surpassed by any of these other fields. The men are with us for a longer time than is the case in France, and so can be more thoroughly known and influenced. Workers who can give a lengthy spell of service are particularly valuable, but where no more can be given, holiday terms can easily be employed to good advantage. Some men who have been rejected owing to physical defects from Army service are glad to take up work so full of national value as ours. For terms, conditions, locality, &c., all interested are invited to communicate with Mr. Basil Hewer at headquarters, 13, Russell-square, London, W.C.

***

SOME of our friends wonder that we do not give more details concerning the work with the Expeditionary Force. We should like to, but the Censor has to be respected. We do not complain, but that fact explains. The Editor received a single sheet of paper, saying that a report of an entertainment was being enclosed, which was to be published as having taken place "Somewhere in France." Across the bottom of the sheet appeared the magic words, "Account destroyed.—Censor."

## THE CANDID CRITIC IN THE FIRING LINE.

SIR,—I am very pleased to read in the *Derbyshire Times* how the lads from Chesterfield and district are taking things out here, and I know every one of them will do their best for Old England. It may be of interest to you to know that England has three of the best organisations outside the firing line, namely, the Army Post Office, the Red Cross work, and the Y.M.C.A., and all of them are doing grand work for the wounded and sick and the comfort of our troops. The nurses and doctors do all in their power for the wounded and sick, and the Post Office in the way they attend to the letters and parcels and the amount of them which pass through their hands in a day is simply astounding. You have to see it to believe. The Y.M.C.A. are out here doing splendid work in comforting the troops. They have built places in different towns behind the firing line, where every "Tommy" may go in and amuse himself, and they have concerts, &c., and recreation for them. Things can be bought at a very reasonable price. After "Tommy" comes out of the fighting line he finds the Y.M.C.A. rooms a very great change and comfort. I must say every credit is due to the ladies who come out here and leave their homes for the purpose of making troops happy and comfortable. There are many ladies and gentlemen out here doing what they can for our brave lads. I have been in the fighting line for seven months, and can say these comforts which these ladies and gentlemen are providing are very much appreciated by one and all. When you read of men at home going on strike for a farthing an hour, or a shilling a week, more wages, when England wants to keep up her output of war material, it makes our blood boil. Every "Tommy" is disgusted with such men who are doing so, for their action may prolong this war and cost Old England many valuable lives, just for the sake of a paltry farthing an hour or a shilling a week more in wages. This is no time for strikes. Whether a man is a soldier fighting out here or a workman at home, it is his duty to see that England gets what she wants. If those strikers could have only seen what thousands of brave lads have seen as well as myself—the way the Germans have treated Belgium and Belgian people, as well as the French, and that England would undoubtedly suffer the same if the Germans got into England, they would perhaps think twice before they acted so foolishly as they are doing now. If those men were out of work or treated shabbily, as they are treating the masters of England at the present time, they would be the first to cry out. Why not take the soldier's motto and let "bygones be bygones" for the rest of the war, "duty first and pleasure after." When the war is over and settled the grievances can be adjusted. I am sure they will lose nothing by doing so, and will keep their respect for themselves and Old England. I write this to let your readers know what our fighting lads think of the men who are causing a lot of bother in old England. When many a brave lad has given his life, and many more are willing to do the same for England, for men at home to act like children is disgusting. If they continue to do so they must be treated as such and be punished. Wishing every lad from the old county of Derbyshire good luck and health, and success to the *Derbyshire Times*.—Yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE BOYS.

## MILITARY SUNDAY AT THE LONDON CENTRAL.

WHAT is described as "Military Sunday" will be observed at the London Central Y.M.C.A. on Sunday, April 25. The afternoon meeting at 3.30 will be addressed by the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford, D.D., always a man's man, and one who knows how to interest them in the highest things of life.

Mr. J. J. Virgo will be soloist on this occasion, Master Renee Saegaert, from Belgium, will be violinist, and Mr. Robert Harkness will play the accompaniments.

At 4.30 there will be a social tea served in the restaurant. All men are cordially invited to the meeting and to the tea which follows it.





The Y.M.C.A. with a section of Kitchener's Army at Wing Hall. Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild is interesting herself in the work here, and has presented the gramophone shown in the second illustration.

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

### *Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

At Barrow-in-Furness Y.M.C.A. workers live in camp at three centres among the men of the 4th Lancashire Fusiliers. At two of these War Office huts are occupied, and at the third, with the 5th Border Regiment, schools are occupied, the Y.M.C.A. being in a class-room, the central hall being used as a concert room. Concerts, limelight lectures, and lantern services are a feature. The Corporation having closed the old baths before the new ones (now in course of construction) were ready, the Camp Department promptly took over the old baths, at which several hundred of the troops are being bathed weekly, a boon much appreciated. A large room adjoining the baths was fitted with writing table and billiards, and a buffet established, with the designation "Y.M.C.A. Baths and Army and Navy Institute." This and the Central Y.M.C.A. rooms are greatly favoured by the sailors frequenting this important port. A vessel attached to the Russian navy is at present in Barrow, and the crew are regular visitors to the Y.M.C.A., where Russian newspapers are provided for them.

***

A member of Dingwall (Scotland) Y.M.C.A., who has been in the trenches for some time, has been doing much personal work amongst his comrades, and has been privileged to lead several of them to acceptance of Christ.

***

The new Y.M.C.A. naval institute at Invergordon was opened on Tuesday last by Rear-Admiral Pears, commanding Cromarty defences. Sir Andrew H. Pettigrew, chairman of the Scottish National Council, presided.

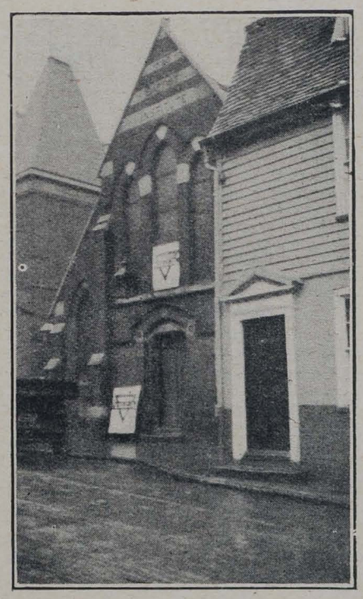
***

Mr. Andrew Stewart, who has just returned to Edinburgh after several months' work among the troops at Cairo, gave an account, a few evenings ago, of the operations of the Young Men's Christian Association both in Egypt and in France. The gathering took place at the temporary headquarters of the Edinburgh branch in Meuse-lane, and was presided over by Mr. R. Henderson Smith. Discussing the work in France, of which he saw something at Marseilles and Rouen, he said there was no doubt that the men who had been in the fighting line in France had seen something that had deepened their characters; they had been through an experience they would never forget. But under it all they were uncomplaining and unmurmuring. The opportunity that had come to the Association was unprecedented, and magnificently was it being taken advantage of. Their huts provided a home for homeless men, and they were the only homes they had. The troops lived in their thousands out in the desert, and life was very monotonous.

Mr. Stewart also testified to the great zeal of the men for their religion, and expressed the opinion that in France and Egypt the Y.M.C.A. was doing a work that perhaps no other organisation could have done. In conclusion, he dwelt on the situation in France, and declared that through this war France was swinging back to God. Sir Alexander Simpson closed the meeting with prayer.

***

Last Sunday evening Mrs. Parker, sister of Lord Kitchener, visited the Y.M.C.A. Institute at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, and spoke at the close of the service, recalling to the soldiers the blessed word "freedom" that rang through the land, and asking them to use this freedom to shake themselves free from alcohol—at least during the war. She had the greatest faith in Mr. Lloyd George to see this thing through, so that the munitions of war in sufficient quantity would be forthcoming. On the invitation of the manager of the Institute, Mr. A. J. C. Reid, forty men of the Royal Field Artillery came forward and took the pledge to abstain during the war. This makes a total of 591 since the Institute was opened in October. Rev. Innes Logan, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, thanked Mrs. Parker for her address on behalf of the officers and men present.



A Church Institute which is being used as a Y.M.C.A. centre at Chatham.

***

That the Y.M.C.A. in America owes its origin to a sailor is of special interest to all who have the welfare of the men of the sea at heart. The New York *Evening Post* in its issue of December 29, 1914, says:—"Sixty-three years ago today the first Young Men's Christian Association was organised in the United States. In the winter of 1850 G. M. Vanderlip, a Columbia University student, while on his way to Edinburgh University, stopped in London. He did not like the prices he had to pay for food in restaurants. Strolling through Gresham-street, lonely and looking for a cheaper restaurant, he walked into a large stucco building, over the door of which was written 'Y.M.C.A.' He found cheer and comfort, friends, books, newspapers, and cheap and excellent food. He had stepped from the cold, strange street into a new world. He wrote an enthusiastic descriptive letter to the Boston *Watchman and Reflector*. Thomas V. Sullivan, a retired sea captain of Boston, saw the letter, and went to London to see the institution. He returned to Boston with all the ardour and zeal that had inspired George Williams to organise the first Young Men's Christian Association in London on June 6, 1844. The old sea captain, who had been a score of times around the globe in a sailing ship, gathered a little band of young men in the Old South Meeting House in Boston, and there was born the first American Y.M.C.A. Unlike the English Association, the Boston Association laid great stress upon the association as a social resort. Its success was phenomenal from the start."

***

Mr. F. J. Harrison, J.P., of Maer Hall, Stoke-on-Trent, who died last year, was a generous supporter of Association work. He was not only the donor of the hut erected in Butterton Park, but gave largely to the London Central Building Fund.

***

Heard from Y.M.C.A. director who is running a working lads' club in one of our large cities. "I have just received a letter from one of my old boys, who was leading an unsatisfactory life, and he writes:—'You will be glad to know that I have found myself. Converted on the battlefield! What do you think of it? This is through the Y.M.C.A.' This is not the end, for the fact of this conversion has been the means of a radical change in the life of his home people."

The members of the Evangelisation Society's staff who are working in our centres present a wonderful series of reports on definite spiritual work. Here are a few:—"I am getting fine opportunities for personal work, and rejoice to say that God is blessing it; for example, I got into touch with a young fellow of some education and good social position, but found he was the black sheep of the family. Not that he was wallowing in the mire, but the rest of the family were saved, and he was not. A little conversation soon proved that he was not altogether indifferent, but he was simply putting it off. When I faced him with the question of immediate decision, he said, 'Oh, there's plenty of time before I go to the front.' I quoted, 'Now is the accepted time,' and showed him why it was so urgent. After further talk he said, 'Yes, I will do it now,' and there and then I believe he accepted Christ. I spoke plainly to him of what conversion means, asking him if he would obey Romans x., verses 9-10, and confess his Saviour. This happened twelve days ago, and he is going on his way rejoicing in salvation."

***

"Our men have left for the front. I was sure a work of grace had been going on in the hearts of a large number of them, and having some nicely worded decision cards I invited a number of them who wished to do so to sign them. I was overwhelmed by the response by the men, for no less than forty-one came forward and declared themselves on the Lord's side. This gave me a fine opportunity for personally dealing with them, and I believe that all were thoroughly sincere. I shall never forget my last few days with them. Never have I been happier in preaching the Gospel or more confident in the Holy Spirit's application of the truth, and I have found many ways in which to help the men."

***

"I enclose a letter which I received from a corporal at Nigg. He was converted the last Sunday I was there. Though only twenty-three years of age, he had wandered far in sin, and, to use his own words, 'was a sore heart-break to his mother.' He was not ashamed to own Christ before men, and was, in fact, the means of bringing his comrade, of whom he speaks in his letter, to Christ. It is a source of great joy to me to receive his letter, the more so when I remember that he was only one out of a great number who definitely confessed Christ to others when I was at Nigg."

***

"I am taking the liberty of sending you this letter. Jack and I have kept to our resolutions, and I am sure that I can say that we have placed our feet on the solid road. Jack left this afternoon for the front. Last night we went into the house and had prayer with the Y.M.C.A. I am sorry to have lost him, for he was a good companion, and I hope he will be spared to return. I must now close, thanking you for showing me the straight road.—I remain, your friend, W. L. E."

***

There are two Scottish camps of great interest, one at Lenen (erected through the generosity of a local donor, who wishes to remain anonymous), and the other at Methil. The full battalion of the 5th H.L.I. (from Glasgow) are divided between both places. Pending their despatch to the front (which takes place shortly) two concerts are held weekly at both places. There is an inexhaustible fount of local talent, besides that supplied by the soldiers themselves, which is plentiful and excellent. A good-class and constantly varied programme is thus enabled to be given. The religious welfare of the soldiers is not disregarded, and a weekly evening service, to which the local clergy and laity largely contribute the items, is well attended. The soldiers themselves have benefited from their long and arduous training, and it is expected they will be enabled to show their mettle as a unit of the Relief Expeditionary Force. Their behaviour has been of the very best, and the good wishes of the entire community will follow them.

Mr. John Duxbury will recite Stevenson's story, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," at the London Central Y.M.C.A. Hall, Tottenham-court-road, on Tuesday evening, April 20, at 7.30.

Soldiers and sailors will be admitted free of charge. Civilians may purchase tickets at the door, 6d. each.

***

From numerous reports in the Plymouth papers the following brief particulars are culled of a most successful series of meetings carried on by Mr. Tennyson Smith in the various forts and barracks in Plymouth and district. The arrangements were ably planned by Mr. A. T. Savage, district secretary, and carried out efficiently by the various Y.M.C.A. leaders, who have shown great interest in Mr. Tennyson Smith's visit. The lecturer was engaged for two weeks, but the meetings proved so attractive to the men and so fruitful in results that he was requested to extend his visit to three weeks, as all the centres wished to have a second visit. He has addressed meetings in the Citadel, also in the Y.M.C.A. huts in Fort Stamford, Fort Efford, Crownhill Hutments, Fort Rennie, Fort Staddon, Crownhill Barracks, and in the Y.M.C.A. Institutes, Devonport and Saltash. He also addressed meetings in King-street Wesleyan Church, the Friends' Meeting House, and the Royal Sailors' Rest (Miss Agnes Weston's), Devonport. At Crownhill Barracks the men were, by order of Colonel Heath, marched officially to the "Astor" Y.M.C.A. Hut, which was packed, numbers being unable to gain admission. The Colonel presided, and made an admirable speech in favour of total abstinence and prohibition. The newspapers speak highly of Mr. Tennyson Smith's recitals and powers as a speaker, and, referring to the results of his appeals to the men to become abstainers, they say the effectiveness of his addresses was evidenced by the way in which the men "stormed the platform" in their eagerness to sign the pledge. On many occasions nearly 100 pledges were taken at the close of the evening. Mrs. Tennyson Smith is most active in this work, and her singing has also been greatly appreciated by the men. The missioner and his wife have distributed some hundreds of Pocket Testaments, which have been kindly supplied by the Pocket Testament League, the men being most anxious to obtain one, and willingly making the necessary promise to make it a rule to carry it with them, and read a portion daily.

***

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury was an interested visitor to our Canterbury headquarters recently. His short address to the great crowd of men was cordially received, and his endorsement of Association work was complete. When he arrived, Mr. J. W. Moodie, the soldier evangelist, was in the midst of his lecture, "Seventy Days With the Troops from Southampton to Ladysmith." The Archbishop apologised for interrupting Mr. Moodie's talk, and said: "I have been listening to our friend for some time at the door in the dark, and would like to hear more from him. I have heard what good work he is doing among you. It seems that this is just the kind of thing you want. Someone who knows your needs and who has himself been through it all."

***

Appended is an impression, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes, of one of Mr. Moodie's meetings:—

There are some strange examples of the unique character of the work of the Y.M.C.A. amongst the troops. Imagine a room big enough to hold 500 men, with a low massive beamed ceiling; the room packed to suffocation; curls of smoke battling against each other to try to get out of the doorway, for it is an old cinema, and there are no windows; at the bar at the back three of Canterbury's ladies dealing out tea and coffee to those who can get through the pack to get served; on the platform a Dragoon Guard, singing a comic song, followed by the chorus, while the Lancers, Dragoons, Canadians, R.A.M.C., King's Liverpools, and Kent Cyclists are trying which can make the biggest noise. Leave the room in all its babble, and go into the quiet writing-room upstairs, where 100 more men are writing to the folk at home, and then in ten minutes afterwards go back into the cinema again.

A transformation! What has taken place? The same men, the same coffee bar, but no business doing now. The coffee is hot, but nobody is asking for it. The atmosphere is much clearer, for the men have forgotten to light their pipes and cigarettes, and they have gone out. The comic singer is still seated upon the platform, but the men who were joining in the chorus are now gazing stolidly in front of them, and some are wiping away the tears they have no thought to hide. What is the cause of all this sudden change? On the platform stands a big, burly Seaforth Highlander, his shaggy hair and beard tinged with grey, five of our country's medals adorning his broad chest. It is the great J. W. Moodie, the Y.M.C.A. evangelist. He it is who has wrought the change by the stirring power of his wonderful message. They laughed with him when he told them why he enlisted and wore the kilts, but they cried when he told them why he enlisted in the army of King Jesus and the wonderful tenderness of His undying love.

They packed the place on Thursday to hear a comic song. They stayed to hear Moodie.

On Sunday the room was packed again, but this time they came to sing hymns and hear Moodie.

The Wesleyan choir came to sing, but they were content to stand and listen. The Rural Dean came to conduct prayers, but was content to say, "This is what the men want. Keep Moodie as long as you can. The soldier can get at the soldier's heart." God always has His man ready for the moment, and this big Scottish Highlander, with the frame of a giant and the heart of a child, is God's messenger to prepare the way to the Eternal for the men who now crowd our Y.M.C.A. halls, but will so soon be called to stand face to face with death.

***

The Bolton Association has secured contributions amounting to £375 towards the "Bolton Hut," which is to be situated at——, in France. Alderman Knowles Edge, the president, and the workers have taken the keenest possible interest in the work, and are to be warmly congratulated on the fine result of their effort.

***

The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce abandoned their annual dinner this year, and spent the money in the provision of one of our huts, which has been erected at Sutton Park.

***

Rev. E. E. S. Forrester was one of those who signed the pledge at one of Mr. Tennyson Smith's meetings, following the lead given by his Majesty.

***

A well-known Roman Catholic Monsignor asked to be allowed to serve in one of the Y.M.C.A. refreshment bars in Northern France because of his deep interest in the work.

***

The work at Newcastle has been terribly hampered by a very extensive fire. One of the most attractive buildings owned by the movement, it has been used by a large number of soldiers during recent months. The fire probably originated through an over-heated motor used for running ventilating fans. The fire brigade were kept fully occupied for four hours. It is estimated that damage to the extent of £10,000 has been done which is covered by insurance.

***

An Association evangelist recently held a service in a wet canteen. He was unaware of this fact, as it was popularly known as the "Coffee Shop." Forty-seven pledges were taken.

***

Mr. Wm. Robbie, J.P., of Aberdeen, has left £150 to the local Association.

***

Mr. L. Fothergill, of Bury, has been appointed general secretary at Blackburn.

***

Purfleet Camp workers publish their own bright little weekly, entitled "What's On?"



## THE BISHOP OF LONDON IN FRANCE.

### A Memorable Easter Communion Within Sight of the German Lines.

THE Bishop of London has returned in safety from his brief Easter visit to the troops at the front, and an officer of the Expeditionary Force appointed to accompany him describes the visit in a special article contributed to the Press.

"It would have been impossible," writes this officer, "to find a messenger who would receive a warmer welcome from our soldiers of all ranks than the present Bishop of London, whose long experience of work among men and exceptional power of proclaiming the Gospel in simple language have endeared him to the hearts of thousands of men throughout the length and breadth of the land. The recent visit of the Bishop of London to the front is due first to considerations such as these, and secondly to the cordial acceptance by Sir John French, Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, of the Bishop's offer to come out to France with his resident chaplain.

"The success of the mission far exceeded the hope and expectations of those who were responsible for the Bishop's presence in France. Certainly, as the Bishop said in the last sermon that he preached to the troops at the front, he had had the most remarkable experience of his life. All along the line from start to finish everyone, from the Generals commanding to the lowest ranks, showed clearly that the sense of spiritual things is not confined to the civilian population with which the Bishop has in the main had to deal, but that it animates with great intensity all grades of the British Army in the field. Those who were privileged to be present were struck as never before by the uplifting power of our great English hymns, as 'Rock of Ages,' 'Jesu, Lover of My Soul' swelled forth in the stillness, which was only broken by the frequent booming forth of great guns."

In a special article contributed to *The Times* of Tuesday last, the Bishop himself gives some of his experiences. A few of the services, he remarks, were of the nature of church parades, but the great majority were purely voluntary. "On no occasion did we have less than 1,000 men, and often 4,000; about half the services were in the open air, others in cinema theatres, large baths, and (at the bases) the huge warehouses where goods are stacked for the front.

"The most touching service to myself was early on Easter Day," continues the Bishop, "when, after giving the Holy Communion to 200 officers and men within a mile of the German lines in a schoolroom, the roof of which had been taken off by a shell, I was told at the end that 150 more men and officers were outside from other regiments asking for their Easter Communion, and, of course, I held at once another service for them. Before each service I gave a message from all at home, saying that they must imagine that their wives and mothers and children, or sweethearts, had sent them all their love through me, and that the whole nation was thinking and praying for them day and night. When the service began, the religious note was struck at once, and the point I want to emphasise is the immediate response to the deepest spiritual note. Few things will live in my memory so vividly as the sight, from the wagon or extemporised platform which was always arranged for me, of these thousands of upturned faces singing 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' with a depth and earnestness about which there could be no mistake. At the services just before and on Good Friday I took the Words from the Cross; and, as the Generals and officers who attended in large numbers with the men often remarked, 'the men seemed to drink in every word.'

"The guns booming hard by, and the British aeroplanes circling like guardian angels over the service to guard the attractive target of 4,000 men and officers with a Bishop in the middle, made the scene very impressive. Time being always strictly limited, we had sometimes three, but more often two, hymns, some prayers translated from the Russian Liturgy of a simple character, of which I had taken out 2,000 copies, and which were greatly appreciated, and an address of about a quarter of an hour, the whole lasting half an hour."

The Bishop of London adds that his visit was more than justified by the one fact alone that, although such short notice had been given of his visit, 200 men were waiting to be confirmed, some with the mud of the trenches still wet on their putties.

## SOLDIERS AT SOUTHPORT.

### A Glimpse at What is Being Done for Them by the Y.M.C.A.

THE East Lancashire Division of the Territorial Force (Reserve) took possession of Southport in October last, and for the past six months upwards of 14,000 men have been billeted in the homes of that beautiful and popular Lancashire holiday resort.

Before their advent a town's committee was formed, with the Mayor as president, Mr. Cicero Smith, J.P., as chairman, and Mr. S. Yates Ormerod as secretary. This committee, with its headquarters at the Y.M.C.A., at once got to work, with the result that when the men came, institutes were open ready for their accommodation, organised on Y.M.C.A. lines, under the guidance of Mr. Ormerod, who as former general secretary of the local Association, and latterly as Lancashire travelling secretary, has his residence in Southport, and therefore knew the ground well.

So ready and enthusiastic was the response on the part of the churches of the town that it has not been necessary to build a hut or hire a hall; workers were quickly forthcoming also, and all through the winter months a magnificent work has been accomplished, and still continues. Twenty-three institutes have been opened under the auspices of this special "Welfare of Troops" committee in the schoolrooms of eight different denominations, with two or three undenominational centres.

Over 350 specially arranged concerts have been held, besides impromptu "sing-songs," and every Sunday evening after church there has been a bright social hour for the men in almost every centre.

French classes have also been conducted in some of the institutes, and sewing parties for mending soldiers' socks and clothes.

Special educational classes were formed under the Corporation Education Committee, and 1,026 entries were received, involving 1,714 student hours of attendance per week in twelve of fifteen subjects.

The statistical record up to Saturday, March 20, is as follows:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Number of letters and post-cards posted | | 202,508 |
| Postage stamps sold | £993 12 0 | |
| Postal orders sold | £1,986 7 2 | |
| Depositors in Savings Bank | | 1,011 |
| Amount deposited | £1,128 19 3 | |
| Amount withdrawn | £736 12 2 | |
| Balance in bank (March 20, 1915) | £392 7 1 | |
| Amount taken in refreshments | £1,463 13 1 | |
| Number of pledges taken | | 3,401 |

One extraordinary and pleasing feature in the last-mentioned item is the number of those who signed the Christian pledge, namely, 1,894, every one of whom has been separately interviewed.

Of course, the local Y.M.C.A. has been the centre of the work in more senses than one. From morning until night daily the rooms have proved a popular rendezvous, and by far the larger amount of "business" has been done here. We append the figures for the work at the local Association rooms alone up to March 20, and a comparison with the statistics already given is interesting:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Letters and postcards posted | | 80,723 |
| Postage stamps sold | £410 15 7 | |
| Postal orders sold | £1,137 3 0 | |
| Amount of refreshments sold | £160 2 1 | |
| Pledges taken (including 1,763 Christian pledges) | | 2,051 |
| Depositors in Savings Bank | | 740 |
| Amount deposited | £866 1 3 | |
| Amount withdrawn | £538 1 9 | |
| Balance (March 20) | £327 19 6 | |

Many thousands of Testaments, Gospels, booklets, &c., have been given away.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the splendid service rendered by clergy and ministers and workers in connection with the various churches, &c., who have thrown themselves whole-heartedly into this work, at considerable inconvenience, financial cost, and personal sacrifice. But unquestionably Southport is the richer for this opportunity of service that has come to the town this winter.

Illustrations of the work at Southport appeared in last week's issue of *Y.M.*

## ABOUT BOOKS.

### Stepping Stones to Success.

This small book by Bertram Jutsum (Elliot Stock, 1s. net) is a most suggestive volume to be put into the hands of young men. The treatment of the subject is rather brief, but the author accomplishes his aim to make the contents "provocative of thought."

### The Golden Milestone.

Those who were privileged to peruse "Mountains in the Mist" will hear with pleasure that its author—the Rev. F. W. Boreham, of Tasmania—has recently published another volume—"The Golden Milestone" (Charles H. Kelly, 3s. 6d. net). It is on similar lines to the former volume, and one is immediately attracted by the titles of the short chapters—in the nature of addresses—which constitute the volume. The subjects are varied, and their treatment—especially in the beauty and aptness of their illustrations—show an original author of high literary taste.

### Songs from the Clay.

This volume of poems from the pen of James Stephens (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net) provides the man of poetic bent with a splendid model. The variety in subject-matter and the musical ring of the metre are the characteristics of the poems written to teach as well as to please.

### St. Paul's Comforters.

Much has been written about St. Paul, but there is a distinct place for the Rev. Evan Thomas's book, "St. Paul's Comforters" (H. R. Allenson, Limited, 1s. 6d. net). It is impossible to write of the part played by Luke, Mark, or Benjamin, without touching on the character of the great Apostle with whom they were associated, and this study helps us to realise the intense humanity of Paul, and how much he owed to those who sustained and comforted him in his labours. The author has been well advised in publishing these attractive addresses.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### "ONE OF THY HIRED SERVANTS."

WE know what the prodigal son meant to say to the father when he got home, for we overhear him whispering it miserably to himself in the far country. He meant to confess that he was no more worthy to be called a son, and to ask to be treated henceforth as a hired servant. But at the actual home-coming that last petition was never made. The father broke in upon it with the gift of the robe and the ring—the insignia of restored sonship. Love does not wait for the last grain and scruple of stammering confession. Its instinct is to cut it short, not—ah, not because it is not true, but because it hurts to hear it. Fatherly pity is loth to see a child wound himself in his shame. That, perhaps, was one reason—and the father of this story, remember, is Christ's picture of God.

But I am quite sure there was another reason, and a stronger one. The father saw what the lad was going to ask next, and stopped him with a kindness, because it was a mistaken and a wrong thing he desired. It was very, very natural that the boy should wish to give up the perilous liberty of sonship and ask to be bound fast henceforth to his father's will like a servant, and *made* to do what was right. It was natural, because, you see, he felt he had made such a mess of life as a son.

"I protest," said Huxley once, "that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer." There are times that come to all of us, I take it, when we are of Huxley's mind. There are so many chances of going wrong. Temptations are so hard and so plentiful. It is such an easy thing to forget one's vow and one's calling that we are tempted to ask, too, that we might be driven and compelled by some strong hand to live the life we ought, and in our best moments truly desire, to live.

But the father refused the petition. He forestalled the prodigal's request to be made a servant. He gave him back his sonship with all its liberty and risk; and the story has no meaning unless we are entitled to believe that that was the better and the higher gift. The father called him, as the very best thing he could do for him, back again to the high and hazardous freedom he had already abused. God won't have us as hired servants. He won't compel us to do His will. He won't remove the temptations that lie all round us. He won't make goodness automatic. He has chosen that it be a greater thing, a struggle, a constant heroism, a choice, an affair of honour, with His Grace to help and His Spirit to guide, but with the alternative always open—refusal, rebellion, and the far country.

It was for the lad's own sake, the best he could do for him, that the father chose to leave him to his honour, and not let him climb down to an obedience that was compulsory.

And so God the Father deals with you and me. It is not that our prayer to be made to do the good we would does not reach Him. He hears, yea, and He answers. And His answer is the temptation that will meet you on the morrow, the fork on the road, with profit on the one hand and bare principle on the other. He has heard your prayer, and answers it more graciously than you asked, by bringing you to that fork, and treating you still as a son.

The necessity for you to choose is the very best the Father can do for you. You ask for His Benediction? There it is, your freedom to serve Him and gladden His heart by the choice of your own will. When you have stammered out your confession in His ear, there is the robe and the ring of your sonship. He brings out for you an old temptation right across your path, another chance, of your own free will, to choose to do His.

"Make me as one of Thy hired servants?" No! I have Thy Strength for my weakness, Thy Spirit for my guide, and Jesus as my Saviour from my sins; let my prayer rather be—"Help me to live and love and serve Thee as a son."

### TO H. R., IN THE TRENCHES.

TWELVE years ago you came to us—
You'll smile as you remember when
Your mother made some little fuss
On leaving you—a child of ten!

A little, fair-haired, nervous boy,
You'd never quitted home before,
And mused without excessive joy
On what the future had in store!

Of course those tears were quickly dried,
And soon you plunged with eager zest
Deep in the happy-flowing tide
Of schoolboy life, and did your best!

And when you left the school, I knew
As well as ever master can,
That, given the occasion, you,
At any rate, would play the man!

You do! knee-deep you're standing now
In mud, begrimed with gore and sweat;
I wonder if you're thinking how
We trembled if your feet were wet!

Of half a hundred men you're lord,
You hearten them in snow and slush,
You, who could hardly speak a word,
Ten years ago, without a blush!

You shrank before the slightest frown,
By just a hasty look dismayed,
And now you cut a German down,
And face the shrapnel unafraid!

Yes: you're a hero! what of me?
In the familiar room I sit,
And go on teaching History,
While you, forsooth! are making it!

But when you visit, safe and sound
(God grant you may!), the dear old place,
My prayer is that I may be found
Worthy to look you in the face!

(W. SNOW, in the *Westminster Gazette*.)

### LIVE IN THE PRESENT.

A wise remark of Mary Cholmondely, the story-writer, is: "To live much in the past is a want of faith in the Power that gives the present." God holds us in His safe hands, and we must look trustfully forward and walk by faith. The past, with all its memories of His great goodness, may comfort us; but He wants us also to live in present faith and hope.

### WALKING WITH GOD.

A little child gave a most exquisite explanation of walking with God. She went home from Sabbath school, and the mother said, "Tell me what you learned at school." And she said, "Don't you know, mother, we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on, until God said to Enoch, 'You are a long way from home; you had better just come in and stay. And he went.'" That was true. Enoch had become so familiar with God that he just went in and stayed.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,
12 & 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A. (COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or news-agents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*







**BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.**

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

Benger's Food is especially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

**BENGER'S Food**

*is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.*

Benger's Booklet—A little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
*Branch Offices*—NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William Street, SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt Street.
*Canadian Agents*—National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, and Branches throughout Canada. 189

**COFFEE for CAMPS**

Coffee made by our process is better, cheaper, and more popular than that made by any other method.

Our process makes it almost as simple as using essence and yet gives more than double the quantity of coffee of a much pleasanter flavour.

SAMPLE TIN with 1-lb. of Coffee and full directions sent post free for 1s. 2d.

**HACKFORTH,**
*Gold Medal Coffee Specialist,*
15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.

*Depots: London, Goole, Stockton-on-Tees.*


## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Copy, Six Months | ... ... | 3/3 |
| 1 Copy, Twelve Months | ... | 6/6 |

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE. SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**

**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."


### Board.

**PARTIAL** or late dinners, for Gentlemen, in a comfortable home. Long references. Very Moderate terms; 3 minutes from Belsize Tube.—11, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.W. W42

**WANDSWORTH.** Boarding House for Christians. Separate Rooms or Sharing. Bath (h. & c.). Easy access to City and West. Select locality close to Common.—Apply, Miss Hollingsworth, 6, Aspley Road, East Hill.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**CANONBURY, N.** 8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road. Comfortable home for young fellow. Substantial breakfasts. Full board Sundays, 10/6. W 2

### Situations Vacant.

**DRAPER** (Furnishing Department).—Experienced Man wanted, to lay lino, make and fix blinds, cut loose covers, etc. Live in or out. Permanency.—Clifford Evans and Co., High Street, Acton, London, W.

**DRAPERY.**—At once, Junior young Man for Manchester department; also Boy Apprentice. Live out.—Lea and Sons, Humberstone Gate, Leicester. W45

**DRAPER** (Soft Furnishing Department).—Smart Junior young Man wanted as Salesman. Permanency.—Clifford Evans and Co., High Street and Market Place, Acton, London, W.

### Miscellaneous.

**LADS.**—To those working among lads, a friend will gladly send as many copies of a helpful "Letter to Lads," as they can distribute. Requests by post only to "J. S.," 3, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

Price 6d. Net, post free, 7d.

**BRITAIN AT WAR THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.**

BY

**The Rev. LEN G. BROUGHTON, D.D.**

Containing four remarkable sermons preached by Dr. Broughton, at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and calling forth an extraordinary demonstration of popular enthusiasm.

**Sold by all Booksellers Everywhere.**

**MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., PUBLISHERS,**
47, Paternoster Row, E.C.; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; and 124, East 28th Street, New York.


## THE 'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag' BOOKLETS.

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the Gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. Kitchener's Call to Arms.
2. Bravo! "Highflyer!"
3. The Man Behind the Gun.
4. The Chessboard of Europe.
5. A Strategic Retreat.
6. Halt! Who Goes There?
7. The Submarine.
8. The Football Field of Europe.
9. S.O.S.
10. The Siege of Life.
11. "The V.C."
12. Day Dreams.
13. The Conquest of the Air.
14. Keeping the Flag Flying.
15. Beasts of Prey.
16. Christmas.
17. The Kick-Off.
18. Wanted, Men.
19. Goal!
20. Life's Railway.
21. The Despatch Rider.
22. The Terror by Night.
23. Swimming.
24. The Falklands Fight.
25. The British Air Raid.
26. The Spider's Web.
27. Self-Control.
28. The Mouth of Hell.
29. Comrades.
30. Victory.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d., enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* ***2,000*** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).

Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

## HEALTH.

**What it is, How to Acquire and How to Maintain it.**

IV.

THE second law is that of digestion, and of this it may be said that it is not the quantity we eat that matters so much as the quantity we digest. More people die from over than under-eating. The digestive process is a long and complicated one, employing many juices to break down the food, extract the body-building material, and then get rid of the waste products.

As digestion commences in the mouth, the more we chew our food the less work the stomach has forced upon it. Thorough mastication is a *sine quâ non* for good digestion. Let it never be forgotten that when food has been swallowed, control over it is lost. It should never be gulped down, as in the way most people eat porridge. It is a good plan to eat brown bread with porridge, so that it may not be too hastily swallowed. The stomach is not a cellar, into which food may be incontinently shovelled. It is a very delicate organ, a chemical laboratory, which can only get through a certain amount of work. If too much be given it, it goes out on strike. One of the old fallacies was that a schoolboy could eat anything. As a consequence, food of a most inferior description used to be given in schools, and the result was that a breakdown often occurred in later years. Badly cooked food, bolted down, followed by the incongruous mixtures of a "tuck shop," have done much to start schoolboy ailments and sow the seed of future trouble.

It is difficult to lay down any hard-and-fast rule as to what one should eat, as what suits one will not suit another; the hard-and-fast rule should be what you *do* eat, chew well. But it may truthfully be said that people become largely what they eat. The grosser the food, the grosser the person, and this applies specially to very large meat eaters. Certain foods there are that should be left out of the dietary, such as roast pork and roast veal and veal cutlets. They require at least five hours to digest, and before the process is complete another meal has been taken, giving the stomach no rest. Personally, after much suffering in earlier days, I have found the greatest satisfaction from cheese of various kinds and fruit. Nuts, *when taken as a meal, and not as an addition to meat*, ground, and eaten with honey or bananas, form a most nutritious foundation. They may be bought ready shelled, and hazel nuts are particularly good, and more reasonable than brazils or walnuts. But each should find out the foods which suit his or her particular constitution best, and be strong-minded enough to refuse those which are known to disagree. It is because this law of digestion is violated by those who cannot resist the things they like, but which do them harm, that the penalty assuredly has to be paid.

Rich and made-up dishes should also be avoided, condiments reduced to a minimum, and rich pastry absolutely barred. Nature has bountifully supplied us with the kindly fruits of the earth, and they more than supply the place of alcohol, which should also be entirely banished.

For drink, good China tea is the best, as being the least astringent. Barley water and lemon is a delightful, wholesome, and nourishing beverage, but it must be properly made. Those who have a tendency to rheumatism or gout should give up all sweet drinks, and cut down the amount of sugar they eat.

To sum up the whole situation in four words, "Eat less—chew more" should be the motto, and be rigidly carried out. Five hours between meals are necessary for complete digestion, and the last heavy meal should not be taken later than 7 o'clock. Apply common-sense to the food question, and try to understand what goes on inside you, and you will then steer clear of many dietetic errors and the sufferings they produce.

"Fewer needs" is also an excellent motto, and can well be applied to food.

Care of the teeth is also essential to good digestion. It is splendid economy to have the teeth overhauled, say, once in six months. Decayed teeth are a fertile source of ill-health, and lead to much stomach trouble.

J. W. WILLIAMS.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

**By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.**

**Saturday, 17th.**—Prov. iii. 1-18. "*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths*" (verse 6). These days of war have taught us the immense value of the flying machine which, by its elevation, can detect what lies ahead, in a way that is impossible to those on the ground. Similarly in the march of life we need the guidance that God can give from His point of observation where the present and future are equally mapped out before His all-seeing eye.

**Sunday, 18th.**—Prov. iii. 19-35. "*Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely*" (verse 23). The one who chooses God's way finds that it is a safe way. Christ has been this way before, both as a boy and a young man, and He has sent His Spirit to teach us how to pick our steps along the path which He trod. Further, He has stored the Bible with His thoughts such as were of value to Himself when on earth, and which may all be included under the head of "Wisdom" (verse 13).

**Monday, 19th.**—Prov. iv. 1-13. "*Wisdom is the principal thing*" (verse 7). A boy is often called upon at an early age to choose his life's occupation, and then to prepare himself by suitable studies. Similarly, there is a call to every one to come to a definite decision as to where and how he will spend eternity, and God has revealed to us *His* "*wisdom*" as a guide both to a right decision and a right preparation.

**Tuesday, 20th.**—Prov. iv. 14-27. "*The path of the just . . . shineth more and more unto the perfect day*" (verse 18). St. Paul tells us that "forgetting those things that are behind and reaching forth unto those things that are before, press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." There must be no idle contentment with past achievement. The goal to be constantly kept in view is the eventual meeting with Christ face to face.

**Wednesday, 21st.**—Prov. vi. 6-22. "*My son, keep thy Father's commandments*" (verse 20). The wisdom of God, which always requires that He shall have first place, also demands that due regard shall be given to those whom He places in authority. In a Christian boy's life a central place must be found for obedience to his parents. "Great deeds," so-called, which leave this out of account are but small, and little services which have this as their object are really great.

**Thursday, 22nd.**—Prov. viii. 1-18. "*Those that seek Me early shall find Me*" (verse 17). There is a readiness to receive impressions in the early years of life which make a boy peculiarly capable of coming to know and serve Christ. One of a boy's great temptations is to think that this will become easy in later life, whatever his past has been. The purposes of boyhood soon become the purposes of a lifetime, whether to serve Christ or Sin.

**Friday, 23rd.**—Prov. viii. 19-36. "*I was by Him as one brought up with Him*" (verse 30). What we have been told of "wisdom" in the earlier chapters takes personal shape here, and we seem clearly to recognise the form and voice of the Son of God Himself, our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us listen very attentively to that voice telling us that His "delights are with the sons of men" (verse 31), and let us consider how far we are each adding our share to the welcome which He ought to be receiving.

## A FALLEN STANDARD-BEARER.

**An Appreciation of the late Mr. Wm. J. Robertson, Kirkcaldy.**

THE Association movement in Scotland has sustained a serious loss through the death of Mr. W. J. Robertson, Kirkcaldy, which occurred on Thursday, April 8. Mr. Robertson was born in Thornhill, Perthshire, in 1868, and was trained in law in Stirling and Edinburgh, his special departments being accounting and estate management. In 1898 he went to Kirkcaldy as private secretary to Sir Michael B. Nairn, Bart., which position he held at the time of his death. Mr. Robertson was a Y.M.C.A. man of the best type. He was well acquainted with the history of the movement, had a firm grasp of its distinctive principles, and was a genuine worker and leader in his own locality. His career gave evidence of his public spirit. He was a loyal and devoted son of the Church, and above all he was a man of virile and unblemished Christian character. Mr. Robertson was well informed on all matters of public interest. He had the courage of his convictions, and he was fearless, though not fanatical, in his advocacy of what he was assured was right. In Stirling Mr. Robertson shared in the general work of the Y.M.C.A., and also acted as district secretary. In Kirkcaldy he rendered an almost incredible amount of public service. He was an active and progressive member of Kirkcaldy and Dysart School Board, Dysart Town Council, president of the Mechanics' Institute, convener of its lecture committee, secretary and treasurer of the Old Folks' Festival, &c. In addition to being an elder and prominent worker in his own Church, he was chairman of the local Sabbath School Teachers' Union, and was instrumental in securing improvement in the quality of the teaching through the promotion of lectures and demonstrations by experts. The work done for the Y.M.C.A. during the same period included important achievements in the Fife and Kinross district under his presidency. He was also president of the parish of Dysart Christian Fellowship Union, was a member of the Scottish National Council, and for some years edited with ability and success the Council's "Quarterly Paper." Happy were those who were privileged to share in the friendship and labours of so true and upright a man.


**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6** and **12/6** ,,
All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**





THE

# Universal Folding Organs.

**5/-** Down. SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR **CAMP USE** ALSO FOR **MISSION HALLS and THE HOME.** **10/-** Per Month.

The Universal Organ is used in all these Countries:—

India, China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Australia, New Zealand, Congo, Nigeria, Canada, U.S.A., Ceylon, Sierra Leone, Uganda, Calabar, Venezuela, Brazil, &c., &c., &c.



OPEN.

We shall be pleased to supply

**THE BILHORN UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGANS**

to *bona fide* applicants at the following exceptional terms:—

No. 50.—Cash Price **£4 17 6** or **5/-** down and 10 monthly payments of **10/-**

No. 70.—Cash Price **£7 8 6** or **5/-** down and 16 monthly payments of **10/-**.

No. 80.—Cash Price **£8 9 6** or **5/-** down and 18 monthly payments of **10/-**.

No. 100.—Cash Price **£10 12 6** or **5/-** down and 22 monthly payments of **10/-**

No. 120.—Cash Price **£12 17 6** or **5/-** down and 27 monthly payments of **10/-**

Some places in the United Kingdom where these Organs are used:—

London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Halifax, Newcastle, Shetland Isles, Dublin, Waterford, Bristol, Plymouth, Hull, Aberdeen, Dover, Londonderry, Eastbourne, Oxford, &c. &c., &c.

## The UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN

(*BILHORN BROS.' PATENT*).

**The most perfect Folding Organ ever introduced.**

The instrument is one of the finest folding organs built, and no one will ever regret having made the purchase. It is beautiful in design, well finished, possesses a sweet and soft tone, and with the use of the knee levers a strong and powerful volume can be obtained. The organ is provided with two rubber-cushioned handles so that it can be conveniently carried by one or two persons. The body is made of three and five ply oak veneering; being thus constructed, it is light, strong, durable, and resonant.

There are five styles, as follows:—

Style No. 50 contains 49 notes and is a full 4-octave instrument with a single set of reeds. The Case is covered with Best American Leather Cloth.

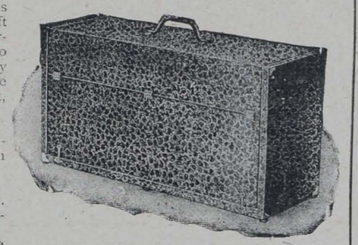
The next four in Polished Oak Cases.

Style No. 70 contains 39 notes and has a double set of reeds.

Style No. 80 contains 49 notes and is a full 4-octave instrument and has a double set of reeds.

Style No. 100 is a full 5-octave instrument with a double set of reeds.

Style No. 120 is a 5-octave with a triple set of reeds.



CLOSED.

## The New UNIVERSAL CHAMPION Folding Organ

**A Special Design just introduced. Suitable for SMALL MISSION HALL and OPEN-AIR WORK.**

Price **£4 17 6** OR, ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN, **5/-** DOWN AND **10** MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF **10/-**.

It is a full 4-octave instrument, with a well gradd swell, and fitted in strong case of 3 and 5-ply veneering, covered with best American Leather cloth, and is specially strengthened for carrying.

**Sole Agents for Great Britain:**

## MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

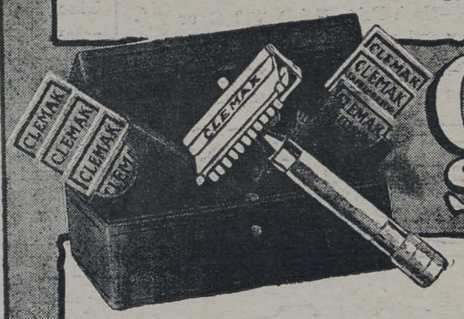
FULL LIST FREE.

CLEMAK—For Quick Close Shaving



"My word! that was a close shave"

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever.

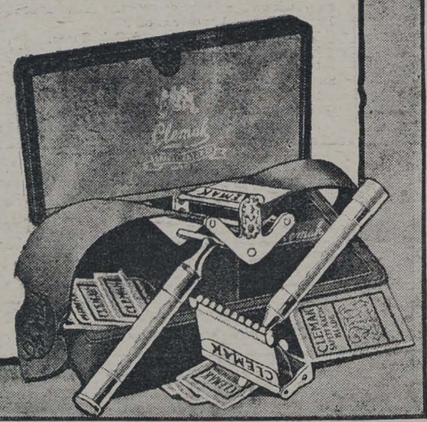


CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

5/- Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and **seven** blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, **Twelve** specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop **10/6**

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.



GIVE HIM A CLEMAK.

A real PRESENT for our SOLDIERS and SAILORS.

OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c., or from the CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.

*The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.*

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.— April 16, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***

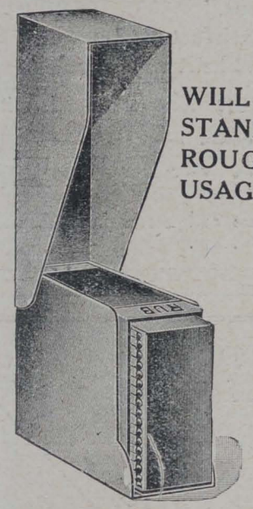
# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 15. Vol. 1. APRIL 23, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.


BRYANT & MAY'S "SERVICE" MATCH BOX COVER

*(Reg. Design No. 642237).*



WILL STAND ROUGH USAGE.

KEEPS MATCHES, BOX & STRIKING SURFACE DRY IN ALL WEATHERS.

*Specially designed for* ACTIVE SERVICE— AFLOAT & ASHORE.

Enclose one in parcels of 'Comforts' to friends on Active Service.

*Obtainable (in all metals) of Outfitters, Silversmiths, Stores, Tobacconists, &c.*

*Illustrated leaflet of our Service Specialities sent on application.*

BRYANT & MAY LTD., Fairfield Works, Bow, LONDON, E.




SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, "A LEADER OF GREAT ABILITY AND POWER"

In Sir John French's Neuve Chapelle despatch, which has thrilled the nation with its story of matchless daring and heroism, the Field-Marshal pays a striking tribute to Sir Douglas Haig. "The energy and vigour," writes Sir John French, "with which Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power." *Photo: J. Russell & Sons.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XIV.—General Sir G. J. Younghusband ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 340

NIETZSCHE AND CHRIST: A Study in Contrasts. By the Rev. Canon Masterman, M.A. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 341

IN CROMARTY BAY: Opening of a Y.M.C.A. Naval Institute at Invergordon. With Illustration ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 343

MISS MARIE CORELLI'S APPEAL FOR RECRUITS ... ... ... 345

BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 14.—The Art of Recruiting ... ... ... 346

"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. Illustrated... ... ... ... ... 353

THE WASTREL: A Complete War Story ... ... ... ... ... ... 355

# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK

**The Food-Drink**
**that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 5/-. The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—**
**DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3d. IN STAMPS.

STRENGTH FITNESS

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**





MILKMAID BRAND
# Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

**"Excellent."**
**"Delicious."**
**"Very satisfactory."**
**"We all like it very much."**

So say some of those who have tried it.

**NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT; NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.**

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in **5½d.** and **10d.** tins.



# Camp Commodities
*Third List*

THE attention of Camp Commandants is directed to the following short selection from the list of articles finding a ready sale among the soldiers in camp.

1d. Packets of Art Linen Stationery, containing 6 sheets of Notepaper and 6 Envelopes. In Cambric finish, either Blue or White.
1d. Packets of Patriotic Stationery, containing 5 sheets of Notepaper and 5 Envelopes.
1d. Packets Luggage Labels (12 in a packet).
1d. Packets Newswrappers (25 in packet, size 14×5 in.).
1d. „ „ (15 „ „ 14×7½ in.).
1d. Inkwells (Unspillable).
2d. „ „
"Four Flags" Pad, 6d. (100 sheets Bank Paper, ruled feint, with Allies' flags embossed on cover).
"Mercantile" Pad, 6d. (100 sheets Bank Paper, in Cream or Azure, ruled feint or plain).
Packs of Playing Cards (various), 1/-
Ink. Bottles at 1d. upwards.

Supplies of any or all of these goods will be sent immediately on receipt of order (which should be accompanied by cash). A complete list, together with special discounts, will be forwarded on request. 40 Camps are now selling W.H.S. goods.

**W. H. SMITH & SON**
**Manufacturing Stationers**
**KEAN STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C**
**Head Office: 186 Strand, W.C.**



**ONCE TRIED ALWAYS EATEN.**

The most popular selling cakes that have been placed upon the market.

# ELECTRICAKES

Made under ideal conditions in our Electric Bakeries, the best of flour and fruit only used. — Every point has been considered to enable us to offer the ideal cake. — Ask your fellow Camp Leaders their opinion.

**ELECTRICAKES** *sell quickly, give utmost satisfaction and yield a fair profit.*

PRICES on application to
**ELECTRICAKES, LTD.,**
ANNETTE ROAD, HOLLOWAY, N.



# Y. YMCA M.
## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 15. Vol. 1. APRIL 23, 1915. PRICE 1d.


### UNCHANGING LOVE.

Spurgeon was once driving with a friend, and seeing a weather-vane with the words "God is love," he said that it was inappropriate, for God's love was not changeable. "No," replied his friend, "that is not the point: it means that God is love whichever way the wind blows."

### MARKS OF THE NEW LIFE.

A working man in Birmingham, who had been convicted of drunkenness and sent to prison many times, had a new heart created in him by God's Spirit, and a startling transformation took place not only in his life, but in his appearance.

A friend of his said, "His face is changing every week. He used to have the face of a beast, but it is lighting up, lighting up like an old cathedral!"

### JAPAN'S FIRST CONVERT.

It is said that the very first convert to Christianity in Japan began with a young student who was engaged in translating the Gospel of John. It came about thus: An American lady, of the name of Prince, went there with four or five missionaries. They spent their time mainly in the translation of the Scriptures.

After some time this lady offered to teach English to a young Japanese, and gave him the Gospel of John to translate. Shortly after it was observed that he became very agitated and restless, walking up and down the room continually. At last he could contain himself no longer, and burst out with the question, "Who is this Man about whom I am reading—this Jesus? You call Him a Man, but He must be God." Thus the written word proved itself "quick and powerful."

### THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

A little girl, dying, handed her pastor a bank containing some pennies, and asked him to build a new church with them. He took them, promised, told the story, and others were moved to give the money to build the church.

A little black slave boy was rescued by a missionary in Africa, fed, clothed, and educated. That boy grew to be a Christian man, and became the great Bishop Crowther, who did more than any other man to break the slave power in Africa and lighten up the "Dark Continent."

Two handfuls of colonists landed on the coasts of Massachusetts and Virginia. For a time Indian foes and starvation threatened to destroy them, but they slowly grew to thirteen colonies, and now make one of the greatest nations on the earth, having forty-five States, five territories, with over 70,000,000 of people, and island possessions numbering 12,000,000 of people.

A kind-hearted man gathered a few ragged boys and girls in his home and taught them the Bible. It was a small beginning, but from this and other things has grown our world-wide system of Sunday schools, with millions of children.

### SEEN AT A CAMP CONCERT.




### THE KING'S BEAUTIFUL HABIT.

A story as to the King's religion may be of interest. Some guests were staying with the Prince of Wales, as he then was, one Saturday evening, and as he was about to retire early, a friend asked him the reason. The Prince replied that he intended to take the Holy Communion next day, and it was always his habit at such times to be still, and to retire early the night before.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XIV.—GEN. SIR G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND.

TWENTY years ago we heard a good deal of the Chitral Relief Expedition. It was one of the steps to advancement gained by Major Younghusband, who is to-day in command as General of the British troops who have been fighting the Turks in Egypt. The General is fifty-six—the same age as half-a-dozen military leaders who are at the front. He has a keen sense of fun, and has written and illustrated several lively volumes. He can enjoy a laugh at his own expense, as when he tells how he bought from natives some supposed sapphires. "I had dreams of boundless wealth, and on my arrival in Calcutta I hastened to have the stones valued. 'Lovely colour, light perfect, not a flaw, worth fifty guineas apiece—if only they were not made of Birmingham paste,' was the disappointing report on the 'sapphires.'"

Sir George John Younghusband is the elder brother of Sir Francis Younghusband, who had been stationed at Chitral, and wrote in *The Times* the vivid story of the relief expedition in 1895. Their father was a distinguished soldier in India, a country with which the family has many links. General Younghusband served in the Afghan War, the Soudan War, and the Burma War. He was very badly wounded in the South African War, but made a good recovery, cheered by the news that he had been awarded the Companionship of the Bath. In Egypt he may be relied on to be very sure of his ground before he commits himself to any attack; but when the fighting begins he will be as dauntless as all his previous career has proved him to be. He and his brother have admirable powers of observation, and a gift of quick sight is invaluable to a soldier. Humour, too, lightens the day's work, and General Younghusband has always been able to see "the funny side of things." A light heart is a fine possession, and a humorist is a great help in a world where anxieties and disappointments turn some of us into grumblers.

## "THE WHOLE BODY FULL OF LIGHT."

A friend of General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, was much impressed with his sympathy. "I have often wondered how he got this intuition, and I thought it was because he had got to the end of *himself*. He had no self, and so the eye within was full of light, and he could see clearly where others were often quite in the dark."

There was no limit to General Gordon's sympathy. When he was teaching poor boys at Chatham he kept a map above his mantelpiece on which to follow the lads who had left his class. He stuck pins to mark where they were, and prayed for each one of them.

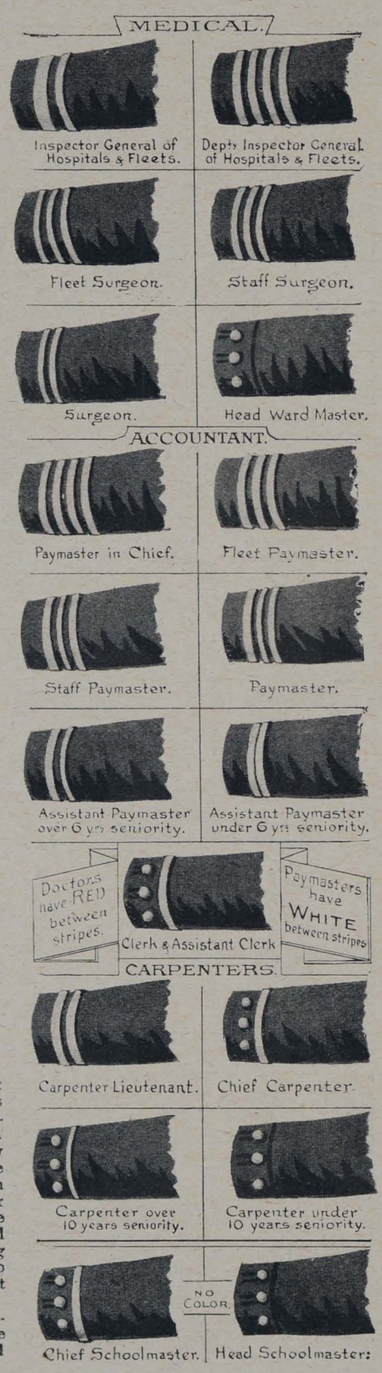
## "I LED THEM STRAIGHT, SIR."

During Lord Wolseley's campaign in Egypt against Arabi Pasha in 1882, the rebel was strongly entrenched. The British Commander-in-Chief decided to attack Arabi by night. Lieutenant Rawson, a naval officer who knew the ground thoroughly, was chosen to lead the army of 13,000 men over the desert. With silence in the ranks, the soldiers marched hour after hour over the sand. But hardly had the fight begun than Lieutenant Rawson fell. Lord Wolseley came to his side as death was stealing fast upon him, and the young officer looked up into the general's face and said with his last breath, "I led them straight, sir."

You and I can crave no more glorious ambition than that we may, at the end of life, be able to say concerning our friends, "I led them straight."

## IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

### HOW TO DISTINGUISH THE FOLLOWING RANKS.




## A GREAT QUESTION.

**(A Poem Suitable for Recitation.)**

WHAT have you done for your *Captain*?
The King who died for us all,
And shirked not Calvary's anguish,
But answered the sinners' call
He played *His* part in the battle
And fought out the fiercest fight,
That you, completely acquitted
From sin, might stand in His sight.

What have you *done* for your Captain,
And country of light above?
Where death and sorrow and sighing
Shall flee before joy and love;
*Your* heritage in the glory
He purchased with His own blood,
The home that shall be eternal,
Reserved for you by your God.

What have you done for your Captain
Who left unto you the call,
That those who'd be His disciples
Must follow Him right thro' all,
Bearing His colours unsullied,
And guarding them in the strife,
Determined for *no surrender*,
If needs be to give their life?

What have you done for your Captain
(Darkness is hiding the light)?
Will you be very courageous?
Fight *only* for what is *right*,
With hands made strong in His honour,
And lips that plead for His cause,
As clad in heavenly armour
You obey His will and laws?

What *will* you do for your Captain?
Some little actions of love
Are held in gracious remembrance
Awaiting reward above?
For the daily self-denials
Are precious in Jesus' sight,
He watches the smallest service,
It causes Him great delight.

What have you done for your Captain?
Contested each thought to sin,
Faced it—and fought it—and conquered,
Because He dwelleth within?
His promises stand for ever:
"I'm with thee unto the end,"
So "*quit you like men*," be courageous,
Your cause He will always defend.

What have you *done* for your Captain,
Who waits for His triumph day.
When He shall return in glory,
With saints in dazzling array;
Will *you* be there as His soldier,
One following in that train
Of thousands and tens of thousands
Who come with Him then to reign?

What have *you* done for your Captain?
Will He thank you for your love,
The loyalty, and the service
Of a life *He* could approve?
Consider now for a moment,
Of all that the day will mean,
When many ashamed before Him
Shall think of *what might have been*.

What have you *done* for your Captain?
Are *you* named among the brave,
A hero in His great army,
Seeking for others to save?
Do you hear Him ask the question,
"Who unto Me will be true,
When the tempter seeks out traitors,
Then can I rely on *you*?"

What have you *done* for your Captain?
The honour of His great name,
Which others, His love rejecting,
Blaspheme, to their endless shame.
*Your King and your country want you*,
Re-echoes *His* call to-day,
The question awaits your answer,
He listens—what will you say?

M. HARDING KELLY.



# NIETZSCHE AND CHRIST: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

*A Valuable Contribution to the Correct Understanding of the Principles in Conflict at the Present Time.*

By the REV. CANON J. HOWARD B. MASTERMAN, M.A.

THOUGH the name of Nietzsche first became known to the general public in connection with the present war, his teaching had for some years influenced a good many young men in this country. It was in harmony with that reaction against sentimentality that began with the vogue of Henley and Kipling, and with the desire for a positive ideal of life in place of the mere negations of older Agnosticism. The earlier opponents of Christianity generally turned with a lingering regret from an ideal that had failed, as they thought, through the disloyalty of its professed followers, but Nietzsche assails Christ with all the Berseck fury of a Norse warrior smashing the idols of some degenerate Greek temple. To him Christianity and all that it stands for is an offence and a challenge.

### His Teaching Explained by His Life.

A good deal of Nietzsche's teaching can be explained by the circumstances of his life. A brilliant young classical scholar, he was appointed Professor of Classical Philology at Bâle at the age of twenty-four. The rest of his life was spent in a constant struggle with ill-health and disappointment at the inadequate appreciation of his work, and was marked by the gradual development of a furious egotism that finally turned to madness. Of the actual life of men, with its simple joys and sorrows, its needs and aspirations, he knew little. His mind was never called out into healthy activity, his affections never found a moon out of reach to sway their sea-depths. But he saw the nobility of those Greek ideals of life that had been thrust aside by the intervention of Christianity, and he felt the significance of the new biological ideas that found their earliest expression in Darwin's "Origin of Species."

Characteristically, Nietzsche has left us no ordered body of teaching, his most brilliant work being thrown out in the form of disconnected fragments of thought, as in the imaginary addresses of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," that remind us often of the vehement aphorisms of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Nietzsche, like Carlyle, was a poet rather than a philosopher. His place is with Shelley and John Davidson rather than with Spencer and Huxley.

### Fallacies of Nietzsche's Teaching.

The key to all Nietzsche's teaching is to be found in his idea of the "Will to Power." The struggle that constitutes human life is not a struggle for existence, but for domination. Around this struggle for power all human ideas have organised themselves. In "Beyond Good and Evil" he denies the existence of any permanently valid moral ideas. Morality is the outcome of the struggle for power, the bond imposed by the victors on the vanquished. The idea of freedom is a figment of the imagination. But, most of all, pity is a vice, because pity is the instinct that spares the unfit, and thus lowers the level of the race-life.

But power implies subjection, and Nietzsche conceives of the true social order as one in which the few Supermen have made themselves masters of the many who are content to live in accordance with the "slave-morality" of right and wrong. These Supermen will be brave, merciless, ambitious, as far above the men of to-day as these are above the anthropoid apes. And they are to be developed by a deliberate process of selection that weeds out the unfit for incalculable generations. Eugenics constitute the only religion of the world of Nietzsche's ideals.

What is the motive and meaning of it all? None. The universe moves through an eternally recurring cycle of experience, a purposeless ebb and flow of the eternal ocean of being. Much of Nietzsche's underlying pessimism was derived from Schopenhauer, the one German philosopher for whom he retained a warm admiration.

### The Coming Supermen.

Like many men whose physical strength is impaired, Nietzsche glorifies violence; but he has no sympathy with wars of national aggression, and is a fervent advocate of a United States of Europe, in which the "bovine idea of Nationality" will be lost. Ultimately Supermen will rule the world as one community. But in the meanwhile human life is the scene of a struggle of Philistines, Pharisees, degenerates, and rabble of all sorts, against the few men of courage and hope who move forward with their eyes fixed on the future. There is much that is noble in Nietzsche's idea of a spiritual aristocracy, learning by self-discipline to be masters, not of the present, but of the future. We are sometimes tempted to forget, as we read, that we are reading, not of the Christ, but of the Antichrist.

That Nietzsche misunderstood Christianity is certainly true. He never recognised the sterner and more virile elements that, in the teaching and life of Christ, complemented the gentler virtues of compassion and tenderness. He did not realise that love is fierce, implacable, like a consuming fire—that the namby-pamby sentimentality that passes for religion is a parody of the reality. He had probably never known a single earnest, manly Christian, and made the mistake, like Julian the Apostate long ago, of comparing Paganism at its best with Christianity at its worst. But when all this has been said, it remains true that Nietzsche hated Christianity because the Christian ideal was incompatible with his conception of life.

### Christianity's Alternative.

The teaching of Christ and of Nietzsche both culminate in an apparent paradox. Nietzsche denies the value of the individual, and yet teaches the duty of self-expression; Christ affirms the ultimate and eternal value of the individual, and yet teaches that he that would save his life must lose it. Nietzsche's ideal is no mere glorification of selfishness. "It is your children's land that ye shall love, and this love shall be your nobility." Like Carlyle, he is a hero-worshipper, and will gladly sacrifice holocausts of common men to bring nearer the day of the coming of his Superman. Any crime is justified that ministers to the supremacy of the strong. Perhaps the world has acted on this maxim more than we care to admit, but Nietzsche is the first modern teacher to proclaim it as a gospel.

What is the Christian alternative to this glorification of the "natural law" of struggle and self-assertion? We claim that Christ came to supersede this "natural law" by a new law of sacrifice and self-oblation; not to rescue an elect few from the ruins of human society, but to seek and to save a world that was lost. Our true environment is not the environment of the earthly order in which we live for a time, but of the heavenly order that is our permanent home. Our citizenship is in heaven. If it were not so He would have told us, for if heaven is an illusion we who have staked our all on its reality are of all men the most miserable. But if there is a Divine order, in which contest is transformed into fellowship, and rivalry into love; in which the Will to Power passes into the Will to Service; then our lives here must be conformed to this Divine pattern, not to any "natural law."

### Where the Real Cleavage Lies.

Perhaps the real and irreconcilable cleavage between Christianity and the gospel of Nietzsche is in their differing estimates of the value of the life of the individual. Nature seems "so careless of the single life" that the biologist is always tempted to think of the individual as merely a link in the chain of evolution. In the Old Testament the individual exists to perpetuate the life of the nation. It was Jesus Christ Who first taught us to feel that every individual is

an end in himself, a Son of God, and an heir of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Christian world has as yet only learnt the lesson very imperfectly. The weak are still sacrificed in the interest of the strong; our economic system is organised selfishness, softened by mutual consideration in individual cases; the Will to Wealth, which is only another form of the Will to Power, is the dominating passion of the modern world. The disciple of Nietzsche accepts these facts as natural; the disciple of Christ is bound to fight against them. To Nietzsche the Christian Church appeared as a vast conspiracy of the unfit to secure their personal welfare at the cost of the welfare of the world. He made the mistake, common even among those who look sympathetically on Christian ideas, of supposing that the ultimate ideal of the Christian life was personal salvation. The Church is not a hospital where men come to be cured and then go away, but an army with a medical service attached to it, so that the spiritually unfit may first be made whole, and then drafted into the ranks of the soldiers of the Divine order. It is the supreme triumph of Christianity that it produces heroes out of the raw material of common humanity—what Nietzsche calls its "refuse and offal." It takes the world's waste products and transforms them into gold.

In the temptation in the wilderness the devil is the exponent of Nietzsche's doctrine of the Superman. The Will to Power was matched against the Will to Service—the way of achievement against the way of endurance. In Nietzsche weakness does half-envious homage to strength; in Jesus Christ strength becomes the servant of weakness. So strength is likest God when it wears the yoke of service; it becomes Satanic when it demands service from that which is weaker than itself. For our human standards of strength and weakness are imperfect at their best, and at their worst fundamentally false. The true Superman is not the warrior, but the saint; it is not the battle-axe of Thor, but the Cross of Christ that leads the progress of the world.

## HOW TO AVOID TEMPTATION.

A story is told of a man who asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation.

The king told the man to take a vessel brimful of oil, and to carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop.

"If one drop is spilt," said the king, "your head shall be cut off." And he ordered two executioners, with drawn swords, to walk behind the man and carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of oil.

Then the king asked:

"Did you see anyone whilst you were walking through the streets?"

"No," said the man, "I was thinking only of the oil; I noticed nothing else."

"Then," said the king, "you have learned how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God as you have fixed it on the vessel of oil. You will not then be tempted to sin."

## THE Y.M.C.A. IN THE U.S.A.

### Valuable Tributes to the Association's Influence with Railroad Men.

THE acid test is applied to the Railroad Y.M.C.A. by an authoritative railroad organ which has conducted an inquiry among railroad officials to find if it is really "making good." Reading-rooms, clubs, and similar institutions set up by the railroads have been described at length in the magazines and newspapers, while the less spectacular but larger and more thoroughly established work of the Railroad Y.M.C.A. has been overlooked. This fact, says the editor of the *Railway Age-Gazette*, led him to look about for a reason, and to ask himself several questions. Has the Railroad Y.M.C.A. failed to live up to its high ideals? "Has the 'C' in the Y.M.C.A., standing for all it does in character-building and broad, brotherly sympathy, given offence or narrowed the field of its work? Have the railways which have helped to support the institution been giving their money for something which has produced intangible results?" In short, he wondered whether the whole great movement had been really worth while. So it was decided to question railroad officials, and to investigate thoroughly the work on three typical Eastern railroads. As a result, it was found that the Railroad Y.M.C.A. has most decidedly made good, and the reasons for this conclusion are set forth at length in two successive issues of this important railroad journal.

### Two Questions and Their Answers.

Two questions were to be answered: "What is the Railroad Y.M.C.A. accomplishing?" and "Why cannot the railroads handle the work to better advantage without assistance from an outside organisation?" Taking up the second question first, it is pointed out that in many cases lodging and restaurant accommodations are required, and special conditions may call for unusual educational or recreation features. "In all cases it is necessary to maintain a reading-room, to carry on some educational work, to maintain Bible-classes, attendance on which is entirely optional, and to keep in close personal touch with the men, in order to help them to lead clean, upright lives, so that they will be in such physical and mental condition at all times as properly to perform their duties and be a credit to the service." This means that a good railroad secretary must be a good financier, something of a promoter, something of a teacher, a successful religious leader, a diplomat, a man of agreeable personality, and a first-class executive. And he must be a man of sacrificial devotion to his work, since "secretaryships do not pay as much as men of this type could earn in other fields." So, "because the railroads are not in a position to secure, develop, and train these men, and to supply the means of continued training and inspiration after they have entered the work, it is necessary to depend on the Railroad Y.M.C.A., which is so well fitted to perform this duty." Then there are the organisation and the co-operation of the different local associations, and the consequent possibility of shifting workers to meet varying requirements. Furthermore, as the *Age-Gazette* writer quotes a Boston and Maine official, "a comparison of the typical railroad association with rest-rooms managed directly by the railroad company will show a marked difference in club spirit, or *esprit de corps*. For the association is governed by members "through their own board of managers or executive committee, and no member is permitted to forget that it is his association, and that his membership fee or any other contribution he may make toward its support is not a tax, but a participation in an enterprise of which he is a part"; while a company rest-room would be regarded simply as a company institution. These are some of the reasons why the railroad cannot do the work better, or as well.

The writer goes on to point out some of the practical benefits of the Railroad Y.M.C.A., which led him to the conclusion that "the Railroad Y.M.C.A. gives a handsome return on a strictly business basis." Here is what the General Superintendent of the Lackawanna Railroad says:—

### A Valuable Ally.

"It is a real asset to the railroad. It has raised the standard of the men and improved their condition by giving them an opportunity to spend the day or night at their lay-over point, away from their home terminal, amid proper surroundings, where good, plain food is furnished and clean sleeping-quarters are provided at low cost, and where their thoughts are turned in the right direction to have them lead better lives and to fulfil their duties to the public, to the railroad, to their co-workers, and to themselves and their families. I don't see how we could get along without the Railroad Y.M.C.A."

The General Manager of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie calls the Railroad Y.M.C.A. "one of the greatest factors for safety first on American railroads." Another official told the writer that he had never had a man on the carpet for missing a run or reporting late when he had spent the previous night in a Y.M.C.A. building. Others emphasised the value of the "get-together" feature of the association, enabling men in different kinds of railroad work to get acquainted with one another and the local railroad officials. Because of the Y.M.C.A. accommodation at lay-over points, "it has been possible to attract a better class of men for trainmen and engineers." Several railroad officers pointed out that the men's standard of living had risen since the establishment of the Railroad Y.M.C.A. Here is a typical instance in this connection:

"The road with which one secretary is connected hired a boomer fireman. He was dead broke, and the Y.M.C.A. people staked him for the first month by providing his meals and sleeping accommodations on credit. He made a splendid record in his work, but at the end of the year, having saved up $100, was attacked by the *Wanderlust*. The Railroad Y.M.C.A. secretary had become interested in him, and had been watching him closely. He persuaded him not to give up his job and thus lose his rights, although in order to do this it was necessary to cultivate the man and keep in touch with him for a considerable length of time. Under the advice and inspiration which he received from the secretary he continued to save his money, and is now married and happily located. In many cases the secretaries have been instrumental in helping to patch up domestic and other difficulties, thus relieving the minds of the men of the worry which, if it continued, would have seriously affected their efficiency."

### The Secret of Success.

Finally, there is the successful religious work of the association, carried on through Bible classes, religious meetings, and personal talks. As the *Age-Gazette* declares, "It is this feature that sets off the Railroad Y.M.C.A. in distinct contrast to the club-house or social clubs, and is responsible for its greater success and effectiveness."

"A Tommy was about to bayonet a German Tommy. The German threw up his hands. 'Mercy!' he cried, 'you know me; I'm a London barber!' The Tommy spared him. 'But, guv'nor,' he said, 'you've had a near shave.'" —*Gentlewoman.*





A photograph taken on the occasion of the opening of the Y.M.C.A. Naval Institute at Invergordon. FRONT ROW (left to right): Rev. A. Douglas, Invergordon; General Hunter Blair; Admiral Pears; Sir A. H. Pettigrew, Glasgow; Mr. Ian Macpherson, M.P.; Captain Macleod, of Cadboll; Mr. B. D. Kaye, Organising Secretary. SECOND ROW (left to right): Mr. C. F. Bateman, London; Ex-Bailie Dreghorn, Glasgow; Provost Macdonald, Invergordon; Engineer-Captain Gibbs; Major Scoones; Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P., Wishaw (Convener); Mr. G. S. Orr, Glasgow; Mr. A. Findlay, ex-M.P., Motherwell; Mr. John Reid, Glasgow; Ex-Bailie King, Glasgow; Mr. A. Donald, Glasgow; Mr. James Mackenzie, General Secretary, and Mr. F. D. Cowieson, Contractor.

# IN CROMARTY BAY.

## OPENING OF A Y.M.C.A. NAVAL INSTITUTE AT INVERGORDON.

(BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

FROM London to Cromarty Bay is a far cry. It is a day's journey to Edinburgh, and at least another eight hours to Invergordon. I say "at least" because frequently it takes longer. By the route mapped out for me by Mr. Mackenzie, the Scottish general secretary, I arrived in Inverness about 6 o'clock on a lovely April morning when everything seemed at its fairest. The air was nippy, but as clear as on a perfect summer day. Ben Wyvis in the distance, with its snow crest, was a reminder of the severe winter in the Highlands. Right to the end of our journey glimpses were obtained every now and then of this mountain, and on the return journey south the Highland Railway passing over the Grampians to a height of 1,484 feet at the highest point, the beauty of the snow at an altitude of two or three thousand feet—higher at some points—made the long journey a source of intense delight. At some places herds of wild deer were feeding in the valleys, as at such times it is impossible for these graceful creatures to find food on their favourite crags.

How beautiful Scotland can be at such times was revealed in a succession of lovely panoramas from the railway carriage windows. Trout streams, belts of heather with a purple hue, just below the snow line, lovely valleys, and the indescribable Pass of Killiecrankie!

* * *

But enough of the scenery for the time being.

At half-past six I joined a party of the Scottish National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, including Sir A. H. Pettigrew (the chairman) and Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P. (convener of the Naval Committee), Rev. Mr. Stewart, who was home on a short furlough from Wimireux, near Boulogne, where he has been working for the Y.M.C.A., and other members of the committee. One had in his generosity handed a few hours previously a cheque for £250 to Mr. Mackenzie for the camp work. Altogether, it was a pleasant party of some of the best Y.M.C.A. workers in Scotland who set out in two motors on the motor journey from Inverness to Dingwall.

With one or two exceptions, the members of the Scottish Council had come up from Glasgow on the previous day, having left their everyday duties about 2 p.m. Nearly all are in charge of important business concerns, and yet they gave their time gladly because of their keenness in Y.M.C.A. work. I do not know why Edinburgh was not better represented on this occasion.

Ten miles of the journey, which at first skirted the Moray Firth, was quickly passed, and about two and a-half miles only intervened before Beauly, when through an obstruction on the road, causing the first car to slow up, the second driver failed to avert a collision. For the moment the crash of glass and the impact of the two cars assumed a more serious aspect than was warranted. Two of the company were bleeding profusely, and others sustained a nasty shaking and some bruises. One of the cars lost its water, and the other its petrol, and both showed signs of considerable damage.

Sir Andrew Pettigrew and Mr. Mackenzie, who both fortunately escaped unhurt, rapidly formed plans for getting on. At a brisk walking pace they started off with one or two others for Beauly, and when the remaining members of the party had reached the place the pioneers had fixed up a revised itinerary, including breakfast at Dingwall and three fresh cars for the journey to Cromarty. In the meantime we took train to Dingwall. After breakfast—then about 10 o'clock—we realised that matters might have proved far worse, and as our plucky friends who were cut by the glass had obtained fresh collars and a wash, they did not appear much the worse for the accident, and we took heart of courage, and joked each other on the events of the morning.

* * *

Still, our plans were disturbed. Mr. Mackenzie had intended that we should visit the camp at Nigg, but this was found impossible, owing to lack of time, and therefore we pushed on to Cromarty. Two of the cars reached it in time to inspect the Y.M.C.A. centre, just by the entrance to the Bay, but the third car, owing to a puncture, stopped at the ferry and crossed to Invergordon by the ferry boat. Those of us who reached Cromarty had the pleasure of passing across this famous harbour, and seeing some things that are most interesting at the present time. The morning had now become a bit grey, and the whole surroundings of sea, hills, and sky seemed to take on the same hue. Sir Andrew Pettigrew and Mr. Mackenzie chaffed the two wounded men,

and they in turn kept up their end, so that the general greyness and the mishap of the morning had no power to damp our spirits. We reached Invergordon somewhat late, but a military band greeted us on our arrival, and apparently we were forgiven what we could not help.

* * *

At Invergordon we found Rear-Admiral Pears, commanding the Cromarty defences, Mr. Ian Macpherson, M.P., of the War Office, Provost Macdonald, General Hunter Blair, Commander Beresford White, and Captain Macleod of Cadboll, gathered in the institute for the opening, and in their speeches each and all showed keen appreciation of the work of the Y.M.C.A. Sir Andrew Pettigrew, who presided in happy, businesslike way at the opening ceremony, also read a number of apologies.

Sir John Jellicoe wrote through his secretary to say that, while appreciating the honour, he regretted that it would not be possible for him to be present. He also appreciated the kind idea that Lady Jellicoe should take his place, and was equally sure that she would also, but she was so much engaged with work in the South that he was sure she would be unable to attend.

Mr. Filson Young, who is now a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., but whose work as a journalist is well known in the London Press, wrote on behalf of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, who said that "he is fully in sympathy with the proposal to establish a similar Home at Rosyth, and has no doubt that under your energetic organisation this excellent purpose will soon be accomplished."

Admiral Sir Robert Lowry, Mr. George Lambert, M.P., of the Admiralty, and Mr. John W. Gulland, M.P., the new chief Whip on the Government side, also regretted their absence. The Admiral wrote that "he very highly appreciates the efforts made, which will be of the greatest possible value to the Navy at Invergordon."

* * *

The Naval Institute at Invergordon is the most substantial Y.M.C.A. building erected for soldiers or sailors at the present time. With the furnishing total cost is £4,500, and of this amount the Admiralty gave £500, on the understanding that the building was completed within three months. To the day the challenge was fulfilled, and the place erected free of debt. In the institute the Y.M.C.A. has provided on the upper storeys accommodation for fifty beds. This will be of the greatest assistance to the sailors on leave, who, after a long journey from their homes, or on the way thither, require a bed. One of the speakers told us that previously it had been necessary to utilise the Invergordon police-station in order to accommodate the men who would otherwise have been stranded. There are dining-rooms, billiard tables, and all the etceteras that help to give our brave men from the ships some of the comforts of home when they find themselves on shore. The whole scheme seems one of the bonniest and best to which the Y.M.C.A. has yet put its hand. As Mr. Lightbody, J.P., said in his capital speech, descriptive of the inception of the idea of the institute in the London house of Sir Kenneth and Lady Mathieson, "they would make it as bright and homely and attractive as they could, and he hoped the naval men would take full advantage of it."

* * *

A capital speech came from Rear-Admiral Pears, who said he knew that Sir John Jellicoe was in full sympathy with the movement. It would be a very pleasant surprise for the sailors when they came back to find that the institute had been opened and was now in working order. On behalf of the ships of the Fleet, he wished to express his gratitude and appreciation for the splendid efforts made to erect those buildings. He was perfectly certain that it would be one of the greatest boons and blessings for the men to have such an institute in which they could spend their time while ashore. When he first came to Invergordon there was no place for the men to go, and they had to walk about the streets. There was also an unfortunate tendency for pressure to be brought to bear on them from the sale of bad liquor, and many of them after months of stress on the sea were unable to resist the temptation. He thought there should be more rational attractions, and the men would now find these in this institute.

Mr. Ian Macpherson, M.P., who is member for Ross and Cromarty, paid a fine tribute to the Y.M.C.A. when he said that an old lady from his division had called on him at the War Office with the intention of visiting her son, who was lying wounded at Rouen. Mr. Macpherson added that he did not like the thought of her going alone and unhelped. Then it occurred to him that the Y.M.C.A. was at work in Rouen, and, communicating with them, the aged mother made her long and anxious journey in comparative safety and comfort.

We had to hurry to the railway station for the train to Inverness, for none of us wanted to miss our connections to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London. With a few minutes to spare this was secured, and we soon settled down comfortably for our journey south.

The long day had proved exciting and adventurous, but, thanks to the help of Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Kaye, whom we met at Invergordon, we witnessed a fine bit of Y.M.C.A. enterprise in the far north, which has been developed in the warm-hearted, businesslike way we expect from Scotland.

### 1,000 PEOPLE LISTENING TO THE STORY OF Y.M.C.A. WORK.



Our illustration shows a gathering of friends and relatives of the Manchester Territorials listening to a lecture, "With the Lancashires in Egypt," at the Association Hall, by Mr. Andrew Stewart, who has just returned from working among Lancashire troops in Egypt, in connection with the Y.M.C.A. There were over a thousand people present.

### FATHER.

FATHER'S getting on in years,
But he's joined the Volunteers,
And he goes with right goodwill
Thrice a week to do his drill.

Mother says he's going crazy,
But we think he's just a daisy;
And if we had not been wenches,
We'd have gone to man the trenches.

When he gets us all indoors
You should see us forming fours—
Bab and me, and Sweep and Tim—
Makes you think of "Sunny Jim."

Oh, it's grand to hear him shout:
"*A company, right about.*"
Then we stand as stiff as starch,
Waiting to be told to march.

Granny says: "Na-po-le-on
Might have learnt a lot from John
If he'd postponed Waterloo
For a century or two."

But when father goes to France
He will make the Germans dance;
Anyhow, he says we'll see
All the Allies on the "Spree."

JAY BEE.

### NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

An Englishman was accosted thus:—

"What will you take to stand all night in the dome of St. Paul's?"

"A beefsteak and a pint of beer," was the frank reply.

The next one accosted was a Scotsman:—

Says Sandie: "What will ye gie?"

Lastly came along Patrick, and when he was asked what he would take to stand all night in the dome of St. Paul's, he willingly answered: "Shure, an' I'd be apt to take a bad cowld."



# MISS MARIE CORELLI'S APPEAL FOR RECRUITS.

## *A Moving and Impassioned Speech in Connection with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Lecture at Leicester.*

[Since the outbreak of hostilities few women have done more to stimulate the patriotic spirit than Miss Marie Corelli, the distinguished novelist. The world over is familiar with her as a great writer, but it is not so fully aware of her power on the platform. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we give verbatim a powerful and eloquent appeal delivered by her last Friday evening at the De Montfort Hall, Leicester, at the close of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's lecture on the Great War, at which gathering Miss Corelli presided as chairman. At the close of her speech the speaker called upon her hearers to join in a hearty vote of thanks to Sir Arthur for his "fine, instructive, and impressive lecture." This proposal was seconded by the Mayor of Leicester (Alderman J. North) and supported by Sir Samuel Faire, while the vast audience (numbering close on 5,000) carried it with acclamation, evidently and strikingly moved to exceptional enthusiasm.]

Miss Corelli made her appeal in the following burning words:—

THERE is very little for me or for anyone to say, after what we have heard to-night. The moving and magnificent panorama which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has brought before our eyes by the force of his eloquence should inspire us more to deeds than words. He has told us what our men have already done; he has hinted at what they have yet to do. This fearful war is not a game at football; we cannot play at it, or put it aside as something to be thought of casually after we have consulted our own humour and convenience. It is a time of self-sacrifice; we owe the best of all we have to our country. We must give, not only ourselves, but those we love, to the country's service. In these fortunate islands, mercifully protected by the sea, we have not as yet experienced the horrors of invasion; but invasion *may* come, and *will* come if we are not prepared, alert, and watchful! We must grudge nothing to prevent such disaster. We must put aside our own concerns entirely, and think of what this great war means. It means wider freedom for the whole world! It means an end to the tyranny and savagery of Prussian militarism; it means greater progress and broader civilisation. And being such a war, every man should be proud and eager to bear his part in it. Any man, physically "fit," who hesitates or hangs back is a coward! And any woman who holds him back is also a coward, and a selfish one! We love our men—yes! but love is not true love if it hinders a man from doing his duty. There is danger, there is chance of death in the field of battle; but death comes to all of us sooner or later, and we may question whether it is not better to pass away gloriously with honour, than to creep languidly out of existence in bed, surrounded by physic bottles. A soldier must face possibilities, and a brave man must be willing to risk the worst for the chance of winning the best. As Shakespeare tells us—

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant only taste of death but once.

There is urgent necessity for every able man (who is not employed in turning out munitions of war) to join the colours, and if he is a man at all, he should have no hesitation. After such a moving history as that told us by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is there a "fit" man here who is not willing and eager to join his brothers-in-arms, and do his best to make their task easier? Is there a man whose work lies, not abroad, but at home in the making of shells and ammunition, that would grudge a single hour of labour for his country in such urgent need? If there is, he must be of bad blood, and not a true born Briton!

If I had the right, the eloquence, or the power to plead with you, I would ask every man here present who can join the colours, but who has not done so, to do it now! And I would also ask every man whose skill and strength are needed for the manufacture of war material, to work steadily, cheerfully, and ungrudgingly, in the full consciousness that by urging on the necessary output, he is helping to save hundreds of the lives of his countrymen. He, the worker, is as necessary to the Empire as the soldier; he also is fighting the King's enemies.

And, if I had any force to persuade, I would pray every woman in this audience to prove her love for the men belonging to her by inspiring them to do their duty to "King and country," either by sending them away to join the Army, with all good blessing, and trust in God for their safety; or by "heartening" them up to their work in war munitions, and putting no difficulties in their path of honour.

For every man that hangs back from military service, or "shirks" his work, refuses to help his brothers; and every woman that keeps a man away from the great fight, or encourages him to grudge and shorten his hours of labour, is wronging other women's husbands and sons. In this great test of national character none of us must fail. In the war, as in work, we must all pull together, shoulder to shoulder, to win the victory which must and shall be ours—

If England to herself do rest but true!

## J. J. VIRGO IN IRELAND.

### A Week's Visit to Association Centres and Work Among the Troops.

MR. VIRGO recently spent a week in Ireland, and is most enthusiastic in regard to the prospects of the Y.M.C.A. work in that country. Lord Langford presided at the annual meeting at Dublin, and Mr. Virgo told the "Story of the Association in War Time." Visiting each of the centres in Dublin and Cork districts, he was listened to in every instance with the keenest interest.

At one meeting in Cork Barracks, not only was the hut packed, but windows were opened and men crowded around in great numbers. "Bulger's Pub" was an object of great interest, and men were crowded into it at every visit. After this place was closed as regards the sale of intoxicants, and the Y.M.C.A. had taken it over, a prominent lady was waiting outside for the time of opening so as to serve refreshments of the Association kind. An "old timer," pausing and looking with regret at the use to which his old haunt was now put, and noticing the lady, said sympathetically, "It's no use your waiting, miss; you'll get nothing there now; it's shut up." The lady felt that an explanation was necessary.

Officers and men alike freely expressed their satisfaction at the Association operations among the troops in Ireland, and it is evident that after the war a wonderful opportunity is open to the Y.M.C.A.

## THE NEVER-CLOSING HUT.

### Distinguished Visitors at the New Hut at Eust n Station, which is Always Open.

A LARGE and influential company assembled last Wednesday afternoon in connection with the opening of the new "Day and Night" Hut just outside Euston Station. The site having been kindly lent by the London and North-Western Railway, Mrs. Hitchens generously gave the hut, and H.H. Princess Victoria attended with members of her Auxiliary Committee.

This is the first building of its kind erected in the United Kingdom by the Young Men's Christian Association for the benefit of the soldiers. In this respect it affords an illustration of the development undertaken by the Y.M.C.A.

The hut is primarily intended for the use of men on their way from the front to their homes, or back again from home to the front, who may be stranded at Euston, King's Cross, or St. Pancras late at night, and find it necessary to secure a bed. Through various circumstances they often experience difficulty in obtaining what they require.

By arrangements with the railway staff at the station soldiers will be directed to the hut, and in all cases where they are unable to find suitable accommodation elsewhere.

Sleeping quarters are provided for fifty men.

A billiard table, other games, a piano, buffet bar, reading and writing facilities will also be found in the hut.

The building has been given by Mrs. William Hitchens, of Bayswater.

Mr. Howard Williams, chairman of the British and Colonial Union of the Y.M.C.A., has presented a chiming clock for the building.

Several lady art students have decorated the panels of the common room.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to take the chair at a united meeting to be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, W., on Monday afternoon, June 7, at 3 p.m., to promote the national revival of family prayers. A strong platform is already assured representative of our national Christianity, including military, naval, and Parliamentary interests. Admission to the Queen's Hall will be free by ticket. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Henry Martyn Gooch, 19, Russell-square, London, W.C.

*14.—The Art of Recruiting.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN has kindly sent me a copy of his new book, "The Experiences of a Recruiting Officer: True Pictures of Splendid Patriotism." (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.) Mr. Kernahan is an ex-Territorial officer who has passed the active service age-limit, but whose energetic spirit must find an outlet in these challenging times, so he has become a recruiting officer. The book of experiences he has written is entertaining, pathetic, amusing and sad. It is full of light and shade, mirth and tears. In some ways it is quite the finest thing Mr. Kernahan has ever done, and when I received it I was not content until I had read it from end to end. Speaking of the end reminds me that the book includes "The Story of the Lord Mayor's Recruiting Bands," by Douglas Sladen. Before passing on to say a few words about the book, let me say that this is the kind of book to put in the hands of those who question the essential patriotism of Britain's young manhood. The experiences related by the author go to prove triumphantly that the mantle of Drake and Frobisher, Nelson and Wellington, has fallen upon the broad shoulders of our own comrades in the twentieth century.

* * *

A RECRUITING officer needs more than enthusiasm for the Cause, and this Mr. Kernahan clearly indicates. What has impressed me particularly is the fact that on more than one occasion the recruiting officer gently, but firmly, persuaded the would-be soldier to wait awhile; in one case, until the lad's father, who was fast hastening to the great divide, had passed beyond the frightfulness of modern warfare. Mr. Kernahan tells some affecting stories of those who fain would fight for King and country, but are hindered by one reason and another, and such stories are elevating and inspiring in the highest degree. Our recruiting officer is unsparing with the shirker, and one of the best chapters in the book is entitled "The Scrimshanker." To be successful, the officer requires boundless wisdom, the qualities that go to make a normal man into the proverbial guide, philosopher and friend, some pawky humour, an insight into human weaknesses, and a fair understanding of the elementary laws of psychology. All these things Mr. Kernahan possesses in an astonishing degree; and I have felt as I have read this most entertaining book that if one arm of the service has lost a good officer, another has gained a first-class advocate, for Mr. Kernahan has advocated the cause in meetings by the score.

* * *

BUT this article is not a review of a book, although, as I have indicated, the book itself is worthy of very high praise. There is something on my mind which I would fain get on this page. As I have read of recruiting meetings, recruiting tactics, and so forth, the tail of my eye has wandered off to another kind of recruiting in which I have had a keen and unflagging interest for many years. I am thinking, of course, of recruiting men for Jesus Christ. It has occurred to me that we have a great deal to learn from military recruiting, and, although it is not the purpose of the author, I am disposed to say that Mr. Kernahan's book is a volume of illustrations to the Christian worker who wants to know a little more about the human touch in dealing with men. I do not know whether I am amused or sorry when I read of the cut-and-dried methods advocated by some for the winning of men for the Highest; because I know (as Mr. Kernahan shows) that every man is essentially different from his neighbour and requires specialised treatment. I propose, therefore, to jot down one or two things that have occurred to me as a result of reading this book on recruiting for the Army.

FIRST of all, I am tremendously impressed with Mr. Kernahan's insistence on the importance of the open-air meeting. He himself has spoken a good deal on village greens and market squares, with some very good results, and this is what he says:—"At a street meeting he (the working man) is at home and among friends. He can stop and listen, and, if bored, pass on, or, if interested, remain. He can smoke, and he can even, his shyness notwithstanding, and under cover of the comparative darkness, held as most open-air meetings are at night, take his share in what is going on by expression of dissent or applause, or by the asking of questions; none of which things he would do in a hall, under the glare of gas or electric light, and in the presence of the 'gentry.' Hence open-air meetings interest and attract him as indoor meetings do not." And this is our recruiting officer's conclusion of the whole matter: "Wherefore to get the working man's ear, you must hold your meetings in the open. He is passing by, pipe in mouth, as you are speaking, and probably he says to his companion, 'Wot's this bloke 'olding forth about, Bill? 'Arf a mo' to 'ear wot he says; if we don't like it we needn't stop.'" I am of the firm opinion that the same conclusion is valid in regard to the Christian religion. We have been indoors too long quarrelling over our senseless differences. It is now high time that we came out into the open and met the working man on his own ground.

* * *

THEN I confess that I am much impressed with the sanity of Mr. Kernahan's "don'ts." His hints for workers in the field of recruiting have a much wider application than purely military affairs. I am tempted to reproduce one or two of his hints, the point of which will be seen instantly when related to Christian service. (1) "Don't threaten men who refuse to enlist." (2) "Don't offer white feathers either to men you know or to men you do not know." (3) "Don't be content merely to speak or to be seen at meetings, and to leave it at that. Come down from the platform and try to get into direct personal touch with your man." (That last hint is immense; what a sight to see our eloquent preachers coming down from their pulpits to mix with the crowd, still to plead the cause they have at heart!) (4) "Don't confine your canvassing to meetings. Personal canvassing brings more recruits who could not otherwise be obtained even than the holding of meetings." (5) "Don't lose heart or relax your efforts because this meeting or that day spent in personal canvass brought no immediate result." Such hints are of the keenest value to the man who honestly holds a brief for Christ, and who feels it part of his mission in life to do all he can to make recruits of his fellow men. Let Christian workers study Mr. Kernahan's recruiting tactics and they will be wiser and better men.

* * *

FINALLY, I am greatly impressed with the restlessness of the recruiting officer's life. He thinks recruiting, he writes recruiting, he talks recruiting, he sleeps recruiting—in the case of Mr. Kernahan he dreams recruiting!—he wakes recruiting. Like St. Paul, one thing he does; and I should say, from the book which is now before me, that our esteemed contributor has done it well! The book, indeed, as perhaps I have shown, has had a curious effect on me; I have wondered why on earth we Christian fellows don't take our religion as earnestly as the recruiting officer takes his gospel of recruiting, and, to tell you the honest truth, although I have written what I have, as I close this article I am *still* wondering!




**Have you tried**

FRUNUT REG.

**The Ideal Pocket Food.**

*Awarded Silver Gilt Medal, Royal Horticultural Society, 1909.*

Frunut is delicious and highly sustaining. A grand food for the trenches or on the march. Its staying power is wonderful; it makes good bones, blood and sinew. It also regulates the functions of the body in a purely natural manner, and so tends to expel and prevent disease.

**In packets, 1d. and 4d. each.**

**A FREE SAMPLE**

and wholesale terms sent post free to any Canteen or Mess Officer applying to—

**SHEARNS** 231-234, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

*'Phone Museum 540 (3 lines).*

**CARR'S BISCUITS**

Have you tried Carr's Celebrated

**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**

Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**

Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack.

**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**

Try a 1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LIMITED CARLISLE.

**THINK**

Clark's Optimus Coffee Extract is **IT.**

Accept only Optimus Coffee.

Buy **IT** and Try **IT**

**TO-DAY.**

"To give strength to the men during the march, when the usual food cannot be taken, **Coffee** is better than spirits."—Sir LAUDER BRUNTON'S quotation from report on Ashanti campaign, *The Evening News, Mar. 5.*

**Write for Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. supplies.**

C.O.C.E., Ltd., 17, Ingate Place, BATTERSEA, S.W.

**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**

Established 1795.

**FOR SECURITY AND VALUE.**

**JOHN TANN'S SAFES**

**120 Years without a Single Failure.**

**STEEL CASH CHESTS for Y.M.C.A. and ARMY TRAINING CAMPS.**

*Write for Catalogue of everything appertaining to security,*

**117, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

# VARIED ASPECTS OF THE GREAT WAR AS DEPICTED BY THE CAMERA IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT.



By such training our soldiers become acquainted with the conditions awaiting them on the Continent. The 5th Battalion (Cinque Ports) Royal Sussex, shown in the illustration, have now practically completed their training, and hope to go on active service before long.

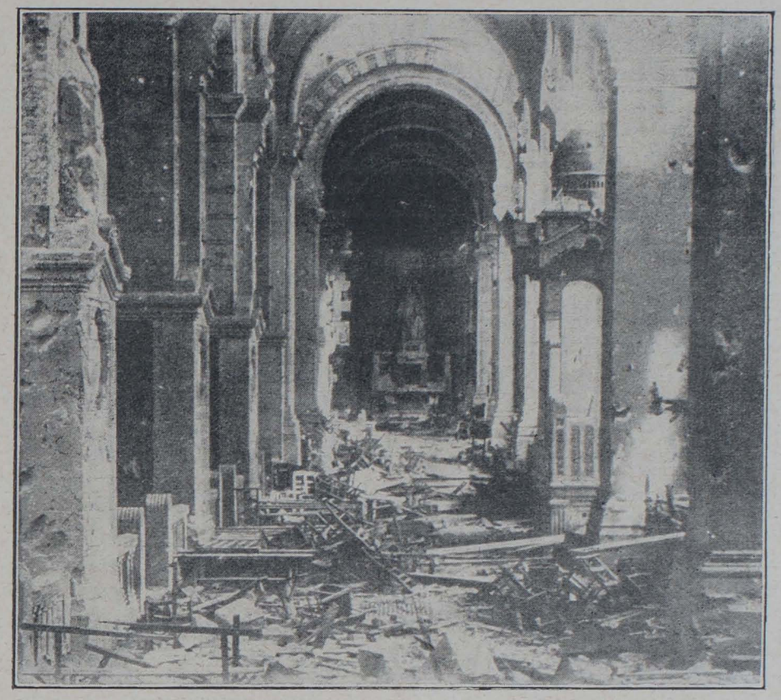


Two Belgian cooks are here seen preparing dinner for their comrades in the shelter of a ruined house, and seen perfectly happy, in spite of the adverse conditions.

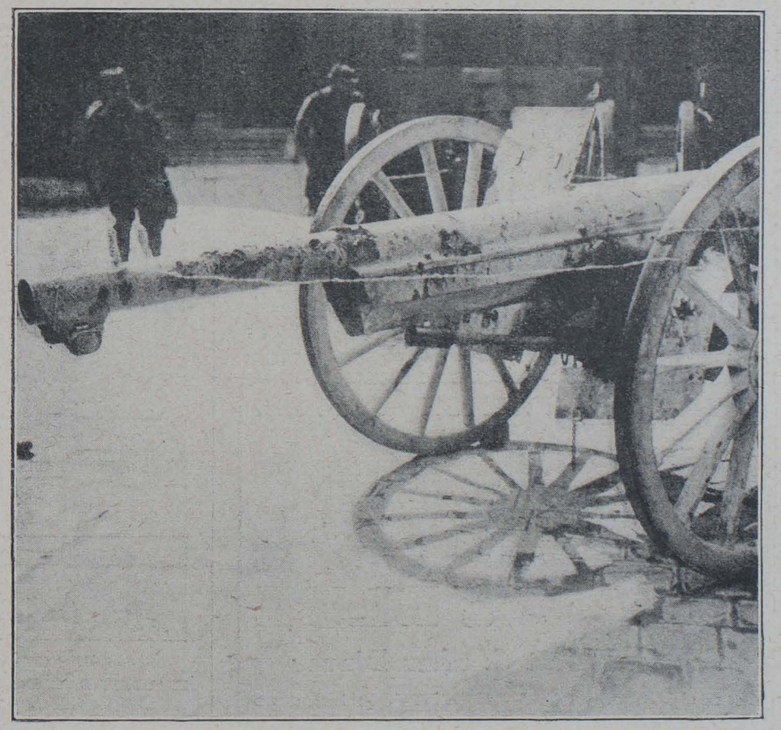


A battalion of Colonial Infantry of the French Army on route to the front. The woman is carrying her husband's rifle while she proudly marches with him to the railway station, thus demonstrating the spirit which is animating the women of France to-day. To the end of the rifle is fastened a small flag of the Allies' colours.

*Photos: Topical Press.*



Many fine old ecclesiastical buildings have suffered severely since the war began. This picture, taken only a fortnight ago, shows a section of the interior of the Notre Dame de Brebieres, at Albert, and illustrates the damage which it has sustained from the bombardment by the Germans.



One of the famous French 75 guns which has been returned from the front, and is on exhibition in the Court of Honour at the Invalides, Paris. The gun shows marks of German shrapnel.




Tommy Sings: "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," but says he'll have to go a long way further to beat

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

*It is the most faithful ally a Soldier's razor could have. IT IS BRITISH. All the value is in the soap. There is no highly ornamental metal case to pay for.*

PRICE 4D. PER STICK, OF ALL GROCERS, ETC.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT. E 48—11

**March with Ease.**




ALL SOLDIERS should use
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH
It makes boots supple and serviceable, preserves the leather, renders it waterproof and prevents cracking. Tins, Brown or Black, 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Outfit 6d. Of all dealers.

CHERRY DUBBIN (BLACK OR YELLOW).
The Dubbin of superior quality, is obtainable at Canteens, Stores, etc., in 1d., 2d., 3d. and 6d. sizes, or a penny trial tin will be sent, on receipt of a penny stamp, by
CHISWICK POLISH Co., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.
CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN rubbed upon the feet as well as upon the boots prevents blistering and allays irritation. Made from the finest and purest materials.

**KHARKENE** cleans and renovates Khaki equipment, 1d. & 1½d. per block. Of all dealers.

**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.**

**RED WHITE & BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner

In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

**BURBERRY WAR KIT**



The Burberry

**Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.**

THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece.
Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

BRITISH WARM BURBERRY
A splendidly protective garment made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.

BURBERRY WAR KIT includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S.B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing 3¾lbs.

SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT
Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.

*Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON

8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents



Service Dress




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

THE War Roll has been unrolled. During "the Week" specially devoted to its unfolding, thousands of men have signed on. They are of two kinds—first, men already pledged to the service of Christ; second, men who now for the first time pledge their allegiance to Him. Both kinds are called for. Men already pledged to Christ are needed—on the one hand, for mutual support and counsel and for the encouragement of beginners; on the other, for aggressive Christian work. Men who now pledge themselves for the first time are called to sign the Roll, because through the information obtained thereby our camp leaders can link them up with others of larger experience. There are thousands of Christian workers in our camps. Some of them are drifting for lack of Christian fellowship and leadership. Here is work for them to do which will not only help to keep them right, but to inspire others.

***

SOME seem to have the idea that the Roll was to close at the end of the week. There has never been any such intention. The week was only the floating of the ship from the dock. It is now launched, and is not expected back in harbour till the end of the war—if then.

***

THE War Roll is not an end in itself. It is only a means to a greater end. While it has intrinsic value in bringing men to face the grand decision of life, yet its greater value lies in the power it gives to the camp leader for organising the men who sign it into sections for mutual and aggressive action. Further reference will later be made to the proposed *modus operandi*.

***

FIRST, perhaps our readers will wish to hear something about "the Week" itself. As yet it is too early for reports, but a few have come to hand. Canon Hicks spent the week in the northern district, in Northumberland and Durham. He reports "excellent meetings." Many more signed on than he had faith to hope for, although very clearly told by himself and camp leaders to count the cost before signing. "Thanks be to God." Report has it that large numbers have enlisted there. The Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland visited four of the northern centres and had fine results. The Rev. Everard Digby reports extraordinary meetings at Aldershot, and considerable numbers have signed the Roll there.

***

AT Stowlangtoft, in Essex, the Roll was filled to overflowing, the cover itself being full. All the men who signed went to the front on the following day. It is reward enough for the whole effort to know that these brave lads, before going to the firing line, have faced the great question and made the great decision. God keep them faithful, and bring them back home to fight the battles of Christ in England!

***

MR. W. R. LANE is prolonging his visit to Bramshott and Witley, where hundreds of men have enrolled themselves. He says he has never seen anything like it. Sergeant Moodie is still in Kent, where fine results are recorded. Mr. J. T. Leafe has been doing fine work at Alnwick, mostly personal dealing, and hundreds have signed on there. Mr. George Clarke has had a good time in Derby, with excellent results.

***

LETTERS are to hand reporting here 30 names, there 80, elsewhere 100, 140, 200, and so on.

***

PERHAPS one of the most striking incidents is one reported by Mr. J. J. Virgo; after one of his meetings, the brigadier was the first to sign, followed by the colonel and 130 men. During his visits to Kent, Aldershot, and elsewhere several hundreds have thus enlisted.

***

WHILE it is refreshing to know that some thousands of men have signed on, it is even more encouraging to learn of the wonderful spirit in which the men have faced the position. No attempt has been made to hustle them. It has been made perfectly clear that we are demanding sacrifice, and that a big fight has to be fought—a moral and spiritual battle of tremendous moment, not only for the man's own soul, but for the soul of our beloved nation. The appeal has been on a double line, for the man's own welfare through his right relationship to God, and for our nation's welfare through the man's right life and work for God.

***

WHAT now is the responsibility of our camp leaders to these men? Have we done with them now that they have been led to sign the Roll? That is not the Y.M.C.A. spirit. On the contrary, we believe our work has only just begun. There *may* be some of our camp leaders who will say: "Surely our tale of the bricks is hard enough to tell already without this additional burden?" If they don't say so, others of us say it for them in all fellowship of sympathy and suffering. How, then, can the additional burden be borne, when the daily round, the common task, fills us up to the brim?

***

THERE is one old saying, "Divide et impera," which we may adopt, though with a world of difference from its original meaning. Divide your forces and thus rule them. Let those who have signed on be divided into groups of ten, or at most fifteen. Let each group appoint its own leader. Let it meet once a week for half-an-hour of prayer and conference. Let it accept as its first duty the responsibility for each of its members, so that men who fall again and again may be restored. Let it accept as its second duty prayer for others and definite, aggressive action for Christ. If each camp leader will thus divide his men of the War Roll, he will find his own labour greatly lightened, and a body of men brought into existence who will be a powerful adjunct to his work.

***

THIS has been referred to in a second circular of April 13, marked "Important," and the following points are worthy of emphasis:—

"The immediate challenge to the Y.M.C.A. is to do its utmost to regenerate England, and in the War Roll there lies a powerful instrument to achieve this end. We want a Christian England. The makers of England are now in the camps. Let the earnest men amongst them be enlisted in this supreme service. Use the Roll to organise these men for mutual support and for bold aggression, and a force of unsurpassed power can thus be brought to bear throughout the Army. Will our camp leaders please note the following points:—1. At the outset, endeavour to have personal dealing with each man before he signs on. Make it a serious occasion. Later, you will be able to delegate this duty to the committee. 2. As soon as a Roll is full, copy the names for your own use. Then send the Roll to 'Y.M.C.A., 13, Russell-square, London, W.C.' The Roll will thus prove your best friend in organising the signatories. It will also prove our best friend in planning to help you and them. 3. Above all else band the signatories together. (*a*) Get them to meet without delay to appoint a small committee. (*b*) Arrange for them all to gather together at least once a week, partly for prayer, partly for conference. (*c*) Where the numbers are large, let the committee organise the signatories into groups under leaders. (*d*) Let each group hold itself responsible to strengthen each member and to raise a man if he falls. Never let go of him. (*e*) Make each group an aggressive nucleus for Christ and the War Roll, and the whole committee a unit of resolute, manly Christian activity. (*f*) Develop local talent. Get both Christian officers and men to speak, sing, pray, deal personally with their comrades, or do other work according to their gifts."

## A TRUE SOLDIER.

A London clergyman relates the following story:—I was in Egypt some years ago, holding meetings among some soldiers. I asked a big sergeant in a Highland regiment, who was as bright and shining for the Lord as it is possible for a saved soldier to be, how he was brought to Christ? His answer was this: "There is a private in the same company who was converted in Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. The Devil got possession of me, and I made that man's life a positive burden to him. Well, one night, a terribly wet night, he came in from sentry-go. He was very tired and very wet, and before getting into bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with wet and mud, and I let him have one on one side of the head and the other on the other side; and he just went on with his prayers. Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished by the side of my bed. That was his reply to me; and it just broke my heart, and I was saved that day."

The man who met the test, like a true soldier of the Great Captain, had his reward.

## AN EVENING WITH THE CHESHIRE BANTAMS.

**Showing that the Short Man is a Good Soldier.**

AMID a number of buildings and sheds, within a large enclosure that constituted in times of peace the Bebington Show Ground, stands a snug building known as the Y.M.C.A. Wirral Hut. Its comfort, homeliness and picturesque appearance incline us to christen it the "Bantam Bungalow."

One's first impression on seeing it is that of its perfect adaptability to its purpose.

We were present at the opening function, when General Sir Henry Mackinnon expressed, on behalf of the Army, deep appreciation of the Y.M.C.A. in so ably meeting this special need of our soldiers both at home and abroad. To realise what these "huts" are to the soldiers, one should visit them any week evening when they are in full swing.

At the "Bantam Hut" on this particular evening there were about 300 men present, some sitting at long tables writing letters (pads, pens, paper and ink all provided, with even a Post Office on the premises), others were contesting games of draughts or playing on bagatelle boards. The dry canteen was being well patronised, and was served by a band of enthusiastic lady-helpers, assisted by Boy Scouts. The clink of the china cups, the steam from tea and coffee urns mingling with tobacco smoke, the rustle of newspapers, the buzz of conversation, and the vamping of popular airs by a musically gifted Bantam, to the general accompaniment of whistling, combined to create an atmosphere of hearty conviviality.

At 7.30 the entertainment proper began. A whistle was blown, and all were "at attention"; some of the ladies from the canteen now occupied the platform, and amateur talent was warmly appreciated. First a song, then a reading, and now a youngster of eight in "Etons," recited with singular appropriateness—

"What can a little chap do
For his country and for you?"

And there were Bantams present that night who resolved to show the world what a "little chap" *can* do for his country at this time of national crisis.

Then came "the comic man" of the evening. He cannot be dispensed with, for 5 ft. 2 in. in khaki enjoys his laugh as much as 5 ft. 6 in. After repeated encores the chairman, with skilful manipulation, so arranged the programme as to prepare the minds of his audience for a closing message, for beneath all the fun and good cheer was the thought that these men will shortly be face to face with the grim realities of war, and even death itself, and they must be helped to meet it. We had just the right man on the platform to do it—he called them "chums," and won their ears and hearts. They were all attention as he told them of the Bantam in the Bible, and under his skilful word-painting, Zaccheus became a living personality, who struck responsive chords in many hearts. The attention was wonderful, and though no emotional appeal was made, yet the men crowded up at the close to the platform, asking for Testaments. We helped to distribute a considerable number, giving a word here and there, and meeting with responsive nods. One lad asked for a copy "for a mate," and another one for his mother "as a parting gift." Then they pushed their way to the "Roll table," and on this and succeeding evenings over 100 names were signed in promise of allegiance to the King of Kings.

With a good-night word and a handshake we passed out in the certainty that some Bantams had been enrolled in the Book of Life that evening.

### A DEMOCRATIC KING.

King Oscar of Sweden was once on a journey and stopped at Solleftea Station. Only two bowing officials greeted him. "Where are my people?" demanded the king. "I have excluded everybody from the station," replied the station-master. "Then I will go out and meet my people," returned the king. He received a most hearty welcome.

### THE Y.M.C.A. AND PROHIBITION.

**Action of the Scottish National Union Concerning a Grave Problem.**

A COPY of the following letter has been sent to the Prime Minister, the Secretary for Scotland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Rt. Hon. Earl Kitchener, P.C., K.P., and Mr. J. W. Gulland, M.P., Chief Government Whip :—

"SIR,—On behalf of the Scottish National Union of Y.M.C.A.'s, we most respectfully approach you on the subject of the use of intoxicating liquors at this time.

"The facts of the case are already too well known to need repetition here, but we desire to emphasise one aspect of the situation upon which we can speak with knowledge.

"At present, and following a programme we have had for many years, we are conducting over sixty institutes for troops in Scotland, and are associated with our English Y.M.C.A.'s in the same work in France, Egypt, and elsewhere. It gives us great pleasure to bear testimony to the sobriety of the troops, the exceptions being invariably when the men go on furlough and meet acquaintances. From our knowledge of the circumstances we urge that it is unfair that men on leave should be exposed to the serious temptations which beset many of them on their visits home.

"Not only so, but we further urge that, in view of the shortage of munitions of war, it is deplorable that the output should be curtailed through preventable causes, and in consequence the risk of losing a greater number of valuable lives be much increased.

"This war must be won in the cause of liberty and righteousness, and anything likely to defeat that end should be dealt with promptly and firmly. We therefore respectfully approach H.M. Government to prohibit the sale of all intoxicating liquors during the war at least.

"Your obedient servant,

"ANDREW H. PETTIGREW, Chairman.
"JAMES MAULINGS, General Secretary."

### THE COVENANTERS OF FLOWERY HILL.

THE deeds of the Kumamoto Band are engraved deeply in the history of the Japanese Church. It was forty years ago on January 30 that the students who formed that band signed in their own blood their covenant of allegiance to Christ on the top of historic Flowery Hill. Some of the covenanters have fallen away, but one of the noble group who remained true to the covenant through thick and thin was the Rev. D. Ebina.

On the anniversary of the day in January of this year he was invited back to Kumamoto by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Kumamoto Higher School. Together with 129 students he climbed once more the famous hill, and under the old pine tree held a memorial service. It was under that very tree that Dr. Mott, in 1896, attended a sunrise prayer meeting which marked a new epoch in the life of that Association.

Among the students present this year with Mr. Ebina were a number who inwardly sealed a new covenant. They may never have to meet such bitter opposition as the original band, but we believe that they too will count mightily for the Kingdom in Japan.

Mr. Ebina spent four days in the city. He lived with the students in their cosy hostel, and spoke to audiences of a thousand in the provincial hall and the Government college, and also to the students in the Lutheran High School. A union service of worship was held by four of the churches on Sunday evening. There were over three hundred inquirers enrolled. Kumamoto is noted for the leaders it has produced for both Church and State. Such occasions as this give us reason to expect still more in the future.

### EVEN STRONGER.

A loafer said to a working man: "When I have my beer I feel strong enough to knock a house down." The working man replied: "Through my leaving off beer I have been able to put two houses up."

## THE "ARTHUR BURN MEMORIAL HUT."

**Opening of the Building at Larkhill, Salisbury Plain.**

ON the afternoon of Saturday, April 10, a new Y.M.C.A. building, situated at Hamilton Camp, Larkhill, was opened by Colonel C. Rosdew Burn, M.P., A.D.C. to the King.

This hut, built to the memory of Lieut. Arthur Burn, Royal Dragoons, who was killed in action early in the war, has been given by a member of his family, and will be known as the "Arthur Burn Memorial Hut." It is the largest Y.M.C.A. hut in the Larkhill area, 100 feet by 60 feet, with post office, class room, reading and writing accommodation, and provision for a number of workers.

Standing as it does on the crest of a little hill, in the midst of beautiful, undulating land, commanding a magnificent view of the immense camp known as the "White City," and with soldiers' hutments on almost every side, the building could not have a more favoured position. This is the fourth Y.M.C.A. hut within a radius of two miles, and a fifth is in course of erection, but, so numerous are the troops, and so great their eagerness to use to the best advantage the facilities provided by the Y.M.C.A. in camp, the provision seems to be inadequate.

The ceremony was attended by General Davies, General Officer Commanding the Division, who took the chair, and he was accompanied by Major Martin, A.D.C., a number of officers from the various regiments in camp, Mr. J. J. Virgo, secretary of the London Central Y.M.C.A., Mr. F. J. Fedarb, secretary of the Western Area, and a large number of troops.

General Davies, in introducing the Hon. Colonel Burn, remarked that in no better way could the memory of the gallant young officer be perpetuated than by the erection of a building which would be of so great benefit to the soldiers stationed at Larkhill. From what he had seen during the last few months, he considered the Y.M.C.A. were doing a most useful work among the men of his Majesty's forces, and, whatever else failed, the Y.M.C.A. was always ready.

The Hon. Colonel Burn said he had been asked to open the building as being the most fitting person to do so. He felt that if his son had had any choice as to what he would like for a memorial, it would have been a building in which men who were serving their King and country could meet for rest and recreation. In declaring the building open, the colonel said that he would hope and pray that it would be of the greatest use and comfort to the men quartered there. He knew that the building was in good hands. He could speak personally of the admirable work the Y.M.C.A. had done, not only in this country, but out in France and all over the world. He assured the soldiers that they would always receive a warm welcome, and to him it would always be a pleasure to feel that something such as this building had been raised to the memory of his son.

Capt. Hull, senior Church of England chaplain, then read the dedicatory prayers, after which Mr. J. J. Virgo, on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. National Council, thanked Col. Burn for his presence there that afternoon, assuring him that that splendid building so generously given would be always utilised for the spiritual and material benefit of the soldiers in camp.

A band of the Royal Engineers attended (by kind permission of Colonel Kenyon, O.C.), and gave selections of music, which were greatly appreciated by the large number of soldiers who were present at the ceremony.

An enlarged photograph of Lieut. Burn, as also a tablet suitably inscribed, has been placed in the building.

The singing of the National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close.

Mr. J. W. Moodie and Mr. J. J. Smith, of the Evangelization Society, both of whom are old campaigners, have found men everywhere ready to listen to the old soldier.



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

Our leader at Writtle, Mr. W. G. Umpleby, reports that he receives letters almost daily from men of the Oxford and Bucks L.I., now in the trenches, in remembrance of their stay in that quiet Essex spot.

***

An earnest Christian worker in London has a son who enlisted last August. He was a declared agnostic. The father has just received a note telling of the boys' conversion in a Y.M.C.A. hut, and of his confirmation at the hands of the Bishop of London.

***

Another worker received the following letter :—"I wish to ask you if you could do me a favour in getting to know about my parents. I have a mother about eighty years of age, and six brothers and one sister. I am the black sheep of the flock. That is why I think they will not write to me. I have written four or five letters to them, but have had no answer. It is a long time since I saw or heard anything of them. If you could do anything for me I thank you with all my heart. I trust you for what I have seen of you; you have been a gentleman all through, Mr. ——. While you were speaking to-night it touched me very much when you mentioned about friends and parents. Sometimes I think I have not a friend in the world, and get low-spirited and miserable. If there is anything you can do for me in any other way in changing my life I am willing to let you, whatever way it may be, for I am lost in this world." The worker reports that in the end the man's mother wrote a letter full of love and forgiveness, and his brother sent telling him that there was an open door for him whenever he could come home.

***

Captain John Ward, M.P., was present and gave an admirable address at the opening of the hut for the new Pioneer Battalion at Alexandra Park. Thirty years ago John Ward was a British soldier leaving the service. Since then he has been a navvy, ganger, trade union secretary, and M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent. He is one of Nature's gentlemen, a British giant physically, and carries the dignity of his captaincy with the easy grace which marks the strong man. He is a most impressive speaker, and his men cheered him to the echo. This hut is the gift of the Sons of Temperance Friendly Society, and the Most Worthy Patriarch, Mr. T. W. Huntley, handed over the cheque for £300 at the ceremony. The Mayor of Hornsey was present, and declared the hut open. The "Sons" will staff and run the hut, and Mr. J. M. McIntyre, of their organising staff, will be the leader.

***

The fire which took place in the splendid building of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Association was disastrous in the extreme. It is expected that at least three months will elapse before the work can be rehoused in the building. The upper storey has been practically gutted, and this comprised a corridor in which was situated the gymnasium (where the fire originated), the photographic studio of Mr. Stuart, and other rooms belonging to the Association. One side of the roof covering this part of the premises was stripped, and only a few portions of the gymnasium have escaped the flames. Though the brigade, which battled with the flames for some hours, succeeded in confining the outbreak to the one storey, and thereby saved a handsome pile from destruction, the amount of loss by water must be enormous. Streams of water ran through every floor of the building, and the walls were saturated and in many parts bulging. The Connaught Hall, one of the finest rooms, was flooded, and the upholstery and fittings destroyed. Five billiard tables were saturated and standing in water, and there was similar damage in the reading and other rooms, of which there were about a dozen in the Y.M.C.A. The débris from the top of the building had to be shot down into the main basement, and the water swilled down the lift shafts, a number of firemen and casual workmen being engaged throughout the day in this work. The committee of the Newcastle Chess Club have placed their rooms at the Association's disposal. Mr. Henry Armstrong will make adequate temporary arrangements.

***

Our suggestion that Billy Sunday would be seen in England threatens to develop into actual fact quickly. Mr. Harry Randall, head of the great movement for prohibition which is being directed by commercial men just now, has invited him to come across and have an anti-drink campaign. There is more than a possibility that the proposal will materialise before the summer is over.

***

Lord Dartmouth, presiding at a meeting of the Lord-Lieutenant's Fund Committee at Stafford, in dealing with the allocation of available funds, said he would suggest that instead of acting in competition with a body which had had large experience of such things, and had done splendid work, that they should concentrate what they could afford on the Y.M.C.A. This movement had had experience all over the country and was doing a good work, and they could not hope to do so well themselves, not having so much experience. So he suggested, in order to avoid calling meetings continually, that within these limits he should be allowed, when demands came in, to administer the funds. If the committee would prefer to be called together, he would be pleased to do it, but judging from the small attendance at that meeting, the subscribers appeared to have full confidence in those who started the undertaking. He would, therefore, move the following resolution :—"That when amounts are allocated to any particular object or locality, such amounts should be retained by the committee for such objects or localities until applied for, and that when applied for, then there be added such additional sum from the amount at the general disposal of the committee as may, in the particular instance, be considered advisable. That the future objects to which grants from the general fund shall be contributed shall include, *inter alia*, the Y.M.C.A. and the Royal Patriotic Fund, and other objects, and that all such grants to be made out of such general fund be made on the authority of the Lord-Lieutenant, and reported to the committee in due course." The resolution was carried.



The long and the short of it: Lieutenant Duncan Skinner and Bugler Brown, of the 5th Reserve Gordons.

***

A group of local ladies organised a bazaar at Normanton on behalf of the work of the Y.M.C.A. huts in Dieppe. The splendid sum of £104 resulted.

***

Mr. Gerard, American Ambassador in Berlin, performed the opening ceremony of a Y.M.C.A. at the prison in Goelligen prison camp. The Spanish Ambassador was also present. Britishers detained in Germany will recognise the sign of the red triangle, and value more than ever the opportunities for social recreation and spiritual fellowship which the Association gives.

***

The new hut in the Euston-road, London, for the use of men going through the metropolis, was opened during the week. The building is unique in that cubicles for sleeping are provided, and nearly fifty men can be accommodated. It will never be shut night or day.

***

At one of our centres in Northern France, where Mr. Rudolph Consterdine is working, a garden is being made out of a piece of waste ground, with flower and vegetable beds, a rockery, and a carriage(?)-drive. The men are greatly interested in doing the work. Two old barns hard by have been transformed into a motor garage and a cinematograph theatre respectively. The hut is under the shadow of "The Old Chateau," known by all readers of Baroness Orczy's "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

***

The following description appeared in a recent issue of the *Halifax Weekly Courier* :—"I had the pleasure of witnessing one of the finest testimonials it would be possible to give the Y.M.C.A. At the station about 200 soldiers from the depot were leaving. There was much enthusiasm among the men, for were they not getting nearer the great event? The Y.M.C.A. secretary was there to see the 'boys' off, and as I saw the eager hands pushed out of the carriage windows, just to get 'one more shake before we go,' and as I heard the three cheers given many times over for the Y.M.C.A., and yet again for the one who was seeing them off, and who, I believe, would willingly have gone with them, I thought Halifax should feel proud it is supporting the Y.M.C.A. I felt drawn to this scene, and listened to what the men were saying: 'Give us your hand, mister; you've helped to keep me straight.' 'I wonder if we'll get such jolly sing-songs where we are going as we have had here.' 'We will write you wherever we go, and even in the glory of marching into Berlin we won't forget the first jolly Y.M.C.A. we had the pleasure of using.' 'If there isn't one where we are going, will you come?' The questions were overwhelming, and yet I would dearly have liked to be in the place of the Y.M.C.A. secretary. Then a green flag waved, and the train began to move. 'Let's give 'em one more, boys,' shouted a recruit, and again such a shout came from those men that I shall never forget. I only wish all helpers and subscribers could have seen what I saw. They would have felt the richer for what they were giving to such an institution."

## SOLDIERS SIGNING THE PLEDGE IN A Y.M.C.A. HUT.



Mr. Tennyson Smith, the well-known temperance lecturer, has just concluded a successful evangelistic and temperance campaign among the soldiers under training in the Plymouth district. In the above illustration he is seen with some of the men who have just signed their cards in the Y.M.C.A. hut at Fort Efford.

The party that went to Invergordon the other day to open a Y.M.C.A. hut had an exciting experience on the way. A motor-car with some of the party ran into a car with other friends, and two or three nasty wounds were inflicted. One of the cars had a considerable amount of damage. Undeterred, however, by the accident, the occupants of the cars made their way "somehow or other," and fairly comfortably, to Invergordon.

***

A chaplain with the Expeditionary Force writes:—"My job is to look after the divisional troops; that is to say, batteries, ammunition columns, cavalry, cyclists, and engineers. They are scattered over a large area, and so I have to do genuine ecclesiastical scouting. You find a battery one day, and then they do a "moonlight flit," and no one knows where they have gone, so I am trying to organise my "parish" into patrols in order that I may get round the whole of it in the six week-days. But it takes some doing."

***

One of the Surrey Yeomanry made interesting allusions to the Bishop of London's visit to the front in a letter home. "Being a day after Good Friday, the Bishop took for his text an appropriate verse from the Bible, and weaved round it some true stories of what our men in the trenches suffer, and compared them with the sufferings of our Lord on the Cross, and what He went through to save the world from sin. . . . He compared these fighting men who went to the trenches, and there lost many of their comrades in death, whom they buried in little narrow trenches, to the death of our Lord, who was crucified and buried with full hope of a resurrection."

### "ONE FOUR ONE."

The British Boy Scouts say often on parting from one another, "One four one." The origin of this is pathetic. A Boy Scout was dying in the hospital. Too weak to talk to the Scoutmaster who sat by his bedside, the lad said again and again, "One four one." After the boy had passed away, the Scoutmaster discovered that the hymn numbered 141 was "God be with you till we meet again."

### GENERAL GORDON'S MEDAL.

When the British Government sought to reward General Gordon for his services in China, he declined all money and titles, but accepted a gold medal on which his name and a record of his thirty-three engagements were inscribed.

After his death the medal could not be found. At last it was learned that he had sent it to Manchester during a famine, with the request that it be melted to buy bread for the famished poor. In his diary that day he had written these words: "The last and only thing I have in this world that I value I have given over to the Lord Jesus Christ."

### WINNERS OF THE "Y.M." WATCH.

FOR their kind services in aiding the circulation of *Y.M.* during campaign week—April 9-15—a handsome watch has been sent to each of the following camp leaders and workers:—Mr. Forrest, Nottingham; Mr. H. A. Dennis, Colchester; Mr. J. McDonald, Cowdenbeath; Mr. Llewellyn Stimpson, Alnwick; Mr. U. G. Mates, Falmouth; Mr. D. McIntosh, Shorncliffe; Mr. A. S. Copson, Fargate, Sheffield; Mr. G. Johnson, Crowborough; Mr. J. W. Scholefield, Waterdale, Doncaster; Mr. S. Vivian, Y.M.C.A., Danbury; The Leader, Bovington Camp; Mr. G. W. Thomas, Pembroke Dock; Mr. H. Lyne, Grantham; W. Young, Paisley; Mr. A. J. Green, White City; Mr. J. Daldy, Naval Institute, Harwich; the Secretary Y.M.C.A., Southport; Mr. S. A. Buxton, St. Albans; Mr. F. S. Higman, Cardiff; Mr. W. T. Wilson, Aldershot; Mr. W. Umpleby, Writtle Hut, Chelmsford; Mr. Johnson, Y.M.C.A., Wareham; Mr. Alan S. Milner, Knowsley Park, Prescot; Mr. S. Donnithorne, Upper Warlingham; Mr. J. W. Parry, Pendennis, Falmouth; Mr. A. Booth, Matlock; Mr. Shields, Maidstone; Mr. A. G. Cook, Windsor; Mr. H. J. Lane, Golf Links, Falmouth; Mr. John H. Lloyd, Charlton Park, S.E.; Mr. W. T. Oliver, Leamington; Mr. A. C. Perkins, Portsmouth; Mr. J. R. Powell, Reigate; Mr. D. G. Gunn, Blandford; Mr. A. Raper Smith, Devonport; Mr. W. H. Foster, Bath; Mr. J. Smurthwaite, Richmond, Yorks; Mr. W. Hilton, Purfleet; Mr. F. Ingram Smith, Rendlesham; Mr. R. W. Kennett, Watford; Mr. R. McClements, Ballyshannon; Mr. A. Power, Weston-super-Mare; Miss Ellen Swainson, Kinsale.

The popularity of Clark's Optimus Coffee Extracts is the best tribute to its value. But it is not by any means the only tribute. The Optimus Coffee Extracts, besides receiving many awards, including gold and silver medals, have obtained six times from the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, an award for purity and excellence. This award has never been conferred upon any other coffee extract. Optimus Coffee Extracts also obtained more than once another unique honour, the highest award obtainable from the London Cookery and Food Association. It is claimed for the Optimus Coffee Extracts that they are the *best* and *cheapest* on the market, and in spite of abnormal increases in the cost of all raw material, &c., the price of Optimus Coffee Extracts has not been advanced. The announcement in our advertisement columns should be carefully read.

## ENJOYING THE COMFORTS PROVIDED BY THE Y.M.C.A.



The scene here depicted is typical of what may be witnessed every evening in the huts of the Association—soldiers enjoying rest and entertainment after the strenuous duties of the day.



*Our Short Story.*

# THE WASTREL.

*And How the Chance to "Make Good" was Accepted at the Cost of Life Itself.*

By M. L. PARRY.

"SO that's your last word, eh, Sue? You won't have me. I'm a wastrel—a no-good—and Jack Hartley is a fine young fellow worthy of you, and he'll get you and be happy. T'aint my fault I've been a waster, I've never had a chance, never will have none, I reckon," and the speaker, a thin, weak-eyed specimen of humanity, laughed bitterly.

"Don't, Jim," said the girl at his side, a pretty, fair-headed country lass with the softest grey eyes imaginable. "You know why I can't marry you. "I"—here the grey eyes grew softer still—"I love Jack, you see. But listen—I like you, and if you will turn over a new leaf and prove yourself worth something, I will always be your friend."

"I can't," returned Jim, miserably. "If you had given me a little hope, maybe I'd have been a better chap, but it's too late now."

"It's never too late, Jim," cried the girl, her grey eyes flashing. "If I were you *I'd be ashamed to whine* like that because a girl won't have you. *Do* something, prove yourself a man among men, then I'd be proud to call you friend." Sullivan flushed a dull red, then drew his slouching form up proudly.

"I *will*, Sue," he murmured in a half-choked voice, "I *will* prove myself some good yet—if you'll only believe in me," he added, wistfully.

"I do," she replied simply.

Jim Sullivan took her hand, "Bless you," he muttered. "Good-bye," and with one last look at the pretty young face, he turned on his heel and walked away with head erect and a firmer step than had been his for many a day.

* * * *

The vast crowd outside the recruiting office surged impatiently against the big doors, each man fighting to be the first to offer himself for his country's service. A motley collection of men were gathered there—weak-chested anæmic city clerks, hale red-faced country lads, clean young sportsmen, and seedy out-at-elbows city loafers—a strange medley indeed, but all animated by a burning desire to do something for their king and country and "to have a go at that Kaiser chap."

Among the most eager applicants was a shabby individual whose acquaintance we have already made. Jim Sullivan had decided to enlist as a soldier, thinking that the best and most practical way of showing Sue Armstrong that he was worth believing in. When his turn came to stand before the medical officer, it seemed likely that he would be rejected on account of his seedy appearance. "Well, you don't look up to much, certainly," said the examining officer, thoughtfully, as he inspected Sullivan's far from imposing physique.

"I don't look much," exclaimed Jim, eagerly. "But there ain't nothing really wrong with me."

After some hesitation the medical officer passed him as fit for service, and in a few hours' time he became one of the 99th Royal (Territorial) Fusiliers. Then followed endless drill and parading for a month or two, which certainly did not seem to call for particular patriotism; but Jim Sullivan stuck to his work grimly and did his best, little knowing that each day of clean, strenuous routine removed him a little further from his old useless self, and helped to make a man of him. One cross—a heavy one, indeed, Jim had to bear in his new life, and that was the presence of Jack Hartley in his company, the man who was his successful rival in the affections of Miss Susan Armstrong; it maddened him to see the man who had won the girl *he* loved, day after day, and compare Hartley's fine figure and magnificent strength with his own insignificant physique. At times he felt he hated the man almost as much as he did the Germans—*that* was when he saw Hartley with *her* portrait in his hands, or reading a letter from her. Why, he thought fiercely, why should one man have everything and another nothing at all?

The terrible struggle that was convulsing Europe had demanded a heavy toll of Britain's sons, and the casualty lists in the papers grew longer and longer. To meet the need of reinforcements from home, large numbers of Territorial troops were despatched to the front, and among them went the 99th Fusiliers, which had, to a man, volunteered for active service. Now had come the testing-time for those ardent young spirits who had joined the flag so readily, and now had come the chance of a life to such as Jim Sullivan.

The tedious embarkation and landing in France were effected at last, the long, forced marches over for a time, and the British troops had arrived at their destination—the fighting zone, *somewhere* in France. On the eve of their first engagement with the enemy the 99th Royal (Territorial) Fusiliers spent a merry time in camp; they laughed and sang songs, and made jokes, as though no terrible death awaited some, at least, on the morrow. By ten o'clock next morning the whole of the British force was in action, and the young recruits of the 99th were undergoing their baptism of fire. Private Jim Sullivan was not a hero, and it must be confessed that a sort of panic seized him when he heard the zip of the German bullets, and saw men fling up their arms and fall in strange, limp postures as the dread messengers of death found their mark. His skin went cold and clammy, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, while an almost irresistible desire to run away seized him; but he managed to overcome the feeling manfully, and soon the panic passed off and he entered into the fight with a sort of savage eagerness. Opposed by a far superior force, the British were at length compelled to beat a hasty retreat across a piece of flat ground raked by the German guns. It was a nerve-racking ordeal, but fortunately a short one; men fell right and left, mown down by the heavy artillery fire, and were crushed underfoot by the onrush of their comrades. Private Sullivan was swept along with the rest; he did not think, he simply stumbled on blindly.

Presently a sickening throb of pain darted through his left arm, and he reeled for a moment, then staggered on until he reached the cover they were making for. Faint and exhausted, Sullivan sank to the ground, and watched the remainder of his section come on. They had almost gained the welcome shelter when one of the foremost men flung up his arms and fell—but not before Sullivan had recognised Jack Hartley, his rival. The wounded man's companions pressed on, urged to greater speed by the boom of the German guns behind. Sullivan sat up, giving vent to a sort of groan. Sue, poor little Sue, it was her lover who was down—what would she do? Then, looking up, he saw that poor Hartley was still alive, and was struggling to sit up. Most of his comrades had swept by, and the wounded man was left lying on the ground, at the mercy of the German shells, which were tearing up the earth in all directions. Like a lightning flash a thought burnt itself into Sullivan's brain. Here was a chance to show what he was made of, something seemed to tell him. "Save that man—you hate him—but he's Sue's lover, you're a wastrel; your death won't matter to anyone—but save *him* for Sue's sake," spoke a voice in his heart.

After a few minutes' hesitation Sullivan sprang to his feet, burst from the cover, and ran through the hail of German bullets towards the injured man, reaching his side just as Jack fell back unconscious. With great difficulty Sullivan seized hold of the prostrate form, and in spite of his little size and the wound in his arm managed to drag him along towards safety, very slowly and with infinite pains. He struggled on gallantly, and had almost reached his goal when a bullet struck him. He reeled, stumbled on for a second, and then, within a yard of his comrades, fell heavily to earth without a groan. Willing hands dragged the two men under cover, and a surgeon hurried forward to render first aid. Hartley was discovered not to be very seriously injured, but Sullivan was dead. He had "made good"; in death if not in life he had proved himself a hero.

## HEALTH.

**What it is, How to Acquire and How to Maintain it.**

V.

**The Law of Depuration, or Purification of the Blood.**

THIS is also a most important law, and Nature has taken elaborate pains to ensure the elimination of poisons from the body. Purity of blood is essential for good health, for the purer this great life-giving stream is the better will the body be built. Income and expenditure are always going on in the body, and we have to see that the income is rather more than the expenditure, and that there is a balance in the bank, so to speak. Energy is always being manufactured, and it is dissipated in various ways. In good health there is always a reserve to draw upon; in bad health the reserve is gone, and bankruptcy is in sight. In manufacturing this energy food plays a great part. After all the nutriment is extracted from it, there remains the waste, and this must be got rid of or a poisoned condition will result. For this elimination of waste material various methods have been arranged. Every time we breathe out, we exhale carbon dioxide, a poisonous gas, the result of the union of carbon and oxygen, and the slow-burning process that goes on in the tissues. The more deeply we breathe, the more $CO_2$ we exhale, and the more oxygen we take in. In an adult 8½ lbs. of poisonous waste material have to be got rid of daily. Think of it! The lungs throw off nearly a pint of poison in the form of steam; the skin should get rid of one quart in perspiration. The kidneys filter out another quart or more, and the bowels about ½ lb. of solid matter. When all these organs are working properly, the waste material is disposed of, provided sufficient exercise be taken. But in most people some of this poison is left in the system, with the result that gout, rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, and cancer make their unpleasant presence felt. Therefore means must be taken to get rid of this poison completely if we are to be really healthy. Exercise is one of the best means, for that helps the skin to throw off poison by perspiring. Walking or cycling are both admirable forms of exercise. Physical exercises of a light kind should be indulged in after the morning bath, and these should be done without such adventitious aids as dumb-bells, clubs, &c.

There is no greater mistake made than to lift heavy weights, which often lead to serious strain. The will is a far better friend, and will give all the hardness wanted for the muscles, if it be properly employed, and without strain.

The sun is a great life-giver—always walk on the sunny side of the way, except in the rare cases when it would be dangerous to do so. Breathing in sunlight is far better than breathing in shade. Microbes—especially the bacillus of consumption—cannot endure it.

A Turkish bath occasionally is a great aid to health, provided the heart is strong enough to stand it. In the trenches it will have been noticed how the soldiers long for a hot bath. Their skin gets choked with poisonous matter, as there is no chance of cleansing it, and the relief afforded by a really hot bath is simply incalculable. It were wise, then, to pay great attention to this law of purification. Cleanliness *is* next to godliness; and care of the body in this respect will save untold suffering. With an intelligent appreciation of these three laws, bodily health can be maintained—always provided that there is mental health—to which I will devote the next article.

J. W. WILLIAMS.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### OUR RESERVES.

WHEN the military strength of any country is tabulated, the forces are divided into regulars, or effectives, so many thousands, and reserves so many thousands. I do not know what the proportion between these ought to be. Something depends, I suppose, upon the country in question. But this I know, that in the case of that interesting country which is ourselves, the land of you and the land of me, our reserves enormously outnumber the forces in regular commission. We have all vastly more reserves than we ever call out.

Reserves of strength, for example. On the ordinary levels of everyday life men live and work quite ignorant of the wonderful things, even in a physical sense, of which they are capable. A crisis sometimes calls out and reveals these hidden powers. An athlete, doing his best, can jump so far on the flat. But if he were running for his life, with death close at his heels, he would add to his former best a good few inches, as the historic leaps all over the country attest. To save her child who is in some danger a frail little woman will accomplish a feat of mere muscular strength or endurance which might very well abash a strong man. Some of us speak feebly of being "dead tired," when the real truth is that we have not nearly reached the limit of our strength; and should something happen sufficiently exciting, it is surprising what reserves of energy and effort the dead-tired person discovers in himself. It's a useful and a healthy thing to keep that in mind.

But of more importance are our reserves of capacity, our hidden talents, our uncultivated estates. Everybody knows that an iceberg, huge as it may seem towering out of the ocean, has nine-tenths of its bulk always under water. And when one reflects on all that he attains to in any direction, compared with the capacities latent in him, he may well call himself an iceberg, for only a small fraction of him ever appears.

Compare your fingers, in point of skill and dexterity, with Paderewski's or an expert typist's or a watchmaker's. These reserves of skill and flexibility are in nearly every finger, and have been brought out in the cases just cited simply by practice and training. The capacity is there in all of us, but the rest of us never call upon it. And so with all our powers of body and mind. We have cultivated a little bit of our estate here and there—but only a little bit. Round our poor attainment lie almost limitless possibilities quite untouched.

One cannot expect full development all round, of course. And if you are using your talents to the full in some line of your own, you need not worry, because you can easily think of numberless other directions in which your land lies fallow.

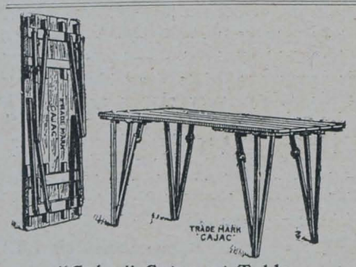
But there is one sphere in which this fact of unused capacity is of the utmost importance for all of us, the realm of spiritual living and efficiency. How little of God we have let in to the little island of our life, encompassed as it is by the infinite sea of His Spirit! How feeble are our efforts to conform our actions to the ideal of Jesus! And as for the kingdom of our thoughts, how far does His authority there extend even in the best of us? How little we know of the prayer-life, compared with some of the notable saints and husbandmen of the Spirit—ordinary men like ourselves. There are helps to Christian living we have never tried, talents for the service of Christ and each other which are rotting in the ground. Oh, the undeveloped possibilities of spiritual living in us all!

It would be counted a shameful thing if a State went through a long campaign and were defeated, with many times more men held in reserve than on active service. If some of us fail, shall that not be our shame too? The years are running on, and we are growing older. It is time we made larger and more earnest call upon our reserves.

---

As the devil beat man first with his own rib, so he continues to do us the worst mischief with our own flesh. The fire of our lusts belongs to us, but the flame is commonly the devil's, because his temptations are the bellows that blow it up.


**EMERGENCY FOLDING FURNITURE** OF BEST BRITISH MAKE.




"Cajac" Caterers' Table.

Handiest for
CAMPS, INSTITUTIONS, MISSION HALLS.
*CLOSE FOLDING, VERY RIGID. VERY STRONG.*

**The "CAJAC" Tables are Unequalled for Excellence :: of Manufacture, Strength and Convenience. ::**

*Stocked in Six Sizes.* *Write for Prices.*

Also FORMS, CHAIRS, TRESTLES (for loose table tops), in great variety.
Illustrated List on application.

Works cover 2½ acres. Fitted with the most up-to-date machinery obtainable.

**ALLAN JONES & CO.,** Hatherley Works, **GLOUCESTER.** *Telegrams: "Lattistep, Gloucester." Nat. Telephone: No. 55 Gloucester.*





# COFFEE for CAMPS

Coffee made by our process is better, cheaper, and more popular than that made by any other method.

Our process makes it almost as simple as using essence and yet gives more than double the quantity of coffee of a much pleasanter flavour.

**SAMPLE TIN with 1-lb. of Coffee and full directions sent post free for 1s. 2d.**

**HACKFORTH,**
*Gold Medal Coffee Specialist,*
**15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.**

***Depots: London, Goole, Stockton-on-Tees.***



## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**
**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."


## Board.


**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**PARTIAL** or late dinners, for Gentlemen, in a comfortable home. Long references. Very Moderate terms; 3 minutes from Belsize Tube.—11, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.W. W42

**CANONBURY, N.** 8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road. Comfortable home for young fellow. Substantial breakfasts. Full board Sundays, 10/6. W 2


## Situations Vacant.


**DRAPER** (Soft Furnishing Department).—Smart Junior young Man wanted as Salesman. Permanency.—Clifford Evans and Co., High Street and Market Place, Acton, London, W.

**FURNITURE AND CARPETS.**—Improver or Junior Salesman wanted for good-class Country trade. Live in.—Photo and full particulars to Carrick and Coles, Upholsterers, Uxbridge.


## Miscellaneous.


**LADS.**—To those working among lads, a friend will gladly send as many copies of a helpful "Letter to Lads" as they can distribute. Requests by post only to "J. S.," 3, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

**Price 6d. Net, post free, 7d.**

**BRITAIN AT WAR THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.**

**BY**

**The Rev. LEN G. BROUGHTON, D.D.**

Containing four remarkable sermons preached by Dr. Broughton, at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and calling forth an extraordinary demonstration of popular enthusiasm.

**Sold by all Booksellers Everywhere.**

**MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., PUBLISHERS,**
**47, Paternoster Row, E.C.; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; and 124, East 28th Street, New York.**

**If you are Training in Camp,**

ASK FOR

**JACOB & CO.'S**

**1d. GINGERBREAD CAKES,**

**1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,**

**TIPPERARY BISCUITS**
(A very popular, rich, sweet variety),

**1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS,**

AND

**1d. CHOCOLATE TABLETS.**

You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

**CAMP LEADERS**
should note that

**SUN COFFEE**

**is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.**

*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*

**QUALITY RIGHT.** —— **PRICE RIGHT.**

*Write for terms to*
**ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,**
**19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.**
ESTABLISHED 1812.

**ORGANS £4 17 6 ORGANS**

The Finest Organ for the Home, the Mission Hall or Small Church.

**£7 8 6 THE UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN. £8 9 6**

Full Illustrated Lists free on application.
INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.

*Sole Agents for Great Britain:*
**Marshall Brothers, Limited - - - 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.**

**ORGANS £10 12 6 ORGANS**

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

**Saturday, 24th.**—Prov. x. 9-22. "*The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it*" (verse 22). One temptation of youth is to think that in order to secure God's blessing it is necessary to submit to conditions which are cold and uninviting. It is well to remember that the Christ who was with His Father at the planning out of boyhood and who later Himself became a boy cannot have made a mistake. It is only the days submitted to God for His blessing to which later manhood will be able to look back without regret.

**Sunday, 25th.**—Prov. xi. 17-31. "*To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward*" (verse 18). Sowing and reaping are inseparably connected. The farmer reaps the sort of grain which he sows. No one ever saw a crop of wheat springing from the sowing of oats. The same law holds good in the matter of right and wrong. The old saying never changes: "Sow a thought and reap an act, sow an act and reap a habit, sow a habit and reap a character, sow a character and reap an eternity."

**Monday, 26th.**—Prov. xiv. 1-18. "*There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death*" (verse 12). When a man wants to reach a particular destination he takes pains to ensure the right road by studying sign-posts, maps, and guides. The mere pleasantness of the prospect at starting does not content him. Yet how many vital choices in life are made on the ground only of immediate pleasure or profit? The Bible must be our map and Christ our way, or else we are certainly upon the road described above.

**Tuesday, 27th.**—Prov. xiv. 19-35. "*Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people*" (verse 34). What is true of the individual is true of the nation. Any action that is false or unjust must in the end reap loss. True patriotism consists in first going to God for His guidance, and then in seeking to apply His rule of life to all our dealings with others. The bits of the nation which a boy can at once serve in this respect are his home, his school, his circle of companions. By his conduct he is either building up or pulling down the nation.

**Wednesday, 28th.**—Prov. xv. 1-17. "*A soft answer turneth away wrath*" (verse 1). Probably some of the finest victories in human history have been won in this way. It is easy enough to rap out a sharp expression calculated to wound; it often demands splendid courage and control to withhold that smart retort and replace it with a friendly word, or perhaps a kindly silence. Peter could slash off an enemy's ear; it required a Christ to heal it.

**Thursday, 29th.**—Prov. xv. 18-33. "*He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house*" (verse 27). Greediness is a habit which, beginning in quite small matters, becomes the controlling passion of a whole life. It begins by always trying to get the larger share, if not the whole. It fails to care that someone else has to go short, possibly a brother or sister. It thus poisons home affection. How different to Christ, who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

**Friday, 30th.**—Prov. xvi. 1-16. "*When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him*" (verse 7). A story comes from the front about four British soldiers who were cut off and who took refuge in an empty house in the town which the enemy was pillaging. They expected no quarter if found. In their extremity they looked up to God, and in low tones they sang Ps. xxiii.; then read and prayed together. As they repeated the Lord's Prayer loud steps ascended the stairs, the door opened, and they were conscious of the presence of a German soldier. They continued their prayer; the German soldier's heels clicked together as he reverently drew himself up at "attention"; then, softly shutting the door, he retraced his steps. That night the four escaped from the town, and found their way to their own lines in safety.

### IN ISOLATED ST. ANTHONY.

**Opening of Largest Y.M.C.A. Hut in the West of England.**

"WHAT a pity the hut wasn't opened six months ago!"

Such was the exclamation overheard on the boat which carried us across the lovely Falmouth Harbour. The speaker was a fond mother who had just been over to St. Anthony to the opening of the Y.M.C.A. hut, and—to say a loving farewell to her boy in the West Yorks, who must soon be leaving for the front.

She voiced the feelings of many on that return journey. Easter Monday was a glorious day, and gave us no intimation of the dreary loneliness that has been the sad characteristic of isolated St. Anthony.

But now St. Anthony is the proud possessor of the largest hut in the West of England. This magnificent building, capable of accommodating well over a thousand, and costing some £940, crowns the summit of the Camp Hill, and commands a noble view of the harbour and sea, from Trefusis Point on the right to Dooman Head on the left.

The opening ceremony was gracefully performed by the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, who, like her brother, Lord Radstock, has done such magnificent work of self-sacrifice among the troops. She was supported by Colonel Tottie, Chaplain Roberts, Mr. Savage, the divisional secretary, and Mr. Mates, the local secretary.

The gallant colonel spoke in glowing terms of the value of the Y.M.C.A. work to the troops; he regretted the absence of the Mayor of Falmouth, who had done so much to help in the organisation of the local funds, and warmly thanked the Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Gerrans, who had so faithfully served them during the winter months.

Mr. Mates made a capital report, stating that £760 out of the £940 had already been received. The divisional secretary supplemented Mr. Mates' outline of Y.M.C.A. policy, boldly refused to apologise for the religious element in their work, and very tactfully cited that the most popular and beloved officer at Crown Hill was often a speaker at the Y.M.CA. meetings. The officers present appreciated the hint, and will no doubt be active supporters of the good work.

Refreshments were served, and in the evening a splendid concert was given. Thus, under very happy circumstances, this commodious tent commences its useful work.

How great the need has been, and is, at St. Anthony will be appreciated when one remembers that the nearest village is five miles away. Here during the wretched weather of this winter nearly 10,000 troops have been stationed. Many of these men have come from the crowded cities of our West Yorkshire Riding, and so they will warmly appreciate the homeliness and shelter afforded by the Y.M.C.A. hut.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND,
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M." by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*



**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6** and **12/6** ,,
All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**





THE

# "Y.M.C.A. with the Flag"

## BOOKLETS.

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. KITCHENER'S CALL TO ARMS.
2. BRAVO! "HIGHFLYER"!
3. THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.
4. THE CHESSBOARD OF EUROPE.
5. A STRATEGIC RETREAT.
6. HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
7. THE SUBMARINE.
8. THE FOOTBALL FIELD OF EUROPE.
9. "S.O.S."
10. THE SIEGE OF LIFE.
11. "THE V.C."
12. DAYDREAMS.
13. THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.
14. KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING!
15. BEASTS OF PREY.
16. CHRISTMAS.
17. THE KICK-OFF.
18. WANTED, MEN.
19. GOAL!
20. LIFE'S RAILWAY.
21. THE DESPATCH RIDER.
22. THE TERROR BY NIGHT.
23. SWIMMING.
24. THE FALKLANDS FIGHT.
25. THE BRITISH AIR RAID.
26. THE SPIDER'S WEB.
27. SELF-CONTROL.
28. THE MOUTH OF HELL.
29. COMRADES.
30. VICTORY.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d. enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* ***2,000*** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send for a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).



Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London, 99, George Street, Edinburgh, 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations Incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C



# CHRISTIAN MANHOOD.

**Everyone desirous of improving the spiritual, mental and physical manhood of his community will be deeply interested in these books.**

**They give the principles and inspiration of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the methods which have made its work such a power for righteousness.**

**Association workers in particular should possess these volumes. They solve problems and increase results.**

### History of the North American Young Men's Christian Association.

RICHARD C. MORSE, *General Secretary of the International Committee Y. M. C. A. for over forty years.*

Illustrated Cloth 4/-

"As a ready compendium of facts about one of the greatest branches of current religious work, it is an important book for any broad-minded Christian to have at hand."—*The Continent.*

"A masterly and fascinating book. It sets forth in admirable manner the Association in North America and throughout the world. It not only gives historical facts, but also the origin and development of the movement, and is of great and lasting value to all who are engaged in Association work."—*Monthly News Circular*, World's Committee of Y.M.C.A.'s.

### Life of Robert R. McBurney.

L. L. DOGGETT, *Ph.D. President, the International Young Men's Christian Association College.*

Illustrated Cloth 4/-

The life and work of Robert R. McBurney form a wonderful chapter in Association history. Born in Ulster of Scotch-Irish stock he possessed the qualities of mind and heart necessary for the great service he rendered in solidly laying the foundations of the Association movement in North America—an organisation whose membership has reached the 600,000 mark, and whose material equipment of over £16,000,000 is only justified by the spiritual results attained by consistently following the program laid down by Mr. McBurney. The life of this great leader should be read by every Association worker.

### Principles and Methods of Religious Work for Men and Boys.

*Edited by* F. S. GOODMAN, *Secretary, Religious Work Department International Committee.*

Good Cloth Binding 3/-

Constant prayer, study and experimenting have been the price of making the Association successful in winning men and boys to the Christian life. This book is the result of a conference of eighty leaders in this work. It gives the methods that have enrolled 120,000 men in Bible classes, developed religious meetings in shops, Association buildings and elsewhere until the yearly attendance exceeds three and one-half million men and boys, and built up Christian character until communities have been transformed by its power. As a summary of problem-tested methods this book is an essential part of a Secretary's equipment.

### Association Educational Work.

*Edited by* GEORGE B. HODGE, *Secretary, Educational Department International Committee.*

Illustrated Cloth 4/-

There was a time when educational work was supposed to be outside the program of the Association; it is now one of its greatest means of usefulness. The department has become the working man's university. In 1892 the educational classes of the North American Associations had 415 paid teachers, 10,000 students; in 1913 there were 2,646 paid teachers, 72,842 students. Mr. Hodge gives the method used in this development, and much other valuable information.

"The best collection of educational material I know. The adaptation of the book to different classes in the community is admirable."—J. W. JENKS, PH.D., LL.D., *New York University.*

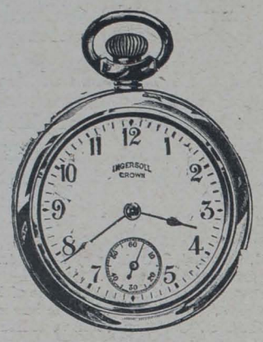
### Physical Education.

*Published under the direction of the* PHYSICAL DIRECTORS' SOCIETY *of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America.*

Good Cloth Binding 4/-

The organization, working methods, and objective of the physical work of the Association have been developed by able leaders along lines that have resulted in the sane, scientific building up of the physical side of the all-round man. This volume is a brief history of the department, and a manual of the methods which have attracted nearly 300,000 men and boys to systematic exercise under the guidance of trained leaders, and benefited 300,000 more by a far-reaching extension movement. A volume of enlightening suggestion to those interested in Association physical work

**MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., Publishers, LONDON, EDINBURGH & NEW YORK**



CROWN **5/-**

The leader of the Ingersoll series, and the lowest-priced reliable pocket timekeeper made.

# War Watches!

—or watches that will stand up to their work in the Trenches—work in the Factory—work in the Navy—work anywhere, and always prove absolutely dependable.

No matter if your choice be an

*Ingersoll*

## 5/- Watch

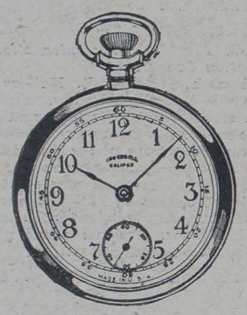
—an elegant thin model "Junior" 8/6 Watch—or one of the beautifully finished "Sterling" Silver Wristlets at 18/6—you get a wonderfully accurate timekeeper, guaranteed to stand real hard usage.

For all military purposes the best watches are the luminous dialled Ingersolls, which tell the correct time by day or by night. Thousands are in daily use by Officers and Soldiers on active service and in training.



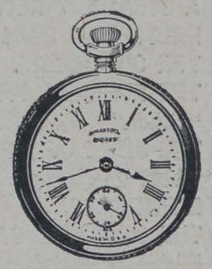
CROWN RADIOLITE **7/6**

With an Ingersol Radiolite Watch you can tell the correct time as well by night as by day, the luminous points and hands standing out brilliantly in the dark.



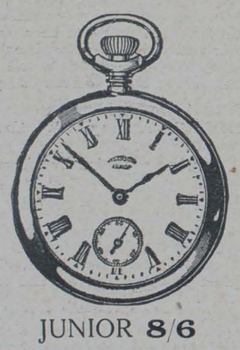
ECLIPSE **6/6.**

This model is similar to the "Crown," but considerably thinner and neater. Case is of Solid Nickel, and can be had in Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.



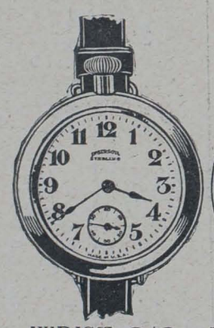
MIDGET **8/6**

The Midget is designed for use by ladies, girls and small boys. It can be supplied in Solid Nickel, Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.



JUNIOR **8/6**

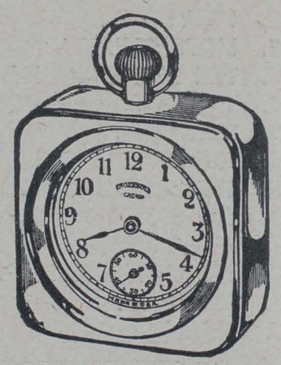
This is a Gentleman's thin Dress Watch, a most attractive model. Case is of Solid Nickel, Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.





WRIST **9/6** WRIST Glow Dial **12/-**

Ideal for Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen. Sportsmen, etc. Also highly recommended for Nurses both at home and upon Active Service.



UNIVERSAL **6/-**

This attractive little Watch-Clock comprises two parts, a regular "Crown" watch and a metal holder which stands 2½ in. high.

Ingersoll Watches are on Sale by over 15,000 British Shopkeepers, or watches will be sent post free upon receipt of Price. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 76, Audrey House, Ely Place, LONDON, E.C.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—April 23, 1915.

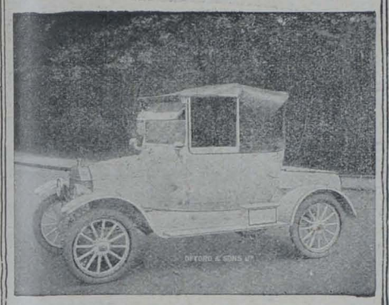
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 16. Vol. 1. APRIL 30, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.





OBTAIN YOUR

**FORD CARS**

FROM US.

Incomparably the best value in the motoring world.

**STANDARD MODELS.**

Runabout, £115.
Touring Car, £125.
Town Landaulette, £175.

*Transit from Manchester, extra £4.*

IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES. EXPERT ADVICE. TUITION. PERSONAL ATTENTION. DEFERRED PAYMENTS.

*Every car carefully tuned up and tested before delivery.*

**FORD CARS with OFFORD BODIES.**

Combine Luxury with utility. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**OFFORD & SONS, LTD.,**
**67, George St., Portman Sq., London.**

*Telephone—Paddington 99.*




THE RED CROSS AT THE FRONT.

The British Red Cross Society is rendering magnificent service at the front. The illustration shows one of its many motor ambulances, with its staff of attendants, waiting in readiness for the call of duty. *Photo: Photo Press.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XV.—Lt.-General Sir Wm. Robertson 364
PSYCHOLOGY AS A GUIDE OF LIFE. By the Rev. Prof. James Stalker, M.A., D.D. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 365
NEAR THE FIGHTING LINE: Reflections of an Association Leader in France ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 367
Complete Story: THE DEFAULTER ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 369
BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 15.—On Seeing It Through ... ... ... 370
CHRISTIAN RECRUITING ON THE TYNE. By the Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 377
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD Illustrated ... ... ... ... 379

# BURBERRY WAR KIT



The Burberry

**Unrivalled for its powers of excluding rain or wind; its healthful warmth in cold weather; its lightweight, strength and durability.**

**THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF**
Lined Proofed Wool or detachable Fleece.
**Worn by HIS MAJESTY THE KING.**
LORD KITCHENER describes it as "a most valuable addition to campaigning kit."

**BRITISH WARM BURBERRY**
A splendidly protective garment made in Khaki Serge or Gabardine, lined Fleece or Fur.

**UNIFORMS AND GREAT COATS**
Designed by Burberrys for the War Office, and made in especially warm Khaki Serge, woven and proofed by Burberrys.



Service Dress

**BURBERRY WAR KIT** includes Haversacks, Slings, Puttees, Shirts, S.B. Belts, Water Bottles, Gabardine Ground Sheets and Sleeping Bags; also the GABARDINE DAWAC—a Bivouac weighing 3¾lbs.

**SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT**
**Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, either in London or Paris, and the kit completed in a few hours.**

*Genuine Burberry Garments are labelled "Burberrys."*

ILLUSTRATED MILITARY CATALOGUE POST FREE

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON

8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents





MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

**"Excellent."**
**"Delicious."**
**"Very satisfactory."**
**"We all like it very much."**

So say some of those who have tried it.

**NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT; NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.**

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.



There is **NO** ADVANCE IN PRICE.

**BRANSON'S COFFEE**

**IDEAL FOR CAMPS.**

*Sample and prices on application to*

**BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,**
**Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.**



**IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS**
**OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

*Plans & Specifications free on application.*
*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*



**CHURCHES & CHAPELS**
**A SPECIALITY.**
Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

**W. J. CEARNS,** — SUCCESSOR TO — **F. SMITH & CO.,**
CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,
Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.

**IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.**



# I. N. LYONS, LTD.

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 16. Vol. 1. APRIL 30, 1915. PRICE 1d.


### "BE YE CLEAN."

The most scrupulous care is now taken in cleansing the glasses which are used for medicine in hospitals. The glasses themselves are of no particular value, but it is of the utmost importance that they should be absolutely clean. On this text, "Be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord," Mr. Moody once remarked, "God does not demand silver vessels, but He must have clean ones." The great evangelist added, "I can neither be gold nor silver, but, thank God, I can be clean." Not only are the medicine glasses clean, but the nurses in a hospital are constantly taking precautions lest they should carry infection from one patient to another.

"The bearers of the vessels" must be holy—*i.e., wholly* free from what may hurt or injure others. "I can and must be clean" should be the ideal of all who work for God among those who are sick with sin.

### THE SECRET OF POWER.

A young Italian boy knocked one day at the door of an artist's studio in Rome, and when it was opened exclaimed: "Please, madam, will you give me the master's brush?" The painter was dead, and the boy, inflamed with a longing to be an artist, wished for the great master's brush. The lady placed the brush in the boy's hand, saying: "This is his brush; try it, my boy."

With a flush of earnestness on his face he tried, but found he could paint no better than with his own. The lady then said to him: "You cannot paint like the great master unless you have his spirit." It was only by the power of the Holy Spirit that the apostles were able to successfully carry on the Master's work.

### A WITTY WAITER.

A gentleman who frequently visited Ireland, and generally stopped and dined at the same hotel in Dublin, on his arrival one day perceived a paper wafered on the looking-glass in the coffee-room, with the following written notice: "Strangers are particularly requested not to give any money to the waiters, as attention is charged for in the bill."

The man who had waited on him at dinner, seeing him reading this notice, said: "Oh, Mister, sure that don't concern you, in any way. Your honour was never made a stranger of in this house."

### PREPARING FOR VICTORIES.

Mark Guy Pearse points out the good to be derived from overcoming difficulties, when he says: "Brave men of old believed that the strength of the vanquished became the added strength of the victor, and thus he went from conquering to conquer. It is true to the full of every conflict of the soul. By conflicts our God develops us; teaching us thus of ourselves, of our needs and our weakness; teaching us, too, of Himself, of His watchfulness and might. And thus He fits us for victories, as these are the material of which Heaven's songs are made."

### THE GERMAN SCARESHIP.




### WHERE THE DOCTORS COME IN.

Admiral George Dewey, when complimented on his superb health on his seventy-fifth birthday, smiled and said: "I attribute my good condition to plenty of exercise and no banquets. We eat too much. One-third of what a man eats is all he needs in order to live."

"In that case," said a reporter, "what becomes of the other two-thirds?" "Oh, that enables the doctor to live," Admiral Dewey replied.

## WINNERS OF A Y.M.C.A. MARATHON RACE.



GUNNER WHALEY, Winner of second prize. GUNNER TURNER, Winner of first prize. GUNNER STABLES, Winner of third prize.

A SUCCESSFUL Marathon race, organised by the Y.M.C.A. at Canterbury, was run off on Saturday last for prizes as follows:—(1) (50s.) and a gold medal given by Horlick Malted Milk Company; (2) 30s.; (3) 20s. The conditions of the race were that every competitor was to visit in turn the ten Y.M.C.A. branches in the district. The twenty-three men who entered for the race started in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, Colonel Adams, senior chaplain to the West Lancashires, giving them the "send off." The race was splendidly contested, less than a minute dividing the first three arrivals. It is rather remarkable, in view of the fact that practically every unit in the district was represented, that the three winners should have been provided by gunners of the R.H.A., viz.: (1) Gunner Turner, (2) Gunner Whaley, (3) Gunner Stables. But for the incident of falling into the river Stour in the St. Dunstan's neighbourhood, the fourth man home would in all probability have figured among the winners.

The prizes were presented at a concert at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters in the evening by Mrs. A. W. Hayes, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. Mrs. C. N. Williamson also handed to the winners the prizes which she had given earlier in the week for the singing of descriptive and sentimental songs, and also for recitations.

### "LICHTS OOT!"

An old Highland sergeant in one of the Scottish regiments was going his round one night to see that all the lights were out in the barrack rooms. Coming to a room where he thought he saw a light shining, he roared out: "Put oot that licht there!"

One of the men shouted back: "Man, it's the mune, sergeant.'"

Not hearing very well, the sergeant cried in return: "I dinna care a tacket what it is—pit it oot!"

"Prosperity has been the ruin of many a man," sighed the Sage. "That's right," agreed the Fool. "When some fellows get their hands on the horn of plenty they want to start out on a toot."

### POISON IN THE BOOK.

One day a gentleman in India took from his library shelf a book. As he did so he felt a little pain at the end of his finger like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been left in the book as a book mark, and began reading. Soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, then his whole body, and in a few days he was dead. It was not a pin, but a small deadly serpent which had housed itself in the leaves of the book.

If the tiny green deadly snake of India were the only one that nestled among the books, we could guard against it, but it is not. There are thousands of poisonous snake thoughts in books of the present time. They are so artfully coiled and so snugly concealed that their presence is unknown, their sting unfelt till the "book is finished" and laid down. Multitudes have exclaimed after the poison had begun its work, "Oh, if I had never read that book!"

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XV.—LT.-GEN. SIR WM. ROBERTSON.

AT the right hand of Field-Marshal Sir John French is Lieut.-General Sir William Robertson, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O. He is Chief of the General Staff of the Expeditionary Force, having succeeded Sir Archibald Murray when the latter's health broke down under the terrific strain of the opening of the war.

Someone describes Sir William Robertson in these words:—"He has an iron constitution, no nerves, and nothing disturbs him." Clearly, he is the right man in the right place. He owes his rapid rise to sheer merit, exceptional talent, and hard work.

When the war began, Sir William Robertson was Quartermaster-General, and Sir John French paid high tributes to his services in more than one despatch. He has made a special study of the organising methods of other countries, picking up useful "wrinkles" wherever he could. The old Latin proverb says: "It is lawful to learn from an enemy," and Sir William has acted on this idea with great advantage. In no previous war have the soldiers been better provisioned and organised.

Sir William has seen a good deal of active service, and has been wounded in action. He speaks two or three languages. You have only to look at his face to read the secret of his honourable progress in the British Army to the high post he now holds. There is a look of quiet determination, which laughs at impossibilities and overcomes all difficulties. That is the type of soldier who is invaluable in a war.

### THE UNFULFILLED PROMISE.

G. F. Watts, the painter, tells of an elderly man who came to see Rossetti. He brought some specimens of his painting and drawing, and begged for a candid opinion upon them. Rossetti looked at them carefully, and then he broke it sorrowfully to the old man that there was no good in them whatever. The man then drew from under his coat another collection of drawings, and told Rossetti they were the work of a young student. Rossetti was delighted, said that they showed remarkable talent, that the young student would distinguish himself.

"Ah, sir," said the poor man, "I was that student."

## THE GIFT OF PERSONAL ABSTAINERS TO THE Y.M.C.A.




A group of Sons of Temperance workers at the opening ceremony of the Sons of Temperance Y.M.C.A. Hut.



# PSYCHOLOGY AS A GUIDE OF LIFE.

By the REV. PROFESSOR JAMES STALKER, M.A., D.D.

*A Striking Contribution to a Great Subject by the Author of "Christian Psychology."*

IN my memory there is a vivid recollection of the astonishment I felt at the success of a popular course of lectures on Physiology, delivered in a provincial town about an hour from Edinburgh by a lecturer from the Scottish metropolis. The lectures happened to be delivered in the church of which I was then minister, holding about a thousand people; they were given once a week for a whole winter. From the first they were well attended, but before the end the church was regularly crowded, and the lectures were the talk of the town. Certainly, the lecturer was a clever man; but among the influences which drew such a crowd was the sense of shame, which he began by exciting, at their ignorance of themselves. Then came the interest of finding out what was going on in different parts of their own persons, such as the skull, the chest, and the lower body, with the connection between one part and another. Every hearer felt at last that the few stones of clay of which his own body was composed formed for himself by far the most important morsel of the entire terraqueous globe; and, I should think, those people carried away impressions of a kind which have lasted for life, influencing both their thoughts and their conduct, as to the value of exercise, the need for fresh air, and the benefits of sunshine.

#### Some Important Distinctions.

Now, what Physiology does for the body Psychology does for the mind. The one distinguishes the different parts of the outer man and describes their functions, and the other does the same for the parts and the functions of the inner man. The spiritual part of man is, however, a far more delicate and complex structure than the material, and the study of it, though on this account more difficult, is proportionally more interesting and valuable. It is, indeed, surprising that any should be willing to remain ignorant of the composition of their own humanity—of that structure the lifelong study of which made one exclaim, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" Even to distinguish from one another and arrange in their natural order the different parts of the inner man—such as sensation, recollection, imagination, conscience, and the like—is fascinating work, and still more alluring is it to trace out the connections between the various functions of the internal economy, such as thinking, feeling, willing. If the knowledge of human Physiology, in health and disease, exercises almost unawares an influence on conduct, much more obviously is this the case with Psychology. There are innumerable mistakes committed by all which could be avoided through a better knowledge of human nature in general, and we should be delivered from a thousand fears and false steps through a better understanding of the capabilities and the limitations of our own nature. It is said that the inscription KNOW THYSELF was visible on a prominent point of the temple at Delphi, so that it might be seen by all who came from every part of the Greek world to consult the oracle; and so completely was this maxim believed by the ancients to embody the wisdom of life, that one of their poets alleged it had fallen from heaven.

#### The Functions of Psychology.

Psychology, according to the etymology of the word, signifies the Science of the Soul, and everyone is aware of the place which "the soul" holds both in the teaching of Jesus and in the preaching of the Gospel. The salvation of the soul is, in short, the sum and substance of Christianity. But this religious use of the term, together with its constant repetition in evangelistic appeals, has had for many minds the effect of rendering the idea vague and unearthly. They think of the soul as a ghost, haunting the obscure confines of existence, or they connect it entirely with the interests of a future after death which may in the meantime be postponed. It may help such to recover a juster conception of the facts to be reminded that the soul is the subject of one of the sciences; indeed, one of the most important books on Religious Psychology (that of Starbuck) appeared in the Contemporary Science Series. The soul is nothing but the self; it is the very man; it is the personality, in which the whole of the past is gathered up and unified. It may be said to contain the whole of the future, too, for in it are the potentialities out of which everyone's destiny has to be developed. No thoughtful person can be indifferent to the question, what sort of a man he himself is and what sort of man he is becoming. Just as everyone would wish to attain to the physical size and strength intended for him by Nature, so must the development of the inner man to its full stature, with the employment of its powers on the work appointed in the arrangements of Providence, be a sacred aspiration to everyone on whom has dawned in any degree the reality of life. We do not want to be dwarfs or oddities in any part of our being, and, though the disfigurement of the soul is invisible, it is not the less to be deprecated. The loss of the soul is simply the loss of true manhood, and it is in the interest of his own best self that everyone is called upon to engage in that conflict with sin and temptation which will issue in victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

If Psychology be thus a guide in the conduct of one's personal life, it is no less serviceable in dealing with others. Among no class has this conviction asserted itself more powerfully in recent times than among teachers. These have a part to play in the life of the State the importance of which has long been growingly recognised by the public, as is manifested by both the increasing expenditure on education and the growing esteem for the profession felt by the generality. Teachers have to superintend the development of the race during the tender and impressionable years, and they know that they can only do so by understanding the soul of the child. Hence the prominence given to the study of Psychology in the curriculum of institutions for the training of teachers, where the students learn the avenues of approach to the mind and the means to be employed for securing the attention. The same kind of education is indispensable for ministers of the Gospel, who have incessantly to deal with the minds of the mature as well as of the young, and accordingly Psychology is securing a more and more prominent position in their education also.

#### An Ally in Christian Work.

Of the greatest of all preachers it was said that "He knew what was in man," and there is no standard by which any preacher can be measured more just than approximation in this respect to the great Example. But, indeed, for all, in their dealings with their fellow-creatures, something of the same endowment is requisite if their conduct is to be marked with sympathy and comprehension. The more anyone knows of what is in man—of the heights and the depths, of the potentialities for good or evil, of the processes of thought and the subtleties of emotion—the more qualified will he be to play his part in his day and generation. Those especially into whose minds the ambition has entered of being useful to their fellow-men, and assisting them in the attainment of their true destiny, will find their advantage in this direction. There are ways of doing Christian work by which religion is made repellent to others, and there are ways by which it may be made attractive and winsome. Some men select the better path by a native instinct, and others by a tact unconsciously acquired through experience, but the scientific study of the soul itself will increase the reverence with which it is regarded in its capacities and its fate. To none is this world so wonderful a place as to the observer who feels himself surrounded by souls who, like himself, have come from God and are travelling to eternity.

## WORK THAT COUNTS.

### A Month with the Troops in a County Town.

THE varied experiences of the agents of the Evangelisation Society at present working amongst the troops under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. are full of interest. After seven months in a fortified camp several miles from either town or village, living under canvas, also in a small wooden cabin, one of our evangelists with his wife was asked to take the charge of the work in Maidstone. The change was remarkable. Already a splendid work was being done by the churches, but as there were so many troops in the town and neighbourhood, the Mayor and Corporation granted to the Y.M.C.A. the use of the large concert hall, which was officially opened by the Mayor, accompanied by the vicar and other local friends.

Evangelists who have travelled all over the country are sure to find amongst the thousands of men some whose home and friends are known to them, and in this and many other ways they find a place in the respect and affection of our brave lads. The morning after the work commenced in Maidstone the 67th Brigade marched into the town—three Welsh regiments and the North Staffords. By handbills, brigade and regimental orders, &c., the men soon knew of the Y.M.C.A. Hall. They came in such large numbers that the Corn Exchange, also the smaller hall, had to be opened as well. One of the joys amongst the troops (Welsh) was to meet men born of God during the Welsh Revival. One of them, Private M., showed the evangelist a beautiful Bible his Bible-class had presented him with when he joined his regiment. Another, Private B., was a student preparing for the ministry when he enlisted. During the seventeen days the 67th Brigade was in the town, thirty professed faith in Christ. The 67th gave place to three Lancashire regiments. As the evangelist in charge had for many years spent much of his time in Lancashire, the troops found they had met an old friend, and soon crowded the hall. He was greeted on every hand with "glad to see you here; I remember coming to your meetings in Bolton and Blackburn." One man said: "I am a Christian, and many a blessing I got in your tent at Nelson."

One day, as the East Lancashire Regiment was passing along, a voice shouted, "Mr. Shields!" The evangelist did not notice which soldier it was, but, knowing the voice, shouted back, "Is that you, Jack?" when a hand was waved. It was none other than Jack W——, whose story is given in a small book published by the Evangelisation Society entitled "Transforming Power, or from Waste to Wealth." He is now an officer's servant, and is bearing a bright testimony amongst his comrades. The visits of several speakers will long be remembered—Dr. Harry Guinness and others; also our J. W. Moodie, the soldier evangelist. His long experience in the Army eminently qualifies him for the special work he is at present engaged in. His address on "How I became a soldier," was brimful of native humour, tender with pathos as he spoke of a mother's love, inspiring as he told of victories won, not only for King and country, but over the powers of sin and Satan.

At the close of a faithful declaration of the old Gospel on the Sunday evening, when the large hall was well filled, a large number stood up and asked for special prayer and several openly professed faith in Christ. Mr. Shields met a laddie belonging to the Scottish Rifles, home wounded. They belong to the same town in Scotland. The soldiers were invited to the hall for tea and to meet Mr. Moodie. Telling his experiences of the battle, and how he lay wounded with his captain lying dead near him, Mr. Moodie was asked what he thought as he lay there. He said: "I thought I was dying, and I just prayed, 'O God, take care of my mother if I die.'"

Every day the wounded who are able to be out of hospital for a walk come in to the Y.M.C.A. to rest, enjoy a game, a quiet talk, and listen to a private in the R.A.M.C., an Associate of the Royal College of Music, who, according to the results with his pupils, has few equals in London as a teacher of music. He gave up all to serve his king and country. He plays the most exquisite music on the piano for two or three hours each day. The Mayor and Mayoress are daily helpers; and other ladies and gentlemen from the various churches come to help in a variety of ways each evening. The work goes on like a great orchestra, not a jarring note has been heard, each doing his best for the highest and truest welfare of our soldiers and a few of our sailors as well.

"That Day" alone will declare the blessing the Y.M.C.A. has been to our troops in this our day of national trial, and to the quiet individual soul-winning work that has been accomplished. To our covenant-keeping God be all the glory.

## A FAREWELL CONCERT.

### The Tributes of Officers and Men to the Work at the White City.

THE troops who have been stationed at the White City for the past six months gave a farewell concert to the ladies and staff of the Y.M.C.A. and the staff of the Red Cross Hospital on Friday, April 23, before a large audience.

General Rodwell presided, and in the course of his opening remarks said how greatly both officers and men had appreciated all that the ladies and staff of the Y.M.C.A. had done for them. Their warmest thanks were due to them and to Mr. A. J. Green, the secretary, who had been the main pillar in the organisation.

Colonel Dunlop, who followed, expressed the very great gratitude of the men for all that had been done for them since the work commenced in October, and said that this farewell concert was entirely the suggestion of the men. It was not easy to see what the troops would have done but for the provision of the Y.M.C.A. Hall for recreation and other purposes. Colonel Dunlop went on to say that on January 1 there was only one bath in the White City, but through the generous action of the ladies seven had been provided in the Y.M.C.A. Building, and these, together with the laundry, proved a great boon to the men.

The concert was contributed to by representatives of the troops, the Command Hospital, and the Y.M.C.A., and at its conclusion General Rodwell, on behalf of the troops, made three presentations, a silver inkstand to Mrs. Coote, president of the ladies' committee, a framed picture to Mrs. Lewis, commandant of the hospital, and a wristlet watch to Mr. Green, secretary, Y.M.C.A.

Words of appreciation of the work the Association were doing at the White City and in so many other centres throughout the country were spoken by sergeants representing the Brigade of Guards, the regiments of the New Army, and the Territorial Forces.

Mr. A. J. Green, replying on behalf of the staff, said how glad they all were to have taken part in the work, and paid a tribute to the valuable help rendered by the ladies.

Evening prayers were conducted by the Rev. T. Woodhouse, Chaplain to the Forces, and a memorable evening ended with the National Anthem.

## "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

### A Vivid Impression of an Evening's Work in a Rest Camp.

THE scene is a rest camp. The Y.M.C.A. Marquee had just been erected at a few hours' notice. The troops were Territorials who had just stepped off the transport. The marquee was packed with men; the refreshment counter bravely responding to the exceptional demands made upon it. The rush continued until within an hour of the departure of the troops for the firing line.

Some men were beguiling the waiting moments with the lusty singing of rag-time. Our suggestion to sing a few hymns met with a very ready response, and in a short time the marquee was filled with standing men all reverently singing the old favourite hymns. A short straight talk followed. The men listened intently. It was one of the greatest moments of the speaker's experience. A more responsive audience could not be found anywhere; we all felt the vital importance of the opportunity. These men were about to entrain for the front; their "future was all unknown." Only a few short hours ago they had been in the shelter of the old Homeland, and now they were within a few miles of the trenches. These were no moments for trivialities. The very atmosphere of the marquee was charged with an intense feeling.

In a short prayer we asked for the strength of the God of battles; we remembered our dear ones at home, our comrades in the trenches, and those in the Navy, moving up and down on the dark waters. And then, with the last petition "to keep us from all the perils and dangers of the night," the men gradually left the marquee to prepare for the march-off. The speaker was thanked by many men, and one young soldier slipped a note into his hand on which was written this little message: "Your few words to-night have cheered me up wonderfully, and I think I can get along a little lighter-hearted with God's help."

This little incident shows what we stand for out here. The straight Christian appeal is once again demonstrating its real worth in cheering these men for the dreadful work they have to undertake for their country.

The marquee was emptied, and presently the tired yet happy workers heard the steady tread of marching men. We watched them as they marched by. With muttered "Good-nights" they stepped briskly out into the uncertainty of the darkness. The moon was shedding her peaceful light around; war seemed far away, and yet what was the meaning of these marching men? The empty tents stood stark in the moonlight, and a stillness settled over the peaceful camp.

Away, far away down the winding road the tread of the marching men seemed to bid us good-bye.

J. H. H.

## "I WILL GIVE THANKS."

An old soldier had deserted, and was very miserable with this crime hanging over his head. He became converted, but there was little peace for him, as old companions blackmailed him, saying they would inform the War Office if he did not give them money. When he obtained a job, they would threaten to tell his employer that he was a deserter.

A minister heard of the sad case, and set to work to help the old soldier. He put the matter before the War Office, and as the desertion had taken place many years ago, and the soldier had been living reputably since, the crime was pardoned. A parchment document was sent to the soldier, and henceforward he was able to look his enemies fearlessly in the face.

Such was his relief that he set to work to get a thankoffering, and at last came to the minister with some bank notes to express his gratitude. What joy comes to the sinner when he realises that Christ has forgiven him! He, too, must render thanks.

Little Sophie: "Father, what is executive ability?" Professor Broadhead: "The faculty of earning your bread by the work of other people."






The views on this page illustrate certain phases of the Y.M.C.A. work in Northern France. The first picture shows the Ulster Hut, the gift of the Countess of Bective and Lady Henry Bentinck, while the other illustration is of the first motor restaurant on active service, the Hon. Mrs. Hoare in command.

# NEAR THE FIGHTING LINE.

*Reflections of an Association Leader in France.*

PEOPLE at home in England think of "the front" as altogether a thing of trenches, shrapnel fire continuously shrieking its message of death, shattering the nerves of brave men, bayonet charging, and fate-dealing rifle shots. The number of folks into whose thought of war never enters a single consideration of the matter of food for the troops is perfectly amazing. The ordinary citizen thinks that what happens is just the summoning by the bugle and the drum of a great host of men, who feel that their King and country want them, and then off these go to the fighting line to win or die for Britain. But there are innumerable things that have to be done ere that comes to pass, and even after such a thing as a fighting line has been formed at all. An army fights "on its stomach."

### The Response to the Empire's Need.

The same thoughtlessness is found even amongst the men who step enthusiastically forward in response to the Empire's appeal, expecting to be sent right off where glory waits them. They forget that they have first to learn the great secret of discipline, self-forgetfulness—the fact that they belong not to themselves, but to the whole unit, made up of many parts, and that they must find themselves in patient drill, in practising to shoot straight, to dig trenches and holes for cover in the day of battle, and to endure hardship, becoming independent of wet and cold, hunger and exhausting toil. It takes many a day of very hard and strenuous work ere the hero is ready to go to the front and fight for his King and country like the experienced soldiers already there.

### The Value of Training.

The untrained man or the man who is only half trained would be as dangerous to his fellows in the ranks as an enemy himself would be. In the day of stress he would give way; in the hour of need his rifle fire would be ineffective; when steadiness in the face of death was sternly required, his nerve would yield, and the line of defence or attack would be broken, making some great movement of advance or retreat futile, or perilous beyond expression to the corps in which he served. Hence a man has to sink his individuality for the general good, forget his comfort, his dignity, his own desires, that he may be developed for strong, true soldiering, and that the purpose of the whole may be advanced, and victory secured.

These are the main things which people who are out working among the soldiers of the Expeditionary Forces see most strikingly displayed. These forces consist of men of all kinds. The labourer is serving alongside of the merchant, the clerk, the university student, and the professional man. But discipline has made all these as one. They stand shoulder to shoulder, they fight side by side, and when the day comes that they must yield their lives in some great battle or some bitterly contested skirmish, one great purpose beats in the heart of all, and they win or die as brothers under the shadow or the splendour of an imperial ideal.

This great war has moved all classes to sacrifice and service. And those who for various reasons have been unable to carry a rifle and serve in the ranks find opportunities and openings for helpfulness in such a crisis. Amongst the movements that are using the energies of such people, one of the most important at the present time is the Y.M.C.A. It is the "Young Men's Christian Association," but the adjective "Young" here is not restricted by any age limit. The only limitation is usefulness or the reverse. The requisites for successful employment of its resources and opportunities are brains, foresight, knowledge of humanity, strength of constitution, and common-sense.

### How the Y.M.C.A. Helps.

Over here in France we find plenty of scope for the exercise of all these virtues. Our huts are the common possession of the troops. Officers and men alike are thankful to get some warm food, the chance of stretching their legs after the unaccustomed voyage, and an opportunity of sending back a word or two to those they have left behind them in the old country, which, alas! they may probably never see again.

At the camps the same opportunity of warm food and letter writing awaits them in the Y.M.C.A. huts. And in all these buildings there is the social gathering, which



The Butlin Hut in a convalescent Camp near a Military Base, and 'Somewhere" in France.

they specially love. At night they settle down to a "sing-song," the songs being provided by themselves, and probably the chairman being one of their own number. Quaint enough are some of the programmes—a few old music-hall ditties, with a chorus, which is always heartily sung. But whatever happens, they must have a chorus, if possible in waltz tune. The songs they enjoy most are doleful and dirgelike. They love to listen to the story of the girl who died, or the lonely grave, or the long farewell of love—and always the waltz chorus ringing out of a big set of healthy-voiced men. They are always on the side of the oppressed, or the lonely, or the dying. The gallery of a theatre is not more surely on the side of right than the audience in a soldiers' "sing-song" in the Y.M.C.A. hut in the middle of a muddy camp in France.

But the Y.M.C.A. has to remember that the life is more than meat. The main purpose of its mission is spiritual, and it is out to steady the weak and to try to win souls for Christ. Certainly you can serve God dishing out coffee to hungry men in khaki, but you can't forget that there's a soul in khaki there also, for whom God's Son died on Calvary. And these souls are going on soon, far beyond your reach, into the front of battle. You see them drawn up, morning after morning, in the miry ways, shoulder to shoulder, with all their equipment on, and you have entirely missed the march if you have not tried to touch their hearts for Christ.

Brave fellows, they all know what it means. They are all up against the greatest truths of life and death. They are thinking of things too deep for words. When you have taken up the matter at the close of the evening, and all together they have sung some of the simple songs of faith out of the treasury of Christian hymns, and you have spoken of the things of the soul, you can feel, as if you passed your hand over their hearts, that they know, that they are remembering, that they have been near Christ.

### On the Borders of Eternity.

And then that great hymn, which should be in a very special way a soldier's hymn in such a time as this—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.

How it hushes and moves the souls that are far from home!—and to-morrow they are going on towards eternity, never to be seen again by you perhaps till you meet them with Christ.

Some of the fellows come up and thank you for your word of remembrance, slip a message they have written on a scrap of paper into your hand—a word or a phrase—"God be with you till we meet again," or "God bless you," or "Pray for me"—and their name and regimental number traced at the foot of it. It may be that they ask you to drop a note to their mother, or wife, or someone else very dear, and it is a great joy indeed to help them.

So you can see that what the Y.M.C.A. learns is the value of discipline—of self-surrender, of brave willingness to do and to give in service and sacrifice, and above all the deep value, for the human soul, of the holy things of Christ.

At the same time the Y.M.C.A. is an example of these very graces. For those who serve coffee and tea, and labour in all the varied fields of work, are voluntary helpers; they are of all ranks of society, from every profession and class. But they also lay aside every distinction for the happiness of doing things for others, of helping and comforting those who are far from home, and of trying to deepen, in the souls of those whose lives come into touch with theirs in this great crisis, the sense of the nearness of the love of Christ, whose blood still cleanses from the stain and darkness of sin. Pray for this work, and that those who guide it may be guided in the way of best and noblest achievement for the sake of Christ and those for whom He died.

L. G. PILKINGTON.

## WITH THE TROOPS IN EGYPT.

### The Influence of the King's Example with Regard to Alcohol.

MOST of the readers of the *Y.M.* are now familiar with the work among our soldiers in camp. The conditions in this land of the Pharaohs are not much different from those in the homeland. There is, however, one element that favours Egypt. The sun shines every day, and all the day. Sometimes it shines too much. Then the wind often blows somewhat fiercely. On Easter Monday a "khamseen" blew all over the great camp, and levelled many of the tents, partially destroying three of the Y.M.C.A. marquees. The thermometer rose gradually hour by hour, until it nearly touched 100 deg. in the shade.

These conditions notwithstanding, the work goes on in a most encouraging way. The workers are only allowed to sell stamps and post-cards, but as the troops are great correspondents, there is a steady demand for these, and there is not an idle or a weary minute throughout the day. On Easter Sunday at some of the tents 3,000 stamps were disposed of to the men.

The spiritual work has been most encouraging. In some of the camps there is a Fellowship meeting held every night, and the attendance and interest have grown week by week. The evangelistic services on Sunday evenings have been very fruitful, and many of the men have decided to turn from sin unto God.

On Good Friday in one of the tents a communion service was held. Major Cuxford presided, and he was assisted by several of the chaplains; forty-one young men communicated, and it was a most touching and interesting service. There were several men who were merely spectators, and at the Fellowship meeting at night a young soldier told how he had been impressed with what he had seen and heard in the morning, and that he had determined to accept Jesus as his own personal Saviour. We sang the Doxology together. When tidings reached us of the splendid example our noble King and Lord Kitchener have set the Empire, to abstain from all intoxicating drink during the period of the war, it was put to the men in one of the tents, would they not follow the example of our King? When the test was put it was found that a large number of the troops present were personal abstainers, and that evening the workers were kept busy witnessing to the signatures of men who signed pledge cards.

The great camps of Australian and New Zealand soldiers who have been in Egypt for the past four months are being moved off early in April, and it is the intention of the Y.M.C.A. to follow the troops to their new base.

WM. M. OATTS.

## SOLOMON'S SYSTEM OF SELF-DEFENCE.

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the 'Noble Art of Self-defence'?" a religiously-inclined youth inquired of his pastor.

"Certainly not," answered the minister. "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

"Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither. I learned Solomon's system," replied the minister.

"Solomon's system?"

"Yes. You will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defence of which I have any knowledge."

## TWO IMPORTANT SYMBOLS.

By REV. H. BURY, B.D.

IN France two symbols are growing in importance; one is the Red Cross and the other is the Red Triangle. Under the Red Triangle the Y.M.C.A. does all kinds of helpful work. For the body they provide food, the soldiers always being glad to get a cup of tea in an earthenware cup instead of in the bully tin, for, to quote the happy phrase of one brave fellow, it gave him "a taste of home." They sell matches, candles, chocolate, soap, &c., and from my first day's experience behind the counter I developed a great sympathy for the assistants in the shops in England. All day long I was twisting round to get one article or another, and by the time night came I had arrived at the conclusion that I was not a human corkscrew. The soldiers paid for the articles they bought in English, French, Belgian, and even German money. At the front the soldiers had not much time for study, but they were always ready to attend classes in French, which were held, and the words which they were taught there enabled them to converse with the people of France, and to see that when they bought anything they got the correct change. The Y.M.C.A. also conducts a library, and the books which had been sent out by friends at home were greatly appreciated. Some of the books were actually taken to the trenches, where they were read by the men during the long waits they had. Pen, ink, and notepaper are freely supplied to the men, and all are encouraged to send news of their welfare home to their mothers or other near relatives. Their writing-paper and envelopes are now very familiar in homes all over the country. The men are also entertained, and on many nights they have sing-songs, the songs in which there was a chorus all could join in being very popular. The men are also provided for spiritually. The men are up against stupendous issues. One night they might be at the tent, the next day they might be dead. They want something besides coffee, books, and entertainments. They wanted to know what was going to happen to them in the Great Beyond. They do not need to go to the men out in France; the men came to them. Some men possibly had been brought up in a Sunday-school, and they wanted to know how, while killing men, they could consistently be Christians. They tried to get these men to put their lives into God's hands, and to feel that there was light beyond the darkness. The services are always well attended, and the soldiers show great reverence.

## SPURGEON AND THE DYING BOY.

Mr. Spurgeon once drove with a friend to the Stockwell Orphanage. His friend was curious as to what a package in the carriage contained. At last he noticed a movement, and discovered it was a birdcage, with a canary in it. The great preacher went to the bedside of a little orphan boy, who was very ill. He showed him what he had brought to brighten his weary hours of sickness. The child was delighted.

Then Mr. Spurgeon spoke very tenderly to the boy, and told him he was very like the canary in the cage. Soon the cage would be opened, and he would fly away to heaven. "How much better it would be," said the preacher, "than being caged in the sick-room to be for ever with Jesus."

The friend who had accompanied Mr. Spurgeon said he had often seen him thrilling a vast congregation, but never did he seem greater to him than as he sat and talked to the dying boy. How useless it is for people to beat their wings against the bars of their cage, when so soon God will call them into the limitless spaces of eternity.



*Our Short Story.*

# THE DEFAULTER.

*A Story of Camp Life.*

By F. J. MATHISON.

HE was whistling—

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
It's a long, long way to go,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know.

The sweetest girl he knew did not live at Tipperary, but only a few miles from his camp at the White City. Yet it was a long, long way to this sweetest girl—a month's journey at the very least—for he had seven days' detention, and so for a month would be unable, according to the camp regulations, to obtain the necessary pass.

It was not his first experience of military discipline. With his pack on his back he had marched up and down "Defaulter's Hill" at Crowborough. He had had many "ups and downs" in his life, but that was an up and a down which he would never forget.

He was not sorry to leave the mud at Crowborough, though there was a bracing air on the hills, especially when he heard that he was leaving for the White City. "The White City" had a fascination for him, not because of the witching waves, but because of a bewitching face—the face of the girl he loved.

He was proud that he had won her heart, for there was nothing fickle or foolish about the sweet girl whose photo he sometimes drew from his coat pocket.

She was not only the sun of his life: she was a star in the sky of many whose lives had been clouded with sorrow. She was known and loved and trusted by the members of the church she attended, who said that the services on Sunday would have been incomplete without her, for that sweet face which shone through the opening made by a face with a sullen and a face with a selfish look was like a benediction.

Although he made no pretension to religion, there was something in him which she could not help liking. There was a wildness, which was not altogether wickedness, about his nature, and so she laughed when from the postcard which he bought in the Y.M.C.A. recreation hall she learnt that he was in Bostock's "colossal collection of trained wild animals."

If he could not roar like a lion, he could climb like a monkey, and he had sometimes climbed over the walls of the White City—a secret he did not whisper to her—with no other object in view but the sight of her face. The last time he had shown his sympathy with our Allies by taking French leave he was challenged at Shepherd's Bush, and had no alternative but to acknowledge that he was without the wished-for pass. He was glad that she was not with him at the time.

But it was not so bad, he reflected, to have seven days' detention as to be in prison. He had not been in prison, although a Scotsman, with whom he had been on guard, recommended it as the only place where you could get porridge "the noo." But he would not go to prison to get porridge any more than he would go to Scotland to hear the bagpipes.

There were some things about his friend Jock which he could not understand. He could not understand why he rebelled against his trousers and agitated for the return of his kilt.

But he had come to respect the kiltie, for he had discovered in a scrap which he had that, trousers or no trousers, he could box. The Scotsman was all right, but if for no other reason, for the sake of the sweetest girl he would leave him the prison and the porridge.

And if he could not see the sweetest girl, he could write to her. Perhaps, too, he could put in a pass for her one day. If he could not go to her, she might come to him.

At the postcard stall he bought a comic postcard with a picture of a lion. How she would laugh when she saw the lion from Bostock's!

Close by him a young man with a Y.M.C.A. badge was shouting through the megaphone some announcement about a concert. He would have no time for concerts for seven days, for he had to answer to the call every half-hour, and was at the beck and call of those of his superiors who had work to do and wanted someone to do it.

Crossing over to the post office, he bought a halfpenny stamp. He would wait, he thought, until there was more elbow-room before he sat at one of the tables and wrote the few words which were in his heart.

A few steps further on he hesitated before the cigarette and tobacco stall, and finally, with a cup of hot coffee steaming in his mind, he crossed over to the ticket office to buy a penny ticket. A fatherly-looking man in front of him, evidently a recruit, for he was not yet in uniform, was asking in a jocular tone for the elephant. Looking up, he read with a smile—

"Little Hip,"
The Smallest
Baby Elephant.

He had, however, no time to waste on pleasantries. But if the baby elephant had been there he could not have been more completely taken by surprise. There at the ticket office was the face which haunted him day and night.

And yet, although he was not a Christian, he had prayed—hardly, it is true, expecting his prayer to be answered—that before the day was over he might see those eyes which were now dancing with merriment before him.

He had only time for a word or two, but that was enough.

His bright appearance was afterwards remarked by the police sergeant to the orderly sergeant, who was as facetious as the other was observant. "Perhaps he has had more crosses this time from his sweetheart through the post," said the orderly sergeant with an explosive laugh.

That night the defaulter opened the New Testament (the Testament which had been given him at the "Soldiers' Pocket Testament League" stall), not that he might read the message of Lord Roberts, but that he might read the message of the Lord of lords—the message of Him Who "is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Heedless of the chatter and clamour around him, he rose up from his knees with the words which he had sung so thoughtlessly at the church parade echoing in his ears—

"Soldiers of Christ, arise!
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son."

## ABOUT BOOKS.

### The Christian Life in the Modern World.

This is the type of book which should be read by those who are always finding, as they think, the impossibility of applying Christian teaching to modern life. Emeritus Professor Peabody, of Harvard University, treats his subject in seven chapters, the first of which deals with "The Practicability of the Christian Life," and the subsequent subjects are of such a nature as "The Christian Life and the Modern Business World," "The Making of Money," "The Uses of Money," &c. Through the whole volume one feels that the professor has a thorough grip of his subject, and leaves no room to doubt that the true Christian can apply the principles of Christianity to every sphere of life. To young men especially this volume makes a striking appeal, and we heartily commend it to their notice. (Macmillan, Limited.)

### The King's Scout.

Under the above title a little volume of addresses to children by the Rev. H. G. Tunnicliff has been issued by Messrs. Allenson, Limited (1s. net). The addresses are models of brevity, and prove the author's ability to take an old world story and retell it in modern dress without lessening its charm. Twenty-one Old Testament characters pass under review, the selection following the letters of the alphabet.

### Gospel of Healing.

Those who are interested in faith-healing and wish to know the scriptural grounds on which it is advocated should read "The Gospel of Healing," by Rev. A. B. Simpson, D.D. (Morgan and Scott, Limited, 2s.). Besides setting forth the grounds of his faith, the author considers popular objections, and gives practical directions for those who would claim the fulfilment of the promise of Divine healing.

## EASILY DUPED.

Dr. Jowett says: "I am amazed to observe how hastily men and women drop vital truths; they 'cannot be bothered with them,' and so they retreat into a perilous indifference or into a fruitless agnosticism. George Eliot dropped her vital faith in the course of eleven days. Robert Elsmere dropped his vital faith with almost equal celerity. I heard from one young fellow who was burning all his boats and refusing to sail these vast, mysterious, glorious seas, and all because he had read a little pamphlet of not more than fifty pages from cover to cover!"

*15.—On Seeing it Through.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

THERE is a phrase of vulgar speech of which I am exceedingly fond. I know not its origin; I know not to what it refers; but in my wanderings I have heard it time and time again. Sometimes one errand boy will use it to hearten another, burdened with a heavy load; sometimes even an educated man will say it to a friend who has been called upon to face the music. The phrase is "Stick it out, Jerry." It seems to me an excellent motto for these difficult times, when reports vary as much as the sunshine of an April day. I do not know whether this phrase has ever fallen upon the ears of Admiral von Tirpitz, but he, too, is credited with talking about "sticking it out to the end." Well, we mean to stick it out to the end, whether that end be reached in three months or three years. We are fighting for our lives, and fighting the most savage, unprincipled barbarians that ever stepped into the proverbial two shoes. Every day we read stories of inhuman brutality on the part of the Germans, and we recognise, as the Rev. J. C. Carlile told the Baptist Union Assembly, that it is not fighting, but "murder by chemistry."

* * *

THERE is, therefore, something very assuring in the title of Mr. A. St. John Adcock's new book, "Seeing it Through" (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s. net). In nine fresh, well-written chapters, Mr. Adcock has succeeded in giving a series of living pictures of how Britain answered the call. I like Mr. Adcock's style because it is distinguished by a certain business-like beauty. This is not a new kind of beauty, but it is the most difficult form of writing in the world. The outstanding characteristic of new writers is a curious spirit of extravagance; adjective is piled upon adjective; description is heaped upon description, until the author has defeated his own end, and failed completely to show you what is in his mind. When I say that "Seeing it Through" is marked by a certain business-like beauty, I mean that every line tells. The descriptions are crisp, vigorous and sympathetic, and the tone of the book is frankly patriotic and British. Commencing with the fateful eve of August 4, Mr. Adcock sketches some of the outstanding things in the great war, and thus, from the standpoint of an interesting record, this book will be difficult to beat.

* * *

I GIVE one brilliant passage from the book, as a kind of a peg on which to hang a few thoughts a little later on. "When news came at last that the long retirement from Mons was ended, that the Allies had taken the offensive and the Germans were falling back before them, there was no particular excitement among us; it was the news we had been expecting, sure it would come in good time. But the troops themselves had carried out that brilliant movement grudgingly; they did not dream it was anything but a strategic move, but if you talk to any man who shared in it he will tell you how the men 'groused' at having to keep on going back, and fumed and raged about it, asking when they were to be allowed to hold their ground and 'stick it out.'"

* * *

THERE is something very delightful in this picture of men "grousing" because they were compelled to retreat instead of advancing; it says not a little for the bull-dog tenacity of our British boys, and indicates, also, I think, that deep down in our hearts there is a desire for victory and progress, and a hatred of defeat and failure. By the way, the phrase to which I have drawn attention seems to have found a niche in the trenches, and although the "Jerry" is not added in the passage I have quoted, I should not be at all surprised were this enigmatical person freely exhorted during the campaign in question!

OUR Author prints a ticklish letter from a dashing young middy, who, in view of his experiences, is full of pity for his brother who is still at Harrow: "It is *awful* for Reg," he admits; "but I have written to try and cheer him up by saying the war is certain to last for two years, and by that time he may be able to join us." This is "seeing it through" with a vengeance! But it is the British spirit all over. The plain fact is, that within the British breast there is the spirit of the warrior, and in spite of Mr. Norman Angell's theories—which look well on paper—we dearly love a straight, clear-cut fight. Mr. Adcock tells us of one man, too old to join the Army, and too occupied to spare three evenings a week for a Defence Corps, who is nevertheles spending all his spare time on early closing day in the rifle range, where he is fast becoming a crack-marksman, and where, also, he is making the grim resolve that if any raid is ever made on this country, he will, laws or no laws, be answerable for a few baby-killers before he dies. Of course, this mood may be all wrong; but it is the mood of almost every man who is sufficiently vigorous to feel the wrongs of others.

* * *

I AM inclined to think that we can resolve the whole aim of life into the happy motto to which reference has been made—"Stick it out, Jerry." I am fully aware that some of my readers will think it very vulgar; it is; but that is the very reason why I like it. Compared with the classical Greek of Plato, the New Testament is vulgar in the extreme. But only a few people read Plato, and fewer still understand him; while at the present time almost everybody is reading the New Testament, and I think they are understanding it. So don't let us be too simpering over a little wholesome vulgarity. "Stick it out, Jerry," is huge, and I commend it as a bracing motto; not only for the period of the war, but for the whole of life. Translated in terms of Scripture, it means: "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." It is pretty simple to make a good start, blow the trumpet and wave the flag; but it is not so easy to *keep going*, and see things through. Dull days are bound to come; reverses are inevitable; casualties cannot be avoided; but he that endures to the end shall be saved. In the last resort, the issues of this war turn on one thing, and one thing only—endurance. He that endures to the end will be saved. For this reason we are raising a huge Army, turning out munitions in almost unthinkable quantities, and preparing for an apparently endless conflict. We shall "see it through" if we can "stick it out."

* * *

BRITAIN has answered the call in more ways than one. Her gallant sons have heard another Voice calling them from the dust of their desire, a Voice of gentle stillness. The response has been remarkable. Like those who heard beside the Syrian sea, our happy warriors have risen up to follow the Christ Whose sword has been placed in their hands. And the great fact for them is the assurance that He will see it through, for He is resolved to perfect that which concerns them. In these grim and fateful days it is impossible to evade the spiritual issue: death is too near, eternity looms too large. It were criminal for any Christian man to neglect the things that matter. And so this simple chat about a new book is really a brotherly appeal to my Christian comrades in all parts of the country to "stick it out" to the end, to fight the good fight of faith, to resist the devil, to shun folly and weakness. And even though we fall continually, let us get up again; even though we retreat when we ought to advance, let us make up for wasted effort and lost time as soon as ever we get the opportunity. And when it seems that we are shut in with the enemy, and deliverance seems out of the question, let us breathe that great affirmation of hope, "Thou, God, seest me," and He will see us through.



FOR ROUTE MARCHES.

Fry's

SUPERIOR

Chocolates

ON SALE AT THE

Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

BY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

To H.M. King George V. To H.M. Queen Alexandra.

148 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS.

Jeyes' Disinfectants

FLUID — POWDER — SOAP.

Jeyes' Fluid

Best and Safest for all Purposes.

Jeysol

Identical in composition with Lysol, of absolutely equal efficiency, and making a clear solution.

Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection sent free on application to:—

Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., 64, Cannon St., London, E.C.

*"Here's your jolly good health—and mine."*




LIFEBUOY SOAP

Everyone approves Jack's sentiment. We all desire his good health—and our own. But don't rest satisfied with desiring. Do all you can to ensure good health.

Remember Lifebuoy Soap is in itself a splendid aid to health, because it cleanses the skin perfectly and disinfects at the same time, thus removing the risk of infection.

Jack should have Lifebuoy in his kit. Send him some. It is a present he will appreciate. And what is good for Jack is good for you.

Use Lifebuoy Soap freely—for Toilet, Bath and all Household purposes. It promotes good health.

MORE THAN SOAP, YET COSTS NO MORE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 105-11

# ON AND OFF THE BATTLEFIELD: STIRRING INCIDENTS IN THE WAR IN WHICH MEN AND SHIPS ARE NOBLY PLAYING THEIR PART.



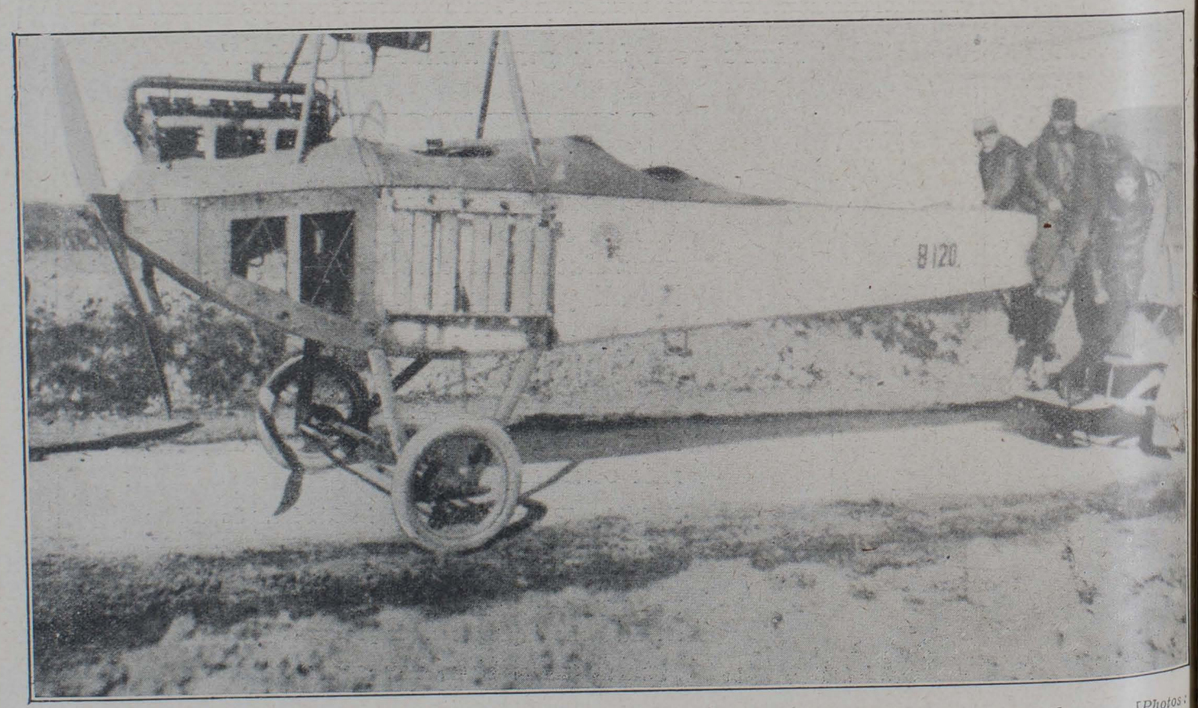
On board a French transport, showing a section of the men at their midday meal, as the vessel bears the brave sons of France to the nearest point of contact with the enemy.



The lady shown above is a well-known Belgian baroness who is helping with the Red Cross work at the front. She is here seen assisting to carry a wounded soldier from the firing line.



After the guns of the "Queen Elizabeth" had cast their shells into Chanak Kaleh, in the Dardanelles, this picture of ruin was taken by the camera. The scene of desolation is a tribute to the British fire.




A Taube which was brought down in the region of Soissons by a French soldier, whose only weapon was an ordinary rifle. [Photos: Photo Press.]



German prisoners, captured by the British in one of the recent battles, on their way to the base.

**In the Army** they use
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH



They rely upon its fine qualities as a waterproofer and preservative of the leather, and appreciate the supple, serviceable condition of their boots due to its use.
Tins (Brown and Black) 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Outfit 6d.
Of all dealers.

No soldier should be without his tin of
CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN. Excellent as a dressing for boots, it should also be rubbed upon the feet. It allays irritation and prevents blistering. Made only from the finest and purest ingredients.
CHERRY DUBBIN (Black or Yellow), in 1d., 2d., 3d. and 6d. sizes, can be obtained at Canteens, Stores, etc., or a penny trial tin will be sent, on receipt of a penny stamp, by
CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, W.
KHARKENE cleans and renovates Khaki equipment. Sold by all dealers in 1d. and 1½d. blocks.

**CAMP LEADERS**
should note that
**SUN COFFEE**
is being used in many Y.M.C.A. Huts and Canteens and is giving every satisfaction.
*Quart sizes for Camp Use.*
*Also 6d. and 1/- sizes for re-sale to troops.*
QUALITY RIGHT. —— PRICE RIGHT.
*Write for terms to*
ANDW. MELROSE & CO., Coffee Merchants to the King,
19, YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C.
ESTABLISHED 1812.

W·H·SMITH & SON
desire to bring to the notice of
**CAMP COMMANDANTS**
the many useful commodities suitable for sale to soldiers in camp throughout the country.

Commandants who have not yet taken up the sale of these W.H.S. commodities are invited to write. W. H. Smith & Son are specialising in a wide range of goods for camp use, and have supplied these goods to
**OVER 40 CAMPS**
Write
**W·H·SMITH & SON**
Manufacturing Stationers
KEAN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C
Head Office: 186 Strand, W.C.

**"Three Clarnico Goodies!"**

**Lily Caramels.**
The most delicious Caramel you ever tasted. Rich, creamy, luscious. Made from the finest Sugar, Cream and Almonds. At the first bite you realise the charm that has made them so popular. Sold in various size packages by all good Confectioners, and at Y.M.C.A. Tents.

**Cream Caramels.**
Have a flavour and richness which distinguishes them from all others. If you have never tasted these delicious Caramels you have missed one of the good things of life. Get acquainted by obtaining a few—just to try—from your Confectioner, or from your camp tent.

**Marzipan.**
The sweetmeat with the delicate "nutty" flavour. So tempting and pleasing to the palate. Everyone greets Clarnico Marzipan with equal satisfaction, because it is as pure as it is delicious, and for real toothsomeness it has no equal. Obtainable in 1d. bars at most Y.M.C.A. tents, and at all good Confectioners.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd., LONDON.

**Regimental Badge Brooches.**




SIZE OF BROOCH.
**All Regiments in Stock.**
Perfectly finished. Each in Neat Box.
Gilt, 1/6; Silver Gilt, 3/6
9 carat Gold, 20/-
ALL POST FREE.
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.
*FROM*
**R. FORD & Co.**
8, LONDON ST., LONDON, E.C.
STORES SHOULD WRITE FOR WHOLESALE TERMS.



# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

EVERY week presents the Young Men's Christian Association with new opportunities for effort in previously unoccupied fields and in fresh directions. The "Ever-Open Hut" at Euston Station is thoroughly established, and is in use every hour of the day and night. Now a hut is in course of erection for the new battalion of dockers at Liverpool, an enterprise to which the Earl of Derby is giving generous and enthusiastic support. In North Liverpool a temporary Association has been opened for the invalided soldiers who are attached to the temporary hospitals in the neighbourhood.

***

A HUT is to be erected for the use of convalescents at Eastbourne, and in different parts of the country provision is being made for the soldiers who are guarding war prisoners. More workers are now being sent out to Egypt and India.

***

IT may be that when these words are read the Government's definite proposals in regard to the drink traffic will be known. The nation is waiting to know. Evidently severe restriction of hours and sales will be enforced. It is to be hoped that our governors will not only restrict and restrain, but that they will encourage the provision of positive welfare work to take the place of the present public-houses, many of which will certainly shut down under the pressure of the restrictions imposed. The real peril of the public-house is the temptation to intemperance, but we must not forget that the public-house has been, for generations, the poor man's club. Men whose homes are limited and comfortless have found a quiet corner, companionship—a certain touch of interest in religion, politics, and society—in the "snug" smoke-rooms of the "pub." Every public-house which closes should be reopened with a new programme. As centres for the work of thousands of men and women who want to do their bit for England, and are not sure what they can do, organised on the lines of Y.M.C.A. huts, they would do incalculable good. Good coffee, light refreshments, books, newspapers, games, a piano, a gramophone, and human beings to organise and run the show, and there you are ready for action. The success or failure will depend on the workers. Cranks, patrons, faddists, and people who cannot unbend are useless. But, given warm-hearted, red-blooded, virile men and women, into whose lives the passion for service has come, who believe in God and in men and women, and success is assured.

***

REV. E. H. BURROUGHS, who is working with our men in France, published a most impressive letter in *The Times*, in which he says:—"May I add a line to remind all those who are feeling and thinking about the spiritual issues of the war how largely those issues are being determined out here? It is not so much that the average British soldier, as one meets him in camp, is superficially more religious than he was at home; nor that he is any more likely to troop submissively to church or chapel on his return; if those words still mean to him then what they have too largely meant in the past. It is rather that in him the latent, but universal, human interest in God has at last been thoroughly awakened, in a way that this has not yet happened at home. If only it can be met, fostered, and satisfied in the right way, and in good time, he may be the saving of the rest of us when he comes home. But we are still a long, long way from that ideal. The obstacles seem almost to balance the opportunities. And all the time there is the thought in the background, 'If the war should end soon, would the new faith that is in him survive the return into the old atmosphere?' It is a fresh reason for throwing open all our windows at home, to clear the air before he comes back."

***

WE do not know whether Lord Kitchener is satisfied with the national output of munitions of war, but we must confess that we were amazed to read that the normal output had been multiplied by nineteen. Great Britain seems to have reached the stage which athletes refer to as the "second wind." Trade in general is good, recruiting continues to be phenomenal, crime has been greatly reduced, the temper of the people is admirable. We are not too greatly elated by successes, nor too depressed by failures. Churches are well-filled, and people are giving themselves to prayer and intercession. The reserves of national strength are being called on. People are learning what endurance really means: men fighting and working, women suffering and praying, and little children, too, missing brothers, and fathers and uncles who are "at the war." The output of munitions has been increased nineteen times, and so have other national outputs: the outputs in charity, in prayer, in sympathy, in selfless service, in prayer have multiplied many times over.

***

ONE of the great differences made by the war is in the matter of candour about religious things. Britishers are shy about discussing high themes. Many a devout soul treasures a secret fellowship with God, but finds it an impossible task to discuss questions of faith with others.

***

FOR the men who have offered themselves to their country all that is changed. Face to face with reality, men are definitely conscious of God. Their eyes are unscaled and they see, their tongues are loosed, and many hundreds of men to whom religion made no definite appeal in normal times are now keenly interested, observant, and responsive. The Church, through every available channel, should leap at its supreme opportunity. Before the war 80 per cent. of young men were outside the Churches. To-day a very large proportion of them are in training and under discipline. They have become God-conscious. Our chance is here, and thousands of workers are making the very most of it. And the real chance is not coming to those who merely give addresses to men, but to those who have so learnt Christ that they turn the selling of coffee and buns, the cleaning of the hut, the transactions in the post office stall into a Christian ministry. To these in whom the grace of Jesus Christ is seen, as in a figure, come men who are feeling after God, and the halting confession of Christ and His power on the lips of some man or woman, unaccustomed to public oratory, is listened to with deepest respect and veneration. The Association calls for hundreds of workers who are prepared to serve in temporal as well as in spiritual things.

***

MR. J. J. VIRGO has just passed his fiftieth birthday, and he deserves our warmest congratulations. He says that he feels thirty. Few men have been able to keep in such close touch with young men. He is still a big boy, able without effort to sympathise with the last new member. He is spending busy days addressing crowded gatherings of men in all parts of the country, but manages to keep "fit."

***

HE is shortly leaving for Egypt to confer with Association workers on the spot. He will receive an ovation from the men of the Australian contingent, which will contain the sons of many old friends.

***

A VERY interesting little function took place during the week at 13, Russell-square, when Mr. S. K. Morley's friends in the National Office met and presented him with a Raleigh bicycle as a token of affection for the man and admiration for his work. Mr. Morley takes a few days' rest before taking up his duties as general secretary at Bristol. We understand that his idea of a rest is an attempt to break the record for the journey from Bristol to Land's End. The bicycle will be put on its trial.

***

WE are just issuing, through 13, Russell-square, a little handbook of notes on St. Mark's Gospel. The book has been divided into sixty-one lessons, providing daily readings for two months. It is specially designed for the devotional reading of workers who are hard pressed in the stress of special service to-day. Mr. Kenneth Saunders has written brief daily comments, which will be helpful. In addition, weekly notes, by Miss G. A. Golloch, author of "Outline Studies on St. Mark's Gospel," will appear in *Y.M.* These will be valuable. There are several ways in which the notes may be used. First, and perhaps most important, the men who are giving themselves so devotedly to our special work need to keep their own altar fires burning brightly, and that cannot be done without regular sustenance. Then the notes can be used as the basis for the brief talks to men, and for Bible circles, and men can be encouraged to form little groups of students in their own huts.

# Y.M.C.A. CAMP LEADERS' COLUMN.

*Some Practical Information for Men Who "Run" the Huts.*

MAY I take this opportunity through the *Y.M.* of appealing to every leader to exercise the utmost economy in the administration in huts, tents, and other Y.M.C.A. centres?

***

The enormous growth of our military department means that we are working under very heavy expenditure. It is the easiest thing in the world for waste to occur with regard, particularly, to stationery, and in matters of commissariat. We should regard all the money that has been contributed as a public trust, and feel we ought to be even more careful in the spending of it than we are in regard to our own money.

***

It has been delightful in visiting many camp centres to see how much individuality has been introduced into the decoration of the huts.

***

Our camp buildings do not naturally lend themselves to architectural effect, but very much can be done by individual leaders to brighten up the interior, and also to make it look more attractive outside. In many cases very pretty little garden borders have been prepared, shrubs have been planted, and creepers adorn the exterior walls. This can be done in nearly almost every case, and it makes an immense improvement.

***

We hope in a future number to give particulars of some forms of decoration we have seen.

***

Mr. R. L. Barclay, treasurer of the National Council, has taken a commission in the Wiltshire Regiment. In going on active service, Mr. Barclay will have the best wishes of all his colleagues on the National Council, and all who know him will admire the action he has taken.

***

It is gratifying to be able to record the complete success of the Euston Hut. This building is a kind of connecting link between the home camp and the front. Sleeping accommodation has been arranged; during the first six nights the following numbers of men slept in this hut—43, 50, 113, 90, 84, and 110. It would be difficult to exaggerate the appreciation of the men who find it possible instead of spending the midnight hour wandering about the streets, or in the waiting-room of the station, to have a warm, cosy, brightly lighted, attractive home open for their use.

***

Men who wish to do so, and can afford it, pay 6d. per night for their bed, but the majority have a shakedown without any charge. Refreshments are sold at a little over cost price. Miss Batten is in charge of the lady helpers, and Mr. A. J. Green has transferred his attention to Euston from the White City, and has as his chief assistant Mr. A. F. Coffey.

***

It is of the utmost importance that accounts should be sent in regularly to headquarters. We know how difficult this is very often in cases where men are working almost day and night, but we shall be exceedingly glad if every reader will send us by the 20th of the month full particulars as to the receipts for the month, also the expenditure, the bank balance to date, and accounts outstanding. If this can be done regularly by every centre it will greatly facilitate our accountancy department at headquarters.

***

We receive most excellent reports from Ireland. The work that has been done by Mr. W. Wright and Mr. D. A. Black is well known. Mr. O'Connor is rendering most excellent service in and around Dublin.

***

Mr. R. H. Swainson has also made a most successful start in Roman Catholic Ireland, the South and West.

***

It will interest all our readers to know that a really successful work is being carried on at "Tipperary"—the hut is crowded night after night, and constant testimonies are being received to the value of the work.

***

At the opening of the Euston hut a commanding officer was present, and said to us, "I know all about your work—I commanded at Shoreham at the beginning of the camp, and had a terrible time with the men there. I appealed to your Association, and within three days you had established your tent. Within a week you had stamped out crime."

***

The motor restaurant presented by the Carlton Club has been sent out to the front, and will, we feel sure, be of very great service. We are particularly indebted to Mr. Lord Phillips for the keen interest he has taken in everything connected with the kitchen. It is largely through him that restaurants have been made so complete in every way.

***

The children of Great Britain have subscribed the money to pay for the erection of six huts.

***

Miss Annie Swan, the famous novelist, has rendered splendid service for the Y.M.C.A. in many of the home camps, and hopes shortly to assist us in the centres in France.

***

Her Majesty the Queen has sent photographs of herself and the King to the "Queen Mary" hut at Havre.

***

Wonderfully interesting work is being done by Captain Pearson, of the Canadian Y.M.C.A., within the zone of operations. He has been able to open quite a number of centres, and an immense amount of good is being done.

***

We are glad to take this opportunity of saying how very much we appreciate the co-operation we have received in the work in this country by the Canadian secretaries.

***

### The Problem of Workers.

Owing to the fact that hundreds of new camps are being opened up in various parts of the country, the problem of how to obtain a sufficient supply of workers is becoming more acute than ever. We would make the following suggestions for the consideration of our leaders:—

1. Secure the help of ladies wherever possible. It has been proved over and over again since the war began that ladies can do a magnificent work in the Y.M.C.A. centres, particularly in regard to the refreshment department.

2. Seek the help of convalescent soldiers. In many cases we are using them to very great advantage.

3. In large camps in out-of-the-way districts where a big refreshment trade is being done, a really experienced man should be secured to look after the refreshment department, and he should, of course, be paid a living wage.

4. Every opportunity should be taken of appealing to the local Press, and to the churches for helpers.

5. We can with great advantage secure the co-operation of the Scout Movement, the Boys' Brigade, the Church Lads' Brigade, the Church of England Men's Society, and the Brotherhood for this work.

6. In consultation with headquarters, unimportant centres, if there are any such, should be dispensed with or carried on by local efforts, so that workers should be released for the more important camps.

7. By careful supervision, it is possible to use less experienced men where a number of camps are grouped closely together.

8. In every camp a camp Y.M.C.A. should be formed. If our leaders have really the genius of leadership they will find they can make the greatest possible use at a time like this of Christian soldiers for various departments of the work. We know a camp where almost the whole responsibility is taken by men in the ranks. Apart from that, the fact that these are the men who are doing the work right up to the front should reveal to us the possibilities of similar help in individual camps.

That is not the only thing; the fact we have to face is this, there are a very large number of Christian men ex-Y.M.C.A. workers, and those who have worked in connection with churches, who are in camp now, and it will mean a great deal to them if their leisure is employed profitably. They will take a greater interest in the Y.M.C.A., and will be of immense service to us.

We shall be glad to receive suggestions from any of our leaders as to other ways in which it may be possible to secure helpers.

***

During the past few days we have had the privilege of visiting the Canadian camp at their new base in the South of England, and were delighted with the arrangements made by the local leaders of the Y.M.C.A.

***

We have also had an opportunity of visiting a number of the camps in East Anglia, and in every case were delighted with the general Y.M.C.A. arrangements. On all hands we are receiving testimonies of the good work which is being done by our leaders.

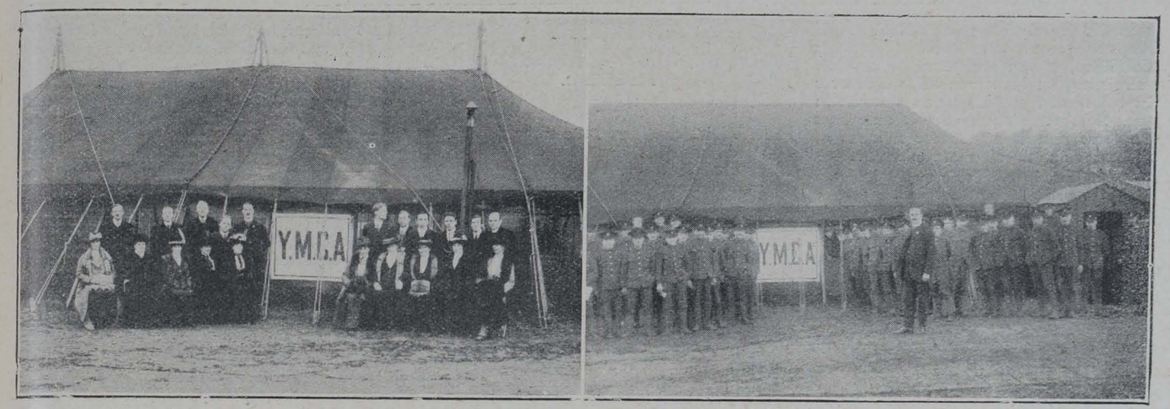
***

A titled lady called at headquarters two or three days since and said she had had £100 sent her from a nephew in the colonies. He had requested her to give that to the most deserving object known to her. She said she had been immensely impressed with what she had heard and seen of the work of the Y.M.C.A., and she felt the very best use she could make of the money was to put it into one channel, and that the Young Men's Christian Association.

***

The lady herself has promised to give a generous monthly subscription towards the cost of our work amongst the troops.






Two interesting views of the work at the Alnwick Hut, reproduced from photographs by R. Johnston and Son, Gateshead.

# CHRISTIAN RECRUITING ON THE TYNE.

*A Personal Tribute to the Usefulness and Influence of the Y.M.C.A.*

By the REV. W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.

ALL eyes at the moment are fixed on the Tyne. No body of workmen have a better output of munitions of war than the Tynesiders, and, be it added, no workmen in the whole country have resented more than they the accusation of having allowed drinking to interfere with their patriotic duty. "We have worked seven days a week for eight months," they say, "and though we are not total abstainers, we have stood our corner and kept our end up with the best; the Tyne is not the Mersey." For two other reasons all eyes turn towards the Tyne, or, rather, for three. First, in its neighbourhood a vast, uncounted army of our new soldiers are assembled. Second, it was here that the Germans recently displayed their abortive Zeppelin ingenuity. (Coming out of Backworth Y.M.C.A. hut on Wednesday night in company with Mr. Ledger, the travelling secretary, I heard the bombs falling a mile and a half away, and saw the flashes in the sky; later on I travelled in the darkened train, and mingled with the sky-gazing crowd till midnight in the lightless streets of Newcastle.) But, thirdly, in no part of England or Great Britain has better work of a social and religious kind been accomplished by the Association than in the camps in the area of the Tyne.

### A Destructive Fire that was Not Allowed to Hinder the Work.

For a time last autumn Newcastle was the head of the Northern Command, and the magnificent Y.M.C.A. buildings in Blackett-street constituted our headquarters. Unfortunately a few hours before my arrival these fine premises—and we had none finer in the kingdom—were visited by a most disastrous fire, which has rendered them useless for six months, and involved damage to the tune of £10,000. I found Mr. H. Armstrong, the youthful veteran Y.M. administrator of the North, busy arranging fresh accommodation, and this has been found over the Drawing Room Café in Northumberland-street. Since last August these Central Buildings have been remarkably well used by the soldiers; thousands have daily thronged the building, and it would be a good sum in arithmetic to calculate the number of our great new army who have found the rooms in Blackett-street a real shelter and help in this strange, new life. Recruits after enlistment have made straight for the Association building, written their letters, enjoyed themselves with games, and positively besieged the refreshment counter. Concerts, lectures, and meetings for prayer and Bible reading and fellowship have been organised two or three times a week in the Connaught Hall, and often for the lantern service on Sunday evenings many have had to stand the whole time.

### Some of the Features Heartily Appreciated by the Men.

I spent a delightful evening at Cloft-street, a newly acquired centre. The building was once a chapel, and then for years a warehouse. It is a remarkable case of adaptation, for the very ramshackle nature of its rooms has seemed to prove its value. Two features have been much appreciated, viz., the hot baths and the free washes. I found a large number of men in the main room, and as soon as I appeared on the platform they put down their pens and magazines and gathered round. Again my experience all over England repeated itself—the men were most attentive and appreciative. The camp leader handed me the War Roll, with some seventy or eighty names already down. I appealed to the men to sign. England's glory was that every soldier was a soldier of his own free will, and Christ did not want a conscript army either. Would they come boldly out—as they had gone to the recruiting office—and sign? Yes, they would. For a long time they stood one behind the other awaiting their turns. Some had fountain pens already out. It was a deep happiness to me to meet young fellows from towns and churches and Sunday-schools I knew, among others not a few from the Loughborough district in Leicestershire, and from a village of my youth, Shepshed.

### A Monkey House Which is Being Used as a Y.M.C.A. Hall.

Our work at North Shields is somewhat unique in that the building has never been used for what is known as ordinary Y.M.C.A. work. But surely it was never intended to serve a more useful purpose than it is now doing. Let me also say that the monkey house at the Spanish City—like the Zoo at our own White City—has been used for the past six months as a Y.M.C.A. hall. And it has done splendid duty in that new capacity.

Of the work at Alnwick I cannot speak personally, and indeed it has already been described in these pages by Mr. J. T. Leafe. It is really, so the secretaries tell me, our best effort. Our huts have proved of invaluable service to the Commercial and Scottish Battalions. These men are largely Newcastle professional men and clerks, and many most interesting stories are to be told of work among them. Canon Hicks has had great times with these men, and from all I hear I should say that the Alnwick War Roll will top the list, or nearly so. My own evening meeting, with the new travelling secretary, Mr. Ledger, at Backworth, I shall long remember. The district is most depressing, and our hut on the village green is a welcome social and moral oasis. It was literally packed with men of the Duke of Wellington's infantry, and they gave us a great reception. Again I witnessed the same seriousness, the same stern fortitude of face, and the same quickness of response. Resent our intrusion! Dislike our suddenly appearing in their club room to talk religion! How utterly false and incorrect! I would I were always as warmly and eagerly welcomed by audiences and congregations.

### The Men Who are Doing the Work Which Means So Much to the Troops.

Several brigade camps are in prospect—one at Longwitton, near Rothbury, one or two at Woolsington Hall, near Pontsland, one at Seaton Delaval, and one at Cramlington. Our camp workers are expecting a busy summer, as there seems little prospect of these camps releasing any of the workers engaged near the coast.

I could not help an occasional feeling, as I toured our huts and saw our work on the mighty Tyne, that our people generally hardly grasp the extent, still less the value, of our work up in the North. On the outbreak of war Mr. Basil Hewer, of the National Council in London, went to help arrange and plan out and start the work, and rendered invaluable assistance till October, when he became temporarily overdone. Since then Mr. Armstrong has found a loyal and most efficient colleague in Mr. Ledger,

who won his spurs years ago in Belfast. If any readers are not too impatient of what may be called, if you are heartless enough, mere statistics, let them run their eyes over the list below of our Association stations in the great Northern Command. It may look bare in form, but it stands for a mass of work whose value no man can estimate.

**List of Centres, in North-Eastern District, of Work Amongst Soldiers.**

NEWCASTLE.—Central, Croft-street, Park-road.

GATESHEAD.—High-street, St. George's Institute, Ely-street Primitive Methodist, Brighton-road Presbyterian and Venerable Bede Schools.

NORTH SHIELDS.—Y.M.C.A. new building given over for soldiers' work exclusively.

WHITLEY BAY.—Spanish City and Convalescent Home, also Hut at Musketry Camp, St. Mary's Island.

SOUTH SHIELDS.—Y.M.C.A. Buildings.

DURHAM.—Y.M.C.A. Buildings and Oddfellows' Hall.

DARLINGTON.—Hut in North Lodge Park and Y.M.C.A. Building.

BARNARD CASTLE.—Primitive Methodist Schoolroom.

WALLSEND.—Temperance Institute.

FOREST HALL.—Meeting Room and Westmoor School.

BLYTH.—Y.M.C.A. Bridge-street and Beaconsfield-street Primitive Methodist School.

MORPETH.—Y.M.C.A. Buildings.

WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Y.M.C.A. Building worked by National Council.

HARTLEPOOL.—Y.M.C.A. Rooms.

ALNWICK.—Two fine new huts doing splendid work.

WALBOTTLE.—Primitive Methodist School.

SEAHAM HARBOUR.—Miners' Hall.

BACKWORTH.—Hut on Village Green.

GOSFORTH PARK.—Hut in Park.

EAST BOLDON.—Hut in Fusiliers Camp.

SEATON DELAVAL.—Primitive Methodist Schoolroom.

## WAR IN THE AIR.

### The Distinguishing Features of British and German Aircraft.

WE have just received from the General Electric Co., Limited, a most ingenious and useful piece of topical advertising literature which takes the form of a tough paper folder, measuring only 5 ins. by 3 1/16 ins. when closed, and having the whole of the interior (10 ins. by 6 1/16 ins.) devoted to illustrations and descriptions of German and British aircraft. The illustrations, which were prepared by and are the copyright of our contemporary *Flight*, are excellent, both as regards clearness and accuracy. The chief types are referred to in the letterpress and their distinguishing characteristics mentioned. We learn that German aeroplanes have an "Iron Cross" painted below the wings and each side of the rudder, British airships fly the white ensign, attached to their rudders, and British aeroplanes have a Union Jack painted below the planes. In similar manner the French machines have a rosette of red, white, and blue. The letterpress is confined to the question of distinguishing different machines, and does not attempt to deal with the best way to hide in a cellar and such kindred matters. The usefulness of the information given seems to us to be so great that a copy should be in the hands of every member of the community, and we would advise application being made to the General Electric Co., Limited, Publication Department, 67, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C., who have made arrangements that everyone desirous of having this folder shall not be disappointed.

When folded up two most attractive illustrations are presented to view. One shows a fleet of aircraft dropping bombs and the other a "Freezor" electric fan providing a refreshing breeze. On opening the folder a few well-chosen lines advising the public to keep cool in case of a "hot air" raid come into view, as do prices and particulars of the extraordinarily strong and efficient "Freezor" small pattern electric fan for use on either continuous or alternating current circuits.

## HEALTH.

### What it is, How to Acquire and How to Maintain it.

VI.

HAVING considered the three great laws of health which we must keep inviolate if we are to keep physically fit, we pass on to another phase—mental health—which is a most important thing to acquire. It was too little understood how greatly the mind affects the body, and, vice versâ, how the body affects the mind. There is continual action and reaction going on, and it is useless to think that a body can remain healthy if the mind is allowed to become unhealthy.

Our thoughts are largely formed by what we see, what we hear, what we read. Original thought is very rare. The large majority of people only use a small portion of their brains—one-third to one-tenth; the rest lies dormant. Why? Because *original* thought is lacking, and that is the only kind that really builds the cells of the brain. Now, in most young people imagination is very vivid, so that when a book is being read the imagination is called into play, and a very real picture is formed, just as it is in a cinematograph. If the book be a good, wholesome book, the effect upon the mind is healthy. If, on the contrary, it is a book with an evil tendency, the effect upon the mind is unhealthy, and the outcome of this will be physical harm. The vital force of the body becomes lowered by wrong vibrations being set up. It is for this reason that I feel such burning indignation towards the man or woman who will sit down and write in cold blood books which call up in the mind these vivid pictures, the tendency of which is to degrade and not to elevate. Surely the greatest punishment man can give should be meted out to such as these, for their offence is far greater than that of a man who commits a murder, perhaps after extreme provocation.

Nothing is so disastrous to the young as the poisoning of their minds, as their bodies also have to suffer from such contamination. Therefore, as a nation, we should see that our literature is clean. Let us have all the fun, all the laughter, all the humour we can get—we want it badly enough, God knows!—but let it be wholesome. The same remarks apply to what we see. A pernicious influence is acquired from cinematograph shows of a questionable kind, or from plays of more than doubtful character. Here, again, it is the duty of the State to protect its subjects against demoralising shows of any kind, for the sake of national health and morals. The police-courts tell the tale of many a young person who has gone wrong from having had his imagination fired by unwholesome pictures.

Again, idle talk is a potent factor against the acquirement of mental health. The risky story, the recital of doubtful escapades, the gathering together of those whose talk is anything but clean, helps largely to affect the body deleteriously; whilst the recital of heroic deeds, of humorous but harmless stories, the acting of ennobling yet not goody-goody plays, all help to raise the potential of nerve force, and, consequently, are healthy things to see and hear.

To gain mental health, self-control must be exercised and will developed, and on no account must the undesirable picture be allowed to remain in the mind.

Having regard to the supreme importance of the healthy mind in the healthy body, I would address a few words to those who read these lines, who are parents. Have you ever thought seriously of your duty towards your children, to save them from the effects of what they may see, hear, and read when you have sent them away to school, especially to a boarding-school? I write feelingly on this subject, as one who was sent off without one single word of warning or advice into a world entirely new to me! Do you send your boys and girls away from the home influence without informing them of things they ought to know about themselves? If so, you are sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind in the days that are to come. Many a lad and girl have gone to the bad because they were innocent of certain things about which they should have been warned. Children have the right to know—according to their age and intelligence—about the laws which govern their being. They ask questions very soon—awkward questions—and they are often told falsehoods as an answer to them. The wrong begins there. They should be tactfully and delicately told about themselves by their parents, especially at the time that definite changes are taking place in them. Too often, instead of this, they are hustled off to a boarding-school, become filled with curiosity about things that should be told them quite naturally, and eventually get their information—very highly coloured—from the gutter. One black sheep in a school, of either sex, will do incalculable harm to many innocent boys and girls, whilst, if they are put upon their guard, a feeling of repulsion for such a black sheep will be engendered. Well do I remember the careers of boys who fell victims to wrong habits at school, and a sad, sad story it would be to tell. When boys, with health ruined, grow to be men, and curse their parents for not telling them things they ought to have known before it was too late, it will readily be understood how strongly they have felt the injustice done them. Many young men sin from ignorance, and the onus of this sin is on the heads of parents; if they have been duly warned, the sin is deliberate and is upon their own heads. Therefore, if children are to grow up healthy in mind, as well as in body, they should be instructed by their parents, and a purely parental duty should not be left to masters and mistresses. It is high time to speak out. Evil, arising out of ignorance mostly, is rampant. Young soldiers are down with disease before they start to fight for their country, and this at a time when it is the bounden duty of every man to be as fit as possible. Let the "mens sana in corpore sano" be a very real thing to you young men. Thrust away the evil thought, blot out the unseemly picture instantly from your minds, determine that you will get command over yourselves, and realise that by acquiring a healthy mind and a healthy body you are fitting yourselves for the capping stone of spiritual health, which completes the "wholeness" of man.

J. W. WILLIAMS.

## HOW IT IS DONE.

*To the Editor of "Y.M."*

MY DEAR SIR,—This morning has brought me both a pleasing as well as a surprise packet. Pleasing, as it appears to come to me somewhat on the ground of merit; surprise, in that I had no knowledge whatever that a reward was even offered to promote the sale of that particular number of *Y.M.* or even any issue.

In the sale of them I had no other object than a desire to do my best to circulate. My men did not come in until the 12th, and I did not begin the sale until the 14th, but succeeded in selling 100 but seven. I now take the opportunity to thank you warmly for the pleasing little token of your appreciation of the effort, which cost me nothing but pleasure. Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

Essex, April 22. S. V.



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

Madame Novello Davies has taken the keenest possible interest in the work for the troops. With her Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir she has entertained thousands of soldiers in Y.M.C.A. centres. On a recent Thursday the King George's Hall at London Central was crowded.

***

A general in Northern France, writing about certain people who were slow to give all the facilities we need for our work, says:—"They do not seem to realise that the Y.M.C.A. can hardly be regarded as a civilian organisation now, as it is almost part and parcel of the British Army."

***

The Young Women's Christian Association leaders have been busy since the outbreak of war. Twenty-five clubs have been organised, while the leaders are in touch with many other centres. We hope to publish some accounts of the excellent work being undertaken for wives, sweethearts, and friends of soldiers.

***

The hut provided for the Bradford "Pals" at Skipton is now open, and thoroughly in use. Miss Whitehead, daughter of the donor, Mrs. Frances Whitehead, was present at the ceremony, and formally handed it over.

***

"We had Miss Lena Ashwell's third concert party down here last Monday, and at the same time the Y.M.C.A. opened their new hut. It is a very fine place, and seats easily 1,000. There is a platform, a library, bar for teas, coffee, &c., and all facilities for writing, reading, and games. You would be surprised if you knew the extent of the work that they do here. I think that there are five such huts among the camps and one in the town. This does not include a big theatre which they have taken over. In fact, I do not know what would become of Tommy Atkins if those four letters did not exist."

***

Lieut.-General Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell talked to the troops in Northern France on "The A B C of Soldiering." Four points were emphasised—Commonsense, Courage, Confidence, and Cheerfulness. A typical sentence was "A grin and a walking-stick will carry you through most things in this life."

***

The *Glasgow News* announces that Lochgoilhead, where the Glasgow Y.M.C.A. Camp is situated, is likely to have a quiet summer season, as most of its Y.M.C.A. visitors have arranged to spend their holiday abroad this year.

***

Mr. Henry Armstrong has secured temporary premises for the work at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in Northumberland-street, and for the soldiers' work in Croft-street.

***

Brigadier-General de Winton was chief speaker at our Soldiers' Club at St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, on Sunday last. The General said he had long been acquainted with the work of the Y.M.C.A. He could not get on without it. This was not a figure of speech; it was what he really meant. Ever since he had had a camp to command the influence of the Y.M.C.A. had been to him a source of strength and confidence. He was delighted when he came to Norwich to find the Y.M.C.A. in possession of this magnificent hall. With this preface the speaker went on to deliver an evangelistic address.

***

East Belfast Y.M.C.A. gymnasium class held their annual display on Tuesday evening last. Despite the fact that a large number of the members are on active service, the display was one of the most successful in the annals of the class. Mr. R. B. Kelly, the hon. instructor, and Mr. A. E. Clyde, hon. secretary, are to be congratulated on the success of the class.

***

With the advent of spring the beautiful Frensham Common is covered with tents again, and our tents are as popular as ever. Mr. H. C. Barton is in charge, co-operating with Mr. Allan Frost, and already the old records of useful service are being repeated.

***

The Decision Campaign has been most successful at Cheltenham. Nearly two thousand have joined the Pocket Testament League. Many men have definitely and solemnly registered their decision.

***

Corporal John Gow, now with the Expeditionary Force, writes home an interesting account of his contact with the Y.M.C.A. since the outbreak of war. He was a member at South Shields, was in camp at Ravensworth Park, and spent five weeks in Aldershot. At each centre the Y.M.C.A. was serving his needs. Now he urges us to provide a tent at the advanced base where he is situated.



The Mayoress of Hornsey unfurling the flag presented by the constituents of Mr. John Ward, M.P., at the Pioneer Camp, Alexandra Park.

***

Professor George H. Leonard, M.A. (History Professor, Bristol University) is giving considerable time during the College Vacation as a Y.M.C.A. worker at Sutton Verny Camp. A lecture to the officers on "The New Germany and the Old" is a part of his programme.

***

At Perham Down Camp the Y.M.C.A. marquees were famous for the intensely spiritual work carried on in them during the early months of the war. Our 160 ft. by 30 ft. hut stands upon the same site as the marquees, and it is crowded night by night, and the response to the Gospel message is gratifying. A worker writes: "The work is going on here splendidly. Fully two hundred men have come out the past few days and enlisted for the Lord Jesus Christ—some splendid cases of conversion. Big, strong men have come up to me at the close of the meetings and gripped me by the hand, and said they meant to be true followers of Christ. Truly this has been a remarkable work, and I am very grateful to God for giving me such a blessed experience."

***

Mrs. E. Lloyd Pease opened a sale of work on behalf of the Darlington Association, and said that the work of the Association was practical, and was done in such a beautiful spirit. They dwelt a great deal on the horrors and cruelties of the war, but she believed that among the things they would gain from it was the facing of realities, and one of these which had come home to the soldiers, and was coming home to the nation, was that behind the phenomena of it all was a God of love.

***

A Leicester private, writing home from the front, says:—"The splendid work which the Y.M.C.A. are doing is fully appreciated. At the various Y.M.C.A. headquarters are numerous games, and a sing-song is held and concerts given several nights each week. The picture palaces and, in fact, all amusements are raided by the men in khaki. But, as may be judged, Tommy, on his own time, is liable to get over jolly, so in the evening the town picket may be seen reprimanding anyone who comes out improperly dressed, and the garrison military police keep an eye open also. Lights out is sounded at 10.15, and the town that an hour before was all khaki is now practically deserted. It is remarkable the different types of men one comes in contact with in the 'Y.M.' You meet the labouring type, journalists, compositors, painters—in fact, almost every trade and employment is represented, and they have all one object in view, *duty*. One comes across the habitual slacker and grumbler—the man who is never contented, no matter what duty he has to perform, and this is the type of man that, when on furlough, prejudices with his remarks would-be recruits. But, taking things on the whole, soldiering is a fine, good life, if one puts one's mind to it and is ready to work."

***

The hut at Maresfield Park has been greatly improved through the generous help of the commanding officer and staff.

***

At the great Jewish recruiting meeting held recently in Shoreditch the Lord Chief Justice of England referred to "the splendid efforts of the Y.M.C.A. and the services given to the Jews."

***

Mr. Andrew Stewart has just returned from doing special service in Egypt. He says:—"I question whether when the troops come home you will know them for the lads who went away. They step with vigour and strength, like men with real strong life throbbing through their veins."

***

Sir Shirmey Cave, K.C.B., presided at the opening ceremony of the new building in the Swanage Camp. Lady Cave was present, and pronounced the building open in a gracious speech. The chairman, who presides over the Y.M.C.A. War Emergency Committee, said that a wonderful work for the moral and spiritual well-being of the troops was being done throughout the country by the Y.M.C.A. As the Association work was costing £10,000 per week, funds were still urgently needed.

***

A mother writes:—"I have great cause to be thankful to Y.M.C.A. workers. On one occasion I lost sight of my boy, who had been in the United States for eight years. I applied to the Association in the town in which I last knew him to be. He had left that town, and

yet through the energy of those Christlike workers I heard from my son, and, thank God, I have kept in touch with him since."

***

Our representative in Malaya, Mr. R. D. Pringle, is acting as a Special Constable, and takes daily duty there.

***

Mr. Rennie Smith, a London gentleman who was for six months a prisoner in a German concentration camp at Ruhleben near Berlin, and recently procured his release through friendly intervention, related his experience to a crowded and keenly appreciative audience of soldiers in the Y.M.C.A. hut at the Royal Fusiliers' camp at Warlingham on Tuesday evening, April 14. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association, and Mr. Rennie Smith was cordially thanked, on the proposition of Mr. Donnithorne, the superintendent of the Y.M.C.A. hut. An appeal is made for up-to-date magazines and periodicals for the hut, which is crowded with men every evening.

***

Mr. A. G. Cook writes from Windsor:—"We have lost several hundreds of the 4th and 5th Queen's, they having received orders to proceed to Cambridge, when it is expected that after a few weeks they will be sent abroad. As a number of them had signed the War Roll, a short farewell service was held the night before they left (Friday), which was conducted by the Rev. Cuthbert Harrison, M.A., the chaplain to the East Surrey Brigade, and was much appreciated by the men. Some 180 have signed the roll, and it is hoped that after the earnest "talk" by the captain, the ideas of the War Roll will be fully kept up." It is expected that a large draft of the Coldstreams will be proceeding to the front about Wednesday next, and amongst those are a number of our earnest workers. They will be greatly missed.

## TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

At this time there are many Christian workers who are anxious to know of suitable literature for distribution amongst officers and other men of the type to whom the ordinary tract is hardly likely to appeal. Such will be glad to know of a splendid series of booklets, well written and most attractively got up to meet this need. Each one contains the Gospel in a definite and straight form, and each is designed to grip the attention of just the kind of man who is usually so hard to reach. I cannot imagine any such refusing to accept or read the booklets of this series, some of the titles of which are:—"The Greatest of all Mistakes"; "Undoubtedly He is Coming Again"; "The Inevitable Separation."

They can be obtained from the author, Mr. Arthur Mercer, Rozel, Wimbledon, S.W., at 1s., 6d., and 1d., according to binding. I may say that such is the attractive character of the get-up of the booklets that these prices only just cover the cost of production, without any margin of profit whatever. Most heartily do I commend their use to all who have relatives and others at the front, or about to go, to whom they are anxious to send the Gospel message in an acceptable form. J. S. H.

## WEAK, YET STRONG.

A little crippled girl had a father and mother who were both drunkards. Somebody told her of Jesus, and she put on His armour. Then she went to work to save that father and mother. They both stopped drinking, and the little cripple had a happy Christian home. She wanted to make other homes happy, so she worked to save the drunkards all about her.

She was not strong. She could not live long, so she kept working till she died. Then they found in her little Bible a paper, at the top of which was this pledge, "God helping me, I will never touch strong drink." Below this were three hundred names of those who this little girl had won from drink. She was a weak child, but a brave, strong, soldier against Satan. The Saviour waits to make us all brave soldiers for Him.

## A NOTE FROM BURMA.

### An Indication of What is Being Done in War Time.

We are glad to report that this new branch of work gives much cause for encouragement. The Territorials are making good use of the tent and of the things that are there provided for them. A reading-table has been provided, and this has been kept stocked with illustrated papers and magazines. A small library has been started, and the men take the books away to barracks for reading. They greatly appreciate this privilege. A bookcase has been presented to the tent by Mr. Hardiman, I.C.S. The supper bar is well patronised, being frequently cleared out on "pay nights." For amusements they have a shooting range, ping pong, volley ball, chess, draughts, halma, &c. Every Sunday evening a short song service is held, and addresses have been given by the following:—Professor Crawford, Mr. Hackett, a lantern service by the general secretary, Miss Strout, Mr. Ben Sayer, Adjutant Moss, of the Salvation Army, and others. Ten men have signed pledges.

A hand bioscope has been sent over by the National Council, and every week a show is given with a complete change of film.

Football matches are arranged from time to time, the last being against the men of the s.s. "Martaban," who entertained the two teams in the tent.

Walks and picnics have been arranged, the last being to Mrs. Cowasjee's Tower House, where over 40 men were entertained regardless of trouble and expense, and they had a unique opportunity of seeing and coming in contact with Indian life at its very best.

This work would not be possible if it were not for the whole-hearted support that has been rendered by the members of the Association. They take it in turns to be responsible for each night of the week. We have received frequent appreciations of the service which is rendered, the men saying that it reminds them of home, and there could be no higher compliment. A detailed report of the attendances will give an idea of the value of the work:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Letters, &c., posted ... ... ... | 1,148 |
| Postcards sold ... ... ... ... | 800 |
| Stamps ... ... ... ... ... | Rs. 101.6 |
| Estimated attendance at the buffet ... | 976 |
| Do. at lectures, &c. ... ... ... | 243 |
| Do. at meetings ... ... ... ... | 173 |
| Do. total ... ... ... ... ... | 2,819 |

These figures are from the opening of the tent, December 10, to the end of January. Mention must be made of the fact that several ladies are kindly giving their time to help at the refreshment buffet.

We have had the following visitors:—General Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. Hardiman, Sir H. S. Hartnoll, Mr. and Mrs. Nuding, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Billett, and many others.

## PLEASURES OF CYCLING.

At this time of the year the cyclist can look forward with joy to long days, firm roads, and to many pleasant hours spent "far from the madding crowd," spinning along country lanes by field and hedgerow to the recreation of the mind and body. In addition to this pleasurable value many busy people find a cycle highly serviceable for more utilitarian purposes: for those engaged in office and workshop especially, the possession of a cycle affords an immense saving of time and expense in getting to and from business.

If you need a high-grade cycle, or to renew any of the parts of your old one, it would be a good plan to obtain the 200-page free catalogue, entitled "Everything for the Cyclist," issued by the House of Fitzpatrick, Burnley. This free book contains hundreds of bargains that are real money-savers to cyclists.

A postcard, mentioning the "Young Men's Christian Association Weekly," addressed to H. Fitzpatrick, Burnley, will secure a copy of this comprehensive catalogue free of charge.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND.
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





Y.M.C.A.

# MEN & MUNITIONS!



Y.M.C.A.

250,000 Copies of the New Testament
126,000 Gospels &
1,500,000 Gospel Booklets
have already been circulated by the Y.M.C.A. amongst the Men of H.M. Forces

WANTED IMMEDIATELY BY THE Y.M.C.A.

## MUNITIONS OF WAR

100,000 New Testaments costing £1250
£12-10-0 will pay for the Circulation of 1000 Pocket Testaments.
£10-10-0 will defray the cost of 10,000 Gospel Booklets

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 The Call to Arms | 7 The Submarine | 13 The Conquest of the Air | 19 Coal | 25 The British Air Raid |
| 2 Bravo! 'Highflyer' | 8 The Football field of Europe | 14 Keeping the Flag Flying | 20 Life's Railway | 26 The Spider's Web |
| 3 The Man behind the Gun | 9. S.O.S. | 15 Beast of Prey | 21 The Despatch Rider | 27 Self Control |
| 4 The Chessboard of Europe | 10 The Siege of Life | 16 Christmas | 22 The Terror by Night | 28 The Mouth of Hell |
| 5 A Strategic Retreat | 11 The V.C. | 17 The Kick-Off | 23 Swimming | 29 Comrades |
| 6 Halt! Who goes there? | 12 Day Dreams | 18 Wanted, Men | 24 The Falklands Fight | 30 Victory! |

Can you help us by personal service, or with a Contribution?
Please send your Contributions to "The Honorary Treasurer"

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS: 12-13, RUSSELL Sqre, W.C.

| Patron: | President: | Treasurer: | Secretary: |
|---|---|---|---|
| H.M. the King. | Lord Kinnaird. | R. L. Barclay. | A. K. Yapp. |

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### THE TRYST OF THE THRESHOLD.

IT is not at all original to fit this title to the beautiful words of the 121st Psalm, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore," but it may help to call your attention to a very gracious promise that covers the whole of our ordinary work-a-day life, from our going out in the morning to the duties and trials of the day to our coming in at night, weary and in need of rest. It was probably a much simpler life than yours and mine into which this Psalmist stepped in the morning, and yet be sure it had its discipline and its temptations, just as ours has. It had its risks and dangers, too, possibly more numerous than ours. But what strengthened him to face it all with a quiet fortitude was his faith that he passed under the hand of God's blessing each morning as he crossed his threshold. This ancient pilgrim in the religious life had his daily trysting-place with God, not in God's temple, which was far away, but just at his own door. God met him there in the morning, he said, as he girded himself for the duties to which he went out. And at night, when he returned full of thankfulness for his day's mercies, God was there to hear his prayer for the safe keeping of him and his through all the folded hours of darkness and of sleep. He was there to "preserve his coming in." It may be a very simple, but it strikes me as a very beautiful and tender thought of God.

Let this tryst of the threshold be ours, too. As we step out from the dear province of home in the morning to take our place in the work of the world, with all its risks and temptations, let us not forget that we have passed the waiting blessing of our God. Let us ask as we pass the threshold that God would keep us this day from all evil, and help us to live worthily and play the man.

Ah, and if we do that, then there are practices we shall have to give up, there are words we speak unthinkingly that will die away upon our lips. For we cannot keep tryst with God in the morning and go out with easy conscience to do what He cannot approve.

And then, in the evening, how much there is in each day to be thankful for, as we cross the doorstep again! Even in the darkest day, even amid all the worry, there is, for one thing, home, with its sympathy, its welcome, and its healing. There are all the day's undeserved blessings. There is, please God, still our hope in His mercy, and the "purpose in our hearts to rise and try again." And many and many an evening there is nothing but happiness, joy in work done, the sense that God has prospered the labours of the day. How seldom, when, with a weary content, we turn homewards, do we give a thought to Him who has thus blessed our coming in!

Yet not all our perils and temptations are left on the doorstep. Home has its failures and its shortcomings, too. We cannot very easily be irritable and selfish and hard of heart outside, and not be dealt with for it deservedly in some fashion by our fellows. But the peril is that we bring that spirit home and nourish it there unhindered and unrebuked, for love suffereth long, and love beareth all things.

And some of life's darkest and bitterest hours are spent on the inside of the threshold. More even than we need God's help for the life outside do we need His comfort and healing for those hours in the home when the burden is heavy and the heart is sore. And that comfort shall not fail you, says the Psalmist, for "the Lord shall preserve thy coming in," even when you come in to sorrow.

One day it will come that you shall cross your doorstep for the last time. You will come in, but you shall go out no more on the familiar round. And it will surely mean much to you that day that you have kept your simple daily tryst with God upon your threshold.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, May 1st.**—Prov. xvi. 17-33. *He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty*" (verse 32). The contrast here is between the forces that work within us and those that work outside us. The eye is easily attracted by feats of bodily strength or the prowess of the soldier who "taketh a city," but God's history of earthly events gives a foremost place to the battles fought within a boy's heart between passion and self-control, and holds up to high honour the victories which are thus won.

**Sunday, 2nd.**—Prov. xvii. 1-17. *Whoso rewardeth evil for good, evil shall not depart from his house*" (verse 13). Every country has its peculiar coinage, bearing often the image of its king. It is issued from the national mint, where alone it can be made and stamped. In Christ's kingdom good actions and in Satan's kingdom evil actions may be said to be the coin of the realm. We are warned elsewhere to settle our accounts in the coinage which we should like to receive, not merely repaying good in return for good, but good in return for evil.

**Monday, 3rd.**—Prov. xviii. 10-24. *The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe*" (verse 10). The name of the Lord indicates to us His character and His value. "Jesus" means Saviour, and stands as a constant pledge of the safety which belongs to those who trust in Him for deliverance, not from the material ill-effects of their sins, but from sin itself. The name "Christ" marks our Saviour as King, and "Lord" marks Him as God, and so if we put these three together we see what a strong confidence we ought to have in the assurances which He gives us, such as those in John x. 27-29.

**Tuesday, 4th.**—Prov. xx. 1-13. *Wine is a mocker*" (verse 1). From time immemorial men have suffered from their indulgence in strong drink. It mocks those who use it, in that it gives the impression of adding strength, when actually it is responsible for producing weakness. The present war will always stand out in history as the occasion when in special measure the Powers of Europe were compelled in self-defence to take action along the line of this warning. Nations, like individuals, have need to come back to the simplicity of the Word of God.

**Wednesday, 5th.**—Prov. xxii. 1-16. *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it*" (verse 6). Nature around us is a constant witness to this truth. In the case of trees, their straight or crooked stems bear witness to the facts connected with their early days. Deep down in every boy the purposes of youth gradually form themselves into the fixed habits of a lifetime.

"To every boy there openeth a highway and a low,
And every boy decideth the way his soul shall go."

**Thursday, 6th.**—Prov. xxii. 17-29. *Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set*" (verse 28). Landmarks are common in countries of the East for the purpose of marking the boundaries of men's fields and estates. A landowner or farmer knows that his rights extend so far and no further. Two great landmarks in the home life of our nation have been the Bible and the Lord's Day. They indicate the points of separation between right and wrong in men's dealings with God and their fellow-men, and it is for the boys of to-day to safeguard these landmarks which not only their fathers, but God has set.

**Friday, 7th.**—Prov. xxiv. 1-18. *The thought of foolishness is sin*" (verse 9). It has been well said in illustration of this warning that we cannot prevent birds from flying over our heads, but that we can well prevent them from nesting in our hair. Similarly we cannot always prevent a wrong thought from occurring to our minds, but can refuse to nurse it there. The best way of preventing the occupation of the mind by wrong thoughts is by preoccupying it with good ones. "Satan finds some mischief still" for idle minds, as well as for idle hands.

### TWO SINNERS.

THERE was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
When blood is a river that's running riot?
And boys will be boys the old folks say,
And a man is the better who's had his day.
The sinner reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
And Christian people threw open the door,
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honour were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.
And the world strewed their pathway with blossoms abloom,
Crying, "God bless ladye, and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond Love led.
And Love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.
The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in heaven.
For this is the law of the earth we know,
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.
A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.


REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6** and **12/6** ,,

All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**







**BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.**

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

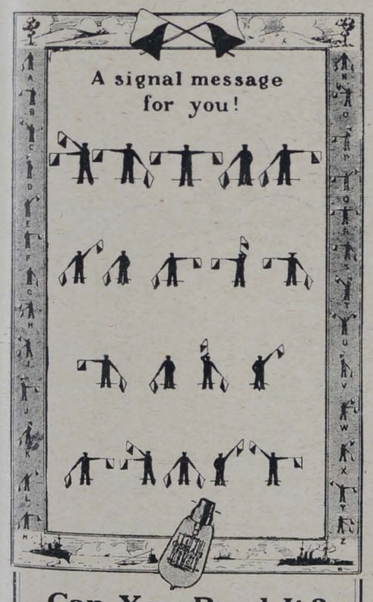
Benger's Food is especially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

**BENGER'S Food**

*is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.*

Benger's Booklet—A little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
*Branch Offices*—NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William Street, SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt Street.
*Canadian Agents*—**National Drug & Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel Street, Montreal,** and Branches throughout Canada. 189




**Can You Read It?**

Copies of the above illustration with semaphore alphabet on border in post card form, will be sent free to any reader of the Y.M. on application to

**Publicity Dept., The General Electric Co., Ltd., 67, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.**

OSRAM LAMPS, unrivalled for strength and efficiency, are made at Hammersmith and can be obtained from all leading Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores


## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**
**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."

## Board.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**PARTIAL** or late dinners, for Gentlemen, in a comfortable home. Long references. Very moderate terms; 3 minutes from Belsize Tube.—11, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.W. W42

**CANONBURY, N.** 8, St. Paul's Place, St. Paul's Road. Comfortable home for young fellow. Substantial breakfasts. Full board Sundays, 10/6. W 2

**WANDSWORTH.** Boarding House for Christians. Separate Rooms or Sharing. Bath (h. & c.). Easy access to City and West. Select locality close to Common.—Apply, Miss Hollingsworth, 6, Aspley Road, East Hill.

**CLAPHAM COMMON.**—Board-residence, late dinner. Easy access to City and Government Offices. Terms 20s. weekly. Apply, Soar, 27, Orlando Road. Near Public Library. W49

**"WESTMOUNT,"** Grange Road, Shanklin, I.W. Comfortable holiday apartments, board optional. Situated in best part of town, five minutes from sea, town, tennis. Reduced war terms. Piano. Recommended.

## Situations Vacant.

**GENERAL DRAPERY.**—Wanted a Junior Young Man to assist and to do a little journey work. Outdoor.—State all particulars, G. E. Paul, Wareham, Dorset.

**LINENS AND CURTAINS.**—Junior Young Man for linens, curtains, and soft furnishing.—Apply personally, or letter giving full particulars, to Eldred Sayers and Son, Broadway, Ealing.

**DRAPERY.**—Wanted, smart Assistant with 8-10 years' experience for the Manchester department and dresses also.—Apply, with full particulars, to Guy and Smith, Grimsby.


**Price 6d. Net, post free, 7d.**

**BRITAIN AT WAR THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.**

BY

**The Rev. LEN G. BROUGHTON, D.D.**

Containing four remarkable sermons preached by Dr. Broughton, at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and calling forth an extraordinary demonstration of popular enthusiasm.

**Sold by all Booksellers Everywhere.**

**MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., PUBLISHERS,**
47, Paternoster Row, E.C.; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; and 124, East 28th Street, New York.


THE

## 'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag' BOOKLETS.

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the Gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

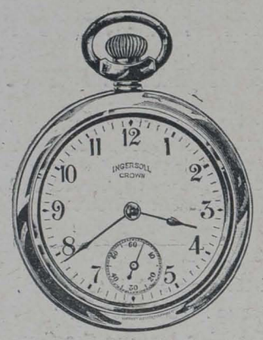
1. Kitchener's Call to Arms.
2. Bravo! "Highflyer!"
3. The Man Behind the Gun.
4. The Chessboard of Europe.
5. A Strategic Retreat.
6. Halt! Who Goes There?
7. The Submarine.
8. The Football Field of Europe.
9. S.O.S.
10. The Siege of Life.
11. "The V.C."
12. Day Dreams.
13. The Conquest of the Air.
14. Keeping the Flag Flying.
15. Beasts of Prey.
16. Christmas.
17. The Kick-Off.
18. Wanted, Men.
19. Goal!
20. Life's Railway.
21. The Despatch Rider.
22. The Terror by Night.
23. Swimming.
24. The Falklands Fight.
25. The British Air Raid.
26. The Spider's Web.
27. Self-Control.
28. The Mouth of Hell.
29. Comrades.
30. Victory.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d., enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* ***2,000*** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).

Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.



CROWN **5/-**

The leader of the Ingersoll series, and the lowest-priced reliable pocket timekeeper made.

# War Watches!

—or watches that will stand up to their work in the Trenches—work in the Factory—work in the Navy—work anywhere, and always prove absolutely dependable.

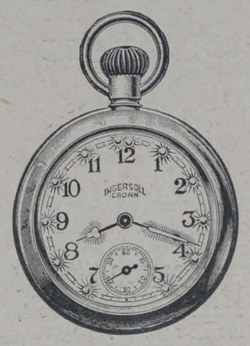
No matter if your choice be an

*Ingersoll*

## 5/- Watch

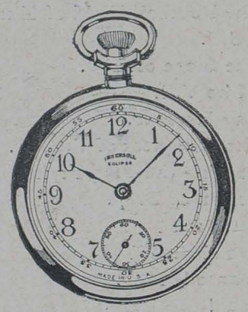
—an elegant thin model "Junior" 8/6 Watch—or one of the beautifully finished "Sterling" Silver Wristlets at 18/6—you get a wonderfully accurate timekeeper, guaranteed to stand real hard usage.

For all military purposes the best watches are the luminous dialled Ingersolls, which tell the correct time by day or by night. Thousands are in daily use by Officers and Soldiers on active service and in training.



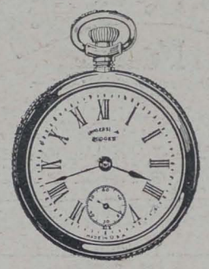
CROWN RADIOLITE **7/6**

With an Ingersol Radiolite Watch you can tell the correct time as well by night as by day, the luminous points and hands standing out brilliantly in the dark.



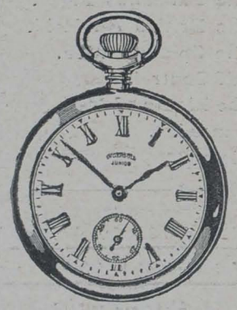
ECLIPSE **6/6.**

This model is similar to the "Crown," but considerably thinner and neater. Case is of Solid Nickel, and can be had in Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.



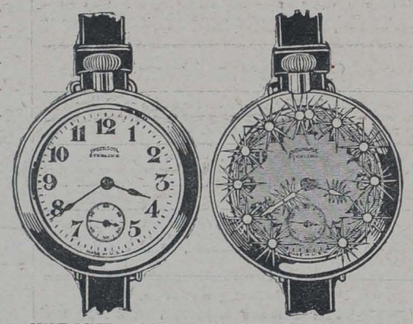
MIDGET **8/6**

The Midget is designed for use by ladies, girls and small boys. It can be supplied in Solid Nickel, Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.



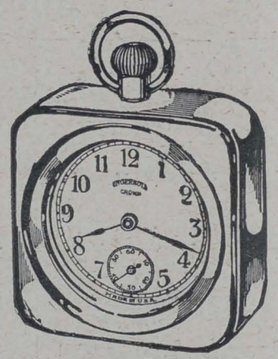
JUNIOR **8/6**

This is a Gentleman's thin Dress Watch, a most attractive model. Case is of Solid Nickel, Gunmetal or Gold Plate finish.



WRIST **9/6** WRIST Glow Dial **12/-**

Ideal for Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen, Sportsmen, etc. Also highly recommended for Nurses both at home and upon Active Service.



UNIVERSAL **6/-**

This attractive little Watch-Clock comprises two parts, a regular "Crown" watch and a metal holder which stands 2½ in. high.

Ingersoll Watches are on Sale by over 15,000 British Shopkeepers, or watches will be sent post free upon receipt of Price. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

**ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 76, Audrey House, Ely Place, LONDON, E.C.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—April 30, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 17. Vol. 1. MAY 7, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.

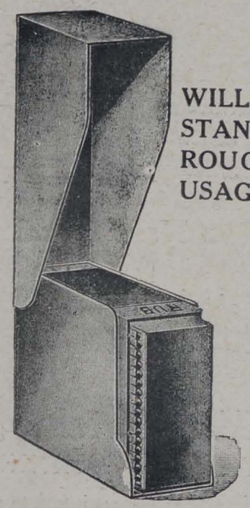


BRYANT & MAY'S

"SERVICE"

MATCH BOX COVER

*(Reg. Design No. 642237).*



WILL STAND ROUGH USAGE.

KEEPS MATCHES, BOX & STRIKING SURFACE DRY IN ALL WEATHERS.

*Specially designed for*

ACTIVE SERVICE— AFLOAT & ASHORE.

Enclose one in parcels of 'Comforts' to friends on Active Service.

*Obtainable (in all metals) of Outfitters, Silversmiths, Stores, Tobacconists, &c.*

*Illustrated leaflet of our Service Specialities sent on application.*

BRYANT & MAY LTD., Fairfield Works Bow, LONDON, E.




WHERE WEST MEETS EAST: A WAR INCIDENT ILLUSTRATED.

The perils attending the disembarking of large numbers of troops were illustrated a few days ago, when a boat from a transport in the Ægean Sea capsized, drowning twenty-four men. The above picture shows one of our transports in Eastern waters. *Photo: Photo Press.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


WHAT WE THINK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 387

LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XVI.—Major-General Anderson, C.B. 388

WITH THE Y.M.C.A. IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS: A Page of Fascinating Pictures ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 389

MOTHER'S DAY. By A. K. Yapp ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 390

THINGS SEEN IN FRANCE: A Graphic Pen-Picture of Personal Experiences among the Troops. By the Rev. Everard Digby, M.A. Illustrated ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 391

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES, DESCRIBED BY AN OFFICER... ... 393

BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 16.—A Budget of Letters ... ... ... 394

"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. Illustrated... ... ... ... ... 401



MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT;
NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.

CARR'S
BISCUITS

Have you tried
Carr's Celebrated
TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

PENNY JOLLY CAKES
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack. ::

CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING

Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LIMITED CARLISLE.




The New Model
Ingersoll
Crown 5/- Watch
SMALLER — NEATER — THINNER.

INCLUDING the cost of the new machinery it took to make it, the first new thin model 5s. Ingersoll cost over £10,000. Ten thousand pounds invested just to make the Ingersoll "Crown" a little better looking. A lot of money—but worth it when you think how very many watches this expenditure will improve.

This large sum was spent in pursuance of the well-known Ingersoll Policy of:—

Giving all we can for what we get
instead of
Getting all we can for what we give.

See the new thin 5s. Ingersoll—and marvel at it—and get your share of the benefit by buying one to have as your own.

THE INGERSOLL SERIES INCLUDES:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Crown - 5/- | Eclipse - 6/6 | Junior - 8/6 | |
| Wrist - 9/6 | Reliance - 15/- | Sterling - 18/6 | |

All Ingersoll models may be had with luminous points and hands at 2/6 extra; or with glow figures and hands at 5/- extra. They are invaluable to Officers and Soldiers on Active Service.

There is an Ingersoll for every member of the family waiting for you at over 15,000 British shopkeepers, or a watch will be sent post paid on receipt of price if your dealer cannot supply.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 76, Audrey House, London, E.C.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 17. Vol. 1. MAY 7, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## WHAT WE — THINK —

AT the present moment everybody is talking about the munitions of war, and when everybody talks at once many things are said that would much better be left unspoken. That applies to the present situation with peculiar force. Some of our newspapers, in discussing the question, are unblushingly claiming infallibility, and the plain man rubs his eyes and wonders what it all means. And, of course, when these newspaper writers mount their high horse, somebody has to feel the lash of their whip. One day it is the working man who is at fault; he is a shirker and without patriotism, say the wise men who know, and if he doesn't realise his duty he ought to be reminded of it without delay. Another day it is some unfortunate Minister who is at fault, and without mercy he is castigated for his "blunders." Then someone discovers that the Government as a whole is to blame. The Cabinet ought to have known how much ammunition and how many rifles and boots and uniforms would be required, and if they didn't know these things in August—or even in July—well, what is the use of a Cabinet at all, and why do its members draw their large salaries? Besides, if they didn't know, and had no other means of finding out, why hadn't they the sense to ask the newspaper editors?

***

OF course, it is true, but we mustn't whisper it, that the super-men who write for us in the daily newspapers don't really know quite so much as they would have an innocent public believe. One of the military "experts" prophesied, quite a long time ago, that the Russians would be in Berlin in two months. They may be there now, as more than two months have passed since the prediction was made, but if they are the Germans seem to know nothing about it. It was another of our know-all newspapers—belonging to the same group, by the way—that chronicled the naval fight that never took place, in which quite a dozen at least of the enemy's ships were sunk. And so we might go on naming prophecy after prophecy that has never been fulfilled, and statement after statement which has never had any foundation in fact. But the "prophets" know full well that their predictions are forgotten as soon as they are made, and that the public has a short memory for these things. So they continue to make a noise, believing that they will be heeded for their much shouting.

***

IF we are not very careful, we shall soon find ourselves under newspaper rule. The Divine right of kings we abolished long ago; it looks as if the Divine right of the Press had come to take its place. The newspapers lecture the Government, the Church, and the public in turn. It is not long since one or two of our daily papers were blaming the working men for their indifference to the call to arms. Of course, they were quite wrong then, for the working men have nobly flocked to the colours from the very first day of the war. Now these very newspapers are taking a different line. Fired with a sudden enthusiasm for the cause of the working classes, they are sympathising with them because of the Government's restrictions with reference to the sale of alcohol. "We are your friends," they say, in effect. "We shall stand by you and take care that you are not robbed of your beer. Beer is the very best thing in the world for you. The more of it you drink the better do you work. Therefore, confusion to all who would limit your consumption of it!"

***

THIS is not by any means an overstatement of the case. To read some of the things that are said about strong drink these days is almost to make us ashamed of ourselves. One would imagine from the tone of the articles that are being written that the last thing in the world we are willing to sacrifice is intoxicating liquor. Leave us that, and we are content, whatever else happens. We will sacrifice our bravest and our best in the cause of King and country; our silver and our gold we will pour into the common treasury, but our beer—ah! that is another matter altogether. That is far too sacred a thing for the touch of sacrilegious fingers. Whatever else goes, beer must remain. "Beer, beer, glorious beer!" sing its devotees as they worship at its shrine. And the newspapers applaud with all their might as they join in the chorus, "Long live the beer!"

***

MANY years ago Lord Rosebery declared, in an outburst of passionate eloquence, that if the nation did not throttle the drink traffic, the drink traffic would throttle the nation. His words are finding their fulfilment to-day in a more tragic respect than ever the noble lord imagined. The nation has not succeeded in throttling the drink traffic, and because it hasn't, the drink traffic is doing its best to throttle the nation. As never in our long history, we are fighting to-day for our very life against a foe more savage than the brute beast. If we fail, his heel will be upon our necks and the necks of our children who come after us. To beat him to the ground will tax all our resources. Every ounce of strength is needed for the fray. We must lay aside every weight, as does the athlete who strives for the prize. Disguise it as we may, there is one weight to-day which is hindering us in the struggle, and that is the weight of strong drink. Without any doubt it is hindering the production of the munitions of war, and because there is evidence beyond all question of this fact, the Government proposes to restrict its sale and consumption. With what result? Our "patriotic" newspapers are up in arms against the proposals; those who make and those who sell the drink cry out in rage, while all who have any financial or other interest in its sale join lustily in the chorus of "righteous" indignation.

***

LET it be clearly understood what is involved in this clash of arms. If the drink party wins, Germany may win with it. Russia—that vast country, which only yesterday we regarded as lagging far behind in the march of civilisation—realised this in the very first weeks of the war, and the noble-hearted Tsar, with one stroke of the pen, put a ban on the sale and consumption of vodka; France, less moral and less religious than ourselves, so we thought, has suppressed absinthe;

Great Britain, the moral and the spiritual leaders of the world, in spite of these grand examples, remains faithful to the liquor trade. The shame of it makes the heart sick. Surely the Christian forces of the country do not intend to sit under this dishonour. So far they have been content to do little or nothing. Now is the time for them to let their voice be heard, and to stand up fearlessly and without apology against the foe that threatens us with shame and defeat. Whatever may be the differences that keep the various sections of the Church of Christ apart, surely they can all unite in such a cause as this. The "trade" has organised its forces; it has captured and leads in captivity newspapers boasting huge circulations; and it has behind it vast wealth and influence. But if the Christian people of this country will only awaken out of their sleep, these things will count for little. It is as true to-day as ever it was that if God is for us, it matters not who is against us, for to have God on our side is always to be in the majority.

### SHORT AND PRACTICAL.

A certain Bishop was in the habit of testing the ability and competency of the candidates who came before him by making them preach a trial sermon. He had for this purpose a pulpit in the palace. On one of these occasions there appeared before him a gentleman of short stature and of a somewhat nervous temperament.

"Well, Mr. ——, I should like to hear you preach," said the Bishop. The probationer manifested some nervousness and diffidence, and pleaded that he was not prepared with any special subject. "Oh," rejoined the Bishop, "you can give a short address on something. Take Zaccheus for your subject." The young man ascended the pulpit, and began: "Zaccheus was a little man—so am I. Zaccheus was up a tree—so am I. Zaccheus made haste to come down—so will I."

Suiting the action to the word, he descended. He was passed.

### HOW INDIA WAS NEARLY LOST.

"Never perhaps in the history of the Mutiny were we in quite so perilous a position as on the night which followed our greatest military success," says Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his fascinating life of the great Lord Lawrence.

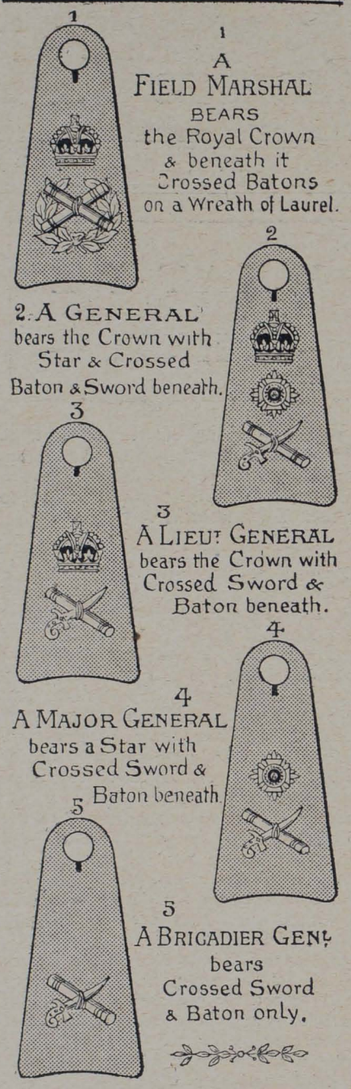
"It happened thus: We had besieged Delhi, and we were inside the city, but a third of our soldiers had fallen and not a sixth part of the town was yet ours. Then, in front of the men who had so far conquered, appeared an enemy more subtle, more cunning, and more dangerous than the craftiest of Hindoo rebels—the treacherous giant Drink—and weary with fighting our men succumbed. When evening came they lay helplessly intoxicated with the liquors our foes had left behind them in their retreat; and the camp had few defenders but the sick and the maimed. Had but our enemy known, and been able to profit by our weakness that night, disgrace instead of glory might have marked that crisis of the Mutiny, and India been lost to us. The next morning, by the General's orders, the foe which had conquered our soldiers was rigorously destroyed, and the streets ran with rivers of wine and brandy. Delhi was taken, and to-day our King is Emperor of India."

But each one of us has an empire to guard from the same enemy which might have made that conquest a defeat.

"Gosh! I got in bad. Invested a lot of money in a factory for making ladies' rubbers. Just saved myself in time." "How was that?" "Put out a line of satin slippers for rough weather wear."

## H.M. ARMY.

### HOW TO RECOGNISE OFFICERS OF HIGH RANK.




A young minister, shortly after he was ordained called at a farmhouse, where the good wife greeted him with: "Oh, it's the new minister. We was juist speakin' aboot ye the day." "Dear me," said the minister, "am I being spoken about already?" "Oh, but it was nae ill," she hastily assured him. "Ye see, we dinna ken ye yet."

A true story is told of a little girl, the daughter of a clergyman, who was ailing, and in consequence had to be put to bed early. "Mamma," she said, "I want to see my dear papa." "No, dear," said her mother; "papa is not to be disturbed just now." Presently came the pleading voice: "I want to see my papa!" "No," was the answer; "I cannot disturb him." Then the four-year-old parishioner rose to a question of privilege. "Mamma," she said, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XVI.—MAJOR-GEN. ALDERSON, C.B.

THE congratulations which have been showered on Major-General Alderson after the gallant work of the Canadian Contingent under his command have been no surprise to the General's friends. He has had wide military experience, ranging from the Boer War of 1881 to the South African War twenty years later. The General is fifty-six years old, and entered the Army, joining the Royal West Kent Regiment, when quite a youngster. To him fell the duty of commanding the mounted infantry in the South African War, and his achievements then won for him three mentions in despatches and the brevet of Colonel. He was appointed one of the aides-de-camp to the King.

Major-General Alderson is a great enthusiast on hunting, and considers it a splendid and valuable training for soldiers. Another sport in which he excels is yachting, so that he is a thorough "land and water" man. Probably he is prouder of a certain bronze medal, granted to him by the Royal Humane Society when he was twenty-six years old for saving life, than of all the many decorations won on the field of action. He has written two or three books, including a sprightly account of Mashonaland, where he commanded mounted infantry. He has seen service in India, as well as in Egypt. The Canadians under his command realise that he is a great soldier, who knows what can be done and how to do it. Every year in his career has taught him something.

### KEEP THE LIGHT BURNING.

On the coast of Norway is a lighthouse, where a keeper lived with his two children. One day he went to the distant shore for provisions. A storm arose, and he was unable to return. The time for lighting the lamp came, and Mary, the elder child, said to her little brother, "We must light the lamp, Willie." "How can we?" asked Willie. "We ain't big enough." But the two children climbed the long, narrow stairs to the tower where the lamp was kept. Mary pulled up a chair, and tried to reach the lamp in the great reflector; it was too high. Groping down the stairs, she ascended again with a small oil lamp in her hand. "I can hold this up," she said to her little brother. She climbed on the chair again, but still the reflector was just beyond her reach. "Get down," said Willie; "I know what we can do." She jumped down, and he stretched his little body across the chair. "Stand on me," he said.

And she stood on the little fellow as he lay across the chair. She raised the lamp high, and its light shone far out across the water. Holding it first with one hand, then with the other, to rest her little arms, she called down to her brother, "Does it hurt you, Willie?" "Of course it hurts," he called back, "but keep the light burning." Are we keeping the light of God's love burning in the world even though it hurts? Are we holding it up so that all nations may see its beams afar?

The nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland from the following circumstance. At the battle of Culloden, which extinguished the last hope of the Stuarts, many of the flower of the Scottish Highland nobilty were taken prisoners. On the night of the battle an officer approached the Duke of Cumberland (the "Bloody Butcher"), who was in command of the victorious English forces, to ask what was to be done with the prisoners. The Duke of Cumberland, who, with his staff, had been playing cards in his tent, picked up one card from a pack that had been thrown away, and upon it he wrote the warrant for the execution of the prisoners. The card was the nine of diamonds.



# WITH THE Y.M.C.A. IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.




As readers of *Y.M.* are aware, the Association has for some time past been actively at work in Egypt, and the illustrations on this page depict various phases of its enterprise. (1) Tent No. 2 at Zeitoun, near Cairo; (2) Mr. Andrew Bell (of Glasgow), dressed to suit the climate; (3) The camp Post Office; (4) Members of the Bible Study class at Aerodrome Camp; (5) Preparing for the high jump at the sports; (6) A street of Egyptian shops which have sprung up on the edge of the camp; (7) Some of the Australian troops; (8) Mr. Jessop, secretary of the Cairo Association; (9) Lancashires at Heliopolis; (10) Bugler Boocock, the smallest soldier with the British Army in Egypt, with the mascot of the regiment on his knee; (11) The obelisk of On, one and a-half miles from camp; (12) Band of 9th Manchesters at Heliopolis.

# MOTHER'S DAY.

*Thoughts and Reflections on Some Things that are Undying in their Power Over Men.*

**By A. K. YAPP, General Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s.**

We search the world for truth, we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
And all old flower fields of the soul.
And weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.

"*MOTHER AND HOME*"—the two sweetest words in the English language. What happy memories of days long since passed they conjure up! Around those two words gather the best traditions of our national life. The mothers of Britain have made her what she is to-day, for it is still true that—

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.

**Our Best Earthly Friend.**

A man may well consider his mother and do everything he can for her, for all he is and has he owes to her—yes, everything, even life itself. Looking backward, the things that seem to have left the deepest impression upon our imagination are not always the big things, the epoch-making events of life, but little things that seemed to come as a matter of course at the time. A woman's hand that soothed our brow in sickness, a woman's eye so full of pride and confidence that it nerved us for the accomplishment of a difficult task, a woman's voice so full of love that it stilled our wildest fears. A woman's influence pervading the home and reaching far beyond its limits, so indefinable and yet so powerful; a woman's ear, so quick to detect an indefinable something in the voice that means nothing to anyone else but everything to her; a woman's tears that cut deeper than any knife, that have a far greater effect than any words of anger could have had—yes, all these memories we regard as our most priceless possessions to-day. The hand, eye, voice, ear, and tears of the woman who was our first and best earthly friend may be only a memory now, and the mother to whom we owe so much may be "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," but that memory is infinitely dear, and her influence will never cease.

**The Meaning of "Mother's Day."**

Of late years one day in the spring has been set apart as "Mother's Day," when the suggestion has been made that every man whose mother, through the blessing of God, is still living, should send home to her one of those affectionate letters every mother loves to receive, and to wear in her honour a white flower. That is quite all right, but every day should be a "Mother's Day." If you are away from home, in camp, or on active service, why not sit down now and write to *your* mother? She is always thinking about you day and night, and wondering how you are, what you are doing, and what the future has in store for you. She will imagine all sorts of things, and a loving letter from you will fill her heart with joy. Wherever you are there is one flower you can always wear in her honour, and that is "the white flower of a blameless life."

What does the word "mother" mean to us? As we look back into the memories of the past, what are some of our ideals which found their expression in that dear life?

1. *Patience.* How often the very best of us tried her patience, and yet it never failed! Of course, she was only human, and at times there must have been cross words, but they do not count. The fact is, she was always ready to make allowances, to forgive and forget, and as to her forgiveness, seventy times seven was nothing to it.

**Ideals that Enrich our Lives.**

2. *Faith* How often it, too, was tried, but, like her patience, it never failed! A true mother's faith in God is always an inspiration, and her faith in her boy has often been the only thing that has kept him from going wrong. Mothers are not as a rule theologians, but their simple, childlike faith is the faith that does things. A great poet has written:—

I have no answer for myself or thee
For that I learned beside my mother's knee.
All is of God that is and is to be,
And God is God; let this suffice us still.
Rest in childlike faith upon His will,
Who moves to His great things unthwarted by the hill.

Thank God for a mother's prayers, but God pity the man whose mother has lost faith in him and ceased to pray for him!

3. *Virtue.* No man who has been blessed with a good mother can speak disparagingly of women. Even an unclean thought seems a reproach to her. Faith in a mother's virtue is like a great sheet-anchor to which we can hold fast amid the storms of doubt and temptation.

4. *Love.* A mother's love is unselfish. It has no personal ends to serve. The love of a mother never changes. It is often lavished on the unlovable, and in that it reminds us that "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." It may well be the aim of every man of us to prove worthy of our mother's love.

## MAKING A CHOICE.

**By the Rev. J. H. JOWETT, M.A, D.D.**

If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.—1 John ii. 13-17.

NO man can love two opposites any more than he can walk in contrary directions at the same time. No man can at once be mean and magnanimous, chivalrous and selfish. We cannot at the same moment dress appropriately for the Arctic regions and the tropics. And we cannot wear the habits of the world and the garments of salvation. When we try to do it the result is a wretched and miserable compromise. I have seen a shopkeeper on the Sabbath day put up one shutter, out of presumed respect for the holy Lord, and behind the shutter continue all the business of the world! That one shutter is typical of all the religion that is left when a man "loves the world" and delights in its prizes and crowns. His religion is a bit of idle ritual which is an offence unto God!

So I must make my choice. Shall I travel north or south? Which of the two opposites shall I love—God or the world? Whichever love I choose will drive out and quench the other. And thus if I choose the love of God, it will destroy every worldly passion, and the river of my affections and desires will be like "the river of water of life, clear as crystal."

## SOME "DON'TS" FOR CAMP SPEAKERS.

DON'T address your audience as "My dear young fellows." They won't like it—and, besides, some of them are not young.

DON'T worry the workers by incessant questions as to the number of letters sent off since the hut opened. It is not easy to pass a mathematical examination when you are serving fifty hungry men at the bar.

DON'T insist on perfect silence. If you cannot obtain it by interesting your listeners, it isn't likely that you will get it otherwise.

DON'T tell impossible-to-believe stories, mostly dating from the Franco-Prussian War of forty-five years ago. War has altered so much that the incidents are quite out of date. There are plenty of true stories of *this* war better worth telling.

DON'T urge the men to give up smoking. They find it one of their few real pleasures.

DON'T be too sentimental. The men don't like to have their heartstrings strained with too many references to home and dear ones. They think more of these sacred matters than they will like you to know. Reticence is right and proper.

DON'T, on the other hand, forget that your hearers have living, loving hearts. A word in season, how good it is! But not too many words.

DON'T be lengthy. A lot can be said in twenty minutes if you pack it well. After a hard day's work men cannot be expected to listen patiently to a long address.

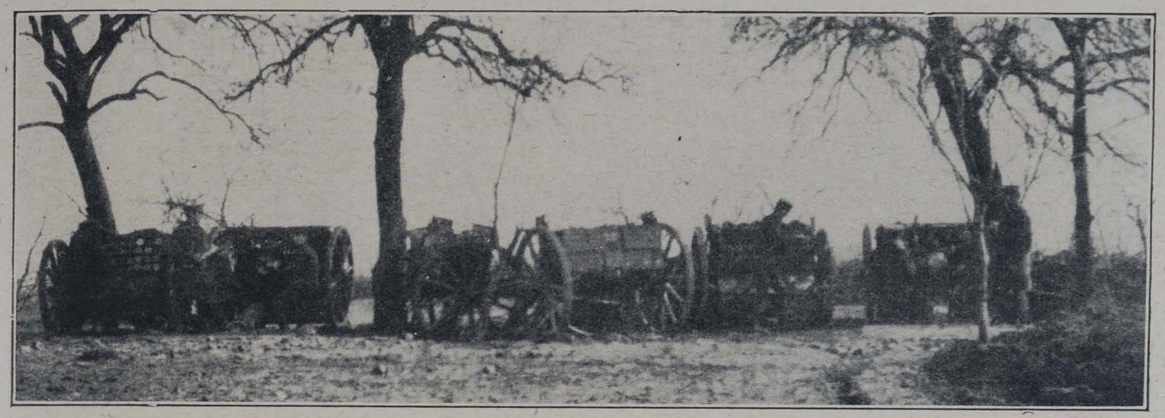
DON'T forget to hearten and encourage the workers. They are giving out their best all day long—cheer them up with a word of appreciation.

DON'T harrow your audience with picturing the future at the front. The present is quite enough to think about.

DON'T use military phrases unless you are sure of them. Soldiers are quick to notice blunders.

A Scotch congregation had met to elect an assistant, as the minister was growing old. A young man of good appearance and with a fine crop of hair was recommended for the appointment. After the meeting some of the elders waited on the minister, and named the young divine they intended to call as his assistant in the church. The minister indicated his opinion of the young man by saying, "He has a fine head," and, pausing a little to take a pinch of snuff, "a gran' head," adding, after another pinch, "o' hair."





Behind the British guns in Flanders: the men and the guns that uphold the honour of King and country. *Thoro: Photo Press.*

# THINGS SEEN IN FRANCE.

*A Graphic Pen-Picture of Personal Experiences Among the Troops.*

**By the REV. EVERARD DIGBY, M.A., Vicar of St. Agatha's, East.**

YOU all want to hear about the Army in France. You are parents or brothers and sisters, wives and children, or sweethearts and friends of our boys over there, and you want to know something of what it is like, and how our brave lads are doing. I wonder whether I can sift out the mass of impressions crowding my memory, and give you a sort of picture of what happens to your boys from the time they leave England's shores.

I have seen them land in France after fourteen hours on the water, cold, and with obviously mixed feelings, glad to have left the training camp behind, and to be in France at last; puzzled and a little unhappy, on the strange quayside, wondering where they are and what is going to happen to them. Then they would catch sight of the Y.M.C.A. sign on the great shed, known as Hangar 7, and rush off to get something warm, a cup of tea generally and a big slice of cake. Their gratitude was tremendous, and the wondering look went out of their eyes as they settled down at the tables to send a line home.

**En Route for the Front.**

Many a London lad said to me, "I never thought I should find the Y.M.C.A. over here, sir; makes it like home, doesn't it?" Then came the question, "Do you know where we are going, sir, because I'm writing home, and I'd like to let them know where I am." All too soon the M.L.O. would come along, and the "Fall in" would sound, and the boys were marched off along the quayside and by the sea front to the great rest camp on the hills a mile or so out of the town. Here the warm goat-skin coats and gloves are served out, and they are told "Lights out" will be sounded at eight o'clock, as they have an early start next morning. They are to be sent straight up to the firing line in the morning, and a strange hush falls on them for a minute or two when they realise how near the real thing is. There is the afternoon and evening to get through though, and no passes are given, so they cannot go down and see the town. Again the Y.M.C.A. comes to the rescue. There is a sing-song in the great warm hut, and as the boys are under canvas and the evening is cold, the comfort of the hut is thoroughly appreciated. Before the evening closes someone gives them a little address, and a hymn is sung, and a prayer offered for their own safety and for the loved ones at home.

**Face to Face with Realities.**

I had the privilege of speaking to more than one of these regiments of our London boys, spending the one night so, and knowing that within a few hours they would be facing death in the firing line. Things seem very real then, and many a lad came for a little chat after. Half-a-dozen asked for a celebration next morning on one occasion, and, through the kindness of the chaplain, they were able to have one at 5 a.m. The Y.M.C.A. workers are kept busy giving out Testaments and little books of prayers, &c. Eight o'clock comes at last, and all stand for the blessing. The National Anthem is sung, and the first day in France is over.

Reveille goes at 5 o'clock next morning, and by 6 o'clock the regiment is marching off to the dock station, where they entrain in covered vans for the journey up the line. They are cheerful enough now, and go off smiling and singing to the dangers, hardships, and temptations that lie ahead of them up there. Of the dangers and hardships we shall hear from those we shall meet again in the hospitals and rest camps in a few weeks' time. Of the temptations, the hospital next to the camp where the night has been spent speaks only too plainly. The tragedy of these fine young lives lost to England's fighting forces, and too often lost to all the future of a happy home life with wife and children, is unspeakable. I asked one lad I got to know a little, "How did it happen, Dick?" and he told me of the forces that had undermined his manhood.

**In the Zone of Temptation.**

After some days in the trenches they had been marched out to the billet towns behind. Little country towns, with nothing to do in the evenings; all in darkness, because they are within the range of the German guns. There is no friendly Y.M.C.A., with its welcoming doors open, up there. The men are billeted in cellars, warehouses, barns, &c., and the women are everywhere. The terror that stalks in the darkness makes the fight a hard one for the chap who is going to keep straight up there. One can only give the men going off a brother's warning, and then the train passes from sight with its precious load, some never to return, to lay down their bright young lives up in the trenches, and be buried in one of the hundreds of tiny cemeteries "somewhere in France."

Some one will meet again in one of the hospitals or convalescent camps, or at the great rest camp where, after a few weeks in the trenches, the regiments come back to recoup for a bit, and await the filling of the gaps by men from the reserve battalions at home. I visited the whole of the rest camps and spoke in the Y.M.C.A. huts in each one of them. The attendance at these meetings was wonderful. The huts were crowded out everywhere, and the men seemed only too glad to hear the simple Gospel message. They had all been in the firing line, face to face with death, and this has changed their whole outlook on life, and religion is a very real thing to them.

**The Strain of the Trenches.**

There is a look in the eyes of men who have been under shell-fire that one can never forget. To me it is one of the most striking things out there—the staring, far-away look in the eyes of the men coming out of the trenches. It tells of the terrible mental, as well as physical, strain they have undergone. Yet they are wonderfully cheerful, too. I have had a badly wounded man try to wave me a greeting from an ambulance a few minutes before he passed away. The pluck of our men out there is beyond all question, and the way they spoke of each other and their officers was splendid—the most warm, ungrudging admiration of the deeds of heroism, and affection for their officers who had gone under. Man after man who asked me to take messages home to their people gave me cuttings from our London papers, with accounts of the deaths of officers and comrades. "Give my mother this, sir, and tell her it's all true; he was one of the best, sir," and many a man added, "I'd rather have gone under myself than have had him killed."

One thing you'll all be glad to hear was the admiration expressed for the London Territorials. Old soldiers and Regular troops all agreed they were splendid, and spoke in the warmest terms of their steadiness under

fire and bravery at all times. So many of our own boys are in these regiments that it was most grateful hearing to me. I saw some of the London regiments land, and they looked very smart and soldier-like. I met some of the 3rd City of London—the Royal Fusiliers—again, weeks after, when they had been through the strain of the trenches and the battle of Neuve Chapelle. On one occasion they told me they had been thirty hours under shell-fire, one of the most ghastly experiences any soldier could ever live through. Yet, wounded and worn as they were, there was no lack of grit, and only one longing—viz., to get a few hours' leave to see England once more before going back again. If only I had space to relate their stories you would realise what I mean when I say London may well be proud of her Territorial regiments. I did not see our own 6th and 7th land. I was looking out for them, but, alas! I missed them by a couple of days. I saw many lads I knew, though, at different places.

### Comforts for the Wounded.

The great hospital ship, formerly a well-known liner, lies there only a few yards away beside the quay, and as soon as possible many of the men are carried over. The cabins have all been cleared away, and big wards made each side of the lower deck, each with its triple row of swinging cots, reducing the vibration to a minimum. As the ship rolls or pitches the cots swing with it and keep on the level always. The dining saloon makes another large and cheerful ward. On the upper deck the state-rooms have been made into small wards for infectious cases, and also padded rooms for those—alas! a large number—who have temporarily lost their reason. There is a small operating theatre in each ship for use in case of urgent necessity. The whole ship is spotlessly clean and beautifully fresh and airy. A full staff of doctors and sisters is carried. The broad green band along the sides by day and the row of green lights by night, as well as the great red crosses painted on the side, tell what the ship is. I can testify that from the moment a man is aboard nothing else seems to matter to him. "Roll on, England," is his one cry, and so quickly is the ship loaded and so short the voyage that often a man is safely in hospital in England who from twelve to twenty-four hours before was fighting in the trenches. The poor fellows who have to be left behind feel it terribly. Still, everything that skill and tenderness on the part of doctors and nurses can do is done for them. The operating theatres at the base hospitals are as fine and well equipped as any London hospital. The X-ray room at Boulogne is as perfect as any I have ever seen, and the operator there is an enthusiast for his work. He showed me one or two things of his own invention which are proving most valuable in this work.

The camp hospitals, too, are well-nigh as comfortable, although only the slightly wounded go there. Beautifully situated on high, breezy ground overlooking the sea, or amid pine woods, the long rows of small marquees look very bright. Each marquee is a small ward of eight beds; spring mattresses well raised above the wooden floors, with spotless linen, and very warm and cosy. The resident doctors and nurses are all keen on their work, and men seem to get well almost by magic. Now that spring is coming those patients who can get about are busy laying out flower-beds of quaint design around their tents, and the rivalry between the lines is very keen.

The convalescent camps take those who are getting back their strength until they are well enough to rejoin their regiments. In most of them huts are taking the place of canvas, and the patients wear their uniforms instead of the blue flannel suits worn in the hospitals. There is an air of jollity about these camps that speaks volumes for the good spirits and pluck of our soldiers. Some of the chaplains were kind enough to ask me to preach in the hospital and convalescent camps, and I enjoyed my visits to them immensely.

### A Tribute to the Y.M.C.A.

The chaplains are, I fear, all too few, as I know some of them are very much overworked. Those I met were all most keen about their jobs, and doing them in a thoroughly capable manner.

The Y.M.C.A. works with the chaplains everywhere, and a lot of the church services are held in their huts. One of the Bishop of Winchester's sons lives in a Y.M.C.A. hut, and another clergyman spends all his evenings in the Y.M.C.A. centres at the Advance Base, where he is a chaplain, and other chaplains take meetings for the Y.M.C.A. several evenings a week. No words of mine can express the debt of gratitude the British Army owes to the Y.M.C.A. The great rest camps stretch for miles, and in every one of them is one of their huts. In the remount camps, the great Indian camps, the various camps for cavalry, Territorials, Army Veterinary Corps, in the convalescent camps, everywhere there is a Y.M.C.A. centre, either a hut or a large marquee. In the Base towns, where the "details" and the A.S.C. and A.O.C. men and other troops are, the Y.M.C.A. have taken over theatres, dancing halls, or a circus, many of them veritable plague spots of temptation, and turned them into bright, cheerful places of meeting for the men. Here Tommy finds a warm welcome, stationery is supplied free for him to write home, his letters and parcels are taken in, and a canteen supplies him with warm drinks and all the necessaries of his life, cigarettes, tobacco, matches, soap, candles, chocolate, &c., at English prices. There is a piano, and concerts or a cinema show are given nightly. The evening always closes with a hymn and family prayers, with a few manly words from the leader. I spoke at one of these centres every night for five weeks, and the reverence and obvious enjoyment of those quiet moments will always be an inspiration to me. The whole of the men stay until the close, and would not have a different ending to the day for a great deal. As for the workers, no words of mine can convey my genuine admiration of them all, both men and women.

### Varied Experiences.

There is much more I'd dearly love to tell you, but space forbids. I'd like to write of the stories I heard in the hospitals, of armoured trains, prison ships, the washhouses, the bakeries, the heaps of other things I saw. I should like to tell you of a ride in an ambulance full of wounded for some miles, which got me out of a mess, as I had managed to get—never mind how—up nearer the fighting line than I had any right to be, but I should get several people into serious trouble if I did. Suffice it to say, I motored some hundreds of miles, spoke on an average two to three times a day, preached and celebrated the Holy Communion in all sorts of queer places, addressed many thousands of men, visited and spoke in all the Y.M.C.A. centres and most of the hospitals, and brought home crowds of messages for mothers, wives, and sweethearts. I shall never forget it all. It is more a time of reaping than of sowing, thank God, and I am looking forward to a cleaner, better England when peace is declared and our splendid Army comes home again.

## THE SOUL OF BELGIUM.

### A Clear Statement of the Case Against the Prussian Bully.

PROFESSOR POLDERMAN, of Louvain, delivered a lecture in the Y.M.C.A. Gymnasium at Taunton last week which we have taken the liberty of summarising.

Professor Polderman began by remarking that when he spoke about Belgium he asked himself whether he was speaking about reality or a dream, for eight months ago Belgium was a country so peaceful, so quiet, a country that tried to live up to the arts of peace, and not to the arts of war. Everywhere there was happiness, industry, and progress. In the two provinces there was not one beggar, and on the roads of Belgium there were no tramps. They were at peace with their neighbours, at peace with Germany, and when the German Emperor came to Brussels five years ago to the Exhibition he promised to do his utmost to live up to the friendship of Germany for Belgium. That friendship had, however, meant ruin and devastation to Belgium; that was how the Kaiser fulfilled his promise. The Belgians had no great army, and no fleet, and were in no way prepared for war. They regarded the British Fleet as a kind of guarantee of international peace, and they trusted their neighbour, Germany, to keep peace with them according to its solemn pledge. Then came the great betrayal, when Belgium was asked to allow the German Army to pass through their country to crush their neighbour, France. What would that have meant to them? Had they agreed to this infamous proposal it would have meant that they would have sacrificed everything mankind had gained, century after century, and that they would have buried their very soul in the grave of utilitarian compromise. Belgium rejected it with scorn, and declared her readiness to fight, as she had done, for her word of honour.

It seemed to him that whatever might be the fate of Belgium, Belgium was more alive to-day than ever she was. The Fatherland was in them, and not out of them; it consisted of hopes and sorrows which they shared in common, and that was the bulk of every national life. There must be an idea of national honour, and that was why Belgium fought. Germany sought to impose its culture by the brute force of war, by the very negation of real culture. The great struggle now in progress was not a war between England and Germany; it was far greater than that—a war between two forms of human civilisation. On the one side they had the Prussian bully, and on the other side the English gentleman, and the war had to decide which form of culture was to prevail. Were they to live any more under the nightmare of Prussian militarism? Were they prepared to be drilled by the Prussian sergeant, and become slaves in one huge grinding machine? or were they to be free and peaceful people in free and peaceful countries? This was the real issue of the war, a war of cruel aggression on the part of Germany, and for them a war of defence.

Continuing, the Professor spoke of the enthusiasm with which the men of Belgium flocked to the colours when war was declared upon their country, and described their wonderful bravery in fighting against overwhelming numbers, and in never being utterly defeated. The one redeeming feature that was closing the great tragedy of Belgium was the help of England. They did not know the English before the war; England to them seemed like a cold block of marble, but in their day of sorrow and suffering they had found that England had a heart of gold. In England his people had been received as symbols of innocence, crushed by injustice, and in that spirit of charity there was a guarantee of the future. There was something which was above all material interests, and that was the life of the soul, and surely there had been going on in England another war—a war of distress and charity, which had ended in a peaceful victory for charity. He asked them to remember the three millions of Belgian people living on international charity in Belgium to-day, living with German soldiers in their homes, and in many cases among the ruins of their towns and villages. If for eight days international charity ceased sending its supplies, a whole people would be left to starve. He appealed, therefore, to the English to do their utmost to maintain the generous hospitality and charity they had shown towards the unfortunate Belgians.



# LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

## *An Officer's Impressions and Reflections, as Described in a Letter to His Mother.*

I AM going to try and give you some idea of a day or two in the trenches, where comparative calm reigns as compared with Neuve Chapelle. We will take first of all the ordinary and regular routine, and then discuss a few odds and ends which always strike one during that routine. Our orders will be to relieve a certain part of the line on a certain day. We will take it for granted that it is a part of the line to which we have not been before. We move in, of course, in the dusk, in fact, almost dark, and as you very quickly find out it is not nearly such an easy job as it sounds, if it is to be done absolutely quietly and without any confusion. During the afternoon, then, one officer from each company, more if possible, has to go up just to make a little study of the trench, its length, its looks, and how he is to stow his men and where.

As dusk comes on the battalion move off from whatever billets they are in. Every man seems to have a sack on his back, which contains such extras as bread, eggs, and other things dearly loved by them when they have a little money in their pockets. During our last move the ground was dry, and so were the trenches except where a few playful little springs insisted upon bubbling up. Each company enters its particular bit of trench by the communication trench from behind, filing in until each is in his proper position. Each man then lays his rifle on the parapet in front of him. When every man is settled the relieved regiment files out, exchanging a few waggish remarks and good-humoured bantering with each other as they go, and we are left to carry on.

### At the Post of Duty.

I have a company commander who misses nothing—parapets to be done up, refuse to be buried, trench to be improved, &c.—very little ever misses his eye. You and the men soon realise that you have come out for real work, but when it is finished you may be pretty certain that you probably have the best-kept and safest lines in the battalion, and it is an ample recompense. The same with patrols who come out at night over the ground in front towards the German lines, if they are any distance away, out they must come, the result being a tremendous protection against any surprise, and ample warning if they started the little game of sapping through the ground towards us. We have now cleared the trench of the last regiment, and the next things are merely a matter of routine.

Every man takes the spot opposite him, and sees that he has got a comfortable place to fire from, a very necessary thing when at any moment, perhaps at thirty seconds' notice, he may have to jump into that position, and very essential to his own safety and that of his friends. Sentries are posted, and then every man is ready for whatever his job may be. Little need be said about these; they are almost always the same.

A few points for each man to remember for himself are essential. He must see that he is in a position from which he can fire with comfort. Above all, his rifle must be kept clean and in good working order. Every man should have an old sock of sacking cover with which to cover the action of his rifle when he is off duty, and which can be slipped off at a second's notice. Lines must be kept clear of all refuse. Anyone throwing this away behind his lines and into anything but a pit which is for the purpose should be dropped upon.

Half the company work, and are on duty till midnight, and half afterwards. Officers' watches are three hours each, and so we go on till morning.

I have left out one detail, which is as follows:—In the dark from behind the lines come shadowy figures with big sacks and boxes and dixies of fresh water, and last, but not least, with somewhat lighter coloured bags which contain what is to all out here a magic word, "Mails." A word about this later on.

### Watching for the Dawn.

We have now gone through a night—a fine one—and it is four o'clock in the morning. "All hands on deck" and stand to arms until daylight shows "all clear." A fine night finds you a little inclined to yawn, but with a placid sort of resignation until "all is clear." A wet night is very different. Perhaps you have fallen into a complete sleep, you wake up very cold, feeling something like a large mud pie. One watches for daylight with entirely different feelings. We face almost east, and from that quarter is going to come news whether we are to remain soaked all day and so face another night, or whether our old friend the sun is going to come to cheer us up.

When your watch is over you creep into your dug-out, produce a match-box—we hope a dry one—you light a candle, which is promptly put out, since, of course, you have lit it just where there is a leak in the roof. However, on a second attempt it lights, and you examine your sleeping corner. A large puddle greets you just where you want to lie down and just in the one place you cannot dodge. As you examine it a perfect stream of water comes through another leak of the roof, and chooses the now open collar of your Burberry as a landing-place. You lose your temper, lie down in the puddle, and with water above and below you sleep soundly until your sergeant wakes you up in the morning with those horrible words, "Four o'clock, sir."

You fasten up your collar, which, by the way, is about all the dressing you do, and plunge out into the mud. You must wade along your lines to see that all are awake, and as you are probably in gum boots your progress is something like that of a man on skates for the first time. It has got its humorous side, and in spite of it all many a good joke goes on.

"All clear, day duties to commence," comes down the lines. First you clean your rifle, rub it up and put it back on the parapet. Then for the drawing of rations and a feed. The men produce bits of dry wood in the most wonderful way, and very soon little tins and buckets with holes in them spring into flame, bacon fizzles, and no matter what the day, life assumes a different aspect. After breakfast clear up, build trenches, and a hundred odd jobs, and then a rest.

### Near the Guns at Night.

As you look out of the trench at night it is a little weird. Snipers fire all night, aiming chance shots along the parapet with a laid rifle. Every now and then a machine gun rattles off. At intervals all the ground is lit up by star shells, and one gets a good look at the ground in front. Now and then the sky is lit up by a flash, followed by the boom and whistle of a shell on its way to find some transport or something which has been heard. On a clear night, and especially a frosty one, transports make a terrific noise, and you can hear them quite plainly ever so far away.

Perhaps now and then a regiment gets what we call, or rather what the men call, a "wind up." They think they have seen something, and for a few minutes there is a rattle of musketry, an increase of lights, until it dies down again once more.

A real night attack and repulse witnessed from a mile or two away is wonderful. The rattle of musketry, the rat-tat-tat of machine guns, flash after flash from the defenders' guns, and the dull red flash and crash as a shell bursts. Then it dies down, and leaves you wondering what has happened

On the fourth night you are relieved, and march back about a mile to your billets, to your valise and clean clothes, sleeping bag, and the hundred and one comforts which your valise contains—comforts which you never realised the true value of till now.

Few incidents of any importance took place during the last three days. We had one man killed under rather curious circumstances. A German was very busy shooting at one of our loopholes, and this soon started one of our men signalling hits and misses with a spade. The German took a pot shot at the spade, and the bullet glanced downwards and passed through the man's head, killing him on the spot. The Germans taught our men a lesson by signalling with a piece of white wood.

One night we set off to bury a horse which was just making itself unpleasant from about 400 yards distant when the wind blew from that quarter. Unhappily, when we commenced to move him he fell to pieces, and we had to start all over again and cover him up instead.

### Reminders from Home.

One learns many lessons out here, but among them one of the most important is the appreciation one feels for things which till now one never really knew the value of. I know you often read in the papers that letters are welcome, but I simply cannot express how welcome they are. You await your mails and open and read your letters with a sort of child-like delight. At home perhaps one would shove one's letters into one's pocket for an hour or so to wait for a more convenient moment, and probably tear them up, forgetting half the news they contained. Here you simply count the moments until you can get away to some corner and devour every word of them.

Things at home which worried and upset one seem so small out here, where we continually have before us the possibility that any moment may be one's last. Yet, somehow one carries on all through with a laugh, and it never occurs to anyone to be ill-tempered. One drinks what seems like nectar from a very black canteen, and eats meals fit for the highest in the land, though the best of them comes from a tin, and heated up or fried in a canteen lid.

I hope for many reasons I shall be spared to come home after this war. Can you perhaps realise what it will mean to us some day, say our first morning in England, to feel that all is once more at peace, the birds singing and everything running its course again, no bullets or shells, one's bath as usual, and perhaps letters from friends with words of welcome. One builds many castles in the air out here. I think all who do come back will do so with a spirit of appreciation of small things, more contented, and looking for much fewer, and requiring much fewer, of the good things in life.

*16.—A Budget of Letters.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

THE letters I am receiving from my readers grow more and more interesting. One comrade ends a lengthy letter with this delightful admission: "Now, I have rather enjoyed this little talk with you. Please look upon it as a friendly chat." I should like to say that this attitude is after my own heart, and I hope other comrades in different parts of the country will write to me from time to time telling me their difficulties, sharing with me their joys and expressing to me their sympathies. I count it a great privilege to receive these friendly epistles, and all such letters should be sent to Julius Just, 13, Russell-square, W.C.

* * *

I HAVE a budget of letters lying before me on my table, and I select four. One is from Ireland, one from Scotland, one from Greenwich, and one from Wareham. So it will be seen that our paper is commencing to make its way in every direction. I give first place to the letter from Greenwich, which is a truly pathetic letter from an anxious mother and father. I hope that their son will relieve them of the suspense they are suffering, by informing them of his whereabouts. Here are the facts. I give full particulars, because I want to help these anxious parents. Their son, John Albert James Smith, left home on March 12, and has not been heard of since. The parents have an idea that he has joined the Army under an assumed name, as he was formerly in the Service. "We are quite willing for him to stop," write Mr. and Mrs. Smith, "if only he will let us know where he is." Now then, John, enough of this needless worry; send off a letter to-day, telling the old people that you are safe and well, and you will ease them of a very heavy burden. I will take this opportunity of saying to mother and father that although their boy is out of their sight, he is not out of God's mind.

* * *

THE letter I have received from Wareham is from a sapper in the Royal Engineers. From his frank communication I gather that drink is his besetting sin. After describing, in quite a charming fashion, the movements of some earthworms he had noticed while digging trenches, commenting particularly on the co-operative spirit displayed, my correspondent goes on: "We know that *man* builds agencies for the destruction of God's ends; these are, primarily, drink, and secondarily, war. Now I signed the pledge and broke it, being downhearted. But I'll fight! To-day it has been the drink again. It unfits me. Won't you put it out? If only for the war, I am going to do my duty; won't you do yours? Will you remove the temptation, then if I die I will not have gone in vain; and that's speaking the soul of us all."

* * *

THIS is a remarkable letter, as I think my readers will agree. I would to God I had the power to wire a message to this fellow, telling him that drink should be banished for the period of the war. I usually pride myself on a certain calmness of mood in thinking over great problems, but I find myself becoming a savage when I think of drink. In a carriage with me last Sunday evening was a small company of soldiers, each as drunk as the proverbial lord, and all making themselves a beastly nuisance to everybody in the carriage. It was not as though they had been to the front, even, and were overjoyed at getting back to Old England. They were strapping, healthy fellows, who were kicking their heels about at home, and who, so far, have had no share in the fighting at all. It is a blazing shame, because it reflects on the conduct of the vast majority who are decent, eager, sober and keen. I wish our rulers would take their political lives in their hands and introduce some drastic measure, if only for the period of the war. If our men are weak in this direction, it is our business to remove temptation out of their way, and I wish something could be done. To my friend who has so frankly confessed his weakness to me I would say: "Give up the drink altogether—don't play with it; and ask the Master, who is your eternal Elder Brother, to help you to be more than a conqueror in the strife. Here, at least, is a comrade at this end who will think of you in the place of silence where prayer is poured out unto God."

* * *

YOUR letter, **S. J. C.** (Ireland), is very welcome. I feel for you most deeply. I know something of the position of which you write, and it is far from being pleasant. And yet you are only one of a vast army, who at the present time are "getting worried owing to financial trouble." I am afraid there is no royal road to financial recovery. It is a long process, and often very wearisome; but it *does* come all right in the end, I am sure. You say in your letter, "Perhaps your advice will be 'Hold on'"; well, that is exactly what I do say. Did you read my article last week on "Seeing it Through"? I think I should say to you now: "Stick it out, Jerry!" And if you want a few lines to turn over in your mind, here are some which I greatly love:—

Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

* * *

FROM the first our Scottish comrades have been warm in their praise of our paper. I have received from **J. S.** (Glasgow) a very kind letter, which I greatly value. "First of all," he says, "I wish to say how much the *Y.M.* is appreciated in Scotland. Everyone I have spoken to regarding the new paper has a good word for it. The only fault we Scotsmen have to find with it is that it has so little space devoted to Scotland and Scottish affairs. I suggest that you devote a little more space in the paper to Scotland. The weekly articles, 'Between You and Me' and 'For the Quiet Hour,' are a perfect treat, and the only fault one can find with them is that they are each much too short every week. I hope both articles are permanent fixtures of the *Y.M.*" Well, let me say that the features referred to *are* permanent fixtures. I quite agree with J. S. that the articles by Mr. Alexander are "just splendid and most appropriate for young men." Mr. Alexander writes for us every week, and in the opinion of everybody his chats get better and better.

* * *

BUT now, J. S., I am going to have a wee wordie with you. You Scotsmen are incorrigible. You all write the same thing. And yet, if you look through the last fifteen numbers of the *Y.M.* you will find that Scotland is well represented in every way. I take the contributors. We have already had Sir Alexander Simpson, of Edinburgh; Dr. Saleeby (who was educated at Edinburgh University); Professor James Young Simpson, of Edinburgh; Rev. Archibald Alexander, of Ayr; Professor James Stalker, of Aberdeen; Rev. John A. Hutton, of Glasgow; heaps of Scottish news, dozens of Scottish pictures, and tons of Scottish criticism! O Scotia, thou art hot stuff! Well, J. S., tell your Scottish friends that I will see that Scotland is kept well to the fore, but ask them to keep us well informed. But there, I always thought we were all one. And, between you and me, I am half Scotch myself!




**You should Try**

FRUNUT REG.

**The Ideal Pocket Food.**

*Awarded Silver Gilt Medal, Royal Horticultural Society, 1909.*

Frunut is delicious and highly sustaining. A grand food for the trenches or on the march. Its staying power is wonderful; it makes good bones, blood and sinew. It also regulates the functions of the body in a purely natural manner, and so tends to expel and prevent disease.

**In packets, 1d. and 4d. each.**

**Half-Pound Sample**
Sent carriage paid to any address for 6d.

**SHEARNS** 231-234, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

'Phone: Museum 540 (3 lines).

**If you are Training in Camp,**

ASK FOR

**JACOB & CO.'S**

**1d. GINGERBREAD CAKES,**

**1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,**

**TIPPERARY BISCUITS**
(A very popular, rich, sweet variety),

**1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS,**

AND

**1d. CHOCOLATE TABLETS.**

You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

*"Here's your jolly good health—and mine."*




**LIFEBUOY SOAP**

**Everyone approves Jack's sentiment. We all desire his good health—and our own. But don't rest satisfied with desiring. Do all you can to ensure good health.**

**Remember Lifebuoy Soap is in itself a splendid aid to health, because it cleanses the skin perfectly and disinfects at the same time, thus removing the risk of infection.**

**Jack should have Lifebuoy in his kit. Send him some. It is a present he will appreciate. And what is good for Jack is good for you.**

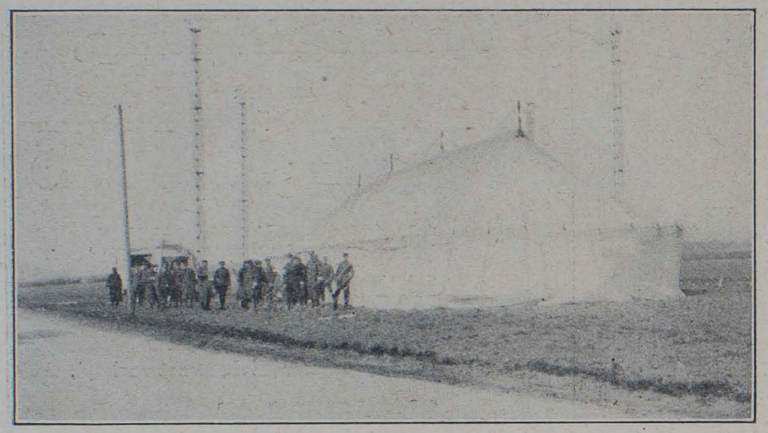
**Use Lifebuoy Soap freely—for Toilet, Bath and all Household purposes. It promotes good health.**

MORE THAN SOAP, YET COSTS NO MORE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 105-13

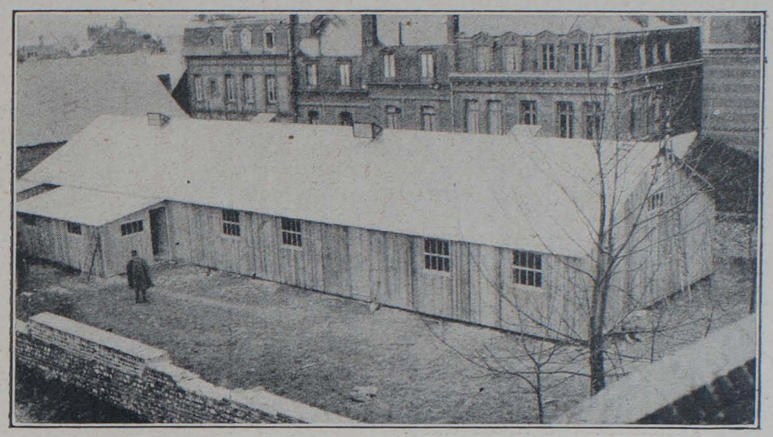
# THE Y.M.C.A. WITH OUR TROOPS IN FRANCE: THE WORK AND WORKERS IN A SPECIAL SERIES OF FASCINATING PICTURES.



A picturesque view of one of the summer equipments in France.



Helpers in the good work: A Workers' Conference in Northern France.



A down-town centre in a French port which offers a welcome haven.



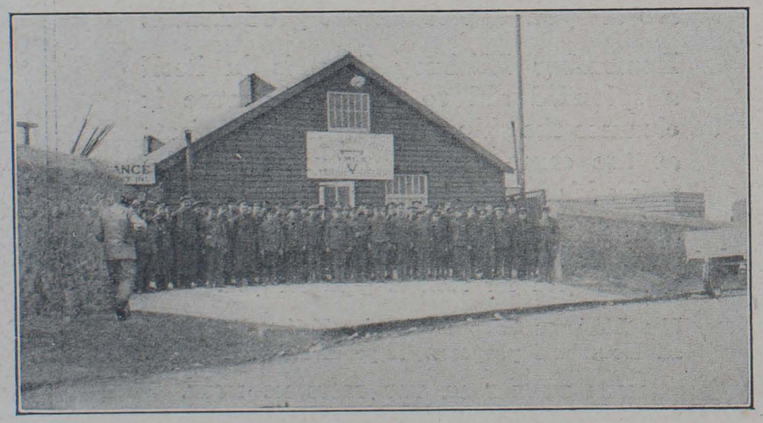
Indifferent to war conditions, although these are close at hand.




A group of workers at a Queen Mary Hut in a busy centre.



"It's a long, long road"—— A peaceful picture in the war zone.



Thomas Atkins at one of the Queen Mary Huts near a military base.



Cheery customers at an Association Motor Restaurant "somewhere" on the Continent.



Some of the crowd assembled at a Y.M.C.A. Football Final in France.

**ONCE TRIED ALWAYS EATEN.**

ELECTRICAKES

The most popular selling cakes that have been placed upon the market.

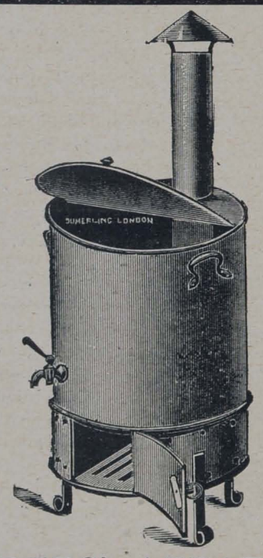
Made under ideal conditions in our Electric Bakeries, the best of flour and fruit only used. — Every point has been considered to enable us to offer the ideal cake. — Ask your fellow Camp Leaders their opinion.

**ELECTRICAKES** *sell quickly, give utmost satisfaction and yield a fair profit.*

PRICES on application to

**ELECTRICAKES, LTD.,**

ANNETTE ROAD, HOLLOWAY, N.




**CATERERS' APPARATUS**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE.

**SUMERLING & Co., Ltd.,**

143 to 147, Old Street, & 63, Bunhill Row,

LONDON, E.C.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**




**The Food-Drink that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**




**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**

as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/- The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet— DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**



THE BURBERRY.

**THE BURBERRY**

**MILITARY WEATHERPROOF**

Lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece.

Keeps its wearer dry and comfortable n rain or damp and survives long, rough wear.

Provides hygienic warmth and protection against cold or windy weather.

Airylight, it obviates fatigue and tendency to overheating on mild days.

Faultlessly self-ventilating, is healthful to wear under all conditions.

*See that your Burberry is labelled "Burberrys."*

**Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free.**

SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT

Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats, and Warms, ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, and the kit completed in a few hours.

**BURBERRYS, Haymarket, S.W., LONDON.**

8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents.

**THINK**

**Clark's Optimus Coffee Extract is IT.**

**Accept only Optimus Coffee.**

**Buy IT and Try IT**

**TO-DAY.**

"To give strength to the men during the march, when the usual food cannot be taken, **Coffee** is better than spirits."—Sir LAUDER BRUNTON'S quotation from report on Ashanti campaign, *The Evening News, Mar. 5.*

**Write for Special Terms for Y.M.C.A. supplies.**

**C.O.C.E., Ltd., 17, Ingate Place, BATTERSEA, S.W.**




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

SUNDAY, May 9, will be observed throughout the Young Men's Christian Association of the world as Mother's Day. There is surely peculiar significance attaching to such an observance in war time. After all, in any nation when the people are at war the mothers of the race go to their Calvary, for "men must work, and women must weep." Mothers in many nations are to-day passing through a time of such suspense, anxiety, and grief as has rarely, if ever, been known in the world before. The mothers of British soldiers, of our Colonial troops, the mothers of the men who are fighting against us, and the mothers of our gallant Indian forces are one to-day in their great care, sorrow, and loyalty. Their sons everywhere offer them their devotion and reverence at a time when the needs of the nation demand the ready surrender of mothers' priceless possession, their splendid and virile sons. There are many ways of measuring the ghastly tragedy of war, but if one wants to estimate it in all its dramatic intensity one has only to realise the tremendous stress and strain it brings to bear upon the most highly sensitive members of the community, our women and mothers. It is eminently fitting, therefore, that Mother's Day should be celebrated on Sunday. Our celebration of the Festival of Motherhood is bound to have relation to religion. It accords with the spirit of our worship and adoration. Every man worth while recognises the contribution which has been made to his life by the one who went down to the very gates of death to give him birth. The splendid powers of endurance that are being tested now owe so much to the fact that our men, generally speaking, were well born.

***

THE intellectual gifts and social graces depend so much upon the influences by which mothers have surrounded themselves during the great formative period. Men's spiritual inheritances owe more than has ever been acknowledged, perhaps more than any of us can realise, to the way in which women have been able to devote themselves by the surrender of their hearts to the will and love of God, and so our praises, our worship, should have in them the very definite praise of God for His great gift to the world of men in the family relationships. Our intercessions must be affected by the memories that the day enshrines, though one of the great ambitions of every man's life should be to prove worthy of all that lies behind him that is represented for him and epitomised in his mother. Surely no one will disagree with us when we say that the great cardinal virtues of human life have been developed more by the fidelity and devotion of womanhood than by any other elements in human life. A good man—and by good we mean the pure, courageous, loyal, and true man—would be the first to acknowledge this. And so Mother's Day should be a day of vows, a day of high thought, a day of definite consecration to high ideals. This makes it fitting that the Young Men's Christian Association should be the organisation to call men to its celebration. Surely our brotherhood endeavours to do for young men removed from the influences of home, for young men who are past the period of childhood, and in many cases not yet broadly launched on the fuller life of mature manhood, what mother did in earlier days.

***

THERE may be some people still who scoff at the idea of a body of men bound together by the great word "Christian." There are still some people who recognise the place the Church has in the life of society, who cannot imagine what need there is for any additional society, which by its membership pledge labels men as religious men. The Young Men's Christian Association exists to make permanent in the life of young men those ideals, those positive virtues which the very best home training has sown in the life. It exists to offer positive warfare to all those forces that seek to undermine virtue and religion in the life of the growing man. It seeks to represent the Church and the home to the great crowds of churchless and homeless men. We are not thinking of the "bottom dog," of the man of the lapsed masses; we are thinking of the young middle-class man who at the age of fourteen or fifteen is thrown into the vortex of city life in order that he may learn his business or secure his professional training, and who from the time he leaves his home until he establishes a home of his own, generally has no rendezvous where he may freely mix with his own class or meet young women of his own class, unless it is provided by such an organisation as our own. We recognise wholeheartedly the splendid social work that is being done by the Churches. We rejoice in it. We have our own contribution to make to this work. Our leaders as loyal churchmen are supporting it, but every city has thousands of young men to whom the break with home means the break with church life and social life, and who, if they are to be kept from harmful courses and society unworthy of their mothers and their home, must be provided for by some additional means. The Young Men's Christian Association has been able to fill this gap. It is to-day providing for one million men throughout the world a society which, without being priggish, refuses to be ashamed of the name "Christian," and this coming Sabbath—"Mother's Day"—calls every man of our million members, and every man of that infinitely greater number which by the exigencies of the present situation we are reaching, to register solemn vows to be worthy of the mother who loves him and the home from which he came out.

***

ANOTHER aspect of Mother's Day will, we trust, be thoroughly observed, that every man whose mother is alive should go out of his way to write her a letter on Mother's Day, telling her how he fares—not an ordinary letter, but a love letter, a letter that shall speak with the warmest impulses of his own nature, and shall tell her of the love he bears her, and shall acknowedge all that she has done for him. There is an excellent story told of the late Dr. Dale, of Birmingham. On one occasion he paid a visit to Australia, and while there he was discussing with some Christian people the duty of expressing one's appreciation of another's service, and casually and without intent he said, "I have been the minister of my church for so many years, how rarely have my people expressed to me their appreciation of the work that I have done!" By some means this story which was told so artlessly reached Dr. Dale's people at Carr's Lane, Birmingham. On his return a great poster met him, set up in the church with this message, "We love you, and we tell you so." How many of us love our mothers and treasure the memory of all they have done for us, and how few of us remember regularly and constantly to tell them so! Mother's Day presents us with the opportunity of telling our mothers what we owe them and how we love them, and it is neither mawkish nor effeminate to observe the feast. We hope many thousands of men will gladly acknowledge the day.

*Next Friday we shall publish a striking essay by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, M.A., C.V.O., President of Magdalene College, Cambridge, on the subject of*

*"CHANCE AND LUCK."*

*Order a copy from your newsagent to-day.*

# HUMOUR IN THE CAMPS.

## *A Prize Essay on Military Training and Life in Billets.*

THE following is a humorous essay on "Military Training and Life in Billets," and was awarded the first prize in the recent competition organised by the Y.M.C.A., and open to all the troops billeted in Slough :—

"Military training has, of course, a very wide area, and in 750 words one cannot say much. Perhaps a recruit's first duty is to learn to salute. There are about as many different ways of saluting as words in this essay. If you like an officer, you salute him; if you don't, you tie your bootlace. When you form up 'two deep,' your lines should be as crooked as possible. This is to make the sergeant ratty. When he says 'dress by the right,' you do up the waistcoat buttons you forgot after lunch.

### Orders Always Obeyed—Sometimes.

"When on route marches troops are not allowed to look at girls. This order is always strictly carried out—sometimes. It is a popular opinion that on route marches troops swing along singing 'Tipperary' and holding their rifles in all sorts of characteristic attitudes, besides winking at all the pretty girls. This is not always the case. On one or two occasions I have heard them sing 'Sussex by the Sea.' All marches are more or less pleasant. I have pleasant memories myself of Runnymede and Epsom! Who said 'running mud'? Inspections are great sport. Someone comes along to see you've got your boots on the right feet, and don't you 'cop it' if you haven't shaved! An officer asked a fellow once why he hadn't shaved, and when the chap said he was growing a moustache, he was told he wasn't there to raise football elevens!

"Then we have field days. These vary with every branch of the Army. You usually have to turn out with full equipment and everything nicely cleaned, and then, of course, it starts raining. An officer on horseback usually leads the procession, and if his horse happens to shy at anything, you ought to see the front section 'dismiss' and form 'elevens.' Then there's a duty known as 'guard.' You do two hours on and four off. At night you spend half an hour in blissful repose, and the other three and a half in trying to catch the 'little stranger.' During the day the four hours are occupied in playing 'banker,' or other forms of patience. On Sundays every man must go to church. The officers sit in front to set a good example, and there's usually a rush for the back pews.

"The standard pay of a private nowadays is generally 9s. 4d. per week; admittedly quite a nice sum, but you can't go about buying 'Town Halls' every week. It reminds me of a little verse you have doubtless heard :—

"'We are but little soldiers weak,
Earning nine and four a week,
The more you do the more you may,
It makes no difference to our pay.'

Very nice, too. Sometimes you have to learn to ride a horse or a mule. You want to get an introduction to the animal before you try to ride. The last chap I knew who tried to ride a horse without an introduction—well! he came out of hospital four months later.

### Hints Concerning "First Aid."

"With regard to rifle drill, it is best to bring your breech-lock with you. Some difficulty may be experienced in firing the rifle without this. Each branch of the Army has, of course, specific duties, and to the R.A.M.C. belongs that of rendering 'first aid' on the roadside, for such things as faintness, for which a drop of brandy is sometimes prescribed. I remember when the unit was passing a company of R.F.A. once seventeen men fell out with various forms of faintness, but when it was found that someone had pinched the brandy bottle there was trouble, especially as the men only got water. The members of the Medical Corps have to learn, among other things, stretcher drill. One day a sergeant was drilling the section. Out came his orders: 'Lift stretcher! Lower stretcher!' He was evidently not satisfied with the way they obeyed his commands, as his next order, somewhat irregular, was rapped out: 'Now pick the things up again.' That wasn't as bad as a young officer, quite new to drilling, who, wishing to halt his company, yelled out: 'Men, whoa!'

"Now to deal with the life in billets. Of course, the billet varies considerably, but I may safely say that in Slough nearly all the billets are excellent. But to deal with the peculiarities. You might get one of those houses with four rooms and fifteen children, like a chum of mine had. His day was somewhat as follows:—'Reveille' goes at 6.30, and his first parade is at seven. He begins physical exercises when getting up, in trying not to upset the bed. Owing to shortages this was composed of mother's ironing board on a couple of chairs, with the best front room carpet for a blanket. It is quite a 'chair-full' bed, I assure you. He used to play hide-and-seek with the kids before breakfast, and continued the seeking at breakfast time—looking for the bacon. Talking of bacon reminds one of rations. The meat is prime or primeval. You get plenty of changes: Melbourne mutton, Australian ox, New Zealand lamb, and bully beef. Then we have cheese, which some rude boys call 'cat's meat.' We sometimes get kippers in the morning for a change. I should think my last one came from 'Sussex by the Sea,' and was caught about the time the song was composed. You ought to have heard it sing 'Any more for the *Skylark?*' When Johnnie comes home in the evening he used to help bath the kids. I expect he enjoyed it; let's s'ope so.

### Making the Best of It.

"Then there is the billet for two kept by a dear lady who is secretary of the Society for Providing White Mice with Nightcaps. Her husband was chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Union. Jolly old boy he was, with one of those Union Jack faces—red and white complexion, which looks a bit blue after a late night at the office. He had a nasty accident a few days before I left, poor chap. He was walking down the road past the 'Crown,' when someone asked him to have a drink, and he didn't hear them. We used to have some good fun with pillow fights until we burst a pillow one night. I thought for the moment I was an angel with wings during the moulting season. Our chief trouble in billets is making the grub go round without having to depend too much upon the beneficence of our landlady. For instance, for supper in some places, if they have used all the cheese for feeding the canary in the morning, they have to go to the shop for 'two and one' to help them through. I think, however, that very few men billeted in Slough go short. I used to be in a billet with two other fellows, and that was somewhat funny We only had one bed, which was not too large. Anyhow, as there were three of us, we used to toss up 'odd man out,' and it was odd if the loser wasn't the 'man out' and on the floor in about two minutes. It is awkward where there's no bath. The bath in one of my former billets only held about 2 cwts. of coals!

"In conclusion, just a word for the Y.M.C.A. :—

"Here's very best wishes to the Y.M.C.A.
For it's concerts and contests galore,
We shall never forget you to our dying day,
If we haven't forgotten before!"

---

The twenty-ninth anniversary in connection with the Bayswater Y.M.C.A. was held on Thursday evening, April 29, at 28, Princes-square, W. There was a crowded attendance, and the chair was occupied by the Hon. Mr. Justice Lush, the president, who was supported by Mr. F. A. Bevan, the Rev. F. E. Murphy, M.A., the Rev. H. Foster Pegg, M.A., Mr. Graham Campbell, Mr. Leonard Wild, Mr. Robert Harkness, and Mr. Walter Wild, the energetic secretary.

## FOR GALLANTRY.

### The Board of Trade Medal for Saving Life at Sea.

THE Board of Trade medal may be of interest to some of our readers, who doubtless noticed its presentation a short time since by His Majesty at Buckingham Palace to the skipper and crew of the trawler *Provident*, of Brixham, for the rescue, in a fierce gale, of 71 survivors of the battleship *Formidable*, sunk by torpedoes in the English channel on January 1.

This decoration was first issued in 1855. It is an elegant little silver medal, 1¼ in. in diameter, suspended from a ribbon of scarlet with a white stripe on either side; the front bears the King's portrait, with the




letters G.R.I. beneath, and has very much the appearance of half-a-crown, excepting that the inscription is "For gallantry in saving life at sea." The back bears the group given in our illustration in strong relief.

It is to be observed that this medal is not reserved for the use of the Navy, but is open to be won by any of those courageous souls who, in face of great danger to themselves, save the lives of "those in peril on the sea."

---

A special welcome was given on Monday week evening in the Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Institute, Town Hall, Hawick, N.B., to the new battalions, under the patronage of the Brigadier-General, His Grace the Duke of Montrose. Colonel Macqueen, 4th Gordon Highlanders, occupied the chair. The Rev. W. A. P. Johnman in kindly terms welcomed the men on behalf of the Y.M.C.A., and assured them of a hearty reception from the people of the town. Colonel Macqueen made suitable acknowledgment, eulogising the work which the Y.M.C.A. was doing amongst the soldiers at home and abroad.

Major Turnbull, 9th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in proposing votes of thanks to the chairman and artistes, also took occasion to refer in appreciative words to the work of the Y.M.C.A., and hoped that the men would avail themselves of the many advantages provided in the fine hall so generously granted to the Y.M.C.A. by the Town Council. A very happy evening was brought to a close by the usual period of worship, conducted by Rev. W. J. Kennedy, of St. Andrew's Church, which is supplying the lady assistants for the week.



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

## *Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

The workers from the Association centres in the Witley district were entertained to luncheon one day last week by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Horne at their delightful home at Hall-place, Shackleford. Mr. Horne was present, though there was important business at the House of Commons. He said the Y.M.C.A. had become the society under whose aupices opposing elements had harmonised and become electric with new energies in connection with the deepest and dearest thoughts and hopes of life. A basis of united and universal service on moral principles, an organic unity amid great social diversities and prejudice had been revealed to the nation in the Y.M.C.A.

* * *

Mr. E. J. Allan Frost expressed the thanks of the guests and of the National Council to the devoted honorary workers, without whose service the work would be impossible, referring to the splendid help rendered by the permanent workers in their difficult work.

* * *

One of the men who has been most absent from his accustomed haunts since the outbreak of war is Mr. Charles E. Heald, the secretary of the National Council's Junior Department. At the beginning of hostilities he was busily engaged with great divisional camps at Lyndhurst and Hursley Park, and with the 27th and 28th Divisions at Winchester. Occasionally he left the mud of those camps for a brief look in at headquarters, but only occasionally.

At the same time, Mr. Heald undertook responsibility for work in the Isle of Wight and in Portsmouth and Weymouth. When winter weather led to the temporary abandonment of camping grounds, the work was gradually transferred under his supervision to huts. There are two at Weymouth, one in Portsmouth Barracks, one in Hilsea Barracks, one at Gosport, one in the Isle of Wight, two at Romsey, one at Swaythling, and seven in the Winchester area. At one period the work was continued for two months in a piggery, and constant care has been necessary to maintain the whole programme during the long winter months. Spring finds preparation in hand for a dozen big canvas camps. The all-round work has been done. Men have been interested, hindered from evil courses, helped in rightdoing, and, best of all, many have enlisted in the Higher Service.

* * *

Two thousand pounds' worth of damage has been done by fire in the gymnasium at Quebec. When the fire broke out the ladies' class was in progress, but there was no panic.

* * *

The hut at Shorncliffe, called the "Bank Hut," because it has been provided by the staff of the Bank of England, has been formally opened by Major-General Babington. Mr. L. F. Sandeman, who represented the Bank, said that fifteen per cent.—all that could go—were now serving with the colours in different parts of the world. During the concert, which was provided by the bankers, the news came of the Canadians' success at the front and the recapture of our 4.7 guns. The whole crowd rose to its feet and sang "The Land of the Maple Leaf" again and again.

* * *

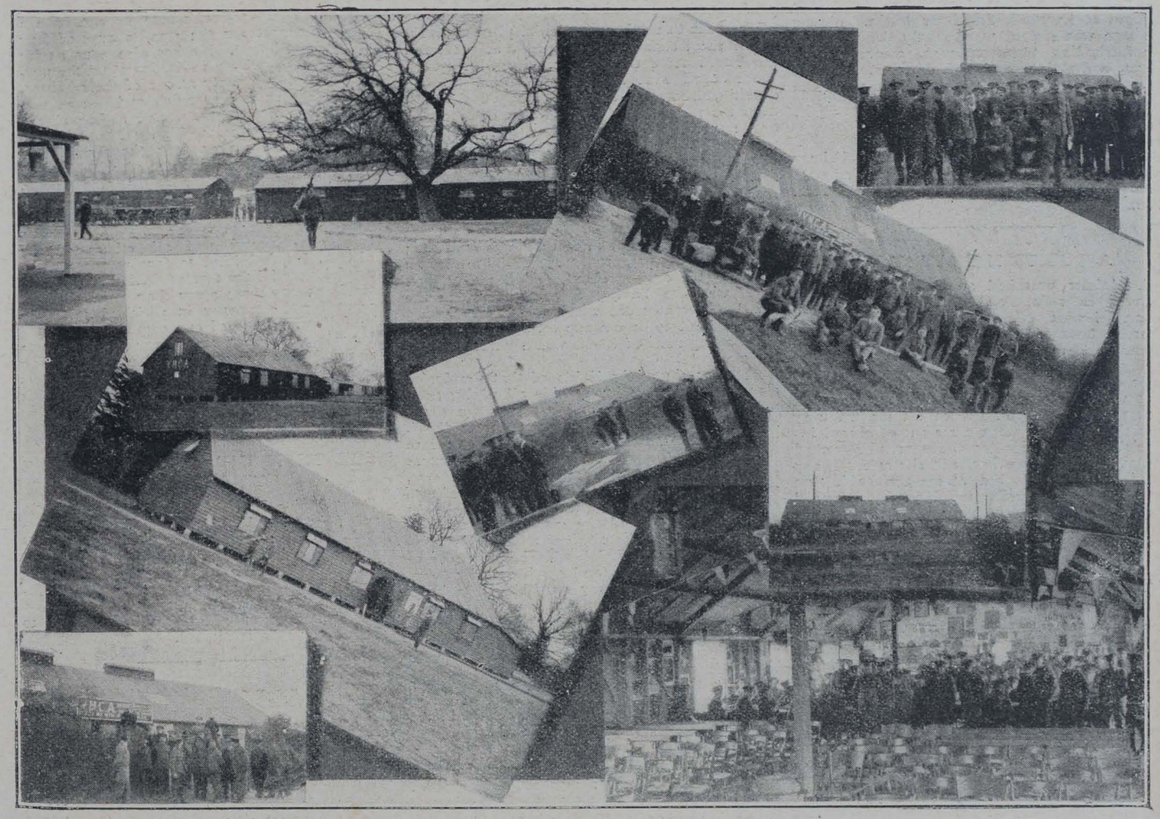
We hope to publish some pictures of the work in this area shortly.

* * *

Last Sunday week was Military Sunday at London Central. A crowded hall awaited the Bishop of Chelmsford, who was in great form. He said that in days to come khaki would be looked upon as the most honourable dress of men. When one pictured the desolation of Belgium and parts of France, heard of outraged women and poor children who had to stand by and see their parents shot, no wonder it made one put on khaki, and not only go and do one's best to stop the carnage, but to stand up for righteousness, justice, and purity. It was a serious matter for any young man to stand back now. As a preacher of the Gospel, he said that every young man should do his best to help the nation at the front. God called them, and they ought to go straight away and enlist in His name.

* * *

The Archdeacon of Rochester (the Venerable J. T. Rowe), who fell dead on the platform of Victoria Station last week, was in close touch with our work, and recently gave £100 to be used in organising a series of special addresses in Kent on the social problem.



An interesting group of Y.M.C.A. centres in the Eastern Counties.

Writing home to Darlington, William Round, who enlisted in the R.A.M.C., describes the shelling of hospital buildings at Ypres:—"It would be about nine when we got settled down. We were moving the following day, and my pal and I were very pleased with ourselves. We had to be up very early, so I said to Will, 'Let's keep our boots on, because we shall be rushed for time in the morning.' Thank God we did, for it certainly saved me. I think the first shell was fired at us at 9.55. It missed, and also the second, third, and fourth. None of us moved. We thought it great fun—until we got the fifth, and then, my word, it was like a living hell. When the shell burst in the room I lost all feeling from my feet to my knees. I could not move, and the roof was falling on me. Poor Will said to me, 'Be brave, Wall.' I shall never forget the words. I was just trying to move, when in came the sixth shell. It was awful. I managed to get to the door, and found that the stairs had given way. There was only one thing to do, and that was to roll over and chance the fall. I did it, and got into the hospital in an awful state. I was covered with whitewash, wood splinters, and bits of shrapnel. They cut my clothes off, and I was thankful to find I had lost no limbs, though I was in a pretty bad state. The other boys were got out of the room quickly, and it was found that ten of us had been wounded and two killed. Will had to have one of his feet amputated at once. It was in a hopeless state, but he braved it through. Two other lads had broken legs. We were all made a great fuss of until we were sent home—and then the band began to play. The train journey to the coast was awful. We were in the train six hours, and it was a wonder some of the chaps did not peg out. It was much better on the boat, and they lost no time in getting us into hospital."

***

Mr. Tom Wann has secured 600 temperance pledges at Larkhill, Salisbury Plain. Among the men who signed were nearly the whole of the Australian transport men, several Canadians, a Belgian, and a Bulgarian. In the same hut 162 men have registered their decision for Christ in a few days.

***

The last of the Canadians to leave Salisbury Plain, a crowd of 500 men, were provided with their last meal there—breakfast—in the Y.M. Tent.

## A QUESTION THAT STUCK.

A minister preached an elaborate course of lectures in refutation of infidelity, for the special benefit of a man who attended his church. Soon after the man came and declared himself a Christian. The minister said to him: "Which of my discourses was it that removed your doubts?" The reply was disappointing. "It was not any of your sermons," he said, "that influenced me. What set me thinking was that a poor woman came out of chapel beside me, and stumbled on the steps. I stretched out my hand to help her, and she said 'Thank you.' Then she looked at me and said, 'Do you love Jesus Christ, my blessed Saviour?' And I did not. I went home and thought about it, and now I can say I do love Him. The poor woman's words, and her frank confession of her experience, were the transforming power."—Dr. Alex. Maclaren.

A Chinese preacher, in urging the sacredness of the Lord's Day, used this story:—"It came to pass that a man went to market, having on his shoulder a string of seven large copper coins (Chinese coins are strung on strings and carried on the shoulder). Seeing a beggar crying for alms, he gave the poor creature six of his seven coins. Then the beggar, instead of being grateful, crept up behind the kind man and stole the seventh coin also. What an abominable wretch! Yes, but in saying this you condemn yourselves. You receive from the hand of the gracious God six days, yet you are not content. The seventh also you steal!"

## IN INDIA WITH THE COLOURS.

### A Letter from a Member of the Southern Section of the Glasgow Y.M.C.A., at Present in Bangalore, India.

I HAVE no doubt but you would be surprised to learn of my leaving Bonnie Scotland for India. I will now tell you how it came about. During my stay in Stirling the major paraded the whole of the battery one morning, and asked the volunteers to go to India. At once every man up with his hand. Well, he only took a few of our names; that was all we heard of it, and, in fact, thought it had blown over. But, alas! one morning five weeks later the voice of the sergeant-major was to be heard at its best. "Bombardier M——, pack your kit and be ready to move off at 2 o'clock for India." (And very nice, too.) Very well, we came to Glasgow, thinking we were to get home for a few hours; but no, twenty minutes in Queen-street Station, and not allowed to leave the platform. Well, off we went for Exeter, from there to Southampton. It was a cold, dirty, wet night on December 12 that the good ship *Saturnia*, of Glasgow, sailed from Southampton Docks bound for sunny India. We had a bit of a pitch in the Bay of Biscay, which set two-thirds of her prey upside-down; but after we escaped from her clutches we had a lovely voyage to within five miles of the Gib. Here a three-masted schooner thought she could save a great deal of manœuvring by going through us. She won't sail again for a long time—she lost two masts and was very much damaged about the hull. We lost one boat davit and six feet of bulwark. This little mishap delayed us about four and a-half hours. Passed the Gib. at 9 o'clock a.m., just when the sun was striking on it—it was a lovely sight. We reached Port Said, where we had some coal to let us finish our voyage.

### Passing Through the Canal.

The Suez Canal is a wonderful piece of work. I saw the troops on the banks, that prevented the Turks from committing Suez Side (joke). We reached Port Suez about 6 p.m. Sunday evening, December 27. We stopped there to drop the pilot, when I heard a voice from the dock: "How would you like to be in 'Glesca' the noo?" "Come away the Rangers." It just illustrated to me the old saying that, no matter where you go, you will find a Scotsman. We now passed into the Red Sea, where there are a few of the enemy's boats knocking about—and we knew it, for it took us three days more to get out of it than was expected; in fact, we were reported "sunk" by a German cruiser. We cruised about, dodging them just as if we were having a game at "kick the can." They sent out wireless messages trying to get a lamb to have a pop at, but Mr. Skipper was having none of it—he was a "nut" out on his own.

At last we saw the lights of that wonderful city, Bombay. We lay outside all night, as it was too risky to try and get into the docks at night, as there are a few mud-banks about, which are formed by the tide. We got into the docks at 6 a.m., where there was a great sight. There were hundreds of black fellows, and all had something to sell, from a needle to an elephant skin; but there was a voice to be heard above all, and the owner of that voice was a member of the glorious and world-famed Association, the Y.M.C.A. He had come down to give us a welcome and good, sound advice. He also gave us a very valuable little book, which I am enclosing so that you can judge to a very meagre extent what the Y.M.C.A. is doing in India. No matter where you go, you will always find a little bungalow with Y.M.C.A. above the entrance.

I gave the headquarters a visit in Bombay, and was amazed at the beauty of the building, which is just like the Eastern palaces you read about and see in the pictures; in fact, the building was as beautiful as its name is good. Inside there is a lovely reading-room, billiard-room, supper-bar, and a hundred prizes which are offered to the young men of Bombay to compete for at every sport mentionable. I met a Mr. B——, who hails from Ibrox, and with whom I had a long talk about the dear home-land and the Y.M.C.A. I just thought when I was on my way back to the ship that it was a disgrace to the young men of the British Empire who were at present ignorant of the good and pleasure to be obtained from the prime Association of the world, and I hope that after this great war the young men won't forget what the Y.M.C.A. has done and what it tried to do for them, and that it will shine much stronger than the sun in India. It is warm here. Remember how we used to grumble about the heat in H—— and Co.'s shop! It cannot be compared with what we are suffering here, and in one night I can see more lightning here than I would expect to see at home in a lifetime.

### A Description of Bangalore.

I will now try and give you a description of the city of Bangalore, the place where I am in the meantime stationed. It is termed the Garden of India, and is the principal city of Mysore State. The present Maharajah is one of the most enlightened rulers in India. His Majesty's Government have recently conferred privileges on his State which no other States are allowed to enjoy. The cantonment is the largest in South India, and, with the city included, has a population of 175,000. The Maharajah's Palace is a wonderful building; the carving work both inside and outside is marvellous, and round it there are lovely grounds. We also have a glorious park, named Cubbon Park, and there are also gardens named the Lal Bagh, where we can see flowers that grow in the four corners of the world.

Now, not far from our barracks there is one of these bungalows I mentioned with Y.M.C.A. above the entrance, and it is here that I spend a great deal of my time. The secretary, Mr. Webster, is a splendid man, and what he has not done for us is not worth doing. He has got up afternoon outings, football club, tennis-court, billiard tourney, and he has a lovely supper-bar, where we can have a sumptuous repast for the small charge of four annas (4d. at home). He has also gone as far as to approach private individuals for the purpose of forming a party at one of their houses, just to make us feel as much at home as possible. He is a gentleman, and a fine cheery and sporting way with him. He has also arranged that three or four times per week there will be lectures, illustrated with lantern slides, dealing with India and Indian people, their customs and manners, which are very, very peculiar to us, and I have to convey Mr. Webster's best wishes to you.

I now wish you and all others of the Y.M.C.A. I left behind to forgive me for the shameful way I have treated it, but believe me there is no one more sorry than your obedient servant for the manner in which I failed to take full advantage of our own Association.

I again ask you to convey my best wishes to the members of our Association, which is a brick that assists to build up that glorious Young Men's Christian Association of which I have the honour to be a member.

## "THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON THE TRENCHES."

Sergt.-Major J. W. Moodie, who went with Lord Roberts to Kandahar, Lord Wolseley to Tel-el-Kebir, General Buller to Ladysmith, will speak to men in uniform at the London Central Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court-road, W., next Thursday, May 13, at 7.30 p.m., on "The Midnight Attack on the Trenches."

No tickets are required for the meeting, to which every man is invited.

This is a pen portrait of Mr. Carnegie, taken from an American journal:—Height, 5 ft. 4½ in.; weight, 160 lbs.; describes himself as being "pony built"; hair grey; beard and moustache almost white; hands and feet unusually small—prides himself upon them; wears No. 4 shoe and No. 6 glove; eyes blue; has a Scotch face; speaks with Scotch deliberation; nose small and rather thick; mouth determined; jaws square; forehead broad; face pleasant; head round; wears No. 7 hat.



# THE WAR ROLL.

### *Stirring Tidings from Different Camps where Men have Enlisted for Christ.*

ENCOURAGING news is reaching us from many centres. Few details have come to hand, but reports from only a few places give nearly 4,000 recruits, and it is known that many thousands more have signed on. Rolls filled with names are already beginning to arrive at headquarters.

### Officers and the War Roll.

News comes from several districts of the interest shown by Christian officers. In one district, we are told, the brigadier-general is taking the keenest interest in the work, and "splendid times" have resulted. On this point, may we express gratitude to such officers for their valuable assistance. May we also call attention to the magnificent vista that unfolds itself to the eyes of any officer who will see in the men he directs superb moral and spiritual forces that can be welded together for the remaking of our beloved fatherland. No one can deny that the young men of the country have been "cutting" religion, and living on the moral and spiritual capital of our forefathers, to the serious loss of our own and future generations. Can we afford to continue in this rake's progress? If not, then now is the time to reform and to build up fresh capital for our own generation, as well as of those yet to come. Surely if there is any branch of an officer's work which will give the best results, viewed from every standpoint, it is this. Let us say that our leaders everywhere will welcome the aid of officers, not merely for the excellent work of cheering up the men with a concert, but for the definitely moral and spiritual demands of a young man's life, the satisfaction of which will certainly react for good on the whole life and work of the camp.

It should be the aim of every camp leader to endeavour to associate the chaplains and all Christian officers in the spiritual work of his centre. An address by a Christian officer in a southern Y.M.C.A tent was the means of bringing a number of young fellows to decision, one of them being the grandson of a famous living preacher. There is an unlimited supply of talent at our disposal in the camps for spiritual service. Christian officers and men are there in abundance. Let them be brought together for aggressive religious work, and the results will be epoch-making for our country.

We welcome letters saying that leaders are forming the men who have signed the roll into bands as suggested. Man was not made to stand alone. Neither was he made to be merely one of a crowd. No place can be so lonesome as London. Man, like a chemical atom, has affinities that must be satisfied. Our Lord laid stress on the "two or three" for prayer together. Man spiritually is gregarious, yet there is no satisfaction merely in the flock. In the moral and spiritual world he must have individual touch with individuals. It is the personal touch, not the touch of the mob, that has value. That is why we advocate the formation of groups, each of ten to fifteen men, under a leader preferably of their own choosing. Each such unit should meet once a week for half an hour. Half of that time should be devotional, so that men who know how to pray may strengthen others, and those who have never learnt to pray may do so. The other half of the time should be spent in conference, to strengthen each other, to restore anyone who may slip, and, above all, to keep fit as an aggressive unit for the Lord Jesus Christ. It is chiefly for this end that the War Roll exists—that is to say, for the formation of Christian recruits into small but aggressive fighting units for the battle of the Lord in the camps.

### News from Our Leaders.

The following from Dublin is cheering:—

We have the Roll placed in seven different centres—namely, Marlboro', Richmond, Portobello, Wellington and Beggars Bush Barracks, and in the Soldiers' Reading Rooms on our premises. Our greatest success has been at the Richmond Barracks, where two battalions of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers are stationed. Over 400 out of 2,000 men in this barracks have pledged their allegiance to the Lord Jesus. I think that this is a fine record—20 per cent.

At one barracks, where a battalion of the Royal Irish Rifles is stationed, one of the captains asked to have the privilege of heading the Roll, and then made an appeal in our hut to his men to come forward and pledge their lives to Christ as King. There was a fine response, and there is something like seventy names on the Roll at this centre. In all the other centres names are being added daily. The men represent practically all the Christian denominations, many of them being Roman Catholics.

Since then another letter has arrived to say that the 400 names in Richmond Barracks had grown to 500—that is, 25 per cent. of the men in that particular barracks. Moreover, the letter adds that the method of banding the men into small Christian units had been adopted as advised.

Another centre reports 140 names on the Roll, a Bible-class started on Sunday afternoon with a register of 60 names, and, the letter adds: "We are having a War Roll meeting this evening." It also says: "I have a great demand for Testaments by the men who have signed. One man said he wanted to read it right through."

### The Unbroken Circle.

One leader, of considerable experience in evangelistic work, who at first hesitated about joining as camp worker, now writes: "I am grateful to God for leading me into this work," and adds, "The work of the special week of the recruiting campaign has been to me one of the most blessed in all my experiences." The writer adds that night after night the men packed the tent long before the time, and never a night passed without numbers of men enlisting for Christ. During the week 237 men signed the Roll. He tells of one strapping young soldier who said: "The thing that broke me down was the solo, 'Will the circle be unbroken?' I went to bed that night with the refrain ringing in my ears. During the night the face of my dear mother, who died a few years ago, came up before me, and she seemed to say, 'Don't let the circle be broken,' so I have come to tell you I have accepted Christ and mean to follow Him."

Very many of those who have signed the Roll are now in France, on their way to do manful service. May God keep them faithful, strengthen their courage, and bring them back to help in remodelling England after a higher standard than ever before. We want men to enlist for Christ for their own sake, we want to band them together for mutual service to each other, but, what is equally important, we want them recruited and banded together into powerful units for high patriotic service when the war is over, that each man may be ready to live a hero's *life*, even as he is now prepared, if need be, to die a hero's death.

The annual Conference of the Associations in the Ayrshire district was held in the New Rooms of the Ayr United Y.M.C.A. on Saturday, April 24. There was a large delegation, and interesting addresses on the Y.M.C.A. in the present crisis were delivered by Mr. C. G. Roger, camp leader at Fort Matilda, and Mr. John Kerr, organising secretary.


THE SERVICE SOAP.

"SCOUT"

Regd.

A medicated Toilet Soap made from the fruits of the palm and pine trees, and possessing a germicidal value equal to that of a soap containing 20% of Carbolic Acid, but it is luxurious to use and non-poisonous.

Invaluable for small cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

PER 3d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD., Bow, London, E.

## HEALTH.

**What it is, How to Acquire and How to Maintain it.**

VII.

THE building up of life may be compared to the building of a pyramid. First of all, a sure foundation is necessary. Having secured that, the building goes on by stages, each stage narrowing until only a small square is left, upon which the "capping stone" is placed which crowns the edifice, and which may fitly be called the "headstone of the corner."

So with life. We must build on a sure foundation—Health, Wholeness, Holiness—and then rear our various stages until we crown the whole with spirituality, which shall permeate our whole being.

These various stages may be enumerated as follows:—(1) Physical Health. (2) Mental Health. (3) Development of Will and Self-Control. (4) Objective Concentration. (5) Subjective Concentration.

It will be observed that the first stage is health of body. Many people imagine that that is quite of secondary importance. Spirituality, they say, comes first. These well-meaning but misguided people forget that a child is a little animal, that his powers of comprehension come slowly, that he cannot grasp or understand at an early age things which puzzle men and women of mature years. It is trying to build the pyramid on its apex, with the result that many of our asylums are tenanted with young people suffering from religious mania. The brains of children are used at much too early an age—it is one of the faults of our educational system. The bodily health of the child is of supreme importance, as is the mental; and whilst these are being attended to, spiritual food *of a very light kind* may be given. As the mind unfolds and is able to digest more, more may be given. Many a man and woman throws overboard in later life dogmas, doctrines, and creeds that were forced upon them in childhood, and which they could not assimilate. In dealing with spiritual health, I recognise the difficulty of trying to express oneself without perhaps running counter to the feelings of orthodox people. In dealing with physical and mental health there are certain known facts of which we can be sure. In things pertaining to spirit we enter the realm of the unknown. In religious matters it is impossible to get people to think alike. They cannot free themselves from their environment, which, according to circumstances, may be broad, or exceedingly narrow. I will try, therefore, to point the way without interfering with anyone's religious beliefs, or methods of worship.

Man is a worshipping animal; he must worship something. The lower the stage of evolution, the more rude the object of worship. The higher the stage, the higher the object worshipped. Some recognise in the sun the greatest object of veneration; others fire; others their ancestors; others a Christ. All men cannot bring themselves to worship what they cannot see; they want spirit materialised in some form they can recognise, so they try to get nearer the Supreme Being through someone who has walked this earth. Some choose Mohammed, some Buddha, some Jesus of Nazareth, and so on. In a Christian country I need only deal with the latter, whom we call Jesus Christ. Now, supposing as children we had never been taught the cardinal features of the Christian religion, the Incarnation, divinity of Christ, &c., &c., to whom should we look as an example of highest embodiment of perfect living, as representing the nearest approach to the Most High? Unquestionably, Jesus of Nazareth. Here is a most sublime life, looked at from what point of view you will, and although many of the words uttered by Him have been mistranslated and misunderstood, there remains a splendid legacy to mankind from which may be acquired spiritual health, and physical and mental health also. The life of Christ well repays a study from the health point of view. I regret exceedingly that so little is said of this by our spiritual pastors and masters. The DEATH of Christ is amply dwelt upon, whereas much more should be said of the healthy way He LIVED. It is given to many of the sons of men to die nobly, unselfishly, beautifully. Look how men are dying in this war! But is it given to many to live in the beauty of holiness as Jesus Christ lived? I trow not. Therefore I would dwell upon the life of Christ particularly, and in that life can be found all that is necessary for complete health.

J. W. WILLIAMS.

---

Even with the open Bible in one's hand, if one does not live a supernatural life, and prove the religion of Jesus Christ to be the religion of heavenly life by experimenting upon it, the Scripture may become a dead letter.—Pundita Ramabaia.

### WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?

Those who in the interests of the country have decided to follow the example set by the King in banishing wines, spirits, and beer from the Royal household during the war will find an admirable substitute for their usual alcoholic beverage in barley water made from Robinson's "Patent" barley. Made according to the recipe of a famous chef (Mr. H. Hammond, M.C.A., formerly chef de cuisine, Bachelors' Club), it is at once a sustaining and delicious beverage. "Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar, and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessert spoonfuls of Robinson's 'Patent' barley previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes, and allow to cool. When cool, strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste."

---

The boys of a Sunday school were asked to bring each a penny to be devoted to the missionaries. "And," added the teacher, "I wish each penny to be given with an appropriate text." On the following Sunday the first boy had his penny ready and his text pat: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The teacher beamed. The penny of boy No. 2 was also waiting, and his text ran: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The teacher's approval was slightly less emphatic. Boy No. 3 fished deep in his pocket for his penny. "A fool and his money are soon parted!" was his text.

"Do you know that fellow Moriarty that's always comin' up and thumpin' ye on the chest, and shoutin' 'How are ye?'" "I know him, Pat." "He's made me ache more than once; but I'll get even with him now!" "How will you do it?" "I'll tell ye. He always hits me over my right vest-pocket. He'll hit me just once more. I've put a stick o' dynamite, d'ye mind, in that vest pocket!" The story is good for a laugh; but behind the fun there's a tremendous truth in it. No revenge was ever planned and carried out that did not react upon the perpetrator and injure him more than his victim.

Dr. Heber Jones, a missionary in Korea, reports that a Korean preacher was cast into prison in Seoul some years ago with eighteen criminals. He was kept there five months. When he came out the eighteen criminals were eighteen Christians.


REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY.
A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.
Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.
Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.
GILT and ENAMEL ... ... ... ... 1/6 each.
SILVER (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... 2/6 ,,
GOLD, 9ct. ,, ,, ,, ... 10/6 and 12/6 ,,
All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.
'Phone: 172. BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.

TWO LEADING LINES IN HARDWOOD . . FOLDING FURNITURE
Registered Trade Mark: "CAJAC." Reg. Trade Mark: "YINDAW."
POINTS!! Immense Strength. Close Folding.
POINTS!! Lie quite Flat. Best Workmanship Rapidly Operated.
Large Stocks which also include
CATERERS' TABLES, FORMS, TABLE TRESTLES,
All made to fold up.
Special Cut Quotations for Large Quantities. ILLUSTRATED LIST ON APPLICATION.
Manufacturers of the Renowned Hatherley Lattisteps.
Folded Thickness, 1⅛ in. Perforated Seat. Folded, 2½ in.
ALLAN JONES & CO., Hatherley Works, Gloucester.





I. N. LYONS, LTD.
51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.
*Contractors to the :—*
WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.
Haversacks.
Kit Bags.
Nose Bags.
Canvas Water Buckets.
New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.
Marquees.
Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.
Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.
Woven Web Packs, Etc.

JOHN TANN'S
FIRE and THIEF RESISTING SAFES FOR ALL PURPOSES.
STEEL CASH CHESTS for Y.M.C.A. and ARMY TRAINING CAMPS.
*Write for Catalogue of everything appertaining to security.*
117, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Regimental Badge Brooches.
SIZE OF BROOCH.
All Regiments in Stock.
Perfectly finished. Each in Neat Box.
Gilt, 1/6; Silver Gilt, 3/6; 9 carat Gold, 20/- } ALL POST FREE.
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.
*FROM*
R. FORD & Co.
8, LONDON ST., LONDON, E.C.
STORES SHOULD WRITE FOR WHOLESALE TERMS.

Keep your feet "fit."
At Drill or on the March the Soldier always appreciates the fine, supple condition of his boots when cleaned with CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH. It also preserves the leather, and renders boots waterproof.
Tins (Black or Brown), 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Outfits 6d. Of all dealers
CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN should be rubbed upon the feet as well as upon the boots. It prevents soreness and blistering. Made entirely from the finest and purest materials.
CHERRY DUBBIN (Black or Yellow) in 1d., 2d., 3d., and 6d. tins, etc., can be obtained from Canteens, Stores, etc. A penny trial tin will be sent on receipt of a penny stamp by:—
CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.
KHARKENE cleans and renovates Khaki equipment, 1d. and 1½d. per block. Of all dealers.

THE 'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag' Booklets
Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written and every one of them has the Gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.
*A donation of £2 2s. 0d. enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* **2,000** *copies.*
Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.
Or, send for a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).


Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London, 99, George Street, Edinburgh, 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (Incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### "UNSTAMPED GOODNESS."

ONE of the pens now writing for *Y.M.* wrote, about a year ago, these words:—"The fact that is becoming plainer and plainer to me every day is that the churches will have to give up their habit of refusing to recognise any form of goodness that does not bear their official church stamp. The unofficial unstamped goodness of the world was never so great as now, and goodness is goodness whether it has the orthodox hall-mark or not." Not only is that true, but it needs to be said. And I want this week just to amplify it a little.

What do we mean by stamped goodness? Who puts the stamp on? We do. That is the point. Stamped goodness is the goodness which belongs to our particular school, holds our body of opinions more or less definitely, and "followeth after us." If we would be content that Christ Himself should put the stamp on, if stamped goodness meant the action or the character or the agency that exhibits the spirit of Christ and helps on the coming of His kingdom, all would be well. But the trouble is that we do the stamping.

And what an amount of unstamped goodness there is in the world! Very early in their career the first disciples of Jesus learned that there were those casting out devils in Christ's name who would not follow them; and Jesus made very certain that they should understand that for them to veto or excommunicate, or even to discourage such unofficial adherents was a sheer presumption and a sin. Every day, if we only allow ourselves to see it, we may come across goodness in the most unlikely places. "I have looked on the face of a saintly woman this day," says the Professor at the Breakfast Table, "whose creed many dread and hate, but whose life is lovely and noble." Ah yes, there is far more goodness in the world than we can run into our moulds. I am not trying to explain that, but I want to emphasise the fact that, if we are to accept Christ's standard and judge a tree by its fruits, there is a great amount of goodness which is not "labelled from our botany."

In the earlier days of science it used to be thought that there was one mystery of light, another of heat, a third of electricity, a fourth of magnetism, and so on. Now we begin to suspect that these are all ultimately different manifestations of one energy. Isn't it so with goodness? It does not need any adjective. Christ's goodness is not supreme because it is Christian, but just because it is goodness of the most perfect kind. And there is no goodness anywhere in all the world which is not a spark and reflection, however faint, of the presence and work of the Spirit of God.

Your relation and mine to this unstamped goodness of the world is one of exceeding importance. We must carefully and prayerfully consider our attitude, lest haply we be found banning what God has blessed. It seems to me that our duty as Christian men and Churchmen is clear and plain—we are bound to honour goodness wherever and whenever we come across it, since it is of God. At what is good in anyone, of whatever creed or belief or want of belief, it becomes us, of Christ's Church, to bow our heads in reverent recognition of the Divine Presence.

By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still—
"Not he that repeateth the Name,
But he that doeth the will."

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 8th.**—Prov. xxv. 11-28. *"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat"* (verse 21). The highest success in a just cause lies in winning the other side to a better view, and not merely in inflicting defeat. The triumph of Christianity lies in its power to enable men to act in ways that are contrary to their natural but lower inclinations. It not only presents a higher aim, but provides a force equal to its realisation. Many years ago, when British soldiers were engaged against the Maories of New Zealand, one of the latter risked his life on the battlefield in fetching water for a wounded British officer, and gave as his reason what the Bible had taught him of Christ.

**Sunday, 9th.**—Prov. xxvii. 1-17. *"Iron sharpeneth iron"* (verse 17). The best steel does the best sharpening, and in companionship it is the best characters which make the richest contribution to friendship. Study the story of Christ's companionship with His followers, how their natural dulness wore away, and they became increasingly able to appreciate Him. Then notice the power He gave them to become Christian leaders themselves when His Spirit came upon them at Pentecost. What He did for them He wants to do for everyone who has a mind to learn of Him.

**Monday, 10th.**—Prov. xxviii. 1-14. *"The righteous are bold as a lion"* (verse 1). It is said that a bad conscience makes cowards of us all, and the reverse is equally true. It is only as we are right with God that we become right with our own consciences and masters of our circumstances. The great secret of the Christian life is to reckon that Christ is the one and only leader who cannot fail, and that in following Him it pays to take every risk. As a missionary said of a certain deadly climate, for him it was the only safe place because God had called him to go there.

**Tuesday, 11th.**—Prov. xxx. 1-9 and 24-31. *"Feed me with food convenient for me"* (verse 8). Remember at all times that food is God's Gift, and with it the health to enjoy and use it. We say grace at meals because we wish to honour the giver, and secure His added blessing on His gifts. The remembrance of this fact is a useful protection against self-indulgence and excess. God's best gifts become poison when seized and used independently of Him. His desire is to be allowed to measure them out to us for our good.

**Wednesday, 12th.**—Prov. xxxi. 10-31. *"Her children arise and call her blessed"* (verse 28). One of God's richest gifts is a good mother. Many of our greatest men trace the best features of their training to their mother's teaching and example. Our Lord Jesus Christ was entrusted to the care of an earthly mother, to whom "He was subject" (Luke ii. 51). For about thirty years we may believe that He was constantly at her side in affectionate obedience, and just as in His earliest days He was under her care, in His last hours she found a place in His thoughts and in His loving provision for her future.

**Thursday, 13th.**—Ps. xxiv. 1-10. *"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof"* (verse 1). These words have been carved upon the Royal Exchange in London as a necessary reminder of a great truth. The boy who goes out into business, and sees around him the rush and strain of money-making, will do well to commit these words to memory, and ask God to write them in his heart, so that he may always have God's ownership in mind. It will act as a warning against waste on the one hand and covetousness on the other.

**Friday, 14th.**—Ps. xxv. 1-11. *"Shew me—teach me—lead me"* (verses 4, 5). Here we see three stages of progress in pursuit of God's way. We are reminded of the necessity on our part of attention, teachableness, and then of prompt obedience. Youth can only too easily make shipwreck of life through failure to take God into account. "Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm" will never do for the serious business of a life which can only be lived once, and which allows of no return to the days of boyhood for a second try.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A. (COL. LEONARD N. BLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**
**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS, According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to MANAGER, Advertising Department,** "Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."



## Board.

**55, PETHERTON ROAD,** Canonbury Station. Board-residence, late dinner. Bath (h. & c.), gas, and piano. Every convenience. From 15/- per week. 5

**30, CALABRIA ROAD,** Highbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for City gentlemen. Board as required. Moderate terms. Visitors 2/6 bed and breakfast. Penny fare City. 10

**13, MILDMAY PARK.** Bedrooms, gentlemen from 6/-; use of sitting-room. Visitors, bed and breakfast, 2/6. Motor 'buses to City and West End. Well recommended. 12

**11-13, HIGHBURY HILL, N.** Board-residence; comfortably furnished rooms. Electric light; good and liberal table. Sitting-room, bath, billiards, dark-room. Terms moderate. 18

**WOODLANDS, BOWES ROAD,** New Southgate, N. Board and residence. Comfortable home; cycle accommodation. Easy access to City and West End. Liberal table; moderate terms. 19

**WEST HAMPSTEAD,** 77, Fordwych Road. Near Brondesbury Met. & N.L. Stations, and 'buses along Edgware Road to Cricklewood. Billiards; late dinner; comfortable. Terms from 16/6 sharing. 67

**12, STANLEY GARDENS,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable board-residence, late dinner. Three minutes Belsize Park Tube. Every convenience, from 16/6 per week. 24

**27, BELSIZE CRESCENT,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable, highly recommended home; spacious, well-appointed house. Electric light, bath (h. & c.), piano, billiards, late dinner; excellent table. Moderate terms. Near Belsize Tube, Hampstead Heath and Swiss Cottage. 25

**168, HAVERSTOCK HILL,** Hampstead, N.W. Board-residence, en famille; up-to-date appointments; late dinner; billiards, tennis. Near Belsize Park Station. 18/6 to 21/-. 27

**11, GLAZEBURY ROAD,** West Kensington. Few paying guests offered quiet, refined, comfortable home. Bath (h. & c.), garden, piano, electric light. Close to District and Piccadilly Tube. Partial, 25/-; sharing room, 21/- inclusive. 29

**21, BRIXTON HILL, S.W.** Partial board-residence for two gentlemen. Good house on main road. Late dinner, garden, bath, piano, tennis. Trams pass door. Near station. Terms 14/-. 30

**261, UXBRIDGE ROAD,** Shepherd's Bush, W. Comfortable single bedrooms, use of sitting-room, bath. Every home comfort. Partial board if desired. Near tube, Metropolitan Railway. 31

**2, STOCKWELL PARK ROAD,** Clapham Road. Board-residence, 16/-; bed-sitting room, 6/6. One minute trams, 'buses, and Wireless Telegraphy School. Suitable for study. Bath (h. and c.). 33

**"LALEHAM,"** Clarence Road, Clapham Park. Most comfortable home; large house. Three acres woodland garden. Four baths. Partial board, 26/-; full, 35/-. 37

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington-Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**CHELSEA,** Street's Temperance Hostel, 25, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea. Comfortable home; strict cleanliness. Full board, 25/-; partial board, 18/6; bedroom and breakfast, 12/6. 40

**"KINGSTON HALL,"** 7, Brunswick Square, Bloomsbury. Partial or full board in superior residential home; centrally situated. Gardens, tennis, electric light, baths. Bed and breakfast, 3/6. 53

**22, CARTWRIGHT GARDENS,** Sandhills Hotel. Board and residence, electric light, baths. Telephone, 5329 City. Three minutes St. Pancras, King's Cross. Access to garden. Proprietress. 54

**44, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.** Board-residence. Liberal table; access to gardens. Moderate terms. Bedroom and breakfast from 3/-. Two minutes Museum and University. 52

**THE BENSON RESIDENTIAL ESTABLISHMENT,** 2, Brunswick Square, W.C. Central, comfortable and economical, facing large private garden, to which visitors have entrance. Tariff from C. Holloway. 55

**32, DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.** Bedroom, bath and breakfast, 3/-, or 15/6 per week. Five minutes G.N.R., Midland and Euston. Very central.—Mrs. Winter. 56

**97, GOWER STREET, W.C.** Board-residence from 21/- per week, or rooms only, in quiet, clean, well-kept house. Good cooking and service. Well recommended. Near trams, tube and 'bus. 62

**247, KENNINGTON ROAD.** Board-residence, comfortable home. Bath, piano; partial board. Near all bridges and W.E. Terms 14/6 per week (late dinner, 15/6). 63

**ST. JOHN'S.** Gentleman can be received as paying-guest with private family. Refined house, superior house, with every modern convenience. Large garden, pleasantly situated. Trams to Embankment, and 'buses to West End and City. Terms moderate.—Apply, 74, Tressilian Road, St. John's, S.E. 64

**24, ST. MARY'S ROAD,** Canonbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for gentlemen. Terms very moderate. Board as required. Visitors, 2/6 bed and breakfast. 1d. fare City.

**47, AYNHOE ROAD,** West Kensington, W. Apartments. Electric. Comfortable quiet Home. Bedrooms, double or single; use of sitting. Terms moderate. Visitors from 2/6 bed and breakfast per day. Recommended.

**THORPE BAY,** 157, Shaftesbury Avenue. Season Ticket Free. Two minutes from Sea. Board-residence 24/-. Golf. 66

**123, LADY MARGARET ROAD,** Tufnell Park, N. Single and double rooms; board according to requirements. Two minutes 'buses, tube, trams, and Tufnell Park Tube Station. Superior house with every home comfort. Moderate terms. Highly recommended. 20

**"PARK HURST,"** 35, Highbury Hill, N. Comfortable board-residence. Late dinner. Electric light, Bath (h. & c.), every comfort. Highly recommended. Easy access to all parts. Inclusive terms. 4

**CLAPHAM,** 73, Jeffreys Road. 5 minutes Stockwell Tube Station, 2 minutes trams, motors. Good bedroom 5/6, partial board 14/6, full 16/-. Liberal table. Recommended as a social and comfortable home. 28

**ANERLEY,** best part. Comfortable home with musical family, every convenience, good garden, central position for trains, etc. Terms quite moderate. Recommended.—Box 80, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row, E.C. W38

**PARTIAL** or late dinners, for Gentlemen, in a comfortable home. Long references. Very moderate terms; 3 minutes from Belsize Tube.—11, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.W. W42

**TUFNELL PARK TUBE,** close to Hampstead and Highgate.—Board-Residence for gentlemen or visitors to London. Terms strictly moderate and inclusive. Bed and breakfast, 3s. 6d.—Mrs. HUGHES, 4, Wyndham Crescent, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.

**16, CAROLINE STREET, W.C.,** opposite the Y.M.C.A.—Apartments, board optional, good cooking, bed and breakfast, 3s. Reduction to members of H.M.F.

**3, MYDDELTON SQUARE, E.C.,** near "Angel."—Partial Board. Quiet and homely. Ideal for students. Easy access to all parts. Bath room. Terms moderate.

**BOARDING HOME FOR YOUNG MEN**
**BAYSWATER Y.M.C.A.**
(President—The Hon. Mr. Justice Lush.)
**28, PRINCE'S SQUARE, QUEEN'S ROAD, W. close to Kensington Gardens.**
Pleasantly and conveniently situated within three minutes' walk of the "Tube," Metropolitan Railway Station, Queen's Road, 10 minutes from Paddington Station (G.W.R.), and 'buses to all parts. Bedroom charges, **5s., 6s.** and **7s. 6d.** Moderate tariff (see prospectus). Full particulars from WALTER WILD, Secretary. 2

**RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR YOUNG MEN.**
**BLOOMSBURY HOUSE,**
**Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.**
President: Mr. WALTER HAZELL, J.P.
Central situation. Within walking distance of City and West End. The Club is fitted throughout with Electric Light.
**Bedroom Charges (including Boots, Bath, etc.) from 7/6 per week.**
*Refreshments according to Tariff at Minimum Charges.*
The arrangements of the Club are quite modern and every provision has been made for the Comfort and the Social Life of the Members. Lawn Tennis, Gymnasium, etc.
☞ **Enlarged to 180 Bedrooms.**
All applications to be addressed to the WARDEN. 72

**St. Pancras Y.M.C.A. RESIDENTIAL HOME,**
**62, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.**
Close to the West End, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, and on main road, with Tubes, Trams, and Trains to all parts.
**BEDROOM ACCOMMODATION 5/6 PER WEEK.**
*Board by Arrangement.*
☞ *Special Tariff for Visitors.* 1

**ESMOND HOTEL,**
**1, MONTAGUE ST., RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.**
This Temperance Hotel adjoins the British Museum, and is Central and quiet. Night Porter. Private Garden. 10 Bedrooms, Lounge, 2 Bath Rooms, recently added. Electric Light installed, and whole house renovated. Bedroom and Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Attendance, from 5/- to 6/6; or with Plain Breakfast, 4/3 to 5/9 per night. Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
T. MOFFETT, proprietor, late Gen. Sec. Leeds Y.M.C.A.
Telephone No.: Gerrard 1675. Telegraphic Address: "Agroup, Westcent, London. 72

Fulham and South Kensington Young Men's Christian Association.
**BOARDING HOME for YOUNG MEN**
**"FAIRLAWN," 643, Fulham Road, London, S.W.**
Has been visited by over 2,800 Men from all parts of the World. Accommodation for 23. Beds from 5/- per week. Single Rooms, 6/- and 6/6 per week. Sitting and Study Rooms, Cycle Storage and Dark Room. Moderate Tariff. Reduction to Y.M.C.A. Members and permanent boarders.
*Apply (with stamped and directed envelope) to* THE MANAGER, *mentioning "Y.M."* 73

**Kingston Hall,**
**7, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.**
Newly decorated and handsomely furnished. Spacious Drawing and Dining Rooms. Is pleasantly situated in one of the healthiest and most open parts of Central London, overlooking large private gardens with tennis court, to which visitors have access.
Close to Tube, Train and Bus, to City and West-end, the principal Northern Termini, and the Central Y.M.C.A.
Electric Light, Baths (h. & c.). Sanitation modern and perfect. Excellent cuisine, under personal supervision.
*Terms by arrangement for Board and Residence.*
**Bed and Breakfast from 2/6.** Address—PROPRIETRESS. 81

**BRIGHTON Y·M·C·A· HOLIDAY HOME**
**Ideal for Young Men.**
**THE BEST POSITION IN BRIGHTON.**
***Write the SECRETARY for Prospectus.***

## Situations Vacant.

**FURNISHING.**—Wanted, young man with experience of the general furnishing, permanency.—Full particulars in first letter, CURL BROS., Ltd., Orford Place, Norwich.

**DRAPERY** and Gent.'s Outfitting.—Young man for Manchester and Soft Furnishing; also Improver for Gent.'s Department. Country town. Live in.—Photo, age, salary, experience, first letter, PHILIP HALL, Shepton Mallet Somerset.

## Situation Wanted.

**MARRIED COUPLE** require situation as Caretakers, Y.M.C.A. or other institution. Good knowledge of catering and household management. Highly recommended.—PETCH, Y.M.C.A. Buildings, Conway Road, Colwyn Bay.

## Miscellaneous.

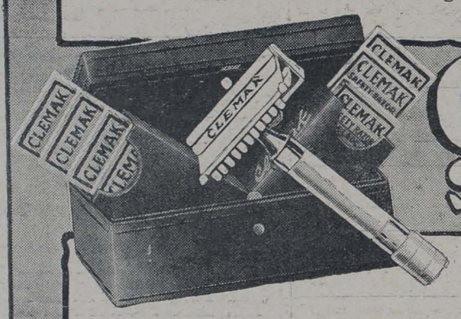
**CYCLES.**
The most reliable cycles in the world are made in Coventry, and Coventry's choicest cycle is **The Harris**. We receive orders from clergy and ministers in all parts; also several Bishops have purchased The Harris. We send on approval, carriage paid.—Write for our special offer to clergy and ministers, and art catalogue.
**The Harris Cycle Co., Ltd.,** Hill Cross Works, **Coventry.**

# CLEMAK —For Quick Close Shaving




"My word! that was a close shave"

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever.




## CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

**5/-** Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and **seven** blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, **Twelve** specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop **10/6**

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.

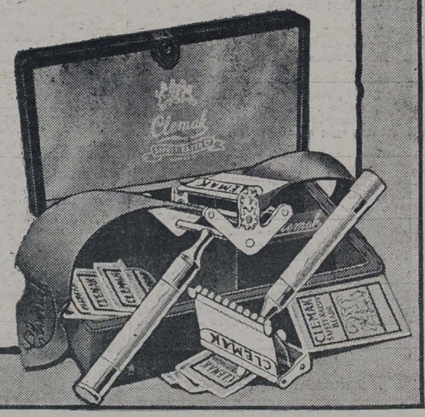
**GIVE HIM A CLEMAK.**

A real **PRESENT** for our **SOLDIERS** and **SAILORS.**

**OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c.,**
or from the
**CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.**

*The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.*

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.





PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—May 7, 1915.
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 18. Vol. 1. MAY 14, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



## MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES




R.A.M.C. Hampshires.

**Exact copy of Regimental Badge, but slightly smaller in Brooch form.**

*Regiments in Stock:*

Australian
A.S.C.
A. Vet. Corps.
A. Ord. Corps.
Argyle and S.
Black Watch
Buffs
Bedfords
Canada
Canadian Regimental Badges
Coldstream Guards
Cameron Highlanders
Cornwall L. I.
Cheshires
Dorsets
Devonshires
3rd Dragoon Guards
Duke of Lancaster's I.Y.
East Kent
East Lancashire
East Surrey
East Yorkshire
Essex
Gloucesters
Gordons
Hampshires
Hampshire I. Y
Highland L. I.
King's R. Rifles
King's Own Scott. B.
Lancashire Hussars
Liverpool
" Scottish
" 6th Batt.
" Comrades
Loyal N. Lancs.
Lincolns
Leicesters
Leicester I. Y.
Leinster
Manchester
Middlesex
Monmouths
North Staffs
Norfolk
Northampton
North Somerset I. Y.
R.A.M.C.
Royal Engineers
" Fusiliers
" W. Kent
" Marines
" Marine L. I.
" M. Artillery
" Berkshire
" Flying Corps.
" Naval F. C.
" Welsh Fus.
" Warwicks
" Field Artillery
" Sussex
" Irish
" Scots
1st Royal Dragoons
Rifle Brigade
Scots Guards
Seaforth Highlanders
Somerset L. I.
Suffolks
South Staffs.
South Lancs.
Scottish Rifles
Sherwood Foresters
The Welsh
Worcesters
Wiltshire
West Surrey
West Yorkshire
Yorkshire L. I.
Yorkshire, P. of W. O.

*Each Brooch is well finished and packed in neat box.*

In Metal Gilt ... ... 1/6 } All
Sterling Silver Gilt ... 3/6 } Post
9-ct. Gold ... ... 20/- } Free.

FROM . . .

**R. FORD & CO.,**
**8, London Street,**
**LONDON, E.C.**

*Stores should write for Wholesale terms.*




**TWO FAMOUS POLITICIANS DISCUSSING THE WAR**
An interesting meeting in Hyde Park between Major F. E. Smith and Mr. John Redmond, who, though political opponents in the accepted sense of the term, are at one in furthering the nation's cause in this time of crisis.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


WHAT WE THINK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 411
CHANCE AND LUCK. By Arthur Christopher Benson, M.A., C.V.O. ... 413
THE GOLDEN DEEDS OF A BAND OF LADIES ... ... ... 415
Complete Story: A VOICE FROM THE DEAD ... ... ... ... 417
VICTIMS OF GERMAN MURDER ... ... ... ... ... ... 424
LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XVII.—Admiral Sir David Beatty 424
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. Illustrated ... ... ... ... 425
WITH THE MEN OF THE HUMBER DEFENCES. By the Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 427

CLARNICO LONDON

THE TRADE-MARK OF DISTINCTION.

There is such a fascinating distinction with

**CLARNICO CONFECTIONERY.**

Something exclusive, something unique; possessing that little extra "moreish" flavour which makes just the difference, so much appreciated by discriminating people. In the selection of over 1,000 different varieties there's a flavour for every palate.

*Sold in Y.M.C.A. Tents, and by Confectioners everywhere.*

*Made by*

**CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd.**
**LONDON.**



MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

**"Excellent."**
**"Delicious."**
**"Very satisfactory."**
**"We all like it very much."**

So say some of those who have tried it.

**NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT; NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.**

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in **5½d.** and **10d.** tins.



*I had a close shave in the trenches this morning—with Lever's Easy Shaving Stick*

**You never want a closer shave than that which comes from using Easy Shaving Stick. "Easy" is a really high grade Shaving Stick, put up at a popular price.**

**LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK**

lathers *instantly*—lathers *abundantly*—does not dry on the face. All the value is in the soap—there is no highly ornamental metal case to pay for.

IT COSTS 4D. PER STICK.

*The most faithful ally a Soldier's razor could have.*

*IT IS BRITISH.*

OF ALL GROCERS, ETC.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.




E 41—11

# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 18. Vol. 1. MAY 14, 1915. PRICE 1d.

ONE topic, and one topic only, has engaged the thought and speech of people during the last week, and that is the diabolical attack on the *Lusitania*. The cold-blooded sacrifice of nearly 1,500 non-combatants by the torpedoing of the ship has filled the civilised world with horror. We were moved to tears over the story of the *Titanic;* we were deeply affected on account of the *Empress of Ireland;* but in the present case our tears are put away, and a burning, righteous indignation fills our hearts. In the case of the first-named ships, it was possible to say, even in the midst of a great sorrow, "This is the finger of God"; men felt something of the inscrutable mystery of the Divine providence. The story of the heroic band bravely playing "Nearer, my God, to Thee" as the *Titanic* made the final plunge lives with us to this hour; so that, while we grieved over the mysteries we could not fathom, we had, nevertheless, a feeling of calm in that both mishaps were part of the Divine providence. But in the case of the *Lusitania* we know it is the hand of the devil. As the jury in the little Irish town put it, it is "wilful and wholesale murder." No recorded story of the sea has been more grim and poignant than this latest act of German frightfulness.

***

THERE are many features in the whole story which are arresting; but there is one which for sheer callousness, brutality, and devilishness it would be impossible to beat. We refer to the fact that in Germany the news was received with wild enthusiasm, and was gloated over with a stupid and hell-lit pride. In the devil's Fatherland wild exultation characterised the people, who heralded the outrage as a supreme vindication of their navy. It is high time we realised that it is not mere flesh and blood we have to fight, but principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places. The German people seem to have reached a limit of barbarism, and the sooner we recognise the fact the better for us all. What with torn treaties, poisonous gases, calculated and premeditated murder, the modern German is a great deal worse than the ancient Roman in the childhood of the world. One thing appears to be certain; drastic and immediate measures will have to be taken to deal with the enemy in our midst. During the last few days hostile aircraft have reached places within a few miles of London, and it is surely the height of folly to allow thousands of these aliens to be at large in the City. It will be necessary to do something with them for their own sake, for a feeling is springing up in the country which no mortal hand can check: a desire to deal swiftly with every man who bears the German brand.

## WHAT WE — THINK —

***

IT is exceedingly difficult to preserve the old landmarks at the present time. Many of us who a year ago were almost "peace at any price" men find ourselves getting like bloodthirsty savages. We do not defend the spirit; we do not justify it; we only state the fact. Almost every man we meet is boiling over with indignation to think that the peaceful life of a happy world should be so violently disturbed by such a coarse horde of German barbarians. And, be it said, such indignation has been lit at the fires of a true righteousness. Men have shivered as they have read the pathetic stories of the *Lusitania,* and they have longed to avenge the dead and dying. It may be difficult to arraign the murderers before a Court of Law; it may not be easy to try them with a judge and jury; but we may be very sure, as Christian men, that although

> The mills of God grind slowly,
> Yet they grind exceeding small;
> Though with patience He stands waiting,
> With exactness grinds He all.

And, what is more, we may be very sure that Germany shall by no means be let free till she has paid the uttermost farthing.

***

THE grim tragedy is relieved somewhat by the magnificent heroism and sacrificial gallantry of those on board. Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt, in giving his belt to a lonely old woman, displayed the finest virtue open to the human race—namely, the virtue of a surrendered life; for greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. Vanderbilt died like a true Christian hero. How melancholy is the comparison between the attitude of the great millionaire and the sneaking murderers who, under water, gloated over the dire distress of helpless women and children! It is a good thing for the British future that we are able to note these things, and note them clearly. We feel to-day that it will be impossible to have any fellowship for many a long year with such a contemptible race. Last Monday, at the Mansion House, Admiral Sir G. King Hall, the late Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Squadron, a fine type of Christian officer, frankly admitted that the officers of the German Navy had brought shame and disgrace upon an honourable service. They are on their trial, and history—and perhaps something less remote—will pronounce them as wilful murderers of innocent non-combatants.

***

MEANWHILE, it is up to us all to do our bit. As Marie Corelli said in our columns the other day, it is a great deal better to fall in such a holy cause than to die in bed surrounded with physic bottles; and the saying is true. Life, after all, is more than mere existence and length of days; life is breadth as well as length; quality as well as quantity; and rather than live in servitude under such a pagan ruler as the Kaiser, it would be better to perish a thousand times. It may be that with his almost boundless capacity for infamy, the enemy may inflict even greater shocks upon the people of this country; we cannot hope to compete in such a diabolical race. But let us remain calm and steadfast, with our courage rooted and grounded in the power of the Eternal God, who is still our refuge and strength. But for the sake of the people themselves, we hope the powers that be will speedily do something to remove the many Germans from our midst, who are a source of anxiety to all those who have the welfare of the country at heart. We can take nothing for granted in a race that has already descended Avernus so easily; and it will be an hour of rejoicing for us all if we hear that every German in this country is to be placed under the strictest supervision, and put far beyond the possibility of internal treachery.

# GIRLS' CLUBS IN WAR-TIME.

*A Description of the Y.W.C.A.'s Activity in an Hour of Need.*

By the HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

IT has been truly said, "If you cannot realise your ideal, you can idealise the real." Present-day conditions are far from ideal, the real of life—individual and national—is pressing on us all, men and women alike; and it takes superhuman effort to idealise it in such a way as to enable us to fulfil our national obligations and live up to our individual responsibility.

To the Young Women's Christian Association very early in the war came the call to reality. Were we a National Association? How could we fulfil our National obligation? The call of our country came to us as to the Y.M.C.A., and from the first day, when four Association leaders met to consider how to respond under new war conditions, we realised that a Christian Association has a special place in war time. A kindred work to that of the Y.M.C.A. lay before us, the sister Association, to which the war has made an appeal equal in importance if not in magnitude. The country needs young women as much as it needs young men, if not for a similar purpose; if not to fight for home, to make home and unite the sexes for a common interest.

The first question we had to face was an economic one: "How were our girls to face the strain war would put on their purses?" We knew that prolonged holidays meant an empty pocket, our holiday homes, especially those on the East Coast, emptied in proportion as our employment agencies were filled. Our international links held, they drew us together as Christians and we served each other. Hundreds of foreign girls of all nationalities were in families, and offices, and shops, no one knew in those early days how matters would turn out, so obviously the "next thing to do" (which is generally the right thing) was to send these girls back to their own countries with the help of the American Embassy and the sanction of the Home Office.

Our national spirit made us feel that if these foreign competitors for vacant posts vied with our girls, their chance of employment was diminished, while our love of home made us wish to help these strangers back to their own land.

Day by day they came in anxiety and fear to find that internationally our bonds had not been broken, the highest link not being that of race or empire even, but the bond of a common faith; nationally we stand all the firmer for home and country because we recognise this international bond.

Next we had to meet the inevitable needs of girls out of work through war conditions; we recognised the importance of guarding the independence and keeping up the standard of women's wages, which are still too low, and we immediately co-operated with the efforts of the Local Government Board, and applied according to regulations from that Board for a place on each of the Mayor's and Provost's Committees for providing work to all out of employment through the war. We felt this was better than any charity effort, and in this we follow the noble example of our Queen, who consulted the leaders of the Labour party, and has thus drawn all classes together in the Work for Women Fund as never before.

The employment agencies, foreign, British, and domestic, were full from day to day with inquiring girls; a Y.W.C.A. workroom was started for waiting girls, through the kindness of friends, and where necessary food and work given out for a time, but in a few months employment became normal.

Meanwhile, all over the country, with the advent of the new military camps, a corresponding need arose to provide for our girls the same kind of opportunities of intercourse as the men required; billeting had disturbed the home life of countless families, and although all service was rendered gladly, it was sometimes at too great a cost. The girls found themselves with no home, no quiet place to meet their friends, and this has given occasion for much useless criticism, unkind imputations, and exaggerated stories.

The Y.W.C.A., needless to say, took no part in this, instead, they set themselves to create better opportunities for intercourse and warmer surroundings than the cold street-corner. War-time girls' clubs have been the outcome; these have been started by the "Central Committee for Work among Girls in Military Centres" all over the country. They work under different names and in different surroundings, some are carried on in houses or in halls secured for the purpose in some central position, but the hut is the favourite. The motto of the "Princess Louise Hut" in Newhaven will act as an illustration of our ideal.

I SERVE.

Follow the Christ, the King.
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King,
Else wherefore born?

TENNYSON.

I enlist .....
As a member of the War-time Club .....

Men like to find a hut away from the noisy surroundings of the camp, and with a little more of the aspect of home than the Y.M.C.A. hut in the camp. The sailors interned in the Crystal Palace appreciate the Y.W.C.A. Club outside of the limited bounds of the Palace, where they can have a jolly evening with the girls, and be reminded of mother and sister by the sympathy of the club leader. The girls are glad to help the soldiers in any way, to darn their socks, sew on buttons, and any other useful work.

Young men ask for the Y.W.C.A.! It is not so stern and straight-laced as you think. And if sometimes there are restrictions, surely the silken cord will not hurt you! We bespeak sympathy and support for our Girls' Patriotic Clubs from your hands. You will remember that our first concern was for your huts, but "the girl you leave behind you," the girl you love needs her club also; she needs recreation after her hard toil, even if her feet do not get sore with the route march! Her prayer will follow you to the trenches, and you will have no heart-ache when you leave your girl a member of the Y.W.C.A. War-time Club.

Another club had a right good time with their sailor friends on Easter Monday! For weeks the programme was being prepared, and the Admiral presided over a happy company of sailors and girls. Now with the summer-time coming on, a friend has given a field where the sailors will have the opportunity of teaching the girls some sea-hops safe on terra firma! They will, if not "wandering by the brookside," at any rate clasp the hand of sister, and she will send him off with a God-speed and a prayer.

We have these clubs round London, and in many counties, but we hope to start more. The beautiful hills of Wales are feeling the war-time, not that there is danger to the inhabitants as of old, that they have to hide in its fastnesses, but the side of the hills of Carnarvonshire and Montgomeryshire are being covered with these military camps, which will continually remind the dwellers among the mountains that we are at war, and call them to prepare our soldiers for the front in the best way; we hope to have our Patriotic Clubs on these hills.

The land of the kilt is not behindhand; next week, in the house of a lamented warrior, and still mourned landlord, General Wauchope, Lady Procter will tell an Edinburgh audience how they can help the Y.W.C.A. to make the real of life where camps come a little more ideal in these days of anxiety and farewell. Miss Lyne is secretary of the commitee, its office is 26, George-street, Hanover-square, W.

---

Among the precious stones that is the choicest one
Which cuts them all, yet can itself be cut by none.
But best of human hearts is that which would from others
Far sooner bear all wounds itself than wound a brother's.

THE Y.M.C.A. IN THE OLD CEMENT WORKS AT QUEENSBOROUGH.



In all kinds of strange places the Y.M.C.A. is helping the men in training for the great war, and through the adaption of various buildings is providing comfortable quarters for the leisure hour.



# CHANCE AND LUCK.

By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.A., C.V.O.

President and Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and one of the most impressive essayists of the day).

IT makes, I think, all the difference in the world whether we believe in luck or in chance. Chance is, of course, a very mysterious thing. If you spin a coin, and it comes down heads ten times running, there is nothing in the fact that this has happened to *cause* it to come down tails the eleventh time; each time that the coin is spun, the chances of its coming down heads or tails are even. Yet if it comes down heads ten times running, the probability of its coming down tails the eleventh time is very strong. Suppose, again, that you occupied yourself in the somewhat singular task of counting the hairs in the manes of horses, you would think it a very remarkable thing if you found two horses with precisely the same number of hairs in their manes. Yet it is, of course, mathematically certain that if there are more horses in the world than there are hairs in any one horse's mane, there must be horses in the world who have an equal number of hairs in their manes! That particular coincidence, then, is not a matter of chance, but of certainty; and it may well be that many things which we regard as chances are not chances at all, but the working of laws whose exact operations we do not understand.

### Riding Victorious Over Circumstances.

Chance, then, is a thing which we are bound in a certain sense to believe in, but which simply comes of our ignorance of laws and conditions. Of all spectacles in the world the sight of a heavy sea breaking on a rocky beach gives us perhaps as strong a sense as anything of vague, blind, tumultuous forces. Yet if we knew precisely all the conditions behind, we could predict with absolute certainty where any smallest drop of water would be at any moment. The breaking sea looks of all created things the most disorderly; yet it is all moving in a precise order, which could not be otherwise.

But the belief in luck is a very different affair. To believe in your own good luck or bad luck is to believe that chance has a specific and personal intention towards yourself. It is, of course, clear to everyone that things which human beings desire or dislike do seem to single out particular people for their impact. Some men have a way of escaping scot-free from dangers; everything which they touch tends to succeed; they are saved from disasters by what appear to be extraordinary combinations of favourable circumstances; while, on the other hand, there are men who are almost, so to speak, like bit-baskets for the reception of misfortunes.

There are instances of men, like Napoleon, let us say, who for a long period of years ride victorious over circumstances. For a man of obscure origin to arrive at distributing the thrones of Europe among his near relations certainly appears to be the result of a conspiracy of favourable influences. Of course, it can be to a certain extent accounted for by the fact that Napoleon's temperament and genius was exactly suited to the needs and conditions of the time. And it is undoubtedly true that his firm belief in his lucky star gave him a serene confidence, and brought him safely through many a crisis which would have wrecked an indecisive man.

### The Penalty of Self-Confidence.

But Napoleon paid the penalty of his self-confidence at last. He is a supreme instance of the theory of the Greeks that success is apt to produce insolence, and that insolence ends in ruin.

On the other hand, a run of bad luck, as it is called, is apt to take the heart out of a man, and often ends in his entering upon a new enterprise with a foreboding of failure; and to anticipate failure is to court it.

Most of us, however, do not find that our experience justifies us in either counting upon good fortune or anticipating disaster. The sane and sensible frame of mind to cultivate is the resolution to do our best without counting upon success, and to say as cheerfully as we can, if things go badly with us, "Better luck next time."

But we most of us, as we get a little older, if we observe our experiences and reflect upon them, begin to mistrust the quality of success and failure alike. We begin to realise that our successes have not always turned out to our advantage, and that our failures have helped us to do better. It is not always so, of course, but there are many well-known instances of a premature and undeserved success going to a man's head, with disastrous results, as well as of a timely set-back making a man aware that he must not take things too easily.

### A Fragment of Autobiography.

I saw a very curious document the other day. It was a retrospect of his life, written by a man of advanced years. He had found himself, at the age of twenty-five, the owner of a small and safe business, inherited from his father, bringing him in a fair income. He had carefully considered the situation. Should he carry on the business quietly, or should he sell it and launch out into the world with a small capital? He did the latter, and he became an immensely wealthy man; he bought a great estate; he became a Member of Parliament. He married happily, and he ended by having every advantage which wealth and influence could give him.

Towards the end of his life he wrote this curious fragment of autobiography. He said that he frankly regretted not having made the other choice. He added that he had enjoyed his success in a way, but that his whole life had been spent in hard work, both commercial and political. He said that he doubted whether he had done much good in the world, while his ceaseless engagements had been a great weariness to him. His hurried life, he thought, had not improved him, or even brought him happiness; he felt that he had not developed, and that he had become impatient and autocratic. "If I could have my choice again," he wrote, "I would choose to live obscurely and quietly, keeping clear of public life, knowing my few workpeople, living a simple family life, doing what I could to make a small circle happy."

I thought it a very remarkable document. The writer of it had been, one may say, a man whom all the world would agree to call lucky. He was not a cynic in any sense, nor a worn-out man. But he felt somehow that he had missed the best sort of experience, and had not got the best out of life.

### The Real Rewards of Labour.

It reminds one of the strange thing which Tennyson said at the height of his fame. He was staying with Dr. Bradley, then headmaster of Marlborough, and said to him one evening that he envied him with all his heart his quiet, regular, useful life. Bradley said something about what Tennyson had done for the world, and Tennyson said: "After all, what does it amount to?"

These are significant confessions, made by men who had seen fame and fortune from the inside, and knew what they were worth. It all proves plainly that it is possible to estimate luck and fame too highly. Probably one of the finest and deepest sayings ever uttered on the subject was what William Morris wrote: "The reward of labour is life." Like all great utterances, it is not instantly obvious, in its concentration and simplicity, what it really means. But its significance is this: that the supposed rewards of labour—wealth, comfort, fame, success—are not the real rewards of labour, only the attendant conveniences. But that the real reward lies in the fact that if you have worked, eagerly and strenuously, you will find that you have lived indeed; and that no waiting upon fortune, no hope that chance may drop a prize into your hand, will ever do so much for your happiness as to find work which you can do, and which you enjoy doing, and which justifies your existence, both to yourself and others, as nothing else can.

# WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

## *The New Opportunity.*

### INTERVIEW WITH MR. J. J. VIRGO, OF THE CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.

BY A SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

WE are all taking stock to-day. As we bear our part in this great struggle we are looking to the future. When the piping days of peace come once again our boys will be back in their old billets. The stress and strain of trench fighting and bayonet driving will have produced a new type of manhood. What welcome shall we give these lads in the days that are to be? What will the Y.M.C.A. do for them when the war is over? I put the question to Mr. J. J. Virgo, of the Central Y.M.C.A., and this is his reply:—

"In the future days we must provide with a new zest for the young man in the professions and in business, just as the Y.M.C.A. has done for the troops in camp. The man at home demands more than a Bible-class or Sunday afternoon meeting. These things are essential and of the highest value, but do not suffice to perpetuate his interest and arouse his endeavour in the interests of others. We must deal with the young man as he is and not as it is thought he should be. When he is won for the service of Christ, he must be shown that it is a personal service he is to render—personal love, personal interest—a willingness to go 'the second mile.'

**No Change in the Evangel.**

"There will be no change in the Evangel we preach, but a different presentation of it to meet the changed conditions. The readiness with which the men in the camps are listening to and receiving the Gospel message is a still stronger demand for the insistence with which it must be proclaimed. We shall not be less loyal to the Gospel, but more loyal to all that is implied by its message.

"The Y.M.C.A. is now and will be in fuller measure in the future the Church expressing herself in its relation to all young men. I believe the Churches will regard our movement as their best friend and ally. If the Churches recognise the Y.M.C.A. as distinctly representative, they will co-operate in its best work. I quite agree that on its part the Y.M.C.A. must realise its obligations to the Churches, and urge upon Y.M.C.A. members that their first duty is to the church of their choice. The magnificent service rendered by all the Churches in the camp work has emphasised with still greater clearness the necessity for the closest possible relationship."

I found that Mr. Virgo has had many impressions deeply engrafted on his mind as the result of the visits paid to the camps. With the buoyant optimism of those who come from sunny climes like those of Australasia he sees possibilities in the future. In the remarkable work organised by Mr. A. K. Yapp, the general secretary, Mr. Virgo has taken a share by the strong link established by the National Council with the Central Y.M.C.A. in the Tottenham Court-road. In addition, he has visited one hundred camps at home, and is at present on his way to Egypt to assist in the wonderful openings created by the war.

"The extraordinary desire for religion," he says, "which has manifested itself since the war has nowhere been more apparent than in the camps. This fact seems to involve a new opportunity for the conversion of the Y.M.C.A. temporary work for the Army and Navy into an equally good permanent agency.

"Then, too, the new opportunity will demand that cities and towns shall possess additional provision for young men. There must be a new application of the knowledge concerning the tripartite nature of man. His spirit, which renders him akin to God, will, as ever, be catered for in a virile manner. His mind, which in its striving for expression often reveals itself as the essential genius of every form of evil, must be guided into channels that make for betterment at every stage of life. The body, which is the temple of God, will demand every provision to constitute it a healthy habitation for the Divine.

**A New Passion for Social Service.**

"I believe that in the future we shall witness a new passion for social service. Our experience has revealed to us the large number of young men with a passionate interest in social problems. We shall endeavour to capture them at the time of their early keenness and enthusiasm, in order that this expression may be directed into channels making for permanent service in the world.

"Concerning social pleasures, I will simply say that the devil can make a bad use of anything good, but that fact does not supply any reason why Christians cannot make good use of the same good thing. I want to look at these things honestly and seriously, and I put the question to myself, Which is better? Is it better to play a game of billiards at the Y.M.C.A. or at the public-house? Is it better to arrange a bright, up-to-date concert in the Y.M.C.A. rooms, with family worship at the end, or a seat at the music-hall, where the suggestive song is in popular favour? Is it better that the art of self-defence should be taught scientifically in the atmosphere of the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium or that the young man should attend a prize fight, which often brings out the worst characteristics of a man? There can, of course, be only one answer to these questions.

"A young man is not, generally speaking, bent on going to the devil. This step, however, often happens when he reaches the large city and gets away from the restraints of the old home. Whether he does well and lives aright is very largely a question of how he employs his spare time. The Y.M.C.A. invites him to enjoy it amongst young men whose influence will help him.

**The Nation's Crucible.**

"No one will deny," concluded Mr. Virgo, "that a sober, virtuous, and athletic people are essential to a nation's greatness. It is obvious that a nation cannot be great where young men are abandoned to intemperance, gambling, vice, and slothful lounging. The competition is too keen. The stress of life is too severe. An immoral nation goes under sooner or later, but a vigorous, intelligent, healthy, and moral people stands sure and steady against every attack. Nothing can destroy it.

"My! What an England! when the nation is more insistently and enthusiastically convinced heart and soul that character is its first concern, and sets itself to the manufacture of men!"

---

The elder Dumas, it is well known, was often in financial difficulties, and was well acquainted with the ways and means of bailiffs. One day a person called upon him and asked him to subscribe 20 francs toward the expenses of burying a bailiff. "Twenty francs to bury a bailiff?" quoth Dumas. "Well, I'm not in funds just now, but here's 40 francs. Go and bury a couple."

# A HUMAN DOCUMENT IN WAR TIME.

### A Boy's Letter to His Father, Narrating Some Thrilling Experiences.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—Thank you so much for your postcard, which arrived quite safely on Saturday. I was so pleased to get it, and am looking forward awfully for when I get all those due to me up here. I think I am going to-morrow (Tuesday) or else the next day, as our draft has at last come from ——. About 170 have come to fill up the gap caused by casualties.

I have just come away from a splendid concert given by Miss Lena Ashwell's company. The singing was lovely, and there was a ripping 'cellist, who played, amongst other things, "The Broken Melody." Do you know that new song, "Keep the home fires burning"? The chorus is:—

Keep the home fires burning
While your hearts are yearning,
Tho' the boys are far away, they dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Thro' the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark clouds inside out till the boys come home.

And the girl sang it so softly and pathetically that I shut my eyes and really thought I was home with you all around. "Tho' the boys are far away, they dream of home."

The concert was held in the new Y.M.C.A. double hut, which has just been built on the base camp ground. It's simply wonderful what the Y.M.C.A. is doing out here. Except for the Association there is practically nothing to do in the evening, but this attracts literally hundreds of men inside, to whom good is being done without their knowing it. Religion isn't "rammed down their throats" here, but each evening is quietly brought to a close with a short prayer. Tracts are not scattered all over the tables and pinned upon the walls, but are put upon the counter for anyone to take who wishes to do so. The chaplains come round chatting to the men about anything except religion, and so the men get to like the man himself, and having a sort of personal interest in him, will come to hear him speak on Sundays. The hut is always quite full. A great number of men attend Sunday Communion before leaving again for the firing line.

We had a visitor here this morning from Paris—a French aviator landed on the grounds of No. 5 General Hospital (about 500 yards from us) and went off again this afternoon. It was the first machine I'd seen since leaving the battalion! There was a "Zepp." scare here the other day. Two were seen about seven or eight miles away (you could see them through glasses), and we thought they were going to drop bombs on the Cathedral (or try to), but they evidently thought better of it, for they turned round and sailed off again.

By the way, could you send "chewy" sort of toffee in my next parcel instead of peppermints? I haven't seen or tasted toffee since I've been out here. And a few odd *Morning Posts*. Papers are very precious up there.

They are singing hymns here, and I feel I must join in, so good-bye; give my very best love to everybody, and take a big hug for yourself.

Your own ever-loving son,

——

---

Out of a hundred members of military age at Southampton nearly sixty are with the colours. Two others are with Sir Ernest Shackleton's South Polar Expedition.



# THE GOLDEN DEEDS OF A BAND OF LADIES.

## *A Graphic Picture of Princess Victoria's Auxiliary Committee at Bruton Street.*

(By a Special Correspondent.)

NO. 23, Bruton-street, W., may appear to be empty to the unimaginative caller. True, in the ordinary sense it does not possess a residential tenant. But it is not empty. I have many times recently entered its hall, and passed through to the innermost rooms or up the staircase to the upper storey. I admit that I have not walked on lovely carpets, seen luxurious furniture, or admired pictures by famous masters. The town house is unfurnished in all these respects. But it is full of memories of kindly deeds accomplished by ladies from noble families, led by a princess who is the heart and soul of the whole enterprise.

I have not visited the headquarters of the Auxiliary Committee for the Y.M.C.A. Recreation huts at the Base camps in France when the President, H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has not been engaged in active arrangements for the benefit of the Tommies at the front. All the ladies tell you something like this: "Now, I want you to understand that the Princess is the living centre of our work. She really got us together, and there is nothing that comes in or goes out from this place but she knows about it. Her presidency is much more than in name, and she spends a considerable portion of the week in planning and working for the Y.M.C.A. huts at the front."

In many directions the Princess has rendered most valuable services on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. work. Her help has proved fruitful in beneficent results for the soldier, and no trouble has proved too great or duty too onerous for her Highness to undertake. All the ladies whom I have seen eulogise the work of the Princess, and it is only right that I should give honour where it is justly due.

* * *

Lady Elizabeth Dawson, who is on the committee, gave me some indication of the gifts, games, books, and magazines sent out to the British troops in France. "These fixtures are nearly empty now, because we have just sent a large supply," she explained, "but on other occasions they are crowded with comforts for the troops. At the present time the men in the trenches are suffering from a dearth of magazines. We heard the other day of a magazine being cut up into pages and divided amongst the men, because the supply is so limited. Through the kindness of many friends we have sent out quite a large number of mouth-organs to the Tommies, who welcome the gifts as being beyond price. Soldiers are cheered up on a long march by the playing of a single mouth-organ, and it gives them great pleasure."

Another department that comes under the care of Lady Elizabeth Dawson is that relating to entertainments and concert parties. These have proved an immense boon both to the huts and the hospitals. Officers have frequently testified to the benefit derived by the wounded from the concerts, and especially those whose nerves had been shattered by the terrible experiences through which they have passed.

"The Princess is very careful in the selection of the concert parties," explained Lady Elizabeth Dawson, "in order to secure that the programmes are of a high tone and free from undesirable items. Usually there are five or six members in each concert party, and these go from one Y.M.C.A. hut to another."

Lady Elizabeth Dawson gave me a letter addressed to Miss Lena Ashwell from a member of one of the concert parties which affords a graphic picture concerning the reception they obtained.

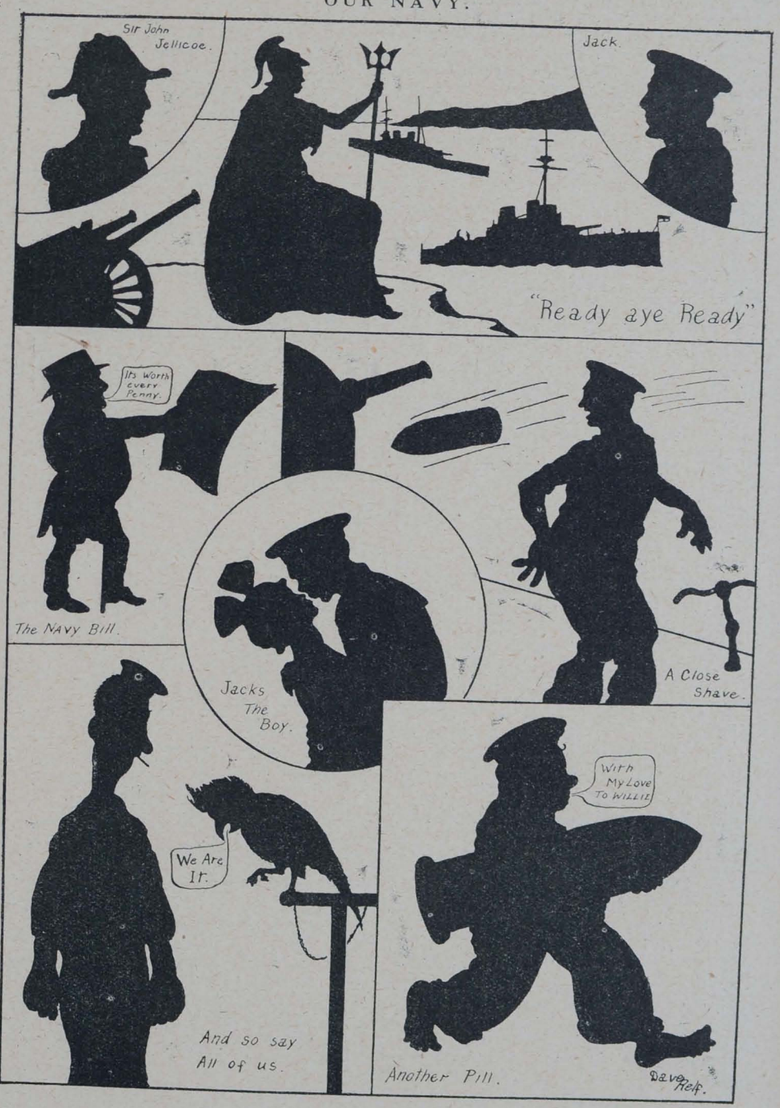
"I do wish you had been here to have seen the very evident intense enjoyment of the men," he wrote; "there was no disguising their appreciation. I am afraid it made me awfully nervous, first, to drive through the camp and see what discomforts those splendid fellows must have to put up with—thick clay, mud, wet, and cold—and in tents! Think how cheerless it must be. Really, it brought the nearness of the war home to anyone who saw it. During the second concert we could hear the rain beating down on the roof of the hut.

"We had a different chairman colonel at each concert, who said awfully nice things about you for sending us out, and asked the men to give three cheers for you and the artists. I wish you could have heard those cheers. I am sure they would have affected you, and heartened you at the same time.

"How splendid those Y.M.C.A. people are, and what an immense amount of good they must be doing, sharing discomforts with the men, too; there are ladies as well, all helping so gladly."

I had a number of figures from Lady Elizabeth Dawson concerning the books,

OUR NAVY.



games, musical instruments, cigarettes, pipes, bootlaces, and chocolates sent out to the soldiers by the Ladies' Committee, but I will not weary my readers with statistics. Sufficient to say that the gift of woollen shirts has proved a great boon to the men from the trenches, who have stated that a clean shirt has afforded them considerable relief. They have also been very grateful for the small tablets of soap sent out to France, which they describe as being "really worth their weight in gold."

* * *

Viscountess Falmouth, to whom I am indebted for many interesting facts concerning the Ladies' Auxiliary, is responsible for organising the supply of motor kitchens for the use of the troops at the Front. At present the full benefit of the motor kitchens has not yet been secured—not, however, on account of failure on the part of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, but because the authorities are unable for the present to allow these agencies to get nearer the firing line. As to their practical utility, it should be stated that, on an emergency, over 4,000 men were recently served with hot drinks, such as tea and coffee, as well as light refreshments, in a period of three hours. This motor kitchen was given by members of the Carlton Club, and has abundantly justified the purpose of the Ladies' Committee in sending it to France. It is in charge of the Hon. Mrs. Hoare, who completely tested its usefulness by the provision of so many meals in such a short space of time.

Since the Carlton Club members responded so generously, other gifts of a similar character have been received, and are either in or on their way to France.

* * *

The Countess of Bessborough, who is responsible for selecting the staff of ladies to work in the Y.M.C.A. huts in France, told me that at present the applications are far more numerous than the opportunities of service. What the Y.M.C.A. is anxious to secure is a type of lady who can go out at her own charges, and stay in the service of the Y.M.C.A. for some months, except for periods of furlough. If a lady can take her own car this always proves of the greatest service, in view of the distances to be traversed from the lodgings or hostel to the camps.

According to the Countess, the applicant most desired in the Y.M.C.A. centre is one who can rough it, can sustain the strain of a heavy day's work, and be prepared to undertake many things without help from others. Experience of dealing with men and sound judgment are amongst the necessary qualities of the ladies placed in the Y.M.C.A. huts in France. The whole conditions out at the front necessitate a certain amount of onerous duty. That so many ladies have more than answered the requirements speaks volumes for the selection that has been made and for the self-sacrificing spirit in which they have volunteered.

* * *

I have no further space to deal with the work of Lady Rodney, who has already paid several visits to the Base camps in order to report to the Ladies' Committee, to the valuable services of Lady Egerton, and to the duties of Mrs. Mackay Edgar, who superintends the despatch of the various articles—some of which are quite bulky—to the various Y.M.C.A. centres.

Unoccupied as No. 23, Bruton-street may seem to the passer-by, it is instinct with the golden deeds of a band of ladies who are content to give practically the whole of their leisure to this really useful war service. And H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is true to her position as president, and serves with unqualified zeal and timely help the best interests of the Y.M.C.A.

## MR. W. H. CRAWFURD PRICE.

**A Brilliant War Journalist who is Seeing and Recording History.**

MR. W. H. CRAWFURD PRICE, whose portrait we reproduce, is of special interest to us, as he is the son of Mr. Walter Price, who for upwards of thirty years has been actively identified with the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Crawfurd Price is not a manufactured journalist, but has won his position through natural ability. Commercial interests attracted him to Salonica several years ago, but brilliant prospects were speedily dashed to the ground by the outbreak of the Turkish revolution. Close acquaintance with the leaders of the Constitutional and Young Turk parties, the full understanding of the situation, and a ready pen, led the *Daily Mail* to secure his services, and within a week he was offered the position of special correspondent. Subsequent events brought him to the notice of *The Times*, and at the outbreak of the first Balkan war he joined the Turkish Army in Macedonia as their correspondent, and was an eye witness of its disasters. He was present at the battle of Yuidji Vardar and the capture of Salonica by the Greeks, which broke the Turkish power in that area; thenceforward he was with the Greek forces, and was attached to the Greek staff. The troublous months which followed the armistice and the peace of London



MR. W. H. CRAWFURD PRICE.

saw him again in the Macedonian, and during the "War of the Allies" he accompanied the Greek armies during its series of victories over the Bulgarians. The epoch-making political and military events which ended in the treaty of Bucharest are described in the *Balkan Cockpit*.

When hostilities broke out between Austria and Serbia Mr. Crawfurd Price was despatched by *The Times* as its special correspondent with the Serbian Army. Already on terms of intimate acquaintance with the Serbian leaders, he was accorded unusual facilities, and while correspondents with other armies have been kept well in the rear, he has been present with the Serbs at the field of battle, and an "eye-witness" of the brilliant victories registered by our Ally.

Referring to his contributions on the campaign, *The Times* describes them as "the most complete and most graphic account that has yet appeared of the important *rôle* so wonderfully played by Serbia in the general scheme of operations against the Austrian forces." Mr. Crawfurd Price's book, "The Balkan Cockpit," is a masterly record of the struggle in the Near East, the end of which is not yet.

Reviewing it, the *Observer* states:—"While the war chapters constitute the most vivid portion of Mr. Price's book, they are rivalled in interest by his lucid account of the whole history of the Young Turk movement, and the causes of its failure. . . . He keeps us well in touch with the political mainsprings of the case throughout the Peninsula, and can be followed with confidence as a guide to the inwardness of the story of its successive developments." The *Daily Chronicle* says: "He probes the whole Balkan business," and the *Nation* adds that "His account of the demoralisation of the Turkish armies in Macedonia is the fullest, most startling, and best informed we have seen."

## BROTHERS.

*"Ut Omnes unum sint."*

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Is it for nought the immemorial pain,
The age-long yearning of the Heart of God
Crying, "Turn ye, My Sons, be reconciled,
And learn of Me the meek and lowly heart"?
The nations reel and stagger to their doom;
The war-lords muster their far-flung array,
And all the weary world incarnadine.
Is it in vain, ye warring sons of God,
That aeons travailed for your heritage?
Is it for nought the Cross, the Life laid down,
The Risen Glory of the Lord of Life?
Shall God be mocked and Satan Lord of Hosts?
Is Jesus throned on high so impotent?

* * * *

I pondered thus, and gazed upon the slain
Piled heap on heap in agony: a hand
Stretched here to Heaven; there an upturned face
That dumbly pled to dumb and low'ring skies.
And as I gazed, and sickened at the sight
Of carnage. Hell let loose, high carnival
Of Death. I saw a Jew, a Rabbi sable-clad,
Pondering the wreckage of fair human forms,
The shattered Temples of his God: amazed
He seemed to commune with the Nameless One.

* * * *

From him my thoughts turned back to Calvary,
That drooping Head, that bursting Patriot Heart
That yearned with pity for His blinded race.
That broke for men who wrought the deed of shame.
"My God, My God," rang out the derelict cry,
But louder rang the cry of faith and hope,
And louder still the cry of love, "Forgive!
Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

* * * *

And in the dawn a wail, I thought, arose
Of many voices, tortured men and maids,
Pleading the wrongs of all their ancient race,
Wrongs wrought by men who bore the Name of Christ.
But here a Frenchman in his agony
Raised piteous eyes and saw that priestly form:
"The Crucifix," he sobbed. "Lord Jesu, pity me!
That I may kiss the Prince of Peace and die."
Swift came the answer as the man of God
Stooped and, divine compassion kindling him,
Raised up a rugged Cross that marked a grave,
And held it meekly to the dying lips.
Then as he bent came the swift messenger
Of Death and struck him down. Together there
Christian and Jew lay dead on either side
The Cross that made them one. Ah! not in vain
That act of matchless love: Thy Cross O Christ,
Stretching its arms to the four winds of Heaven,
Is still our promise of a far-off Peace.
Is still the token of Thy victory.
So Slav and Teuton, Jew and anti-Jew
Shall break their bonds of hatred and be one:
So comes Thy kingdom, Prince of Peace, indeed.

* * * *

And what of him, who, dying, lived so well,
And sought to bring a brother's soul to peace?
Far-off methought a voice of majesty
Cried calm and kingly to his dying ears:
"Come, blessed of My Father, come at last!
To-day My brother in God's Paradise
Thou, too, shalt kiss the Prince of Peace and live."

KENNETH SAUNDERS.

S. Benton and Co., of Brighton, have published some attractive postcards for soldiers, which are ideal for sending home. They can be obtained at most of the Y.M.C.A. Huts.



*Our Short Story.*

# A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

*Obedience to the Call of Duty Follows a Reminder at the Moment of Crisis and Indecision.*

By J. CLARKE KENNEDY.

BERNARD SMITH opened his eyes one May morning in 1925 to find the sun streaming into his bedroom. As his senses slowly returned, he remembered that this was his 21st birthday, and that the day was crowded with pleasurable engagements. This was his day of emancipation, the day on which he became a man in the eyes of the law, the day of days in a young man's life. From henceforth he would be his own master, with his destiny in his hands to shape as he pleased. For the past ten years he had been under the kindly control of his mother, his father having been killed in the great war of 1915, and, although she ruled him with wisdom and love, there were times when he felt under constraint and sighed for the perfect liberty which, in his opinion, came with full manhood.

To-day, then, he was a man in every sense, and as he reflected on the fact, the sense of his importance afforded him not a little satisfaction.

He was still reflecting on it when he went downstairs to breakfast. His mother was waiting for him, as usual, and as she kissed him and wished him all manner of happiness and blessing on the new life just opening out before him, her voice trembled and big tears stood in her eyes. Bernard's mind was full of its own thoughts, but he could not help noticing that his mother looked tired and care-worn, looked as if she had not shut her eyes all night. But youth is ever dull in comprehending the emotions of those older than itself, and he put it down to nothing more serious than a passing headache.

"Has the post been yet, mother dear?" he asked.

"Not yet," she replied; "he seems to be a little later than usual this morning, just when you are so anxious to receive your congratulations."

"But here's a letter all the same," exclaimed the young man, as he sat down at the breakfast table, and found a letter lying on his plate. "There's no stamp on it. I wonder who it's from?"

Bernard glanced inquiringly at his mother, and the look in her face brought a nameless fear to his heart. It was a sensation which he could not define, but something told him that he was face to face with a crisis. He picked up the letter and carefuly examined the writing on the envelope. It was addressed to "My son Bernard," and in the lower left-hand corner were the words, "To be given him on his 21st birthday."

"From father?" he asked, turning to his mother.

"Yes," she replied, in a whisper; "he gave it into my care for you before he went away for the last time."

Nothing more passed between mother and son; it was felt by both that the occasion was one for silence, and the meal passed without another word, while the fateful letter lay unopened on the table.

"I should like to read this alone," he said at last, as he rose to leave the room, and mounting the stairs he seated himself in the room that had been his father's study, and which, latterly, his mother had permitted him to use. He put the letter down on the desk in front of him, for he wanted time to think. The tall chestnut trees which stood here and there on the lawn were already in glorious bloom, but he seemed blind to their beauty, even though he appeared to be drinking in the lovely scene spread out before him. Then his eyes passed to a portrait of his father which had stood on the desk ever since the dark shadow had fallen on the home. His first recollection of it, he recalled with a vividness that surprised him, was when he saw it in his mother's hands, while the tears streamed down her face, and he remembered now, although the incident had been long forgotten, that, seeing his mother's grief, he had put his arms around her neck and promised to be a comfort to her always.

Picking up the portrait, he looked steadily at the face, and as he thus gazed, the past rose up before him. He could remember his father without any effort. What splendid times they used to have together, for he was the only child, and the father's love had been poured out upon him without stint. It was his father who had given him his first game at golf, who had taught him to play cricket, who had taken him beside him in the motor which he had loved so well, who had taught him first to lisp the sacred words, "Our Father which art in heaven." It all came back to him now, and for the first time since the shock of the War Office telegram had passed, he began to realise what he had lost by his father's death.

Bernard's reverie was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone bell. A friend at the other end of the wire was reminding him that they had arranged to play golf together that morning; why was he not up to time?

"I'm not coming to-day."

"Why not?"

"I'm not feeling up to it. I'll explain later, but I am staying at home," and saying that he put up the instrument and concluded the conversation.

Then leaning back in his chair, the dreadful events of ten years before came up before him like a panorama. The dark cloud of war had fallen upon the country, and Britain's sons rose up in her defence. A Territorial officer, his father had volunteered for active service. He remembered the last brief visit home before his father went off to the front. They had only a few minutes together, for there was much to be done and little time in which to do it. But they were moments to be treasured, and moments in which they had been drawn even more closely than ever before. Then had followed weeks of anxious waiting for his mother and himself, weeks in which the newspapers were full of war and fighting and bloodshed, and then one awful morning the dreaded pink message had come, telling them that Major Smith had fallen at the head of his men as he led in the famous attack on Hill 60.

Now there lay before him a letter from the father whose face he had not seen and whose voice he had not heard for ten years, and whom, God forgive him! he had almost forgotten of late, so engrossed had he become in his own interests.

Picking up the letter at last, he opened it, and read:—

MY OWN DARLING BOY,—If ever this letter falls into your hands your father will be no more. I am putting it into the hands of your mother to give you on your twenty-first birthday. This is my last night at home before I go to the war, and it may be the last night I shall ever spend in the home that I love so well, and which since I brought your mother to it as a bride has been like heaven to me. It is because I love it so well that I go to defend it on the battlefield. I would like to say to you all that is in my heart before I leave mother and you in the morning, but you are too young for serious thoughts, and you would soon forget. I am not blaming you. It is simply that time cleans the slate and heals the wounds, and it is perhaps just as well that it should.

But at twenty-one things are different. To-day you are your own master, and as you read these lines—for if you ever read them I shall not be alive—remember that if it is possible for those in heaven to know what is happening on earth, I shall be praying for you—praying that you may make no mistake with your life, but that you may yield it in willing service to any cause which God may have appointed for you. There is only one thing worth doing in this life, and that is the giving of obedience to the clear call of duty. It never pays to please ourselves, and, after all, there are no roses worth plucking along the path of selfish ease. If God calls you to a hard task, do not hold back. Follow His leading, no matter how hard the road may seem, and His blessing, which is worth more than everything else in this world, will follow you all the days of your life.

We have been very, very happy together, you and I, my boy, and I dread parting from you in the morning. The only thing that sustains me is the thought that I am taking the advice which I give you, and following where duty leads, in the hope that what so many brave men are doing to-day may make the world a better and a happier place for those who come after us. My prayer is that we shall do our part so well that the calamity of war may never again darken our beloved land.

"God be with you till we meet again . . . meet at Jesus' feet." Your loving

FATHER.

Bernard put the letter down and rose to his feet. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. "Good old dad," he said, in a hoarse voice, as he took up the photograph and passionately pressed it to his lips. "I had nearly lost the way, but you've led me back and I'll—follow—it—to—the—end — lead—where—it—will. So help me, God."

(Continued on page 424.)

*17.—On Doing One's Duty.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

THANK you very much, **F. G. P.**, for your kind letter, which I was glad to receive. I have often thought of you since you first wrote to me, and it was with much interest that I read a paragraph in one of the religious papers saying you had been permitted to preach once again in your old church. I sincerely hope you will steadily regain health and strength, and then, after this spell of darkness, the light will be precious indeed. I shall be glad if you will reckon on me as a comrade, and send me tidings of your movements.

* * *

YOUR more than generous letter, **B. A. H.** (Notts), has covered me with blushes, although, joking apart, I am a little pleased that you thought so much of the article, "I Swore he should Never be Mutton." You are perfectly right in your estimate of what we believe in the Y.M.C.A. We feel that the whole work of life is to help young men forward to those celestial heights where dwelleth God, and that task is ever inspired by a boundless hope. Do you know those fine lines of Emerson's?—

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man:
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

* * *

THERE is certainly a great difference, as you suggest, between looking for a rogue in every man and finding a man in every rogue. Too many people, I fear, are in quest of the former, and it is an ancient observation that we invariably find what we seek. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote some wonderful stories, sketches, and poems in his day, but I question if anything he wrote is finer than the following lines, which I commend to your appreciation:—

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly behoves *any* of us
To talk about the rest of us.

* * *

NOW that you have broken the ice by writing to me, I hope you will look upon me as a friend, to whom you can turn in an hour of difficulty. I am very anxious to establish a firm bond between my readers, and happily there is every indication of success. And, by the way, many thanks for your efforts to make our paper widely known. We aim at becoming the indispensable ally of every young man in Great Britain, and we hope to show that it is possible to conduct a high-class paper for young men without recourse to those smart yet doubtful methods which are something of a slur on the noble profession of journalism.

* * *

THE drink problem is engaging the attention of every man who has the welfare of his country at heart, and therefore I welcome a strong and candid letter from **E. M. H.** (Letchworth). He asks whether I think it would be a good plan to get signatures throughout the country in favour of closing public-houses during the war. Well, candidly, I do not think it would. I think what is being done at Letchworth and elsewhere is wholly admirable—namely, taking a vote on the question, which really resolves itself into a question of local option. The most practical thing that can be done is for drink-infested areas to be attacked by sane and aggressive local residents, so that the temptations may be reduced to a minimum. The whole trouble, in many cases, is with the licensing authorities; and yet a great deal can be done by a clearly articulated public opinion. In a district with which I have some official connection, we have managed to close all the picture-palaces on a Sunday, and although we were fighting people who closely resembled the wild beasts at Ephesus, we nevertheless managed to carry the day. I think something similar could be done in respect of the drink traffic. But the wisest thing for us as individuals is to secure all the promises we can from men one by one, to give up all intoxicating liquor during the war. When the war is over, they will not want to resume the old habit.

* * *

YOUR long and honest letter, **E. D.** (Minehead), has deeply touched me, and while I am replying to you on this page, I am also sending you a few lines privately, which I hope will give you light. In view of all the circumstances, I am of the definite opinion that your real place is at home. I write this with much reserve, because I know that the Empire needs, and will continue to need, every available man for the Army. But the circumstances of the case must always be a deciding factor when a young man thinks of recruiting. Your place, for the present, at any rate, is by your mother's side; and, although I can imagine your eagerness to do as so many thousands have already done, I am, nevertheless, convinced that you must accept the more exacting and less exciting duties of a humdrum life.

* * *

YOUR mother must find life intensely lonely, and a lonely mother is the saddest picture in the sordid frame of life. I owe so much to my own mother (who, like yours, is all alone in the world), that I can feel intimately and deeply for you in the crisis you are facing. If we only knew how heavily our mothers lean on us for comfort and support we should do a great deal more for them, and rather than charging you with a lack of patriotism, I am disposed to praise you for your anxiety. I can see clearly from your letter that you are facing conflicting duties, and it is apparent to me that your personal inclination is to join the colours; thus your willingness to stand by your mother is the more impressive. It may be that a little later on you will find it impossible to remain at home, but for the moment I do not feel called upon to give you any different advice from what I have written.

* * *

BUT you can find something to do, I am sure, even though you do not join the Army. And I will leave it to your own patriotism to find out what you can best do. It is always difficult to do one's duty, especially when that duty cuts into one's natural inclination; but God will give you strength to do even those things which go against the grain. Indeed, it often happens that when one is willing to do one's duty, a way opens up whereby our real choice becomes practicable and possible.

* * *

I HAVE been greatly pleased with the frankness of some of my correspondents who have written to me, and I hope this spirit will grow and deepen. The letters I receive are strictly private, and when I have replied to them they are torn up, so I hope the most reserved reader of these lines will not hesitate to write if I can be of service. Of course, I am always ready to answer questions as far as it is possible; but it is also a great pleasure to receive letters from my readers which are simply friendly epistles, and such letters and questions should be sent, as usual, to Julius Just, 13, Russell square, W.C.




**FOR ROUTE MARCHES.**

**Fry's**

**SUPERIOR**

**Chocolates**

ON SALE AT THE

**Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.**

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY,
MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE,
TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**

**BURBERRY WAR KIT**



Cool by Day—Warm at Night

THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF, made in airylight, self-ventilating cloths, lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece.

KHAKI UNIFORMS.—Designed for the War Office, and made in strong Serge, or Tropical Gabardine for the Near East, woven and proofed by Burberrys.

BRITISH WARMS AND GREAT COATS. In light Serge or Gabardine, as well as every detail of Service Dress and Equipment.

Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free

SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT

Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats, and Warms, ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, and the kit completed in a few hours.

Military Catalogue Post Free.

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W. LONDON
8 & 10 Bd Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents.



**When on the March**

the Soldier appreciates the fine, supple condition of his boots when cleaned with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.

It also preserves the leather, and renders boots waterproof.

Tins (Black or Brown), 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. Outfits 6d. Of all dealers.

CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN should be rubbed upon the feet as well as upon the boots. It prevents soreness and blistering. Made entirely from the finest and purest materials.

CHERRY DUBBIN

(Black or Yellow) in 1d., 2d., 3d., and 6d. tins, etc., can be obtained from Canteens, Stores, etc. A penny trial tin, will be sent on receipt of a penny stamp, by:—

CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

KHARKENE *cleans and renovates Khaki equipment.* 1d. *and* 1½d. *per block.* Of all dealers.

**THE IDEAL COFFEE for CAMPS**

**BRANSON'S COFFEE**

A Soldier, writing from the Trenches, says: "What a splendid asset it is to the 'Tommies' while awaiting an attack in the early morning; in fact, it is known to be more invigorating than 'Rum' which is served."

Sample and prices on application to
BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,
Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.

**ORGANS £4 17 6 ORGANS**

The Finest Organ for the Home, the Mission Hall or Small Church.

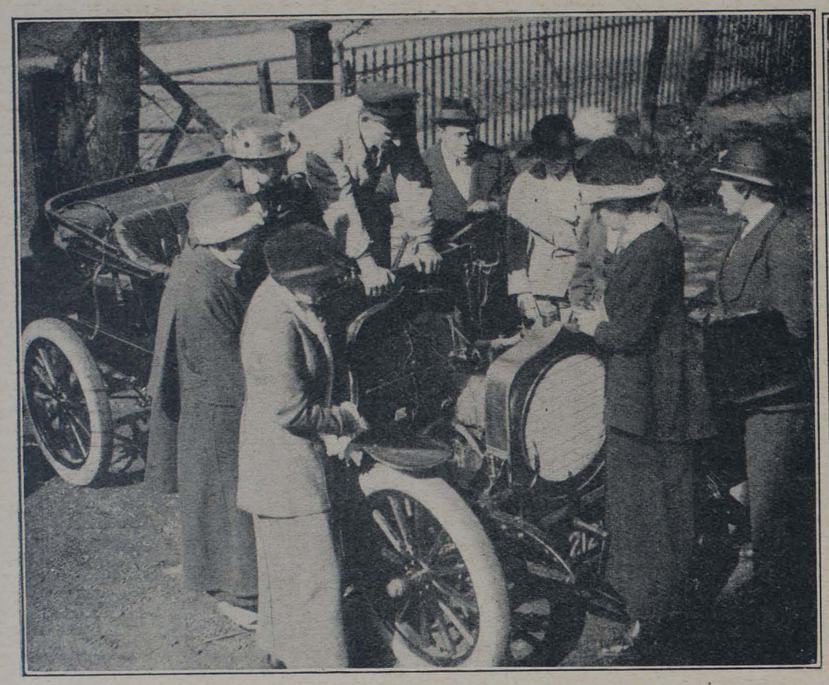
**£7 8 6 THE UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN. £8 9 6**

Full Illustrated Lists free on application.
INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.

*Sole Agents for Great Britain:*
Marshall Brothers, Limited - - - 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.

**ORGANS £10 12 6 ORGANS**

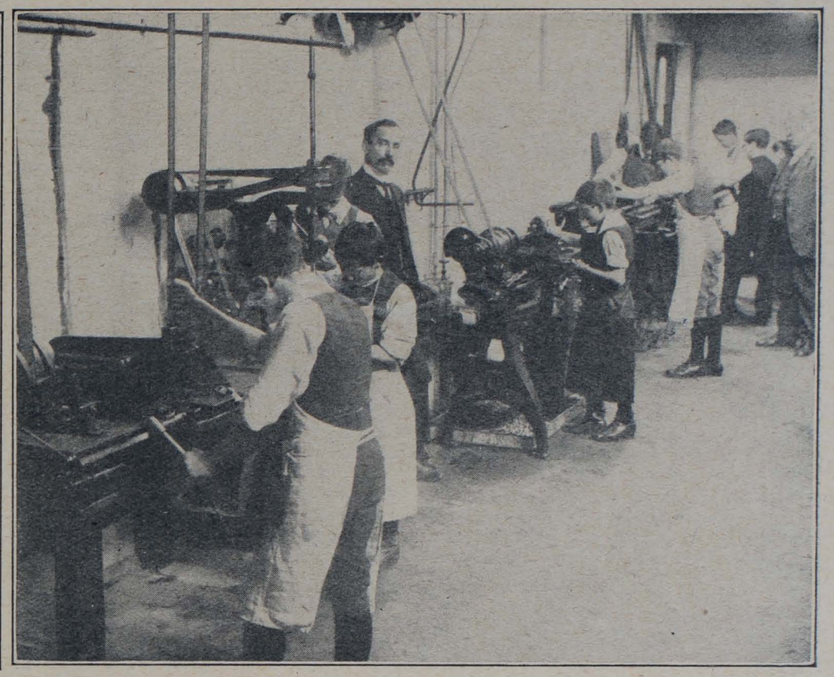
# THE TESTING HOUR OF BRITAIN'S HISTORY AND THE DETERMINED SPIRIT IN WHICH IT IS BEING MET.



The war has opened many new occupations to women, who are following up their opportunities with splendid determination and enthusiasm. In the above illustration there is shown a group of motor-drivers in embryo taking lessons from an expert.



Although so many men have flocked to the colors since the war began, the demand for further recruits continues, and meetings for recruiting purposes usually meet with a good response. Our picture was taken inside the Law Courts entrance.



Even boys are "doing their bit" in the great war, as is indicated by this illustration of juveniles turning out brass work for rifle parts. These boys are pupils of the Ponder's End Trade School, which is close to the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield.



An interesting illustration showing President Poincaré at a Senegalese hospital for wounded at Cochin, in France.



This picture, which has just arrived in England, shows some of our brave soldiers as prisoners in the hands of the enemy.



The first contingent of nurses of the Canadian Red Cross who have come over to London to lend their aid to the dear Motherland.

# MEN & MUNITIONS!

Y.M.C.A. Y.M.C.A.

250,000 Copies of the New Testament
126,000 Gospels &
1,500,000 Gospel Booklets
have already been circulated by the Y.M.C.A.
amongst the Men of H.M. Forces

WANTED IMMEDIATELY BY THE Y.M.C.A.

## MUNITIONS OF WAR

100,000 New Testaments costing £1250
£12-10-0 will pay for the Circulation of 1000 Pocket Testaments.
£10-10-0 will defray the cost of 10,000 Gospel Booklets

1 The Call to Arms
2 Bravo! Highflyer
3 The Man behind the Gun
4 The Chessboard of Europe
5 A Strategic Retreat
6 Halt! Who goes there?

7 The Submarine
8 The Football field of Europe
9 S.O.S.
10 The Siege of Life
11 The V.C.
12 Day Dreams

13 The Conquest of the Air
14 Keeping the Flag Flying
15 Beast of Prey
16 Christmas
17 The Kick-Off
18 Wanted, Men

19 Coal
20 Life's Railway
21 The Despatch Rider
22 The Terror by Night
23 Swimming
24 The Falklands Fight

25 The British Air Raid
26 The Spider's Web
27 Self Control
28 The Mouth of Hell
29 Comrades
30 Victory!

Can you help us by personal service, or with a Contribution?
Please send your Contributions to "The Honorary Treasurer"

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS: 12-13, RUSSELL Sqre, W.C.

Patron: H.M. the King. President: Lord Kinnaird. Treasurer: R. L. Barclay. Secretary: A. K. Yapp.




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

IT was inevitable that the first great call on the men of the Empire should be for fighters. The response has been excellent in quantity and in quality. Equally inevitable was it that the progress of the greatest war of history would bring other factors into prominence. The need of the moment is munitions of war. Our forges, furnaces, and factories must be kept running at their highest power. To do this we must mobilise our industrial army; we must enlist industrial recruits, and we must see that everything possible is done to keep our workers fit and that everything which "hinders" output is driven out of business. At last the British Empire's political leaders confess, what her moral and spiritual leaders have known for generations, that we cannot afford intemperance. We have three enemies—Germany, Austria, and Drunkenness.

***

THE general body of our industrial army is sober. A small percentage is drunken. The drunken labourer prevents his squad contributing its full quota to the week's output. He is a disintegrating factor in the team. He spoils the great game of progress. He is the enemy of every class, but especially of his own. The producing power as well as the earning power of his fellows is menaced by his irregularity. The *morale* of the workers is lowered. He is traitor to his trade, to his class, to his country. He is in the minority. But there are far too many of him. And legislation must now do, under the stress of this vast tragedy, what moral suasion has failed to accomplish. We must now make men sober by Act of Parliament. We must now legislate the slacker into healthy and productive activity. And it can and will be done.

***

BUT if we leave the matter there we shall soon find that a grave mistake has been made. There are certain definite things that lie behind a man's drunkenness, behind his slackness and inefficiency. To sober him, to employ him, by Act of Parliament is possible in an hour of emergency. There are many drunkards who are sober, and many idlers who are busy, in the gaols of England. As long as needs must they will be sober, they will be industrious. But the spirit remains the same. And in time the drunkard will defeat your Acts of Parliament, and the idler develop cunning to avoid all your plans for his good. Not only so, but his bad example will affect others, and a new crop of the same species will arise to be dealt with. In the present stress by all means prevent your drunkard drinking and make him work, but do more. Steps must be taken which will lead to his deliberately choosing sobriety and loving work.

***

AGAIN, the time has come when the patriotic services which are being rendered by the skilled workers should be thoroughly recognised and acknowledged. Men who are working long hours in great munitions works are as truly contributing to the victory of the Allies as though they were in the trenches. Great Britain has done well for its soldiers. Do not let us spoil our service by any lack of appreciation of the men who make fighting possible by the supplies they produce. We owe it to the workers to provide for their needs thoroughly. Their leisure should find us ready with a programme of helpful pastimes. Athletics, concerts, bands, educational interests, and social service training are all essentials of the case. The State can provide everything—if it chooses—except the one thing needful, viz., men and women who will direct the work in the spirit of unselfish service.

***

MAY we not say that the Young Men's Christian Association has proved that it is a suitable instrument for use along these lines? In a totally unprecedented way the Association has caught the great fellowship of helpful spirits—of all schools and types—in its net, and set them tasks which have held their interest and enthusiasm. Side by side, despite their different and sometimes contrary opinions, people have rendered a patriotic and loving service of the very highest class. What has been done in the camps for the soldiers can be repeated in the great centres of industry for the industrial army. The same programme of work, the same methods will produce similar success. The opening of Y.M.C.A. huts, or centres, within the factories or in their near neighbourhood will be the best possible and available weapon against drunkenness and slackness. We have the plan, we have the organisation; we can secure the workers; we need the funds. Our work in this field is capable of expansion to cover the national need. A remarkable series of requests has come to us from all over the country, evidencing the confidence of our friends that the Association can undertake this task. We have already entered the field. A group of experimental huts will be shortly opened, and plans for greatly extended work have been approved.

### ADVICE FREE.

**Issued by the Leader at Canterbury—Waltham Abbey.**

DON'T smoke cigarettes. BUY A PIPE and be a man.

Follow the King and Lord Kitchener. Sign the PLEDGE at the counter.

If you are in trouble of any kind, don't keep it quiet. Come and tell the LEADER. He will help you if he can.

Have you got a Testament? If not, let us GIVE you one.

Don't forget to say your PRAYERS to-night.

Have you signed the War Roll? DO IT NOW.

Don't STEAL our mugs and beakers, please.

If you want any WASHING done, ask at the bar.

Leave the PEN and INK on the table; your chum may want to use it.

If your TEA or COFFEE isn't nice, don't leave it on the table; complain at the bar.

You are helping us a bit when you bring your MUGS and BOTTLES to the bar.

We are giving OUR services to help YOU. The more you ask us to do for YOU the better WE shall be pleased.

If you don't see what you WANT, ask for it. You will WANT what you see.

Leader .....

### THE UNSEEN CHISEL.

Before Michael Angelo began to work on his head of David he gave himself to years of earnest, careful thinking along the lines of the perfect face. He was all the time making lines and rubbing them out. At last, having formed in his mind the picture he wanted, he shut himself up in his workshop, and without a model carved the face out of the marble.

When the work was finished he sent invitations to his friends to see the unveiling. And when they saw it and saw him they looked from one to the other and said, "There has not been more change in that marble than there has been in Michael Angelo." For his face, which had been hard, was smooth, and his voice was softened, and his mien was holier.

### THE IMMEASURABLE DISTANCE.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman tells of a man who had been a professor of mathematics in a German University, but who became a wreck through strong drink. He came to one of Dr. Chapman's meetings, forlorn and dejected, and took a seat in the rear of the room. He was converted, and became a member of the church. It was Dr. Chapman's custom to meet the men of his church every Sunday morning, before going into his pulpit, for a short conference on things pertaining to the Christian life.

"One morning I told them that our sins were taken from us as far as the east is from the west," he says in relating the story, "and then, seeing this old professor before me, I said, 'Professor, that is a mathematical proposition for you. How far is the distance from east to west?' He reached for his pencil and notebook, when suddenly he stopped and burst into tears; and facing the crowd of men, he said, 'Men, you cannot measure it, for if you put your stake here and east be ahead of you and west be behind you, you can go around the world and come back to your stake and east will still be ahead of you and west will still be behind you. The distance is immeasurable. And, thank God, that is where my sins have gone!'"

# VICTIMS OF GERMAN MURDER.

*A Graphic and Moving Story of the "Lusitania" Tragedy, Told by a Y.M.C.A. Worker at Kinsale, Ireland.*

THE *Lusitania* torpedoed and sunk! One could scarcely believe it. When I heard survivors were being taken to Kinsale I left Cork for this small old-world fishing town, where a Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Institute is serving the needs of a large number of soldiers. I knew the town's accommodation to be very limited, and thought the Institute might be utilised to house survivors; however, plans were changed, and most of the rescued were conveyed to Queenstown.

At Kinsale eleven of the rescued were landed, ten men and one woman; they were accommodated at the barracks. Thrilling experiences were related to my wife and myself as we procured particulars in order to refit them with clothing and arrange for their departure home. Francis Toanar, a fireman, has the unique experience of having gone down with the *Titanic*, the *Empress of Ireland*, and the *Lusitania*. He is unable to swim, and had a wonderful escape each time. On this occasion he was on duty in the stokehold. When the ship was torpedoed he ran up the ladder, chased by rapidly rising water. On reaching deck, another survivor says, he looked round coolly and said, "She's done; but we shall be picked up sooner or later." He is a native of Liverpool; a tall man of over forty summers, not easily perturbed. He says he will rejoin a ship at an early date. Another survivor, Harold Robotham, of Leicester, was a steward and formerly an active worker at Leicester Y.M.C.A. He and Charles Hotchkiss, of Birkenhead, the captain's servant, were wearing lifebelts when the ship sank, but were sucked down a long way twice by the sinking ship. After a seemingly interminable time they were hurled to the surface, probably by boiler explosion. They were pulled on to an upturned boat by a comrade, and thus were wonderfully saved.

### A Survivor's Pathetic Joy.

Other survivors here include the ship's bugler, a first-class waiter, one lady, and five men passengers. Two of the last-named appear to have lost wife and child. Another, after putting a lifebelt round a lady friend, put her into a boat, but had the awful experience of seeing it drawn under the sinking ship. He was a member of the Royal Welsh Gwent singers, who were returning from an American tour. Michael Doyle, a third-class passenger, was picked up after swimming for two hours. The lady survivor was in a delicate state of health at the time of the tragedy. She was thrown into the sea by the sinking of the ship, and had on a lifebelt, in which she had placed 100 sovereigns. For a time she clung to a spar; then a man in the water gave her a mineral-water box to which he was holding on; he couldn't swim, and the lady fears he was drowned, and is greatly concerned over his fate. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

After a long immersion, the lady was picked up unconscious by a Kinsale trawler, and the fishermen had to resort to artificial respiration for one hour. Before bringing her round she lost the lifebelt with her money, about which she worried greatly; she also thought her husband had perished; he was not with her when the ship was struck. No one could express her joy better on hearing her husband was saved and at Queenstown. She left the next day for the happy reunion at her home a few miles from the scene of the atrocity.

The survivors all received a God-speed on leaving for their homes. Though having suffered much, they are wonderfully bright and devoutly thankful for being among the saved. At the inquest in Kinsale on the death of Capt. Matthews, of Winnipeg, and four others whose bodies were landed here, the captain of the *Lusitania* said he saw a general warning to people against travelling on ships belonging to Britain or her Allies in the *New York Herald*. He paid little heed to it, and proceeded on his voyage according to instructions. There was no unusual incident until they were struck. He had received certain special instructions, which were obeyed; a double look-out was kept, but no submarine was seen. The first intimation he had was an alarm given by the second officer as the torpedo was close upon the ship. The ship was unarmed. To meet possible contingencies, her boats were already slung out, but many could not be launched, owing to the sharp list to starboard. Orders were given to stop the ship, but could not be carried out, as the engines were out of commission. This added to the difficulty of launching boats. All passengers were provided with lifebelts; there was very little panic. No warning of any kind was given before torpedo was fired. Boat had reduced from twenty-one to eighteen knots, so as to reach Liverpool Bar at right state of tide. The coast and Kerry Hills were clearly visible. The captain was not aware of any escort of warships; none were in sight. He was one of the last to be picked up by a trawler. As one heard his evidence one was impressed with his calm courage, and convinced that he had done everything possible. Having received the Admiralty's instructions, it was not for him to ask the reason why; he showed obedience and did his duty in face of danger, and is ready to do so again under similar conditions. Such is British mettle. The coroner's summing up and jury's verdict rightly stigmatised the deed as one of the foulest crimes in history.

R. H. SWAINSON.

## A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

(*Concluded from page 417.*)

Then, lifting a pen from the desk he sat down and wrote. He had just finished when a faint knock fell on the door. "May I come in, darling?" It was his mother's voice. He opened his arms to receive her, and for a few moments neither of them could speak, while they mingled their tears together and clung close in the embrace of a new love.

There was no need to speak, for heart understood heart. "Father has been having a little talk with me," he said at last, as he handed to his mother the letter he had just written.

She took it and read:—

The Rev. Charles Stone,
Secretary the Church Missionary Society.

DEAR SIR,—I have this day decided to yield my life in full surrender to God, and since He calls me to the mission field, perhaps you can find an opening for me. I have had a good training in medicine and surgery. I make no stipulation whatever as to country or work. Put me just where the need is greatest and where the work is hardest.

An early reply will oblige.

Yours faithfully,
BERNARD SMITH.

"Amen," whispered the mother, as she handed the letter back; "you are doing your duty, as your father did his."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XVII.—ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY.

AT the interesting auction on behalf of the Red Cross Society, held for twelve days recently at "Christie's," there was a remarkable photograph of Admiral Sir David Beatty. It was from a portrait painted by P. de Lazlo, the eminent artist, and had belonged to Lady Beatty, who presented it for sale in a good cause. The picture was autographed in bold handwriting by the Admiral.

Looking at that striking face, one understood the extraordinarily rapid advance of the man who became the youngest admiral the British Navy has had. Sir David was made Rear-Admiral when he was only thirty-nine. He is an Irishman by birth, the son of Captain D. L. Beatty, and entered the Navy at the age of thirteen. He served in the Soudan and in China, distinguishing himself in both campaigns.

Sir David married the only daughter of the late Mr. Marshall Field, the millionaire whose great store in Chicago has been called "the biggest shop in the world." It was at Marshall Field's that Mr. Selfridge was managing director before he came to England and made a new triumph in his business career by establishing "Selfridge's" in London. Lady Beatty accompanied her husband on the historic visit which the British fleet paid to the Russian fleet, and there is a charming photograph of the Tsar, Tsaritsa, and their daughters in a group with Admiral Sir David and Lady Beatty.

There has been more than one opportunity in this war for adding to the brilliant record of Sir David Beatty. He is very popular with his men, and took special care, after the last sea-fight, to thank the engine department for their services. He attended the funeral of some of the men of his ship. The Admiral realises that any success gained at sea must be the result of "one and all" working together with all their might.

Only forty-four years old, one hopes that many years of active service lie before Sir David Beatty. His elder son aspires to be a sailor, and one can wish for him nothing better than to follow in the steps of his distinguished father.

## SOME OF LIVINGSTONE'S GREAT SAYINGS.

"I am not ambitious to be a very good doctor, but a useless drone of a missionary. I really am ambitious to preach beyond other men's lines."

"Oh, Janet, know thou, if thou art given to building castles in the air that that is easy work compared to erecting cottages on the ground."

"Here is the first grave in all that country (his own little child), marked as the resting-place of one of whom it is believed and confessed that she shall live again."

"It is broken heartedness of which the slaves die."

"Fear God and work hard."

"He who stays his mind on his ever-present, ever-energetic God, will not fret himself because of evildoers. He that believeth shall not make haste."

"Nothing will happen to you that does not happen to me" (to his servants).

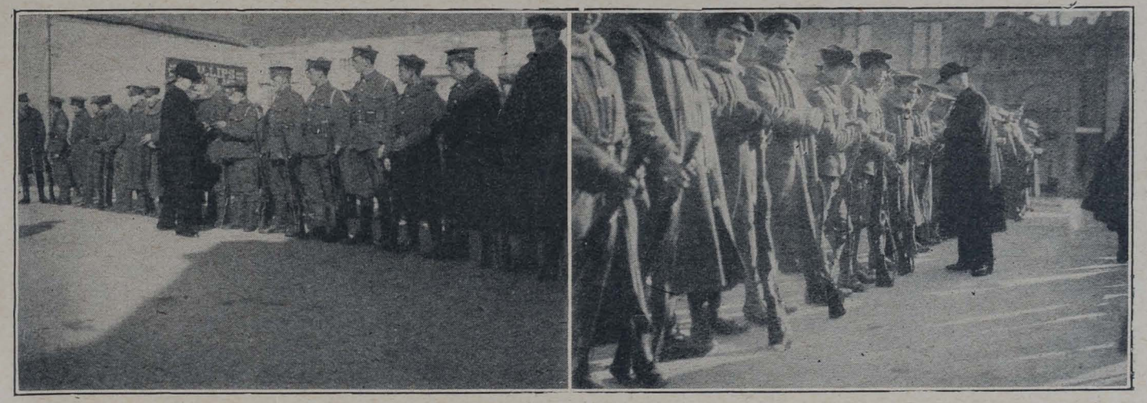
"It is a pity that some people cannot see that the true and honest discharge of everyday life is divine service."

January 1, 1867: "May He who was full of grace and truth impress His character on mine. Grace-eagerness to show favour; truth-truthfulness, sincerity, honour—for His mercy's sake."

"We don't always know the dangers we are guided past."

"The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master, the very genesis of His religion."





Ever since the war began, several agencies have been distributing copies of the Word of God amongst our fighting forces—a kindly act of Christian service illustrated in the above pictures.

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

The Association in Shoreditch is twenty-nine years old, and the last year has not been an easy one. A large number of men have enlisted, and the keynote of the report is "holding our own." There is a bank overdraft of £433 3s. 7d. The premises will be used for work among the soldiers, convalescents and others in the district.

***

The No. 2 Y.M.C.A. Hut at Shoreham Camp was opened on Monday last, May 3, when there was a large gathering, including a great number of officers. Miss Savill, who had generously given the hut, which was erected at a cost of £400, performed the opening ceremony. Brigadier-General Mitford, in command of the 72nd Infantry Brigade, presided, and in an impressive speech referred to the excellent work the Association had accomplished during the past decade, and to the kind help which had been given by the ladies of the Worthing Y.M.C.A., for the comfort of the troops when they were under canvas in the Oxenfield. Miss Savill, in a well-worded speech, said that the women of England had a feeling that they would like to do something in connection with the war, and so show their great appreciation of the splendid way in which the men had come forward in their country's need. It was a pleasure to possess the means to give the hut, and she took the greatest possible pleasure in doing this little service for the troops. Her thanks were due to the ladies of Worthing for so kindly giving their services in assisting with the work of the hut. Mr. E. C. Patching, J.P., the president of the Worthing branch of the Y.M.C.A., and Mr. George Clarke, representing the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., also made appropriate speeches, the last-named stating that the inability of Sir John Ramsey to be present was much regretted, and also conveying to Miss Savill the National Council's thanks. He also made reference to Mr. T. M. Ingle, the genial and courteous general superintendent of the huts, and to Mr. Chaplin, who would be in charge of the hut that had been opened that day.

***

At one of the French base camps the men have "passed the hat round" and purchased a hanging striking clock, which was duly presented by one of the sergeants at a recent concert in token of the men's appreciation of our work.

***

We regret to announce the death of Captain Irwin, one of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries with the first Canadian contingent, who has been killed at Ypres. Captain Pequenat has been brought back to England to be operated on for appendicitis.

***

A contributor, sending his gift to Mr. Frost, says:—"Last evening I had a most interesting letter from J. L. C.—one of the young men you kindly commended to the Y.M.C.A. in Adelaide three years ago—who is serving with the second Australian contingent in Egypt (at Heliopolis, near Cairo). He says:—'We have all reason to thank God for the Y.M.C.A. I never could tell you what their work means to us all.' I receive many letters like this from lads who have gone from here, or who have returned from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, and they all express great appreciation and sincere gratitude for the work of the Y.M.C.A."

***

Collections for the Y.M.C.A. war funds were taken last week on the Manchester tramway systems.

***

Captain A. W. Forgie, one of the Association secretaries with the Canadian Contingent, writes of the work that is possible at the front:—"We have been moving about almost continually since I wrote last, so there will really not be very much to relate about our work. One could sum it up by saying that we have been continually with the boys on the trains, on board ship, on the march, and in their billets. We have sought for opportunities to be of service in every possible way, and have had little difficulty in finding sufficient to keep us working up to capacity. One of my new *rôles* is that of banker and money changer. . . . I have had some interesting experiences getting back to my billet from the Association quarters after closing up at night. One can hear the roar of the cannon, the bursting of shells, rattle of machine guns, and crack of rifles on all sides, as there are trenches on three sides of the quarters, and our artillery are behind on the fourth side. It is weird to see the star shells sent up to illuminate the enemy's trenches and to give opportunity to fire upon any who may be in exposed positions. On a dark night these lights and the booming of cannon are about the most realistic imitation of a lively thunderstorm which could be devised."



Among these men a splendid evangelistic work, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., has been in progress, with most encouraging results.

More than 60 per cent. of the active membership at Derby have enlisted. During the time when troops have been billeted there more than twelve hundred men per day have used the premises.

***

The Governor of Bombay on April 11 opened the new buildings in connection with the Y.M.C.A. Apprentices' Home. In the course of his speech the Governor praised the work of the Y.M.C.A., and said he had often wondered whether Englishmen really took into consideration the responsibility which lay upon them, from the Imperial point of view, as to the way in which they lived their lives in various parts of the Empire, and in India in particular. There were a great many men who came out to India who said to themselves: "We are here for a particular job, and we have to do our work, and after doing that work we shall go home and rest content." This, however, was but a very small part of the Imperial duty. It was the duty of every Englishman to realise that he had to set an example which would gain for him feelings of respect, esteem, and regard.

***

The Queen's Hall, Cuckfield, was crowded on the occasion of a concert, organised by Mrs. Lampson, in aid of the local Y.M.C.A. work for the troops. Nearly £23 was the net result.

***

Madame Jessie Strathern is singing and speaking in our huts and tents with the greatest possible acceptance. North, South, East, and West, she goes herself singing, reciting, and speaking. It would be difficult to say which is her most appreciated "turn."

***

Sergt.-Major Moodie visited Barnsley for the May Morning Meeting. There was an audience of 1,500 men at 6.30 a.m.; 3,000 eggs were cooked for breakfast. The room was beautifully decorated with palms and flowering plants lent by the Town Parks' Committee. Mr. Moodie's message reached the hearts of all present, officers and men alike.

***

A military cross-country run took place last week in South Shields. Five hundred men took part in it. The local Young Men's Christian Association undertook to provide tea, to which nearly six hundred men sat down Messrs. J. Kirkby, Jas. Readhead, E. S. Carnes, T. T. Anderson, and others were the donors of the feast. When a detachment of the Durham Light Infantry were leaving the town on Saturday for the South they raised three hearty cheers as they passed our building. One hundred and thirty members attended the May Morn breakfast.

***

The Rev. Dr. G. H. Morrison, Wellington United Free Church, Glasgow, is proceeding to France on May 17, to take up special work in the Y.M.C.A. institutes for troops. Dr. Morrison hopes to have the opportunity of addressing gatherings at Havre, Rouen, and Boulogne, and of visiting a number of hospitals. The Rev. J. K. Thomson, Edinburgh, and Mr. P. Diack, M.A., Aberdeen, have left France to take up work with the Expeditionary Forces in the East. The Y.M.C.A. staff in France has been added to by the Rev. J. H. Stephen, Dumbarton; the Rev. J. W. Richardson, Dunfermline; the Rev. George Douglas, Dundee; Mr. D. A. Forrest, Cambuslang; and the Rev. J. H. Hughes, Glasgow. Mr. J. Mackenzie, the general secretary, has returned after a two weeks' visit to over forty of the Y.M.C.A. institutes for troops in France. At present the Rev. Joseph Johnstone, Paisley, and Mr. Lightbody, Wishaw, are making a tour of these institutes, addressing meetings and visiting hospitals and convalescent camps where there are Y.M.C.A. institutes. In addition to the present programme of work throughout the country, the Scottish National Council has established new institutes at Acreknowe, Stobs; near Peebles, Scone, Rumbling Bridge, Selkirk, and Dunbar.

The South African Young Men's Christian Association has, by permission of the Government and at the invitation of the whole of the chaplains with the forces, decided to establish a soldiers' institute at Swakopmund. Mr. H. N. Holmes, the National Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., has left Johannesburg for Cape Town, where he will complete the organisation of the work.

***

The Y.M.C.A. Hut at the Duke of York's School, Dover, is proving of ever-increasing usefulness to the men stationed at that camp; and to judge from its crowded appearance, it meets a real demand. A feature of the work is the bright, cheerful service held every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. On Sunday week the men had the great privilege of hearing an inspiring address from Lieut.-Col. A. H. Williams, who spoke on "The message of the Gospel." His words were full of helpfulness, and coming as they did from a veteran soldier, they carried weight with all his hearers.

***

The arrangements for the great meeting to be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W., on Monday, June 7, at 3 p.m., to promote the national revival of family prayers, and at which the Archbishop of Canterbury will take the chair, are proceeding favourably. The Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Taylor Smith, the



MR. H. H. WADDINGTON,

Leader-in-charge of the Y.M.C.A. work at Leighton Buzzard, where hundreds of men have joined the Pocket Testament League. Many others have signed the temperance pledge, and, best of all, a large number have come out boldly on the side of Christ.

Lord Kinnaird, and Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M.P., are among those who have already promised to speak. Admission to the Queen's Hall will be free, by ticket. Applications for tickets and all communications should be addressed to Mr. Henry Martyn Gooch, 19, Russell Square, London, W.C.

***

On the suggestion of the Scottish National Council the subject to be considered at each district conference is "The Y.M.C.A. and the Present Crisis." Several interesting meetings have already been held, and much local interest has been created in Y.M.C.A. work through the reports presented, particularly by workers from France and Egypt. Two conferences were held on Saturday, May 1.

***

At Arbroath the Dundee District Associations met under the chairmanship of Mr. D. W. White, Monifieth. From one Association in this district nearly 300 have joined the Army. Interesting details of the work in France were told by Mr. J. D. Hayes, after which Canon Hicks gave a delightful talk on his experiences in camp work. The Conference then discussed the effect of the work on the future of the Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Oatts, of Glasgow, who have spent the past three months in service with the British troops in Egypt, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., reached London on Friday night on their return home. In a brief talk with Mr. Oatts on Monday we were pleased to learn of the progress and value of the work in the land of the Pharaohs. Mr. and Mrs. Oatts were stationed at Zeitoun, near Cairo, with the New Zealand contingents, many of whom have since distinguished themselves in action in the Dardanelles. Although it was a strenuous time, Mr. Oatts enjoyed every minute of it. A splendid spiritual work was in progress from the very first. Mr. Oatts began an evening fellowship meeting with a membership of two, which quickly grew into an average attendance of between seventy and eighty. Family worship was held regularly every evening, and on Sundays there were evangelistic services, for the most part conducted by Mr. Oatts himself. Never a Sunday passed without fifteen or twenty men deciding for Christ. Along with Mr. W. W. Naismith, also of Glasgow, Mr. Oatts distributed 5,400 Testaments, and of over 2,000 who joined the Pocket Testament League fully two-thirds made definite decision for Christ.

***

Canon Hicks is spending the month of May in visiting Scottish camp centres, and a full programme has been arranged extending from Greenock in the South-West to Nigg in the far North. At the various camps the visit of the Canon is being looked forward to with great interest and expectation.

***

The Fife District met at Kirkcaldy under the chairmanship of Mr. John Methven, M.A., Freuchie. The secretary intimated that 207 members were serving with the colours. Addresses were made by Mr. David Buchanan, Paisley, representing the National Council, Mr. Andrew Stewart, Edinburgh, recently returned from the work in Egypt, and Mr. H. W. Coxill, manager of the institute at Cupar.

### IT IS NOT EASY

To apologise,
To begin over,
To admit error,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To be charitable,
To be considerate,
To endure success,
To keep on trying,
To think and then act,
To profit by mistakes,
To forgive and forget,
To keep out of the rut,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
But it Always Pays.
—From *Young Men of India.*

### CHEER THEM ON.

Mr. Moody once said, in his striking way: "You have heard the story of the child who was rescued from a fire that was raging away up in the fourth storey of a house. The child came to the window, and, as the flames were shooting up higher and higher, he cried out for help. A fireman started up the ladder of the fire escape to rescue the child from its dangerous position. The wind swept the flames near him, and it was getting so hot that he wavered, and it looked as if he would have to return without the child. Thousands looked on, and their hearts quaked at the thought of the child having to perish in the fire, as it must do if the fireman did not reach it. Someone in the crowd cried, 'Give him a cheer!' Cheer after cheer went up, and, as the man heard them, he gathered fresh courage. Up he went into the midst of the smoke and the fire, and brought down the child in safety.

"If you cannot go and rescue the perishing yourself, you can at least pray for those who do, and cheer them on. If you do, the Lord will bless the effort. Do not grumble and criticise; it takes neither heart nor brains to do that."



# WITH THE MEN OF THE HUMBER DEFENCES.

By the Rev. W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.

THE East and North-East Coast is the coast of peril in these days, and after the Tyne in importance comes the Humber. Having "inspected" the former, my commanding officers in Russell-square despatched me to the latter, and a truly wonderful week of military pastoral visitation I have had. I proceeded to my ultimate sphere of experiences, however, by way of York and Doncaster, and for a moment I want to speak of them. The City of York is the headquarters of the Northern Command, and possesses its own War Office. Unfortunately, I was just too late to witness the unique work that our Association has been doing in the Cathedral City during the past winter, as the men had either just been sent under canvas or to the front. But being in the hands of Mr. Ernest L. Bennett, the Yorkshire travelling secretary, I learnt much of the character and extent of the recent Y.M.C.A. operations. This I should like briefly to summarise, because nowhere have we done more useful and, be it added, laborious service to our troops.

#### The Work in Yorkshire.

The programme of work in Yorkshire when the new camps at Richmond and at Ripon are occupied includes the erection of thirty huts, ten huge equipments and canvas camps, ten Associations almost exclusively used for the work, ten schoolrooms, &c., have been kindly loaned by church and chapel authorities, and at York the Exhibition buildings were lent by the City Council to the military authorities, who passed them over to the Y.M.C.A. During the winter months probably the most comfortable soldiers' recreation room in the country was run here. A ladies' committee under the Lady Mayoress, including the wives of many of the highest-placed officers in the Command, looked after the refreshment department; a huge lounge, a writing-room, which had separate provision tables for more than 100 writers, hot baths, &c., were provided. During the hours the building was open for the soldiers' use the average number of letters written was 200.

At Richmond the hut has been placed directly opposite the entrance to the barracks, and a very useful work has been done amongst the recruits coming into that depot.

At Middlesbrough a hut has been erected at Marton Hall with the Tee-Side battalion, and so useful has been the work that the authorities have refrained from opening *any other* canteen in the camp.

At Bradford important work has been done amongst the A.S.C. recruits at the Bradford Moor Barracks and at Manningham, where the overflow from the barracks are stationed.

At Skipton a hut has been erected amongst the Bradford Pals Battalion.

At Pocklington a hut has been opened with the Hull Battalion stationed there.

At Halifax good work has been done all winter in the Institute of the Park Congregational Church, kindly lent us for the purpose. The work is by no means finished or its possibilities exhausted. There is now erected a special Y.M.C.A. hut.

#### In a Famous Racing Town.

A hut is being built at the present time for the Guard at the prisoners' camp at Lofthouse Park.

Further concentration camps for men under canvas constantly confront us, and we are in every case "going up to occupy the land."

My first move on from York was to the great racing town of Doncaster. The hut in the heart of the town was exceedingly comfortable, and I heard most heartening accounts of the spiritual results achieved, particularly under the ministry of the Rev. Chalmers Lyon, from Harrogate. Before being drafted to the front over 200 men signed the War Roll. Upon the famous racecourse I found 12,000 men under canvas. Mr. Scholefield, our Huddersfield secretary, is in charge here, as in the town, and as we sat down to our mid-day meal in the tent on the scene of many a famous St. Ledger quite a romance was unfolded to me. We always claim to be interdenominational, and at Doncaster we have surely proved the claim true up to the hilt, for on Sundays in our tent 800 men attend Roman Catholic Mass; afterwards the Wesleyans take possession for their Parade Service; then we follow in the afternoon with our Bible-class, and in the evening there is a sing-song and an address. If I am to convey even a bird's-eye impression of the work of this wide York and Humber area, I shall have to omit most of the picturesque details, pathetic and humorous stories, and beautiful moral and spiritual incidents that poured into my ears hourly from our camp leaders and workers. I found at the Course Camp two United Methodist ministers from Leeds, who had been released by their churches and were doing excellent service. They assured me of their joy in coming thus to grips, as it were, with the flesh-and-blood realities of moral struggle and spiritual effort. "It takes a little time," said Mr. Scholefield, "for men who have had no experience of our ways to fall into line with us, but as soon as the new recruits find out that we allow no bad language or indecent songs, and expect gentlemanly manners, they conform with cheerful alacrity. 'Give us time to get used to it,' they say when we point out the things we don't allow." On all hands I learnt of the reformation in the general tone of the camp after the pitching of our Association tent.

In the after-part of the day I began my tour of the camps composing the Humber Defences. Upon the outbreak of war the new work in this interesting and very needy area was entrusted to Mr. Copson, of Sheffield, whose committee very generously released him for this purpose. After about half the centres had been started—and they now total thirteen—the building of other huts and the general management was placed in the care of Mr. A. Stansfield, of Keighley. It was therefore, into Mr. Stansfield's very helpful and capable hands that I feel, and together we spent two days of camp inspection that I shall long remember.

#### Other Spheres of Activity.

Our first visit was to Sutton, a few miles out from Hull. Here a splendid new hut had been opened only the day before, the gift of Mr. Philip Reckitt, of the famous firm. The weather was glorious, and we found the hut the very picture of convenience and even luxury. Ladies were in charge of the counter, and they had placed vases of daffodils on all the tables. Mr. Reckitt himself was at a small desk, evidently enjoying his talk with the men, and their manifest appreciation of all that was being provided for them. It was he, by the way, who furnished Mr. Stansfield with his very handy motor-car, without which the thrice-weekly visits to all the camps of his wide parish would be impossible. We then went on down the line to Hornsea, where the evening was spent, calling on the way to the station at Westfield Farm, where again our canvas tent is managed by a committee of ladies. Everywhere I could not fail to be struck with the really marvellous manner in which the young men in charge adapt themselves to their new and really Christian duties of attending to the bodily needs and spiritual wants of the soldiers. I am persuaded to think this work will have brought new and lasting ideas of practical Christian helpfulness which

THE SERVICE SOAP.

"SCOUT"

(Regd.)

A medicated Toilet Soap made from the fruits of the palm and pine trees, and possessing a germicidal value equal to that of a soap containing 20% of Carbolic Acid, but it is luxurious to use and non-poisonous.

Invaluable for slight cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

PER 3d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD., The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

will never leave them for the rest of their days. The following morning saw us off early by motor-car to Beverley. Our place here is a canvas tent, and we surprised Mr. Buchanan and his staff at breakfast. As with our soldiers, so with our Association men, the life released from self-interest has had a cheerfulness and a happy carelessness of personal convenience that is most refreshing to notice. Nothing is too mean to do, no hours are too long, no service too exacting, and they turn easily from coffee-making to private conversation with serious-minded men. Verily our foolish distinctions between things secular and things sacred are being broken down by the stress of these great realities of the hour. South Dalton was our next call, a beautiful isolated village made notorious two days before by the marriage of the Brigadier and the lining of the roads by the men of the battalion. Here I found Mr. Clarke in charge, helped by others, and among them Mr. Eastwood, a Wesleyan minister from Leeds, and Mr. Henderson, a Primitive Methodist. The East Yorks are here, while in Sutton we had been among the Lancashire Fusiliers. In all our tents and huts we heard most encouraging reports of the success of the War Roll, sixty-eight having signed at South Dalton. In the afternoon of Sundays well-attended Bible-classes are also conducted. Passing back through Hull again, we visited the three centres at Hedon, Paull Point Fort, and the hut that is in process of erection at Boreas Hill. One of the Hedon huts is on the racecourse, where the artillery are encamped, and where a Presbyterian minister is in charge. Laughingly he told us how he sandwiches his ministerial study and church work in between his service at the camp, and no man looked less in need of pity than he.

**Decorating the Huts.**

One of the special features of the huts in this Humber area is the way in which the staff have endeavoured to render the appearance of their huts more decoratively attractive. At Hedon, for example, the camp workers, knowing something of the trade, were putting stencilling work all round on the white wood, making a very pretty effect. I think I should be right now in saying, also, that these Humber huts are in some ways better equipped as to chairs, rugs, and green-baize-lined stage, platforms, and retiring rooms than many I have seen elsewhere. And let no one accuse us of coddling the soldiers. Let it be remembered we are out to compete successfully in attractiveness with the allurements of the public-houses and the questionable places of amusement, and where little expense and only consecrated ingenuity are required we cannot make our centres too cosy and bright. We temperance and moral reformers have never done half we ought in this direction of counter-attraction. Because a man is a Christian he ought not to be penalised for being so by being compelled to be uncomfortable and to put up with things dull and colourless and bare. I had quite a delightful number of small encounters, by the way, with our camp cooks. Mr. Stansfield seems to have a genius in discovering old naval cooks and men who understood how to make Yorkshire pudding and lemon squash, and to fry bacon to a turn, and I may add that he has made Keighley in most cases his recruiting ground both for cooks and camp helpers.

Our last two visits for the day were to Sunk Island and Easington. The former is a Government-owned area, and right close to where the Humber opens to the sea. Easington is an old-world place on the coast, and our hut here is for the men guarding the trenches and fortifications on the cliffs above the sands below. Mr. Vollands made us welcome to tea, and we chatted of all the excellent work done. Of course, there are a hundred difficulties besides human nature to contend with—scarcity of water, lack of helpers, and the difficulty of concert parties, though the Hull friends have been most kind in coming out. But everywhere our men are full of good hopes for the deeper success of our great venture, and told of numerous cases of men in moral difficulty consulting them. Let me say that the Hull Defence Social Committee is aiming at raising £1,000 for this work, and £200 per month in subscriptions for the future running of the work in this area while the war lasts. To complete my list of centres, the Wesleyan Chapel at Aldborough must be mentioned, and, of course, the Hull Young People's Christian and Literary Institute, which has been a soldiers' centre of social and Christian work from the commencement of the war, and has done untold good.

To readers far removed from such scenes these bare notes will convey but a miserably inadequate picture of the work of the Y.M.C.A. huts and tents. Really, it evades description, as, indeed, most genuine Christian work usually does. Badly as I may have told the tale, I returned to London more sure than ever of the beneficence of our work, of the amenableness of our soldiers to all that is being done, of their real help, of the sympathy of the officers, and of the monetary generosity, too, and of the modesty and courage and unwearying devotion of our camp workers, young and old, cooks and Cambridge graduates clerks and clergymen. And my last word must and shall be one of deep thanks to all who were so willing to show and tell me everything, and to welcome a visitor from headquarters. If other and terrible questions were not involved, I could wish for our workers, in their own interest no less than the soldiers', a continuance of this work for many and many a hard and joyous day to come.

## WENT HOME ON A PROMISE.

The saintly Miss Frances Ridley Havergal literally lived and moved in the Word of God. It was her constant solace, delight, and inspiration.

It is related of her that on the last day of her life she asked a friend to read to her the forty-second chapter of Isaiah.

When the friend read the sixth verse, "I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee," Miss Havergal stopped her.

"Called—held—kept—used," she whispered. "Well, I will just go home on that."

And she did "go home on that," as on a celestial chariot, and the home-going was a triumph, with an abundant entrance into the city of God. What word of God have you to go home on?

## MR. BALFOUR'S CADDIE AND THE COUGH.

The following story is told of Mr. Balfour's golfing:—There used to be a famous old worthy on the golf links at North Berwick who invariably carried for the ex-Prime Minister. One day, when playing in a foursome, Mr. Balfour was followed round the links by a small knot of people. Among the spectators was an individual with what was afterwards described as "an irritating cackle of a cough." He always coughed at the critical moment, and contrived to do it just as Mr. Balfour was about to take a long, critical put. The old caddie, who had borne the cough patiently enough till now, put out his hand and stopped the player. Then, turning round to the little group of onlookers, he asked, with a great excess of politeness, "Can any of you gentlemen oblige this man with a jujube?"

## HEALTH.

**What it is, How to Acquire and How to Maintain it.**

VIII.

IN the first place, I would say that Christ led a perfectly healthy life. It was passed mainly in the open air. It was a life of absolute simplicity. For fifteen years, at least, before He appeared publicly, He was storing up health and strength; gaining experience of the noble art of healing; and concentrating on the tremendous work which was to be accomplished in three short years. And from the health point of view, again, it might be permitted to correct a very erroneous impression as to His personal appearance. To judge from many mediæval pictures, and from representations in stained-glass windows in churches, one might suppose Him to be a very anæmic person, or in the last stage of consumption! Nothing could have been farther from the truth. No one but a Michael Angelo could do justice to the superb figure of Jesus Christ. To anyone who has studied healing as He healed, and as thousands of others healed before His time, Jesus would stand out as a man of magnificent physique; tall, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, and with perfectly formed limbs—a real king amongst men. And His face, so far from being drawn and flattened, as it is too often portrayed, and from being pointed (a sign of weakness), would be rather egg-shaped, or even nearly round (a sign of strength). The eyes, too, would show plainly the spiritual fire within, and would flash with burning indignation at the hypocrisy of the religious leaders of the time, and yet melt to infinite tenderness at suffering and sorrow. As the embodiment of glowing health, the figure and face of Jesus Christ have never been approached. The beauty of holiness was personified in Him.

The second saying—also of tremendous import—is contained in that conversation with the woman of Samaria in which Jesus explained what God was, and how He was to be worshipped. "God is Spirit" (not *a* spirit, but *absolute* Spirit), "and they who worship Him must worship Him *in* Spirit *and in truth*." That clearly points along the path to spiritual health, and shows that our worship must not be merely formal and ceremonious, but *really* spiritual. And that we must also worship in *truth*. How difficult that is, is seen from the many interpretations of truth, and from the different angles from which it is viewed. But looking at Christ's life for our example, we can infer that it was being in tune with the Infinite constantly, and letting nothing come between Him and His Father. Furthermore, we must face the fact that we must put aside anything that was taught us as truth, if science has clearly demonstrated that it is not. Science and religion must walk hand in hand, and the tendency is now in that direction.

In summing up, I would say that a far higher standard of health may be obtained if we persistently follow the example of Jesus Christ. And not of health only. For He has set an example also of true manliness and heroism. He found the goal He wanted to attain. He never turned back either upon His spoken word or upon any of His actions. With a certain knowledge that death awaited His efforts to bring the world back to health, He never flinched, and just as His life was the noblest and purest example of right living, so His death was the noblest example of right dying. Yet He was misunderstood. He has shown the way for all time to physical, mental, and spiritual health; for us to acquire it, it only needs our understanding and following Him.

J. W. WILLIAMS.



TOMMY'S FAVOURITE POSTCARDS.

WE want to convince Centre Secretaries, Camp Leaders, and others that the "Benwint" series of postcards are really appreciated by the troops at home and abroad. Now, Mr. Secretary, let us reason it out, "as the preacher said to the bear."

On March 26 we inserted an advertisement in the *Y.M.*, and immediately orders began to come in from all parts. Our establishment, run by unrecruitable labour, was strained to breaking-point. We had to withdraw our ad. until we could cope with the demand. We are now in a position to execute orders, no matter how big. Therefore, "Here we are again."

**CONVINCER No. 1.**—We send a free sample, ¼ gross, to Camp Leaders.

**CONVINCER No. 2.**—We supply all cards Sale or Return to prevent dead stock. That's fair, isn't it?

**CONVINCER No. 3.**—We localise your camp on all cards. (No extra charge.)

**CONVINCER No. 4.**—We have supplied Aldershot, Hindhead, and Shorncliffe Centres with over 25,000 postcards, one kind, since the end of March.

**CONVINCER No. 5.**—Mr. Allan Frost writes: "Your cards sell well and are much appreciated by the troops."

**ARE YOU CONVINCED?** Write us now, and we will forward you our trial ¼-gross free sample. Showcards and posters sent with all orders. The world is our oyster, and agents are required everywhere.

Writing from France, an agent says, "They're just the cards for out here. You simply address them, and there's no fear of the Censor. Send me as many as will come under the postal poundage."

These cards will be kept by those at home long after the family postcard album has worn out.

S. BENTON & CO., 60, North Road, BRIGHTON.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE BREECHES FOR 10/6



Other Qualities, 12/6, 15/11, 20/11, 24/11&30/-

We guarantee to fit you from your own self measurement.

We supply hundreds every week with perfect satisfaction.

Cut to Your Special Measures in Khaki, Bedford Cords, Drills, Etc.

& Self-Measurement Instructions

SEND FOR PATTERNS

*ASK FOR TAPE MEASURE IF REQUIRED.*

BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES Co.

(*Dept. Y.M.*), 29, Gt. TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports 5 inches increase; Miss Davies, 3½ inches; Miss Leedell, 4 inches. My system greatly improves the health, figure, and carriage. Send a penny stamp for particulars and my £100 Guarantee.




ARTHUR GIRVAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height Dept. Y.M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE. SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**

**30 words for 2/-.**

**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**

*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."

## Board.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**ANERLEY,** best part. Comfortable home with musical family, every convenience, good garden, central position for trains, etc. Terms quite moderate. Recommended.—Box 80, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row, E.C. W38

**PARTIAL** or late dinners, for Gentlemen, in a comfortable home. Long references. Very moderate terms; 3 minutes from Belsize Tube.—11, Stanley Gardens, Belsize Park, N.W. W42

## Situations Vacant.

**CLOTHING AND BOOTS.**—Wanted, Young Man for clothing and serve through boots.—Salary, etc. (outdoor), first letter, R. KENSETT, Midhurst, Sussex.

**GENT.'S OUTFITTING.**—Wanted, Young Man with experience of the ready-mades and bespoke trade. Close at 7 p.m.—Apply, full particulars, live out, DAY AND SON, 6, East Street, Bridport, Dorset.

**DRAPERY.**—Vacancy for smart man, for heavy department. Good stock-keeper and dresser. Also juniors. Close Wednesdays.—ALDIS & HUTCHINGS, 1-4, Woodcote Road, Wallington, Surrey.

**DRAPERY.** — Wanted Young Man for country and mechanics' cash trade Live out.—CHAS. S. MARCH, Market-Place, Romford, Essex.

**APPRENTICE.**—B. Burnet and Co., Ltd., Art Furnishers, &c., have Vacancy for well-educated Lad aged about 16. Small salary from commencement. Live in.—Apply 22, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

Price 6d. Net, post free, 7d.

BRITAIN AT WAR THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.

BY

The Rev. LEN G. BROUGHTON, D.D.

Containing four remarkable sermons preached by Dr. Broughton, at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and calling forth an extraordinary demonstration of popular enthusiasm.

**Sold by all Booksellers Everywhere.**

MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., PUBLISHERS, 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; and 124, East 28th Street, New York.

THE 'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag' BOOKLETS.

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the Gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. Kitchener's Call to Arms.
2. Bravo! "Highflyer!"
3. The Man Behind the Gun.
4. The Chessboard of Europe.
5. A Strategic Retreat.
6. Halt! Who Goes There?
7. The Submarine.
8. The Football Field of Europe.
9. S.O.S.
10. The Siege of Life.
11. "The V.C."
12. Day Dreams.
13. The Conquest of the Air.
14. Keeping the Flag Flying.
15. Beasts of Prey.
16. Christmas.
17. The Kick-Off.
18. Wanted, Men.
19. Goal!
20. Life's Railway.
21. The Despatch Rider.
22. The Terror by Night.
23. Swimming.
24. The Falklands Fight.
25. The British Air Raid.
26. The Spider's Web.
27. Self-Control.
28. The Mouth of Hell.
29. Comrades.
30. Victory.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d., enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* **2,000** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).

Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

"THE FIERCENESS OF JESUS."

THE popular conception of Jesus as a speaker of smooth things only, a teacher whose one note was non-resistance and "turning the other cheek" to every smiter, is not at all in accordance with the facts. There are foolish persons, both clerical and lay, exasperating the nation at present, and giving our Christian religion a milk-and-water complexion which does not belong to it, because they have forgotten a few very important facts.

With the unspeakable outrage of the *Lusitania* driving out every other topic from one's mind, I looked up Hastings' splendid "Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels," to get the passages that illustrate Christ's moral indignation. To my surprise, the reader is referred to another entry, "fierceness." The fierceness of Jesus! It sounds almost blasphemous. And yet the writer of the article clearly shows that "something would be lost in our understanding of Jesus if we overlooked the impassioned fierceness with which he sometimes acted and spoke." The most notable instance is perhaps His driving the vendors and money-changers out of the Temple precincts with a whip. But there are a significant number of other instances when you collect them and lay them side by side.

There is nothing, for example, of the mildly diplomatic about His message to Herod, "Go and tell that fox." Doubtless in this queer land of ours there are advanced Christians who will go so far as to say that Jesus should not have called Herod a fox. And these are the persons who, when we call the German Emperor and his advisers "Huns," "pirates," and "murderers," as the whole world is calling them this week, lift up pious eyes to heaven and rebuke us for our want of charity! What, in God's name, *are* we to call them? If Herod was a fox, what is Wilhelm of Prussia?

Do you realise that it was not lay figures, but living men, whom Jesus called "ravening wolves," "whited sepulchres" (what a tremendous chastisement lies in that phrase!), and "serpents"? There is no turning of the other cheek there! It is sheer blazing indignation, and Christianity would be an impracticable idealism if these passages had been omitted.

What brought the sinless soul of the Master to this white heat of indignation against the Pharisees? It was that they were men who "devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers." To say that Germany had devoured widows' houses in Belgium is to put it very mildly, for she has also murdered, and worse than murdered, the widows as well. And then the German Emperor makes public prayer to his ancient God and asks Him to bless his cause! The Pharisee!

Jesus had little mercy on the sins of the Pharisees. He never spoke to them of forgiveness, for that was an inconceivable thing till their whole attitude was changed. And the attempt to deal with those who had proved themselves incapable of moral vision, by preaching or tender, compassionate exhortation, Jesus Himself characterises as "casting pearls before swine." What are we to say about men who poison wells in Africa, and defend the act, who make some hell brew of gas in their trenches that burns the lungs out of our soldiers? What are we to offer those who planned and devised the sinking of the *Lusitania*, in return for that crowning infamy? *Pearls?* Not if I know the temper of the nation now. For there is one word, and only one word, which adequately describes the war lords of Germany who can descend to such depths as these. Such men are, morally speaking, swine!

A wrong to a little child made Jesus angry at once. He was hurt that His disciples should even speak roughly to the little ones. And of the man who should lead some little innocent child astray, He said that it "were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

One of the most lacerating details in the great crime of the seas that is rankling in all our hearts is the fact that there were something like forty babies on board. These German heroes knew they were there, of course. It is not the first time that these noble fellows have managed to slay children. But if it were left to me to say, Christian preacher though I am, what is to be done to those responsible for such work when we lay hands on them—aye, even if it were the Emperor himself—with my New Testament open before me to teach me the phrase, I should say, "Tie a millstone about their necks, and drown them in the depths of the sea." And may the Lord have mercy on their souls!

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 15th.**—Ps. xxv. 12-22. "*Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in Thee*" (verse 20). The speaker is a man of business, who hates the shame of failure, and consequently makes practical provision for avoiding it. He has come to the conclusion that there is only one safe way, and that is God's way. He recognises that the value of such a course is found in the fact that God Himself is there. This is His chief source of confidence, and he thus anticipates Christ's revelation of Himself in the words "I am the way."

**Sunday, 16th.**—Ps. xxvi. 1-12. "*Judge me, O Lord*" (verse 1). This is a bold request, and few have the courage to make it who have not learnt to know God according to His revelation of Himself in His Word. Under God's judgment there is no room for any particle of self-satisfaction, but, on the other hand, it alone provides room for that wonderful plan of salvation by which Christ takes *my* place as the condemned sinner, and I am admitted into the position before God of all *my* Saviour's faultlessness.

**Monday, 17th.**—Ps. xxvii. 1-14. "*Thy face, Lord, will I seek*" (verse 8). When Adam had sinned he hid himself. He failed to recognise that His one hope was in God. This ignorance on Adam's part was far more excusable than is the case of anyone to-day who fails to come to God with his sins. When a snake inflicts a wound the greatest urgency exists for extracting the poison at once, and in the case of that deadliest poison, sin, the urgency is so much the greater, as that which is eternal is more urgent than that which is limited to this life.

**Tuesday, 18th.**—Ps. xxviii. 1-9. "*Therefore my heart greatly rejoiced*" (verse 7). The cause of the speaker's happiness is his experience of the Lord's deliverance. Probably none but those who have been within sight of immediate death can understand the relief of being saved. A sailor's description of half an hour in the North Sea, when his ship had been sunk by a mine, was, "it seemed like a week." Similarly it is only those who honestly face the eternal effects of sin who can fully enter into the joy of Christ's salvation.

**Wednesday, 19th.**—Ps. xxix. 1-11. "*The voice of the Lord*" (verse 3). In these days of national strain and anxiety we recognise the value of such a military expert as Lord Kitchener, who makes himself heard with a voice of authority. How much more amid the uncertainties of life is there need of the voice of God, who for our benefit has expressed Himself so clearly in the Bible! Consider the confusion of ignorance and superstition which reigns where the Bible is not known.

**Thursday, 20th.**—Ps. xxx. 1-12. "*In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved*" (verse 6). One of the dangers of life is to take for granted that things which seem to be going well must necessarily continue to do so of themselves. It is a form of risk which no soldier can venture to incur, and he keeps up communication with his base, from which he draws his supplies, by the exercise of the utmost watchfulness. Some distressing event seems to have disproved the writer's self-confidence and to have awoke him to the truth expressed in verse 7.

**Friday, 21st.**—Ps. xxxi. 1-13. "*Into Thy Hand I commit my spirit*" (verse 5). These words remind us of the cry of our Lord upon the Cross, as He yielded up His soul into His Father's hands, and on our account surrendered His body to the power of death. He who would enjoy this confidence in the hour of death must make full surrender of himself to God in the days of health. "I know," said Paul, "whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

A clergyman met a Scotch pitman one morning exercising his dogs. He expostulated with the collier on the waste of money spent on dogs, and said to him: "Why don't you keep a couple of pigs, and then you would have a chance of them turning out profitably in the end?" "Oh! ay," was the man's unconcerned reply, "but a chap wad look sae daft gaun rattin' wi' a couple o' pigs."

One day a lady came to visit a crippled girl. She said gently to her, "Would you like to have me sing?" "Oh, yes, lady!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes glowing with pleasure, "but won't you open the door a crack?" Then, as her visitor looked surprised, she explained. "There's lots of folks in the house who'd like to hear the singing. I'd feel selfish if I kept it all to myself."

Dr. Norman Macleod was on one occasion enjoying a holiday, and living in a small Highland hotel. Between his bedroom and that occupied by a couple who were in the habit of talking a great deal the wall was rather thin, and Dr. Macleod was somewhat annoyed by hearing their conversations. By knocking about things and singing in his own room he had tried to make them aware that there was not a very substantial wall between, but without avail. One night, when he was particularly anxious to sleep, they talked as usual, but did not seem to agree on some point, because the lady said: "But I insist upon it, Mr. Taylor." Dr. Macleod gave the wall a blow with his closed fist, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "And I insist upon it, Mr. Taylor." It is needless to add that silence prevailed ever after.


**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6 and 12/6** ,,
All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**





# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A. (COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or news-agents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row London, E.C.*



# INVALUABLE BOOKS FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

Published in connection with

## THE Y.M.C.A. OF AMERICA.

### BIBLE STUDY COURSES.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

(a) Indicates study courses designed for use by those under fifteen years of age. (b) Indicates study courses designed for use by those between fifteen and eighteen years old. (c) Indicates elementary study courses for men. (d), (e) Indicate study courses designed for advanced students, those marked (e) being the more difficult. † Indicates study courses arranged for daily study.

**ADAIR, W. W.**

(c) **Men of steel.** In pamphlet or loose-leaf form ..... 6d.
Great men of the Old Testament form the subject of twelve lessons.

(c) **Wrecks and Heroes.** In pamphlet or loose-leaf form ..... 6d.
A course of sixteen lessons on New Testament characters, similar in treatment to the course Men of Steel.

**ADAM, JOHN DOUGLAS.**

**Paul in Everyday Life.** Thin paper, flexible cloth ..... 2/6
A companion volume to the widely used Christ in Everyday Life. Daily readings from the epistles with personal applications.

**BOOTH, E. W.**

(c) **Good News by John.** In three parts, each ..... 8d.
Consecutive studies in the fourth gospel, covering a year and a half. Twenty-six lessons in each part.

**BOSWORTH, EDWARD INCREASE.**

(c) †**Christ in Everyday Life.** Thin paper, cloth ..... 2/6
Selected verses for daily devotional use, with a paragraph of comment for suggested meditation.

(d) †**New Studies in Acts.** Cloth .... 3/6
Paper ..... 2/6
Nineteen studies of the important incidents and truths of Acts put together in clear and attractive style.

(e) †**Studies in the Life of Jesus Christ.** Cloth, 4/-; paper ..... 3/-
A thirty weeks' course of study in the New Testament. There are five divisions: Detailed Study up to the Last Week, chiefly according to Mark; General Survey up to the Last Week, according to Matthew; General Survey up to the Last Week, according to Luke; Detailed Study of the Last Week of Christ's Life, according to the synoptic gospels; Studies in Christ's Life, as presented in John's gospel.

(e) †**Teaching of Jesus and His Apostles.** Cloth, 3/6; paper ..... 2/6
The great subjects involved in the teachings of Christ and His apostles are here considered, such as Christ's Messiahship, the Kingdom of God, the Resurrection, the Holy Spirit, Prayer, Missionary Enterprise, &c. Thirty lessons.

**COOK, J. W.**

(c) †**Introduction to Bible Study.** Cloth, 1/-; paper ..... 8d.
Designed for the average Bible-class student.

**DE PUY-TRAVIS.**

(c) †**Outline Studies in Biblical Facts and History.** Cloth, 1/6; paper ..... 1/-
A course of twenty-six lessons—four introductory, seven on the Old Testament, thirteen on the life of Christ and the early Church, and a review and questions for examination. Twenty maps and charts.

**DOGGETT-BURR-BALL-COOPER.**

(d) †**Life Problems.** Paper ..... 1/- net.
This series of twenty-four lessons deals with matters closely related to the life of young men, such as social relationships, emptations, livelihood.

**FALCONER, R. A.**

(e) †**Truth of the Apostolic Gospel.** Cloth, 3/6; paper ..... 2/6
The essence of the gospel is presented in thirty lessons. The book will aid those troubled with doubts to understand the convincing reasons for belief.

**FOWLER, H. T.**

(e) †**Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament.** Cloth, 3/-; paper ..... 2/-
This course of Old Testament studies is based upon Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes. It deals with the Hebrew attitude toward God in the light of their peculiar problems, and with the application of these teachings to our times.

**GIBSON, H. W.**

**Bible Studies for Boys' Camps** ..... 6d.
A supplement to Mr. Gibson's book on camping planned "to help boys hear the 'sermons in stones,' and become better acquainted with God the Creator and Jesus Christ the Saviour and Friend." Twelve lessons and a list of thirty-one suggestiye Bible readings.

**GOODMAN, F. S.**

(c) **Another Story by Dr. Luke. Arranged for Correspondence Study.** Lesson sets complete ..... 8d.
Fifteen short readings to acquaint the student with the story of the founding of the Christian Church as recorded in "The Acts of the Apostles."

(c) **Christian Testimony.** (**Studies in Acts.**) Paper ..... 8d.
The witness to Christ, as borne by the disciples in the early Church, is the central fact of these elementary inductive studies.

(c) **Enlisted Man and His Bible.** Paper ..... 8d.
The peculiar needs of men in the Army and Navy have been kept in mind in preparing this course.

(c) **Life and Letters of Paul.** Sixth edition, revised 1911. Cloth ..... 2/-
Paper ..... 1/- net
Thirty studies in the life of Paul arranged chronologically, divided into four sections. May be used as two short courses or one long one. Provision is made for a limited study of the Pauline epistles. Daily readings related to the lessons are added. A chronology of Paul's life and a classification of his epistles are given.

(c) **Main Lines in the Bible.** Railroad and city editions, each ..... 1/- net
Short and simple yet comprehensive and practical studies for busy people on topics such as, the Bible, God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, Forgiveness, Prayer, Service. Fourteen lessons and a bibliography.

(d) **Prayer, Principles and Examples.** Cloth, 1/- net; paper ..... 8d.
Twenty-five lessons on essential conditions, definiteness, perseverance, faith. Special studies in the prayer life of great characters in the Bible, notably Abraham, Moses, David, Christ, Paul. May be divided into two twelve-lesson courses.

(c) **Progressive Bible Studies.** Cloth, 1/- net; paper ..... 8d.
Nine introductory lessons on the Bible and its use, nine on fundamental truths as a preparation for service, and seven personal work studies based on Christ's life, with studies of practical personal problems.

**GOODMAN-KNEBEL.**

(c) **Story of Jesus by John.** Correspondence Bible Study. Twenty-two lessons, with a copy of John's gospel ..... 8d.
Additional copies of John, each ..... 2d.
Especially adapted to men who cannot meet regularly in classes. Each lesson occupies a separate leaflet, with space after each question for a written answer.

† **The Complete Catalogue of these Studies may be had Free on Application to**

# MARSHALL BROTHERS, LIMITED,

**LONDON: 47, Paternoster Row, E.C. EDINBURGH: 99, George St.**
**NEW YORK: 124, East 28th Street.**

# For duration of War.

Every purchaser of a half-guinea 7 o'clock safety razor is entitled to have an identical set sent FREE to any friend on service.

## INSTRUCTIONS.

In every set which you buy you will find a voucher. Send that voucher duly filled in, together with the dealer's receipt for the "7 o'clock" razor which you have bought, and another set exactly similar will be promptly despatched with your card or a message, free of all charge (except postage) to the soldier or sailor whom you specify on the voucher.

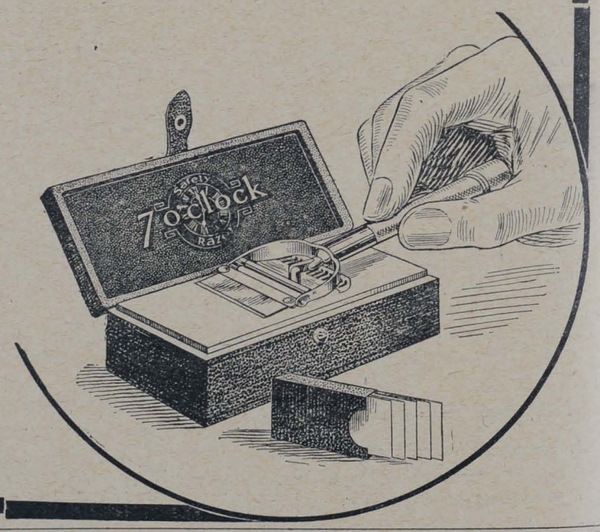



ensures a quick, easy, smooth shave. It is the only safety razor costing less than a guinea which can be stropped without removing the blade. For quality of material, beautiful finish and thorough efficiency it has no equal at the price. The set comprises safety razor, special strop, and enough blades to last for a year, all neatly packed in a leather case, and costs

**10/6.**

**BRITISH MADE WITH BRITISH CAPITAL.**

**You strop it in the way shewn by illustration—a few days' practice makes you perfect, and it is equally easy to clean. No projections. Nothing to take apart for stropping or cleaning.**




Heavily silver-plated razor, complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated).

Price **10/6.**

**Proprietors of the 7 o'clock Safety Razor,**
**61, NEW OXFORD STREET,**
**LONDON, W.C.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—May 14, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

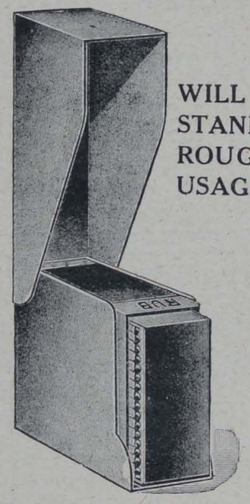
## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 19. Vol. 1. MAY 21, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



BRYANT & MAY'S
"SERVICE"
MATCH BOX COVER

*(Reg. Design No. 642237).*



WILL STAND ROUGH USAGE.

KEEPS MATCHES, BOX & STRIKING SURFACE
DRY IN ALL WEATHERS.

*Specially designed for*
ACTIVE SERVICE—
AFLOAT & ASHORE.

Enclose one in parcels of 'Comforts' to friends on Active Service.

*Obtainable (in all metals) of Outfitters, Silversmiths, Stores, Tobacconists, &c.*

*Illustrated leaflet of our Service Specialities sent on application.*

BRYANT & MAY LTD., Fairfield Works, Bow, LONDON, E.




AN UP-TO-DATE EXAMPLE OF GERMAN "KULTUR"

The recent visit of a Zeppelin to Southend resulted in the destruction of much property. From the house shown in the picture the occupants made their escape by jumping through the windows.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


WHAT WE THINK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 435
LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XVIII.—Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 436
HOW THE CANADIANS SAVED THE DAY. By F. A. McKenzie 437
THE ADVENTURES OF A PASSPORT. By a War Correspondent in France ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 439
THE REALITY OF BROTHERHOOD. By Robert E. Speer ... ... 441
BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 18.—"Passing Life on Broken Wings." ... 442
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. Illustrated... ... ... ... ... 449
WITH THE TROOPS IN NORTHERN FRANCE. By the Rev. John C. Carlile ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 451

# CARR'S BISCUITS

Have you tried
Carr's Celebrated

**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack.

**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**

Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LIMITED CARLISLE.



MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT; NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.

*ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.*

If anyone more than another deserves

# LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

IT IS A SAILOR.

We owe our gallant Sailors everything. By reason of our Navy we are able to obtain the splendid raw materials from which EASY SHAVING STICK is made.

Profuse in lather Popular in price. Does not dry on the face or bite the skin.

PRICE 4D. PER STICK.

All the value is in the Soap—there is no highly ornamental metal case to pay for.

*The most faithful ally a Sailor's razor could have.*

*IT IS BRITISH.*

OF ALL GROCERS, ETC.

The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.



*Shaving the UPPER lip on the LOWER deck.*




E 45—11



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 19. Vol. 1. MAY 21, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## WHAT WE — THINK —

THERE are three events in the happenings of the past week which stand out prominently above all others—the publication of the Bryce report on the barbarities of the German Army, the removal of the Kaiser's flag from the Garter Chapel in St. George's at Windsor, and the raiding of the shops of helpless Germans in London and other towns throughout the country. These are all, if we may so describe them, by-products of the great war, and the second and third are really outgrowths of the first. That is to say, that if there had been no vile and wicked savagery on the part of the Germans, the Kaiser's flag would still be hanging in its place of honour in the famous chapel, and we should have heard nothing of attacks upon those of the Kaiser's subjects who still enjoy the hospitality of our island home. Even in deadly warfare we expect those who take part in it to play the game, and to act according to the laws of civilised nations, but Germany, as we have known for months, has cut adrift from every principle of chivalry and decency, and, with amazing swiftness, has rushed down the slippery slopes to eternal infamy and dishonour.

***

MANY of us were at first slow to believe the records of atrocities which the German soldiers were said to have committed as they hacked their way through Belgium and a part of France. It seemed impossible that human beings could be guilty of such dreadful wickedness, but as the evidence accumulated we were convinced of its truthfulness, and now the report of the Bryce Committee banishes for ever any scepticism that may have existed on the subject. Conducted on the most careful principles, its one desire being to find out the truth, this Committee, appointed by the Government, has published a report which for all time will brand the German soldier as a monster without a peer in all that is brutal, bestial, and devilish. Nor can his officers be exonerated. As a matter of fact, one thing shines out from all this mass of evidence—that the outrages upon women and the slaughter of innocent men, women, and children were part of the policy of frightfulness that was to drive into subjection the nations against which Germany had unsheathed her sword. All this deliberate and cold-blooded murder formed part of the German plan to dominate the world. It was too much to expect that the nation which regarded her plighted word as a scrap of paper would observe the conventions of war, and ruthlessly has she trampled upon every pledge and promise that aimed at mitigating the hardships and the sufferings of the battlefield. An American newspaper has compared the German nation to a wild beast let loose upon the world. That is the situation in a phrase. The savage animal is at bay, and bites and snarls like a mad wolf in a cage. One day it is the helpless women of Belgium who are violated and murdered, the next a passenger steamship is sent to its doom, carrying with it to the ocean's depths innocent women and children who had as much right to live as the Kaiser and the war lords who bow in lowly worship before him.

***

AS the head of the system that is waging war on such savage principles, the German Emperor is responsible for all the crimes committed by his minions on land and sea. A word from him could at any moment stop the crimes that cry to heaven for redress, but that word remains unspoken. Before the world, therefore, the Kaiser stands as the chief of criminals, as an outcast from all decent society, as the enemy of civilisation, as the foe of the human race. And yet until a day or two ago he was one of the Knights Companion of the Order of the Garter, and as such had his banner in our own St. George's Chapel at Windsor. He had a place among honourable men; he was deemed worthy of associating with the bravest and the best. While classed with other kings and princes, he was lifting his hand against little babes and defenceless women; while in the company of brave knights he was scattering broadcast his Iron Cross in recognition of deeds that would make any South Sea cannibal blush with shame. But no longer is he represented in the hall of chivalry. King George has removed his flag from its place of distinction and honour, and in doing so has said to the world that the German Emperor has stained his escutcheon, has soiled his name, has for ever dishonoured and disgraced the high rank to which he belongs. The judgment of our King is the judgment of his people, as it is the judgment of the civilised world, and as it will be the judgment of posterity. Whatever may happen after the war, one thing is certain, that never will the Kaiser be able to wash away the stains of his sins. Not "all great Neptune's ocean" will be able to "wash this blood clean from his hand," and neither will "all the perfumes of Arabia" sweeten the deeds that have shocked every decent-thinking member of the human family. But yesterday and the Kaiser ranked with the great men of the earth; "now lies he there, and none so poor to do him reverence."

***

TURNING to the third event mentioned in the opening paragraph, it is with a sense of shame that we reflect upon the madness of the mobs that have worked their vengeance on those of German nationality in our midst. It is true that the sinking of the *Lusitania* touched the nation more deeply than any incident in the war, rousing it to a state of righteous indignation, but even when this is taken into the reckoning, it cannot be too plainly stated that the men and women who thus take the law into their own hands, and attack without discrimination peaceable citizens of other nationalities living under the protection of the British flag, are playing the German game. Not in this spirit shall we win the greatest war in which we have ever been engaged. We are not going to redress the wrongs of violated Belgium by committing wrongs against non-combatant Germans, and we are only doing disservice to our gallant troops when we succumb to angry and uncontrolled passion. This, we are sure, is the conviction of every right-thinking person, and the pity is that a very small section of the community should have it in its power to spoil the fair name of their country for justice and righteousness.

***

AT a time like this we need a steady nerve and a brave heart. The great mass of the nation is living nobly

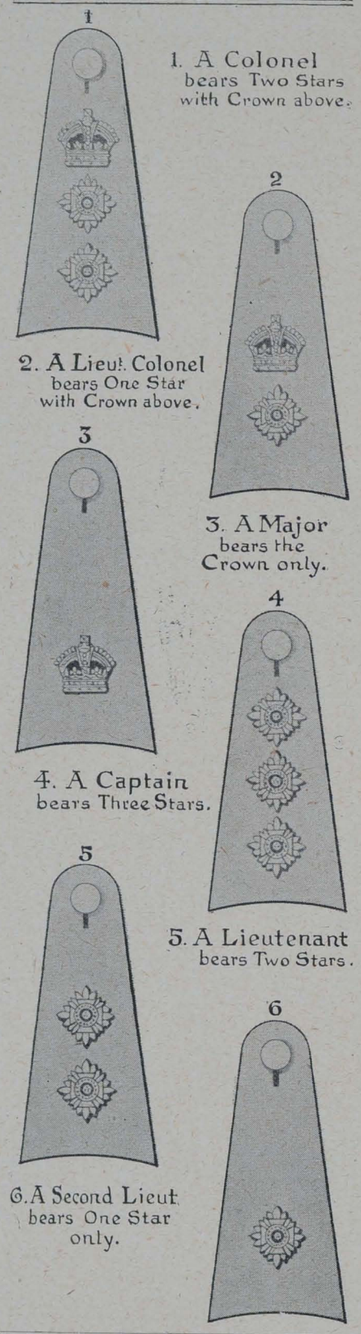
up to its highest traditions, but in some quarters there are factions at work which are capable of doing serious injury to our cause. The ignorant mob, the idle spreaders of rumours, the newspapers that are seeking to undermine confidence in our leaders, the gloomy doubter, and the incurable pessimist are all throwing their weight into the scale against us, and are doing incalculable harm to the nation's interests. This is no time for bickering and fault-finding; it is a time for faith and courage, a time for stout hearts and willing hands, a time for work and a time for prayer. The real testing time is not when the sky is clear and the wind blows from the south, but when the tempest beats with all its fury. As a nation we have had our days of sunny skies; now the storm is upon us, and we are being tested and tried as never before. It is for us to maintain the noble spirit of courage and determination with which we entered into the war at the call of the weak and the defenceless, and if we do, trusting in God and in the righteousness of our cause, the victory for which we strive and for which we pray shall come to greet us with its blessings.

### NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

A clergyman holding a living in the country had occasion the other day to advertise for a groom-gardener, or a sort of general factotum about the place. About eight o'clock one evening, while awaiting an applicant according to appointment, a young man was brought into the library. "Good evening, my man," said the vicar. "Are you John Jones?" "No, sir," was the response. "What is the work you've been accustomed to?" "Farm work, sir." "Ah, I see; then you been in charge of horses?" "Yes, sir." "Have you had any experience of gardening, and can you handle a spade?" "A little, sir." At this point the clergyman's wife appeared, and, after carefully looking at the visitor, she asked: "Can you clean boots and silver?" "I can do boots, ma'am, but not silver." "Are you married?" "Well—well, ma'am, that's just what I've come about to-night. You see, it were about the banns that I came to see the master here."

We have received the annual report of the Tollcross (Scotland) Y.M.C.A. The report, which extends to twenty-four pages, is full of interest. The Association reports a membership of 226 with forty-five associates, and an average attendance of seventy at the Sabbath morning fellowship meeting. This is a creditable record considering that sixty-three members are serving with the colours, while a large number have been working overtime in the production of munitions of war. The report bears evidence of splendid organisation in all departments. There is a complete system of visitation, which is faithfully carried out. During the year the president has paid a friendly visit to every member of the Association. In all 250 visits were paid in the twenty-two districts into which the town is divided, this representing 181 homes, in addition to which this energetic official has paid a large number of sick visits, which are not included in the above figures. The activities of the mutual improvement and athletic sections have been considerably curtailed since the beginning of the war, but the evangelistic, temperance, and social sections have been vigorously carried on. Of the sixty-three members serving with the colours, one member, Mr. William Deans Campbell, Glasgow Highlanders, was killed in action near Bethune on March 24, while several have been wounded, but they are on their way to complete recovery. The Association has sent a pocket Testament to each member on active service. We congratulate this Association on the excellent report they are able to submit.

## H.M. ARMY.
### HOW TO RECOGNISE OFFICERS.




A distinguished Edinburgh professor, desiring to go to church one wet Sunday, hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legitimate fare—to cabby, and he was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shillin', sir." The professor fixed his eye on the extortioner and demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman drily answered, "We wish to discourage travelling on the Sawbeth as much as possible, sir."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.
### XVIII.—VICE-ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK STURDEE.

OFTEN in the early days of the war a quiet, self-contained admiral would be met in the corridors of the Admiralty. He was very busy—far too preoccupied to be conversational. He was regarded by those who knew him as a very capable man, but as one whose active service at sea had probably ended, and whose future destiny would be to give counsel rather than to direct any naval operations personally.

Then one day Vice-Admiral Sturdee—for it was he—vanished from the Admiralty. Though Chief of the Staff, he had always been such a self-effacing personality that hardly few people noticed his absence. But all the world heard of him later on. He had been sent to catch some of the doughtiest and most dangerous of the German raiders. With a directness of purpose which was characteristic of the man's whole career, he started on his long voyage of adventure. The secret was kept splendidly, and the result was therefore all the more sensational. On December 8, 1914, the squadron under his command sighted off the Falkland Islands a German squadron, consisting of the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, the *Nurnberg*, the *Leipzig*, and the *Dresden*. Three of these five important warships of the enemy were sunk, including the flagship of the famous Admiral von Spee. The two other warships fled. Thus was the sad loss of Sir Christopher Cradock and the *Good Hope* dramatically avenged. The King sent a message of congratulation to Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee and his men, and from the Army headquarters came also messages of enthusiastic appreciation.

Frederick Charles Doveton Sturdee, who has thus written his name high in the war's naval records, is fifty-six, the age which, as we have mentioned before, is the age of so many of our brilliant military and naval leaders in the war. He entered the Royal Navy when he was a lad of twelve years of age. He served through the Egyptian War, and became assistant to the Director of Naval Ordnance. Next he commanded the comparatively small but very efficient British force which had some work to do in 1899. Returning home, he was appointed assistant director of the Naval Intelligence Department. Then for nearly three years he was Chief of the Staff to the Mediterranean Fleet, and later held the same post in the Channel Fleet. He was appointed Rear-Admiral commanding the 1st Division of the Home Fleet in 1909. On the outbreak of war he became Chief of the Staff at the Admiralty.

Admiral Sturdee is a fine example of the man who, given an important piece of work, does it thoroughly with the least possible amount of fuss. Many a man envies the "chances" of other men, but he forgets to prepare himself for the sudden emergency which will test his qualities. Be ready before the opportunity arrives.

The following story is told of a zealous parson and a shepherd who was not a regular churchgoer: "Well, John, I have missed your face in church." "I dinna doot that." "And have you not been to church all this time?" was the parson's next question. "O't ay have I; I've been antran times in the kirk ower the hill." "Well," said the parson, "I'm a shepherd myself, and do not like to see my sheep wandering into other folds and among other pasturage." "Well," said John, "that's a difference, ye ken; I never mind where they gang if they get better grass."



# HOW THE CANADIANS SAVED THE DAY.

*A War Correspondent's Graphic Description of Canadian Heroism Amid Shot and Shell.*

By F. A. McKENZIE.

THE Canadian soldier does not desire any special praise. He will tell you if you ask him that his battle around Ypres is only in keeping with the work of regiment after regiment of the regular British Army. "I am fed up with all this talk about Canadian heroism," he says. "Why don't you say something about the British Territorials, like the B——s, who went into a fight a thousand strong, and came out seventy-five? Or the Y——s, who held ten times their number of Germans at bay? If you think we are good enough to be ranked alongside of them we are proud."

That is the right kind of language from the man at the front. Unfortunately, we are forbidden to talk in detail of the doings of some of the great British regiments. More liberty is given concerning the Canadians. The tale of their fierce fight will go down in history among the greatest battles of the Empire.

What was the situation? The Canadians who, after their long and dreary training at Salisbury Plain, had gone to France, had somewhat unexpectedly been sent to the front. There they had their experience of trench work, dreary, monotonous, exacting and nerve-racking. But save for an occasional slight advance their work was passive rather than active. At Neuve Chapelle, greatly to their disappointment, they were in the reserve trenches. What they had to do they did well. But up to the middle of April they were comparatively quiet.

Then came their great adventure. The Germans had been gathering heavy forces in Flanders from their new army, and had brought up a number of very heavy guns, altogether outranging our own artillery at this point. On Thursday afternoon, April 22, they struck their blow at the point where the British and Northern French armies met. Everyone knows the story of their employment of poisonous gas. The Algerian troops holding the lines well in front of St. Julien, broke and ran. British artillerymen, unable to bring their heavy guns back, stood by them and fired to the last. As the German gunners poured on they fought with fists, marlinspikes, anything to hand. They were bayoneted almost to a man, disdaining to run away.

The Germans were advancing. Their aeroplanes in the sky carefully marked every British position. Their heaviest guns opened all along our lines. The road to Ypres was open. No British forces were within call. It was up to the Canadians to save the situation.

Officers and men scarcely waited for the quick instructions of the staff officers who galloped up. Regiment after regiment stood to arms, and as twilight fell they marched across the shell-torn roads straight for the front. It is not my purpose to tell the detailed story of the fighting that followed. Let me pick out rather a few incidents. First there comes the great charge of the Tenth and Sixteenth Battalions in the early hours of Friday morning. The Sixteenth are the Canadian Scottish, one of the crack corps of the Dominion. They advanced in close formation until they got near a point where in the distance a wood could be dimly seen. The word went round that the Germans were there, and it was their business to clear them out.

The two battalions formed into long lines. Officers and men discarded everything in the way of equipment but absolute necessaries, and crouching low they crept up to a point about a hundred yards from the wood. Here there was a hedge which they took, and then, at a word of command, they leapt to their feet and charged straight on the Germans.

Machine guns played on them. The stubborn German infantry emptied the magazines of their rifles. Shouting, cheering, yelling, the Highlanders and the Tenth pressed on, their officers leading them. Every yard of the way seemed to have its fallen man, and one would have thought that not a soldier could survive. Now they were in the wood, those still unwounded. Now came a fierce bayonet fight, and before long the only Germans left were prisoners.

The two battalions, flushed with victory, were anxious to follow up their advance. They attempted to go on still further, but their ranks had been cruelly weakened and their flank exposed, and the advance beyond the wood could not be sustained. But they had done their work. They had held up the Germans at this point.

Even more trying than this was the charge of the First and the Fourth Battalions in daylight across a great ploughed field, nine hundred yards or so of rising ground. The Germans were entrenched at the top, and backed by machine guns. The First and the Fourth Battalions, grim, determined, advanced in short rushes. I have talked with many men who took part in that charge. I have yet to talk with the first who can give me a clear idea of how they reached the top. They do not know themselves. But they got there, and they got the Germans out.

Take again the charge of another battalion, which found itself, as day was breaking, close to a trench held by the enemy. They approached, seeking all possible cover, to within fifty yards of the German trenches. Then their officers led them for a straight charge.

Fifty yards! It does not sound much. A champion athlete could do it in about five seconds, and you may be sure that the Canadians that day took little longer. But the fifty yards were impossible. As the Canadians showed themselves, a terrific fire opened on their front, and from a concealed force on their right flank. Numerous machine guns, previously concealed, automatically came into play. The impetus of the rush carried the few who were not shot down up to within ten feet of the trenches. They could do no more. The charge failed, but it was a failure more glorious than many a success. It has left many a home in the Far West mourning. But in the years to come boys under the shadow of the Rockies will grow up truer men for the stimulus of the example of the Far Western lads who knew how to die.

All this time the German shell-fire was going on. The Canadians' artillery advanced in the boldest way possible to reply. Even when the Canadian batteries were forced back they unlimbered at every possible opportunity and launched their fire on the advancing Germans. In one case, as a battery was retiring, a heavy German shell struck the last of the guns, blowing the horses and drivers into fragments. Two officers were left. They crept down, concealing themselves from the fire of the German sharp-shooters, crept up to the gun, spiked it, and tore out the breech-block. One then lay behind a potato mound while the other hurried back to find horses. The gun was saved.

I might tell of another lad, Sandy Macpherson by name. He was little more than a boy, eighteen years old, and commander of a gun section. Artillery officers tell me that Sandy handled his section in the hottest of the fighting with the coolness of a veteran.

It is good to listen to old soldiers of the British Army, who are in the Canadian ranks, and who talk of what their comrades did. "There was not a sign of fear among them," said one to me. "They went up like old-timers. They were steady, solid, splendid; when you remembered that this was their first bit of real war, man, it made you feel proud!"

By Friday evening British reinforcements began to arrive. The German advance had been stayed. There was much fighting to follow, hard fighting, in which the Canadians were still to play their part. Many thousands of their men lay on the field. The situation had been saved.

Do you wonder that we Canadians are proud of our own kith and kin? Is it surprising if our hearts glow as we realise that in the hour of supreme test our nation has proved its manhood? As we look over the casualty lists we realise something of the price that has been paid. The leading families of the Dominion are there. Scarcely a city but finds some of its sons gone. East and West are united in common grief and mutual glory. What Canada gave she has given gladly. What is hers yet to give is waiting, ready.

# A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

*With the British Troops Near the Firing Line.*

WRITING from a base in France to the general secretary of the Scottish National Council of the Y.M.C.A., Edinburgh, the Rev. H. Brown, Strathmiglo, says:—

I have enjoyed every moment up to the present, and the time is flying all too fast. This is one of the greatest works to social and spiritual good that it has ever been my privilege to engage in or even read about. Let anyone imagine a large hut put down in the midst of great crowds of men, who, because of circumstances, are confined more or less to a small area. When you think that the only place where each man can find his social and spiritual opportunity for self-help is a small bell tent, where at all times seven or eight other men must find space.

### Life Among Strange People.

You can understand what our Y.M.C.A. hut really means as a place of resort, especially also as these men are in a strange land and amongst a strange people of another tongue. Men situated like this would gravitate to any centre affording larger space and more freedom of action and speech. This you could see every day here in groups of men around the Expeditionary Force canteen and the ordinary beer canteen, and our own Y.M.C.A. huts. If the two former alone were in operation, the men through their natural instincts, and because of the conditions prevailing, would inevitably congregate at these places.

It might, of course, be argued that there are men who, were the Y.M.C.A. huts not here, would never enter the other places, but that objection is one born of inexperience. Men situated as these are must go somewhere to meet their fellows and to have their minds and hearts lifted to a higher social level than the huts afford, or else deteriorate to dull, unthinking men. The Y.M.C.A. hut they know stands as a sign of good fellowship, of true friendship, and of religious uplift which the men are seeking in larger numbers, and which they appreciate beyond anything, I am sure, that the most ardent Y.M.C.A. man ever dreamed. At least, Mr. Yapp (general secretary, English National Council) gave me that feeling the other evening here in a few remarks he made at my meeting.

### The Greatest Boom at Present.

I hold that the greatest boom amongst the troops at present is the Y.M.C.A. boon. A captain friend of mine the other evening told me before he bade me good-bye for the trenches that in 90 per cent. of the letters the men wrote home after their arrival here they praised the Y.M.C.A. This testimony is from one who is working with one of our best Scotch regiments, and it is the personal testimony I continually get from the officers and men alike. It is not only the brotherliness of our hut, and the help provided by our concerts, religious services, and the provisions made for the bodily wants that are making the name of the Y.M.C.A. honoured. Its activities here know no bounds, and are making it easier for our Army leaders in many parts of the country to carry on their important and arduous work more easily. The Y.M.C.A. gives the men the time outlet that any ordinary man needs for the development and satisfaction of his manhood. The men find that the atmosphere of our huts is such that they can throw off the reserve of ordinary tent life, and this enables them to participate in that game, or song, or religious exercise, which will be a real relaxation or help to them. Conditions, of course, do not afford us a very wide opportunity for organised games as the men are on the move, but our different games show that men of different tastes are finding real enjoyment and help in our midst.

Being secretary of the Scottish Y.M.C.A., where our great Presbyterian Churches are predominant, I am sure you would wish me to tell you what I have been privileged to do for the Scottish troops passing through here. We have special services organised for them. I have had a Communion Service in the Church of England Church hut at nine o'clock every Sunday morning, to which any Church member can come. This service, of course, is voluntary, as all religious services are in this camp. This church was placed at my disposal by the Church of England chaplains, who are good men and true, and very zealous in their work for the Master. They have helped and encouraged me in every way in any work I have tried to do, and am doing for our Scottish brothers. Just lately we have organised a Sunday morning service, to which Scottish troops come in voluntary parade. This service has been held in this hut, and the attendances have been splendid. I know how they have been appreciated from conversation with the men during the week in their tents and in our hut here. We have a Communion Service following this at 10.45, and last Sunday I had a good attendance. In the evening we hold a service at 5.30, also for the Scottish troops, but to these services all are welcome. In the evening we get a large crowd, and the way in which the men join us in the hymns and Lord's Prayer show how our services are meeting a felt need of their busy lives.

### Before Marching to the Trenches

I do my best to get in touch with all the Scottish troops who are going off, and it is my custom to address them for a short time after inspection, and just before they march to the trenches. This is a very solemn service, and as I stand and watch them pass, and wish them God-speed and a safe return, their response with "Thank you, sir!" or "Good-bye, sir!" is evidence of the fact that they appreciate our interest in them, and our prayers for God's guidance and blessing.

In the huts every night is our great opportunity also. The men feel very much at home here, and the concerts they give us are splendid. We had two Scottish comedians the other evening who would have graced any hall. We always closed the evenings with prayers. To show how the men appreciate this service, I may say that I was preaching at a hut a distance from here the other night, and as the counter was thronged the platform was left to the men. When the usual time for service came those serving at the counter was greatly pleased to find that the men had left off singing their songs and began to sing our familiar hymns, all joining quite spontaneously. This proves that our service is not something thrust upon the men, but is just what they need and what they want. We help in many other ways. At present we have a French class going strong, and besides these mental and linguistic gymnastics the men are educated in different directions. We have had lectures on different subjects, from war tactics to character building, so that our work covers all possible ground.

The ramifications of our work are so extensive that when the work comes to be received as a whole it will be seen to have been one of the most wonderful, philanthropic, social, and religious works that has been done for men in any age of our history.

## BE CHEERFUL.

**What May be Done by a Word in Season.**

**By the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.**

"BE of good cheer."—Acts xxvii. 25.

Multitudes of people are discouraged.

Because of this fact they fail. In spite of training and talent they go down in life's struggles. A word of cheer would have turned the tide for them, and would have led them far from the gloom and into the clear light of the best possible living.

Cheer the tempted. Temptation is on every side of us. A kind word, a sympathetic expression, a warm hand-clasp, and sometimes only a smile, gives the tempted one courage enough to fight, and the victory is won.

Cheer the tried ones. The most of us do not intend to fail. We are courageous at heart, but sometimes because we are physically weak or a bit discouraged, or have a sense of loneliness, we give up when trouble comes, and as a result of failure we are greatly weakened, when we might have emerged from the conflict with a new consciousness of power and be more steady for the next trial when it appeared.

Cheer the young man. Life is more of a struggle to-day than it used to be. Temptations are greater by far and sin is vastly more insidious in its approach.

Speak a word of cheer. It costs you nothing. It means everything to the one to whom it is addressed.

It is a good thing to remember that this is the spirit of Jesus, who was always helpful, always uplifting.

If we are Christians, we shall seek to be like Him.

Thank God for the man who is cheerful
In spite of life's troubles, I say;
Who sings of a bright to-morrow,
Because of the clouds of to-day.
His life is a beautiful sermon,
And this is the lesson to me—
Meet trials with smiles and they vanish;
Face cares with a song and they flee.

## A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

The grey-haired stranger bent over the desk.

"Are you the society editor?" he questioned.

"I am the identical," said the flippant young man.

"Are you the person who wrote up the account of the Munn reception?"

"Yes. Anything wrong about it?"

"That's what I want to find out. Look here. You notice that in speaking of my daughter you use this paragraph: 'She swept about the room with an inherited grace that caught every eye.' Now, what was your purpose in writing that?"

"Why, it struck me as a first-class chance for a neat compliment to her esteemed parents; that's all."

"Sure you didn't mean to insinuate that her father laid the foundation of his fortune by peddling brooms?"

"Certainly not."

"Because I did, you know."

"I didn't know it."

"Then that's all right. Good night."

The *Baptist Times* asks: Why should the Y.M.C.A. not help to solve the drink problem in large industrial centres, where the workmen are some distance away from homes, as well as from satisfactory rest and recreation centres? Many workmen do not enter the public-house because they require an excessive amount of drink, but because it is the only place that offers them a seat, comradeship, warmth, and light at the price of half a pint. The Midland Railway Company have been recouped by the provision of meal rooms in their works at Derby, and it may be presumed that advantages would occur elsewhere by similar arrangements. Failing the employers, the hut of the Y.M.C.A. would be a fine half-way house.






Worcester Yeomanry in a field near Norton Barracks making field ovens from material found on the spot.

# THE ADVENTURES OF A PASSPORT.

*A Graphic Pen-Picture of Travelling in France in War-Time.*

BY A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN FRANCE.

THE ordinary man or woman can have no idea of the amazing precautions taken by our French Ally to guard against spies. You are under supervision from the moment you set foot in France until the time of your departure. You are regarded with suspicion even if you are a Britisher; you are kept busy getting passes and special permits all the while. It is so unlike what one is accustomed to in this country that you may be interested to know exactly what exciting and often dangerous times the special correspondent goes through in his journeyings through France in war-time.

To begin with, the adventure opens in London, for to the Foreign Office you must hie in order to get a passport. The authorities are getting very strict as to the issue of passports, and take some time to examine the claims of the person demanding one. You have to fill in a form saying where you want to go, why, and so on. This must be signed by someone in authority—as a magistrate or lawyer. Then if deemed satisfactory you are handed a passport, signed by Sir Edward Grey, which enables you to proceed to France. For this piece of parchment you pay two shillings.

Arrived in France, you must go to the Commissioner of Police at the coast town where you land and ask for a pass, or, as the French call it, laisser-passer, before you can proceed inland. This is only granted you on producing your British passport, and after an examination as to why you are going to such a place. If the examination of the passport and yourself is satisfactory you are given a pink paper which states: "We ———, Commissioner of Police of the town of ———, by virtue of a decree of August 1, 1914, deliver this laisser-passer to Mr. ———, British subject, to journey to ———," and then follow stringent rules that you must present it when requested to both civil and military authorities, and it is signed by the Commissioner of Police. This is the simplest permit, and only takes you to a specified place. Not much use to the war correspondent who wants to follow in the wake of the army! In the latter case he goes again to the police and asks for a laisser-passer of a different kind. It is on white paper, and much larger, with spaces for stamping by Commissioners of Police at a number of places. Your photograph must be affixed. Then in the top left-hand corner the Commissioner, after surveying your figure, makes a note of your main characteristics, and sometimes flatters you, at other times the reverse. "Taille" or size may be put down half-an-inch or more out. In the writer's case his size was given as nearly six feet, and the flattery was very pleasing, for he does not claim nearly that strapping dimension. Then follow the colour of your hair, your age, and profession, taken from your British passport. After a long rigmarole about the conditions under which the laisser-passer is issued, your name, sex, residence, where you come from, where you are going are next inserted. Then the date and signature of the Commissioner and—the chief thing—the official stamp of the police. With this form of laisser you may go to the place mentioned on it. But your adventures only start with its possession.

You break your journey and repair to the police to report yourself! It is so foreign to the Britisher this continually reporting



The younger members of four Worcestershire Regimental Bands, the majority of whom are not old enough to proceed to the front. Our illustration was taken beside a Y.M.C.A. hut at Norton Barracks, two or three miles from the city of Worcester.

## A Y.M. TABLECLOTH MADE TO HELP A WORTHY CAUSE.



SOME time ago the members of the Hereford Y.M.C.A. were anxious to "raise the wind" in a certain worthy direction. It was suggested that a tablecloth should be made from a number of small squares, each square to be sold to the members and associates for 2s. or 2s. 6d., the purchasers to be permitted to have their initials worked on the squares by their lady friends.

The suggestion was adopted, and in course of time the squares were sewn together. The tablecloth thus became an actuality, and the necessary fund was raised!

yourself, and at a police station too! However, it is necessary, for the French authorities have to watch over the comings and goings of everyone in France, whether natives, Britishers, naturalised aliens, or whatever nationality. They are running no risks in the spy line, these Allies of ours. You are under control every yard, as it were, of your wanderings throughout France. Whether you walk, ride, or motor, you have to comply with the law.

When making a journey towards the military zone the writer had sufficient experience of laisser-passers to last for a lifetime. Arrived at the town mentioned on the pass, the latter was carefully scrutinised before he could get out of the station even. At night he was stopped outside the cathedral which he was examining with awe, and asked by a sergeant of police who he was and what he was doing. Out came the laisser-passer, which, after being scrutinised, is handed back and you breathe again. In the morning, if a little tour of the surrounding country be taken to examine some ruined villages—marks of the "blonde beast" who not long before had retreated that way—you are held up at the outskirts of the town and again subjected to an examination. Passing further afield, you congratulate yourself on your good luck, for the scene before you is worth coming to France to behold—a destroyed bridge, a row of roofless houses, a cannon wheel, all traces of a battle not many weeks before—when lo! you are pounced upon. A special constable who has to deal with passes has spied you and thinks he has made a great catch. Out comes the laisser-passer, but your luck is out this time. He tells you with much gesture it is no use; it is only for ———, the town some miles in your rear, and you have no right to be at that particular place without permission. No, you must accompany him. And off to the local constabulary are you led. Here your British passport is examined—lucky you have one, or in all probability you would be shot offhand. As it is, you are reprimanded and cautioned, and your laisser-passer stamped. You demand permission to go to ———, say six miles off, and after much arguing get same. Arrived there, you, if you are wise, will at once go to the police and report yourself and have your pass stamped. And so it goes on.

When motoring it is even worse. You naturally cover more ground and more out-of-the-way places. This is what happens. Directly the car arrives at the outskirts of the town it is stopped and passes demanded from all the occupants, driver and all. These examined and considered in order, the car goes off, and in a couple of miles is held up in the middle of a country road by a man of the special military police told off to deal with this work. Who are you, where are you going, where is your pass? Out they come again! Then another spin along the highways of France, then into a town, at the outskirts of which you are stopped. Here there is trouble, for your laisser-passer stated that you were to make the journey by a certain route, and here you have diverged from it. You are told what you have done renders you liable to arrest and imprisonment, but after abject apologies and a promise to go back and stick to the route indicated on your pass you are permitted to drive off. When you actually reach your destination you have to give up the laisser-passer and obtain a fresh one to return. This prevents a second journey the same route, and also diminishes the possibility of your laisser-passer getting into other hands. So it will be seen that travelling in France is by no means a bed of roses to-day.

Nearer the actual scene of battle the precautions are even more stringent. Every village, every wayside station, bristles with men specially told off to intercept all but military persons, and the nearer you get to the actual firing the greater your risk of arrest. The writer was detained at a station for seven hours because he had come to within the beginning of the military zone without a special permit, and only liberated after an appeal was made to the British Headquarters.

Equally amazing to the Britisher is the way he is scrutinised at his hotel. You are not allowed to stay unless your passport is regarded as satisfactory; and in a book specially kept for the purpose are entered your name, domicile, age, profession, purpose of your journey, which particulars are forwarded to the police of the town or village for examination. In these ways the French authorities keep a careful account of the comings and goings of all visitors to their shores during war-time, so that at any given moment they can place their hands on anyone, whether Britisher or whatever nationality. Nor does the civilian Frenchman fare much better. He, too, has to have a laisser-passer for some districts. It is all a matter of precaution against spies, of which France possessed swarms prior to the outbreak of war, and, according to trustworthy reports, contains not a few even now.

One comes away from France a little sore at all this curtailment of liberty of action, but realising it is all part of the campaign that is to bring victory to the Allied arms. And one is rather amazed on returning home to find that here anyone can go anywhere, to East Coast town or naval area, without hindrance. In France they manage things so differently; but then France is in the war zone, while we are protected by the sea that laps our island shores.

### THE UNSEEN GUIDE.

A yacht was cruising among the isles of Scotland, when a gale caught the frail craft off a perilous leeshore. The skipper made for a harbour leagues away. Through the darkness the yacht went plunging on her course amid the wild welter of wind and wave. At length she swung into smooth water, and they dropped anchor, and, turning into their berths, went peacefully to sleep. In the morning the owner came on deck and surveyed the scene—a little haven girt about by dark, purple mountains. Looking toward the entrance, he saw a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, all awash with boiling surf. To think of passing that way! The least swerving of the tiller and those jagged teeth would catch the frail bark, and grind it to splinters, and every life would perish.

Turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed, "Did we—did we pass *there* in the darkness?" This is a parable of life. We know something of the goodness and mercy which have followed us all our days, but we shall never realise fully the debt we owe our unseen Guide until we are safely within the harbour.



# THE REALITY OF BROTHERHOOD.

*How to Make Social Service a Practical Reality.*

By ROBERT E. SPEER.

NOTHING wears out faster than language. A new truth is discovered or a new aspect of old truth, and for a time the fresh speech or new terminology which comes into use carries with it a quickening and invigoration of the human spirit. But after a little while men's minds and hearts settle down as indolently and indulgently on the new as they had settled on the old. There has simply been an exchange of unreality. The same old spirit of moral lethargy and unlovalty comes back under the new vocabulary.

This danger is dreadfully real in connection with the phraseologies of social service. The New Testament obligations of brotherhood, of self-sacrificing ministry to human need, of the actual application to life of the parable of the Good Samaritan and of the principle of the Last Judgment as described by our Lord in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, of the frugality and simplicity of Jesus' own life and His ideals of justice and considerateness nowadays are clearly discerned and exalted. That is, the *language* of the new social service is emphatic and distinct. But is the *thing* adequately here? Is there as much return to the example of Christ in action as there is in exhortation?

The best way to test this is in small personal things. It is not in discussions or measures that are public and general. It is quite possible for us to participate in these at the same time that in our own private life and affairs we are acting upon principles which contradict or ignore the courses we ostensibly advocate. The real evidence of a man's convictions is found in his own personal action in every-day matters. What does he do there?

A man may talk readily about brotherhood and equality, about religion as consisting essentially "in visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction," about economic injustice and the wrong of overloading the shoulders of labour, and this same man may not know one day-labourer personally; he may habitually speak dictatorially to those whom he employs or who are employed about him; he may constantly repudiate the principle of brotherhood in his actual relations with the people he meets, clerks and ticket agents and servants; he may never have visited anyone in need, and may with regularity slight the common social courtesies of life; he may try to squeeze down all his payments, and he may every day needlessly multiply the amount of service he exacts from or imposes upon others. Is not such a man living anti-socially?

An immense amount of the work which has to be done to-day is superfluous and unnecessary. Men and women have to be employed to clear away dirt that need never have been produced. A large part of the toil of sweepers, street cleaners, and housemaids might be spared if people would practise the doctrine of social service which they preach. In hotels or other people's homes many guests feel that it is legitimate to be wasteful. More towels are used than are really necessary, and much extra and wholly superfluous work is created. Rooms are left in disorder for other people to arrange which might have been kept in order with less exertion than was required to disarrange them. We demand service of others which we might perform ourselves. It is especially easy in these things to see the inconsistencies of others. The motes in their eyes are very conspicuous to us. But what about the beams in our own?

The man or woman who throws paper about or who in any way defiles the world may talk about the conservation of human resources and about social justice and about the-right-of-human-life-to-be-beautiful, but the talk is all bunkum and the talker is a fakir. And the bunkum and the fakirism appear in a thousand other ways.

The test of downright reality is a deadly test. Not many of us can stand it. But it was the test which our Lord was always imposing. And the hypocrisy, conscious or unconscious, which it condemns can grow up in any department of thought or action just as much in modern social service as in the old individualism. And we need to be on our guard always by day and by night lest we who think we are standing fall down in the shame of an unreal life.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.



*18.—Passing Life on Broken Wings.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

THERE is a very fine paragraph in Professor Cramb's book, "Germany and England," wherein he describes the limitations that beset Treitschke even as a boy. "It is while he is a boy that there overtakes him a disaster which tries the steel and stoicism in him. He has described it for us in a volume of verses published in 1856—the coming upon him of a fever, his slow recovery, and, at last, his astonishment at the persistent sorrow on his mother's face, despite his recovery. He describes his being taken out into the garden on an early summer's day, lying on a bench in the sun, seeing the bright skies for the first time after what seemed months and years. And then a strange thing happens. A singular feeling comes over him of a vast and unnatural silence. He sees the mounting lark; he hears no song. It is a silent universe. Terrified, the child rushes back into the house, and there he discovers the cause of the persistent sorrow on his mother's face. He is nearly stone deaf, incurably and for ever."

* * *

WRITING in after life of Heinrich von Kleist, Treitschke said: "There are men who are doomed to pass their lives on broken wings," and it cannot be doubted that the utterance is a reflection of his own limited life. The phrase is suggestive of much, for most of us know men who are putting up a brave fight against enormous difficulties; who have, so to speak, all the odds against them, and yet who manage to live sweet and kindly lives in the midst of their fellows. Very often bad health is the handicap that limits a man's activities. I know one man at the present time who has endeavoured to pass the doctor in order to enter the Army, but his right lung is seriously affected, and he is doomed to pass his life on broken wings. I devoutly wish some kind of official badge could be given to such men at the present time. There are hundreds of men who are rejected as unfit, and they have nothing to show that they have made an attempt to join the Colours. I cannot imagine anything harder to bear than the taunt of cowardice when a man knows that he has done his level best to enlist, but has been refused on account of defective health.

* * *

IT is not always bad health, however, that hampers a man's life. Very often it is some simple mistake made in very early manhood, the fruit of which remains all through life. I have often heard people say, "I wish I knew *then* what I know *now*." Well, there are a great many of us trying to get to shore in the same boat, which in itself is a consolation. The whole trouble is that memory is so quick and powerful that we can never be really free from the power of retrospect. We may forget certain occurrences for quite a long while, and then, one day, without any adequate explanation, the old scene and the old regret will force themselves upon us, and we shall lapse into a brown study, with results none too good either for health or spirits. Honest regret is a praiseworthy virtue, but we can easily lapse into useless repining, and thus damage our wings yet more seriously.

* * *

ILLUSTRATIONS leap to one's mind of men who passed their lives on broken wings. I think of Epictetus the slave, for few things can hamper our energies more than bondage of any kind; I think of St. Paul with the thorn in his flesh, bruised and buffeted; I think of Milton and his blindness, in which limitation he is united with Homer, Matheson, Helen Keller, and a host of other brave and pure spirits. And I think, also, of the hundreds of men with grave physical handicaps who have nevertheless taken a very considerable share of the world's work. I know one man intimately at the present time, a brilliant elocutionist with a glorious and defiant memory, who is literally strapped up with iron bands under his clothes, as he has a very severe spinal trouble. He once confessed to me that he would almost fall to pieces were the bands removed for any length of time. And yet he is astonishingly cheerful, and gives real pleasure to many people with his recitals and public performances. He has at least demonstrated to me that it is possible to pass life on broken wings with a very fair amount of happiness and peace.

* * *

IT is somewhat surprising to find what a large number of people there are in the world who are hardly ever free from pain. We only discover such people after a good deal of trouble, for as a rule they are strikingly reticent over their limitations. It is only when you have won their friendship that they will unburden their hearts to you. I remember taking the chair for a speaker some weeks ago, who spoke on the subject of Health. He was the picture of health himself, and his robust appearance was an eloquent testimony to the theories he was advocating. Walking with him a little while after, I complimented him on the way in which he himself had demonstrated his own theories. To my intense surprise he admitted that his looks belied him, that in reality he was a great sufferer who was rarely free from an irritating nervous trouble. Indeed, he went so far as to say that his very address on Health that afternoon would probably mean a sleepless night, in view of the nervous expenditure involved. So we can never tell a man's limitations by surface qualities.

* * *

BY a strange and quite contradictory law, I think a greater amount of work is done, proportionately, by those who pass life on broken wings than by those who are whole every whit. It may be that a man feels he must make up here for what he is losing there; or it may be that Nature is a kind mother, and gives a man increased mental vigour as a compensation for feeble strength of body. In any case, it certainly seems that a great deal of robust strength goes to seed in the experiences of some men. Of course, it may only be a fancy, but I have an idea that the man with excessive animal strength is somewhat handicapped in purely creative mental work. He is too strong, and humanity, for the most part, is bruised and maimed, and in need of one whose sympathies are quick and delicate and susceptible to every phase of need. Matheson, for instance, is always a healing power to any broken spirit, and he was very far from being a physical giant.

* * *

IT is significant of much that our Saviour was Himself a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. His face was more marred than the face of any man, and when men saw Him there was no beauty that they should desire Him. In the eyes of the world He was ignorant and untutored; so much so that the men inquired, scornfully, "How knoweth this Man letters, having never learned?" And yet this Man Who seemed to pass his brief life on broken wings ascended with wings as an eagle, and with unveiled face beheld the glory of His Father in heaven. For there is no connection between the limitations of the body and the flight of the spirit. We may be broken in the flight of our earthly dream, but the words of the prophet remain true: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk, and not faint."



## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### "NEHUSHTAN."

WHEN King Hezekiah set about a reformation of religion in Jerusalem, we are told that he "brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it: and he called it Nehushtan"—a piece of brass. He was a wise iconoclast. Regard for the past, its lessons and its voices, is right and proper, but these people of Jerusalem had developed a permanent twist in their souls from always looking *behind them* to see God. And the fallacy of Nehushtan is perpetuated to-day whenever we allow ourselves to imagine that God was somehow more visibly at work in His world, nearer to men, and more willing to bless and help them, in those far-off Bible times than He is to-day. Is the Almighty, then, like a child with a toy, interested in His world when it was new, but leaving it to look after itself now that it is grey and old? The question answers itself. The Bible is a wonderful Book, and in it God speaks marvellously to men of what He has done, but only so that they may believe and know that He is working, guiding, and ruling still. Never for one moment doubt, my brother, that God is as near you to-day, to comfort and heal and forgive you, as ever He was represented to be in any old and fragrant page of Scripture. Whoever is using even his Bible to foster the delusion that God once rapped on men's doors with a louder and more compelling knock than He does now, or that He was willing to do for Abraham and Moses what He will not do for us, lays himself open to the charge that Hezekiah brought against the people of Jerusalem—he is worshipping a Book, a record of the past, and forgetting the *living* God.

It sounds almost incredible, and yet it is true, that at the very time when these men of Jerusalem were turning back to Moses' serpent of brass for some authentic Word of God, the great Isaiah was living in their midst—a prophet without peer in Israel, before whose matchless spiritual vision the world still stands spell-bound. With that living voice at hand, they were giving their regard entirely to a piece of brass upon a pole! But so do we still. We, too, are very prone to seek for God in the generations behind us, while all the time He is speaking to our heedless ears from the lips of some living Isaiah.

When Jesus went into the synagogue of Nazareth, and had read the lesson, He "closed the book." Because He, the living Christ, stood before them, He who was so much greater and nearer and more gracious than even the best of books could be.

We all need to learn that truth afresh, these dark and difficult days—that the Jesus of the New Testament is still alive. It is our great loss that we only think of Him as Jesus of Nazareth and Galilee, long ago, and not as Jesus of our own time, of our own town, and our own homes, with their joys and sorrows. He is not buried in a book. He is alive and with us every day. As He comforted Mary in her dark hour in the Garden of the Sepulchre, so, my friend, can He bring you help to-day. Why should Nicodemus have a privilege denied to you, who covet it, merely because he happened to live 1,900 years ago? He has not. The same privilege is yours, exactly. When the evening shadows fall, and the night wind stirs in the trees, you, too, can take your troubles and your questions to the very same Master to-day.

Turn to the Book in our hour of darkness? Yes, surely, but only that the Book may bring us face to face with the Christ who liveth still. Only that we may "close the book," and hear the Master Himself speak to us, and learn that He walketh still—

on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

Beside the Christ of the Gospels, and greater and nearer by far, is the Christ Eternal, Everpresent, whose garment's hem we touch whenever we turn our hearts to Him. That is the heart of religion. Not the Christ of a Book, but the Christ of our daily life and our work and our homes. Not the Christ of 1,900 years ago, but the Christ of to-day and to-morrow. Not John's Christ's or Peter's, or Mary's, but your Christ and mine.

But how many are content to read about Him in a Book, and have never awakened to the fact that He Himself stands close beside them, to-day and every day! That is the tragedy of Nehushtan.

---

At the recent meeting of the Scottish National Council, Mr. Andrew Bell, secretary of Glasgow Y.M.C.A., who has just returned from three months' strenuous work among the troops in Egypt, gave an interesting account of his experiences. The Council's secretary, Mr. James Mackenzie, spoke of his visit to the centres in France. During a fortnight's stay he was able to see the work at forty institutes. He referred in eulogistic terms to the magnificent service being rendered to the troops, and to the splendid organisation of the whole work. On the motion of the chairman, Sir Andrew Pettigrew, the Council recorded the cordial appreciation of the fine achievement of the English National Council in carrying through this great enterprise so successfully.

Sold at all Y.M.C.A. Institutions.

DRINK

KIA-ORA

LEMON SQUASH

To quench your thirst,
To refresh yourself,
To benefit your health.

Guaranteed made from fresh lemons and cane sugar; does not contain chemical acids or colourings, nor harmful preservatives.



Prices: 6d., 10½d. & 1/6 a bottle (25 drinks).

MADE BY O-T LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

# THE MASTER-STROKE OF GERMAN CALLOUSNESS AND INHUMANITY: SOME OF THE SURVIVORS FROM THE R.M.S. "LUSITANIA," SUNK BY A SUBMARINE.



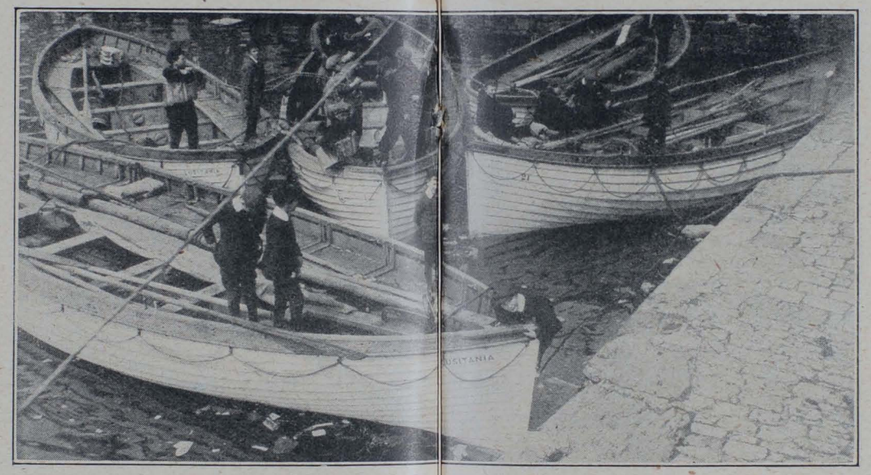
Many of the survivors were only rescued after being hours in the water. Above: (1) Signor Julian Agla, the Cuban Consul-General at Liverpool, in a garment lent him by a sailor on the rescue ship; (2) a cripple who was in the water for four hours; (3) Lady Mackworth; (4) a rescued fireman; (5) a barefooted survivor with a blanket as his only covering.



The portraits of other survivors are given above: (1) Miss Kathleen Kaye, who helped to row the boat which saved her; (2) one of the crew who was on board the *Titanic* when that vessel was wrecked; (3) Mr. Samuel Abramowitz, the only Russian saved, is a member of the French Red Cross; (4) Jack Roper, a member of the crew, who saved Captain Turner's life; (5) the electrician of the *Lusitania*, George Hutchinson.



The Lord Mayor of Cork, the Rt. Hon. Henry O'Shoe, congratulates some of the survivors on their rescue.



Some of the *Lusitania's* lifeboats, photographed in Queenstown Harbour after the calamity.



A group of survivors with all the belongings left to them after the disaster.



The palatial first-class saloon of the torpedoed *Lusitania*.

*Photos: Photo Press.*

**ONCE TRIED ALWAYS EATEN.**

ELECTRICAKES

The most popular selling cakes that have been placed upon the market.

Made under ideal conditions in our Electric Bakeries, the best of flour and fruit only used. — Every point has been considered to enable us to offer the ideal cake. — Ask your fellow Camp Leaders their opinion.

**ELECTRICAKES** *sell quickly, give utmost satisfaction and yield a fair profit.*

PRICES on application to

**ELECTRICAKES, LTD.,**
ANNETTE ROAD, HOLLOWAY, N.

**Support BRITISH Capital and Labour**

BY PURCHASING

**CALEY'S**
**MILK CHOCOLATE**

MANUFACTURED IN NORWICH.

THE COUNTRY OF THE FUTURE. THE ORCHARD OF THE EMPIRE.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA**

**POSSESSES VAST NATURAL RESOURCES AWAITING DEVELOPMENT.**
Canada's Mineral Province—Immense Timber Resources—Important Fisheries—Vast Water Powers—The Sportsman's Paradise—Offers Countless Attractions to Tourists—A Splendid Climate—Free Education—Good Laws.

**A SAFE COUNTRY FOR PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.**
Land and Climate eminently adapted for Mixed Farming, Fruit Growing, Dairying, Horse, Sheep, Hog and Cattle Raising, and Poultry Farming.

**PRACTICALLY FREE LANDS FOR SETTLERS.**
**Blocks of 160 acres costing only about 50/- inclusive.**
The Country for the Farmer with some capital, and for all classes of Agricultural Workers.

**Estimated Population, over 500,000.**

Full information free of charge on application to—
**J. H. TURNER, Agent-General for B.C.,**
**Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.**

**HORLICK'S**
**MALTED MILK**




**The Food-Drink that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/- The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—**
**DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**




**BURBERRY WAR KIT**

**Cool by Day—Warm at Night**



**THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF**, made in airylight, self-ventilating cloths, lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece.

**KHAKI UNIFORMS.**—Designed for the War Office, and made in strong Serge, or Tropical Gabardine for the Near East, woven and proofed by Burberrys.

**BRITISH WARMS AND GREAT COATS**, in light Serge or Gabardine, as well as every detail of Service Dress and Equipment.

**Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free**

**SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT**
Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats, and Warms, ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, and the kit completed in a few hours.

Military Catalogue Post Free.

**BURBERRYS** Haymarket S.W. LONDON
8 & 10 Bd Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents

**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.**

**RED WHITE & BLUE**

**For Breakfast & after Dinner**

**In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.**




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

IT has been said that an army "marches upon its stomach." History goes further, and furnishes enough evidence to prove that starving soldiers are not only poor marchers, but poor fighters. They have not "stomach for the fray"; they cannot have, for their vitality is lowered and their courage impaired. There has never been an army so well-fed as the British Army; but, so far as we are able to judge, our enemy is by no means starving. At any rate, we know that his commissariat has been the subject of great care and German thoroughness, so that we cannot count upon fighting our well-fed men against a starving German army. While no one would underestimate the importance of the commissariat, as also of munitions, for the success of our troops, there is another essential which is more fully recognised to-day than ever before, and that is the morale, the "tone," of the Army. It is this "tone" of the Army which is going to tell powerfully on the success of our arms. Men inspired with the glory of a great cause, who have clear ideas concerning its paramount justice and value, especially if they feel deeply that essential human interests are at stake, such men, on supreme occasion, can rise above mere stomach fighting, and with fewer numbers destroy great forces. Stomach heroes, like a tin can, buckle up under pressure of a vacuum; but the true hero can for long rise superior to his stomach, and if one may parody Lowell he rejoices that—

A merciful Providence fashioned him holler,
In order that he might his principles swaller.

And so his principles get into the empty place and stiffen him up famously.

***

NOW, it is just this "tone" for which the Y.M.C.A. stands in the camps. It is the *raison d'être* of its existence there. While supplies are provided for the physical man, rest for his tired body, recreation for those whom nothing seems to tire, opportunity for writing his letters, and composing as much poetry as his muse will supply—we stand for something more than this. We believe in song, we believe in laughter, we believe that the *"mens sana in corpore sano"* requires light hearts, brightness, gaiety. We have no room for "knights of the doleful countenance." We want cheerfulness and sunshine. This is the contribution we are endeavouring to make to the Army, for cheery men are an asset to any army, provided their cheeriness is not evanescent, and can carry them over the enemy's trenches. The "good cheer" of alcohol, like its fumes, soon evaporates. The "good cheer" of song and healthy fun lasts longer; but there is a "good cheer" which surpasses them all. It is the permanent possession of an assured heart. This can make heroes even of cowards, and double the fighting value of any man. It is just this confidence, this heart assurance, that the Y.M.C.A. counts as paramount to every other possession for the fighting man. The man who "plugs at it" unthinkingly has his value, but the thinking man who has a soul above himself because he has found a more powerful stronghold for it—he is the man whose heart is free, and who can afford to be cheerful and to cheer. The "grouser" may "mean nothing," but he is at least depressing, and "tone" goes down wherever he goes. He is a "short circuiter." The man with a soul above himself is a "conductor" of the best kind. The Army has a lot of such men. It wants a lot more, and the Y.M.C.A. is out to produce them as its contribution towards the success of our arms. That is one reason why the War Roll was started. When men have faced the Great Reality, brought themselves to the Grand Decision, been brought into the very Presence of the Light of Men, and signed on under One who has conquered Death—well, nerve is added to his arm, strength to his heart, and peace to his mind as no other known action can do.

***

WE are having the continuous delight of hearing of men who are making the Grand Enlistment. This morning one of the first letters opened says, "Just a line to say that fifty-five men signed the War Roll after our service last night. I take this opportunity of thanking you for your address and help." Another letter says, "We have about 1,250 men stationed here, and about 365 have signed the War Roll" and "nearly 700 of the men have taken Testaments." Quite recently, also, we had a chat with Mr. J. Daldry, our leader at Harwich. He has a fine story to tell, and we have seen the work down there, addressed the men, and know the spirit that prevails. They are averaging fifty signatures a week there, and this with little effort on the part of the overworked leaders. *The men bring each other.* That is the secret of it all, and the highest testimony to the value of the Roll. The Roll is just left, carefully protected by its cover, within easy reach of the men. They bring each other quietly along, and sign on. *Every War-Roller a Recruiting Sergeant!* That is the way it is done at Harwich. Men are learning to pray who have never prayed in their lives, and they find it so good that they bring their mates to sign on and share their joy. Most of the 350 men who have signed on at Harwich are already at the front, many of them to lay down their lives for their country, and take them up again in a grander environment. God be with them, and make their dark days bright. Harwich has a War Roll meeting every Sunday night in each of its centres, and it is refreshing to know that both there and elsewhere nuclei are being formed of men pledged to meet weekly for prayer and spiritual conference. We want thousands of such small groups throughout our camps. A praying Army is a strong Army. A praying Army is a confident Army. A praying

## THE CHALLENGE OF EMPIRE DAY.

**A Special Message to the Readers of "Y.M." By the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF MEATH, P.C., K.P.**

***Should "Empire Day" be observed in times of war? Such a question is at present on the lips of many. My answer thereto is most emphatically—Yes. It appears to me that it is especially in time of war that the thoughts of men and of women should be directed towards the Divine Disposer of human affairs. Victory or defeat lie in His hands, and it is well that we should recognise our indebtedness to Him for all the mercies which in the past have been vouchsafed to our people and Empire.***

***In war time the day need not be observed in perhaps exactly the same manner as in piping times of peace. Whilst the minds of many are saddened by the loss of dear ones and by anxiety for the fate of others, the day may appropriately be kept in a more sober and restrained manner than has been usual in the past. Religious services might occupy a more prominent position, and instead of parades, processions to the graves of local heroes who have died in the war might be arranged, and wreaths placed on the last resting-places of those who have died at home. Red Cross Societies might utilise the day for raising funds for the wounded and for those who have suffered through the war, and the day might be utilised for mutual encouragement in the due prosecution of the war until such time as peace can be obtained with honour, and with the guaranteed assurance that it shall not be in the power of any man, class, or people, during the lives, at all events, of our children, to inflict again upon the human race such unspeakable horrors as those by which, through the wickedness of man, it is now being tortured.***

*MEATH.*

Army is a really cheerful Army, with a cheer that is not surface, but of the deepest and truest.

***

IN normal times the Young Men's Christian Association would have been just now facing the Conference Season; there would have been the Spring Conferences in the Divisions, then the British Conferences, then the Summer Conferences, then the Conferences on Autumn Programmes. Programmes and policies would have been discussed and resolutions passed. This year we are all too busy to confer. The task that lies nearest to us commands our complete energies. We are not looking for a job. Our great need is to get more men to do the work already in hand. Conferences must wait till our task is done. The Association machinery is working at its highest pressure, and everything goes with a hum. If any man regrets the lack of Conferences, let him apply for work at the nearest Association. The religious Press of Great Britain has been devoting space to the May Meetings during the last two or three weeks. We suppose many things could be said in justification of the great expenditure of time, energy, and money that is involved at a time when national life is in the balance. For our part, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—so fully reported—has seemed strangely aloof from the main current of to-day's life. Annual reports, old programmes rehashed once more, great rhetorical outbursts, eloquent sermons preached to audiences who listen to their favourite preachers much as theatre audiences listen to their favourites, the same round of meetings, meetings, meetings. Outside, in this old City of London, more than a thousand boys left home yesterday to wear the King's uniform, ten thousand aliens trembled for their lives, and half-a-million loving hearts were bursting for news of their beloved ones away in Northern France, fighting for Church, State, and Home. We should like to have been present at the May Meetings and raised our voices for recruits to go forth to our huts and tents, and there spend their eloquence on the men in Kitchener's Army—men who are eager to hear a clear Gospel delivered in a way the real men will listen to. The men are hungry for the real thing. Our trouble is that lots of preachers want to go and preach, but they won't turn their hands first to selling coffee and tea to the thirsty men. Fact is, a lot of Christians are not yet awake to the possibilities of these vast camps of men, and the pity of it the men will soon be at the front.

DURING the past month five thousand men signed the following war pledge:—"I hereby pledge my allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and King, by God's help to fight His battles and bring victory to His kingdom." These signatures make an interesting war roll. This work has been done carefully and prayerfully, and the results are bound to be far-reaching. Men have received the messages of their brothers gladly. The old indifference has disappeared. Many reasons contribute to the new interest in matters religious. The seriousness of life and death are realised in a way quite new. We rejoice in it, and our greatest anxiety is that in every camp sane Christian men shall be always at hand to act as guide, philosopher, and friend to men. It is a time for living preaching and for positive teaching. In a letter one of the leaders of the Christian Church last week said: "Would that men would preach Christ Jesus our Lord." Exactly! This is no time for interesting excursions into the realms of history or prophecy. Men are crying out for a Friend, a Saviour, a King, a Deliverer, and it would be well for us to determine to know nothing among them save "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He is sufficient, and alone sufficient for the hour.

---

The South African Government has placed the Hotel Faber, Swakopmund, at the disposal of the Young Men's Christian Association, at the request of all the chaplains to the Forces for the well-being of the troops.

It is Mr. Chesterton who said "that the most amazing phenomenon of our time is the failure of the successful man." How true! We do not know precisely what was in Mr. Chesterton's mind when he made that statement; but any one who does a little thinking will find in it a striking truth. One or two illustrations will suffice. "Just think of it," proudly said a sister, "my brother left this slow town and now gets a salary of £1,000 a year." That was her yardstick with which to measure success. Now let us get at the real facts. They are these: That brother was a bright, promising boy, and so long as he lived in that slow town was a devoted member of the church and even had thoughts of the ministry in mind. He left at the beck of a promising money inducement, took up work in a bustling city, caught the spirit of this money-loving age, swam with the time, forgot all about his church, was married, and is raising a family where the Bible is a sealed book, where the church is unknown, and where never a prayer is lisped by the children. And yet every one in that city would pronounce him a successful man. He is a successful failure.

Here's another. A certain man of good parts established a prosperous business. He was industrious, ingenious and resourceful. He had time for nothing but his business. He had no time for his wife, for his children. His joy in life was his business, and the only goal of his business was the making of money. He confessed that about the only fun he had in life was the fun of getting rich. Luxury grew apace, and his family enjoyed it. But as there was no religion in that home, and hence no uplifting, restraining influence, the sons became spendthrifts and profligate, and the daughters led silly, useless lives. He was a successful failure.

## FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

**A Lady Missionary who has Come from India in Search of Her Son.**

IF the young man whose portrait we here reproduce should by any chance happen to read these lines, we should like him to know that his mother has come all the way from India in order to discover his whereabouts, and that she is seeking him with a heart torn with grief and anxiety. His real name is Ralph King, and in all probability he has joined the Army. We say "real" name, because he may have adopted some other name for the purpose of concealing his identity.

Ralph is only seventeen years of age. Until his disappearance he attended a school at Exeter. A few days after Christmas he joined the Army at Shrewsbury, but a friend



RALPH KING.

intervened, and, as he was under the age, succeeded in procuring his discharge. He returned to school, but remarked to some of his companions there that he meant to have another try at the Army, and that next time he would join under an assumed name. As he was fond of horses, he is very likely in a cavalry regiment.

His father and mother are missionaries in India, and when the news of their son's disappearance reached them they were naturally much concerned. To trace him, if possible, Mrs. King at once sailed for England. If any of our secretaries or workers in the camps have seen the young man, will they kindly communicate with us? Or if any reader of *Y.M.* can help to ease this mother's burden, we shall be pleased to hear from them.

---

## THE KAISER'S DEGRADATION.

Up till last Thursday, says the *Glasgow Herald*, commenting on the King's dismissal of the Kaiser from the Company of Honourable Knights, no member of the order of knighthood had suffered degradation in Britain since 1621, when Sir Francis Michell rode through London with his face to his horse's tail, his knightly banner being kicked out of Westminster Hall. Michell had the misfortune to incur the wrath of the populace without doing anything to merit the favour of the King, James I. Created a commissioner for the royal patent of the manufacture of gold and silver thread, Michell administered his powers of imprisonment so harshly that he was brought to trial. He had been knighted in December, 1620, and in February, 1621, he was on his way to the Tower, bareheaded.

When he came out it was to endure the degradation aforesaid, and, in addition, to be fined £1,000 and cast into Finsbury Gaol.

---

It is stated that 90 per cent. of the soldiers stationed in Halifax are regularly in attendance at the Y.M.C.A. Hut.





The Archbishop of Armagh conducting a drumhead service with the Irish troops at Basingstoke. [*Photo: Record Press.*

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

About 120 names of soldiers of various regiments at the camp in Shoreham have been subscribed on the Y.M.C.A. War Roll, and each day brings several fresh subscribers. They pledge the allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and King, and, by God's help, to fight His battles and bring victory to His kingdom. Mr. Ingle is pardonably proud of the ready manner in which members of the regiments have signed the Roll.

***

In connection with the work carried on at Berehaven by the Y.M.C.A. since the outbreak of the war a new institute was opened on Saturday evening, May 8.

The secretary of the Cork City Association (Mr. T. Ernest Jones), who had initiated and carried on the work hitherto, was present for the opening of the new hut. Mr. Jones, in an address on the aims and objects of the Association, apologised for the absence of the travelling secretary for the South of Ireland (Mr. R. Hunter Swainson), who could not be present, owing to the pressure of business. The speaker said the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. had provided £25,000 at the beginning of the war to initiate the work. Up to the present, however, the Association had raised £300,000 in order to prosecute its work in Great Britain, Ireland, France, India, and Egypt. It was now come to be regarded as part of the indispensable machinery of the Army. In speaking to many men back from the front, the general expression of opinion was, "I don't know what we should do out there but for the Y.M.C.A."

***

A captain in the Royal Scots, stationed at Inchkeith, sends us the following appreciation of the hut in that camp:—"The troops of the island have found this institution a great blessing, especially during the winter months, and the officials, Messrs. Alexander and Harrill, are eminently popular with all ranks for their invariable courtesy and attention. Several lectures have been delivered in the hut, and most successful concerts given. A popular feature of the institute is the weekly exhibition of moving pictures. On Sunday evening services are held for the troops, while a Bible-class meets on Sunday afternoons. A short service is also held on Wednesday evenings, also the chaplain holds a class for young communicants. The hut, as soon as it was erected, established itself as the centre of social life on the island, and we often wonder how we existed before it was erected."

***

In addition to the Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Kinnaird, Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M.P., and others already announced to take part in the great united meeting to promote the national revival of family prayers, to be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, W., on Monday, June 7, at 3 p.m., Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell has consented to speak on the occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury will preside.

***

Since the outbreak of the war the Paisley Y.M.C.A. opened their rooms to all members of His Majesty's forces, and the privilege was greatly taken advantage of by the local men, but it was not felt necessary to open a tent or hut for the supply of refreshments. The barracks have now been utilised as a military station, and there is now a large number of soldiers not belonging to the town stationed there. The Association decided, in co-operation with the B.W.T.A., the Y.W.C.A., and the National Union of Women Workers, to open a "Soldiers' Club" in the gymnasium of the Y.M.C.A. as a place of meeting for soldiers and their friends. Tea, coffee, and other refreshments will be provided at moderate prices. Facilities for reading and writing are provided; games are also arranged for. The formal opening took place last Saturday (May 15). Mr. Wm. Crawford, J.P., president of the Paisley Y.M.C.A., occupied the chair, and there was a good attendance of soldiers and friends. Mr. Crawford explained the objects of the club, and trusted that it would be greatly taken advantage of, and would prove as successful as the work had done in other centres where troops were stationed.

The Rev. Percy Moss Weston, curate-in-charge of St. Nicholas Church, Swansea, sends us the following personal tribute to some of the Canadian heroes:—"I was shocked to read in *Y.M.* of May 14 the news of Capt. Irwin's death at Ypres. In January I had the privilege of working with him at Sluig Camp Plantation Tent. He was a winning, strong personality, who loved all his men and was respected and loved by them in return. Christ had no more faithful soldier in the 1st Canadian Contingent than Capt. Forgie. I shall never forget one simple loving prayer asking for help to play the man in the unknown future that faced them. He was always prepared, because he was always on duty. Christian Canada has lost one of her saints in losing him, and the Canadian Tommies a true pal. To those of us who worked with him on the Plains he will always be an inspiration. He being dead still speaketh. We cherish his example, and pray for help to worthily follow his lead and his Master's."

***

A social gathering of the Wishaw Y.M.C.A. directors and their lady friends was held last Thursday week, May 13, in the reception hall of the institute, the object being to do honour to Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P. The presentation took the form of an enlarged framed photograph of the president of the Association, and a replica of same to be hung on the walls of the institute. Referring to his visit to France, Mr. Lightbody said he had always held that the Y.M.C.A. was a valuable instrument for the accomplishment of certain kinds of work, and the war had given it its finest opportunity. The way it was meeting that opportunity could be seen best of all in France. There it was doing a work of supreme and vital importance on behalf of the Expeditionary Force, and contributing in no small measure to the efficiency of our Army. The work was on lines very similar to that being carried on among the troops at home, but by reason of the fact that our soldiers in France were closer to the serious events of the war, the work was more intense and achieved higher results. The Y.M.C.A. was practically the sole

purveyor for the social life of the camps, and so well had they fulfilled their mission in this respect that the military authorities had in many cases handed over the cinema huts or marquees to the Association to conduct. The most interesting side of the work in France was the religious side. During his visit to the camps he saw the most impressive religious meetings he had ever experienced in his life. The men listened with rapt attention to a straight evangelical appeal, and the singing of some of the old familiar hymns at such services was a thing never to be forgotten. One was impressed by the enormous organisation required for the handling of the large Expeditionary Force now in France, and he was privileged to see how adequate and efficient the organisation was. Everything went with clockwork precision.

***

Forty-nine members of Dumbarton Y.M.C.A. have been in the trenches since March 10 with the local battalion, 9th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Letters received tell of the tremendous nerve strain during nine days of shell fire which the men had to undergo. Several of them were wounded, and had narrow escapes. Private William McDiarmid, convener of the athletic section of the Association and member of the committee, was killed in action on March 24. He was shot by a sniper while returning for water. Private McDiarmid was a faithful member of the Dumbarton Association, and was twenty years of age. Sergeant Alexander Skinner, secretary of the tennis club, and a member of the committee, has also made a great sacrifice. Sergeant Skinner was a graduate of Aberdeen University, and bore a large share in religious work at Dumbarton. Both of the above workers will be greatly missed in Dumbarton Association and other Christian work in the town.

The committee of the Dumbarton Association are in regular communication with their members, and send out parcels of goods to the trenches. One member writes as follows:—"I do not know what we would have done when we came to France if it had not been for the Y.M.C.A. The accommodation provided by them under such circumstances will give the Association a grand name and outlook in the future."

***

Canon Hicks was heartily welcomed by the members of the Scottish National Council at the quarterly meeting held at Stirling on May 8. After conveying the fraternal greeting of the English Council, the Canon spoke of the work in Scotland as he had seen it, and paid high tribute to its efficiency. The institutes were commodious and well equipped, and they were adequately staffed. The leaders were the right men for the work, and maintained in right relationship the spiritual and material interests of the men.

During his three days' visit to the Lowland Mounted Brigade Canon Hicks was cordially welcomed by the officers, who turned out in large numbers to his meetings in each of the three camps. The officers of the Ayrshire Yeomanry entertained the Canon during his stay, and every officer in camp and ninety-five per cent. of the men were present at the meetings.

***

The Rev. Innes Logan, M.A., has been a good friend to and a hearty co-worker with the Y.M.C.A. staff at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, during his eight months' stay as chaplain to the Royal Field Artillery. Mr. Logan has just been appointed to the Expeditionary Force, and, to mark their appreciation, Mr. A. J. C. Reid, manager, in name of the staff of the Y.M.C.A. and the few Glasgow friends, presented him with a field glass. The fine spiritual results which have characterised the work in this institute were due in no small measure to the sympathy and interest of Mr. Logan.

***

The Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Knox), speaking at the annual meeting of the Manchester Y.M.C.A., described Germany as a nation which had believed itself to be second to none in enlightenment, but it had been a revelation, not to ourselves, but to the whole world, that, with all this enlightenment, knowledge, and education, it had not held back a whole nation from doing things which we would never have believed that nation could do who had heard of Christ or had been brought into the circle of civilisation at all. The force that was behind it was sin, and we were not going to expel sin by reading, writing, or amusements, but only by the Gospel of Christ. The war had revealed to us, Dr. Knox continued, many evils. He would not believe, until evidence had been brought forward, some of the statements that had been made about the immorality of girls during the last few months. It was easy to make such statements, but it was wicked to make them until there was real proof that the conditions existed. That proof had not yet been forthcoming, and the inquiries he had made did not show that the evil was as bad as described.

***

One of our leaders in the Salisbury area is keen upon the strict observance of at least ten minutes each evening for a devotional meeting. The other day he was confirmed in this by three incidents which occurred immediately after this sacred time. It was the evening of a battalion concert, and some felt that it would be inconvenient to find the time for such devotion, but the leader stood firm. Afterwards he was approached by a soldier, who said, "I once knew the God of whom you spoke. By your words He has again been revealed to me." Another said that the influence of the meeting had been brought home to him, and further suggested that the leader could save him what he considered a terrible crime, in which he had taken the first steps, having written a cruel letter to his dear old mother. The leader was enabled to help the man out of his difficulty, and, in a passion of tears, the man thanked him.

A young lieutenant also, in expressing thanks, said, "I want you to take this as from my mother," a sum of money which she had sent to him, "in recognition of this part of the work of your organisation."

***

At the opening of a new hut at Immingham Dock, the catholicity of the Association's work was well illustrated. Rear-Admiral Ballard, who spoke with sailorly breeziness, declared the building open, saying that other people had had the work of "raising the wind" and building the hut. He had heard nothing but good of the Y.M.C.A., and he expressed the thanks of both Services. He hoped, and, in fact, was sure, the building would be well patronised. A recreation centre like that, in such an out-of-the-way spot like Immingham, was of great value and use to the men. He had given orders, so far as the ships were concerned, for every facility to be given to the men, when they could be spared from their duties, to allow them to use the hall. He again thanked those who were responsible for having provided and erected the building.

Major Blanche paid a great tribute to the work which had been done by the Y.M.C.A., which, he said, had filled a vast gap in the lives of the soldiers. All the officers he had come across had the greatest admiration for the work done by the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Hellyer, representing Commander Barwick, spoke as the landlord, but said he did not think they would have to distrain for the rent. He mentioned difficulties experienced at the commencement of the war, and said he thought the Dock had adapted itself well to the prevailing circumstances. He said the suggestion to have a Y.M.C.A. hut was welcomed by Commander Barwick, as it would fill a long-felt want. In fact, he might say it would be "corn in Egypt." In conclusion, he suggested that the letters Y.M.C.A. might be read as "You May Come Again."

***

The Right Hon. Earl Brassey opened one of the huts at Seaford. He said he had lived many years, and had a long memory, beginning with the Crimean War and right up to the stress and strain of the present hour. But there was another side to this terrible war. First of all, they all felt sure they were putting their country to a task of supreme difficulty in a good cause. They all admired the valour of our troops, consistent with the old traditions of long past days, and they were all deeply moved by the manifestations of enthusiasm, support, and loyalty which they received from their brothers beyond the seas. The country bristled with armed men, which was a thorough manifestation of the deep, true, and loving sympathy which the times had called for. And among the many forms of devoted Christian endeavour, surely the work which had been described to them that afternoon deserved their highest admiration. He came there to manifest his profound sense of the value of the work which was being done throughout the length and breadth of the Empire by the Y.M.C.A. When troops were billeted in towns a great deal was done by the clergy and ministers of all denominations, but when they formed camps such as that of Seaford, with tens of thousands of men altogether, and where there was absolutely no organisation to meet the wants of the men, then the Y.M.C.A. came in.

There was no place in the land where such work was more needed than it was at Seaford, and he therefore felt it was his duty to go there, and declare the hall open. They had heard of those who had been co-operating in the work. To Mrs. Beech and the other ladies he felt they ought to bow and do honour, and he was proud to hear that his wife's name could be mentioned among those. He associated himself with the work, and expressed in the spirit of prayer his earnest wish that every success might attend the work which had been undertaken in the place. He was glad to declare the hut open.

***

I heard a story last week from three sources, and which I think may be true. A sergeant in our Army had frequented a house of the Young Men's Christian Association, and had seen there a picture of St. George slaying the dragon. He had been deeply impressed by it, and when, at the front, he found himself in an advanced and rather isolated trench, he told the story of St. George to his men—St. George, the patron saint of England, whose name the warriors have shouted as their war cry in the carnage of Cressy, Poitiers, and on many another glorious field. When shortly afterwards a sudden charge of the grey-coated Germans in greatly superior numbers threatened the sergeant's trench, he cried, "Remember St. George for England!" to his men as they advanced to meet the foe. A few moments afterward the enemy hesitated, stopped, and finally fled, leaving some prisoners in our hands. One of the latter, who seemed dazed and astonished, demanded to be told who were "the horsemen in armour who led the charge. Surely they could not have been Belgians dressed in such a way!" There are many similar stories of supernatural intervention in the old battles of the world, and I, for one, would hesitate to say that they had no basis of fact. Let us always bear in mind that we are watched and weighed by unseen spectators of the battle of life, among whom we know there is joy when a sinner turns from his evil way; and let us remember also this: that the education and development of an immortal soul is of more value than the clash of worlds—that the loss of the soul of one ragged tramp upon yonder highway is of more account than the shivering into myriad fragments of the round earth on which, in these early days of our evolution, we creep to and fro.—Rev. Fielding Ould, of St. Albans.

***

Mr. Bult Francis, of London, performed the opening ceremony of the first Y.M.C.A. naval hut in England. In connection with this gift there is an interesting story. A few months ago Mr. Bult Francis was knocked down by a motor-car, and this Y.M.C.A. hut is a thank-offering for his recovery.

***

Since last December evangelical services have been held each Sunday evening at the Y.M.C.A., Finchley, for Belgians.

***

Princess Henry of Battenberg, Governor of the Isle of Wight, honoured the Y.M.C.A. by visiting the hut at Parkhurst, and performing the opening ceremony.

***

Our workers at the Crystal Palace have undertaken to organise athletic agencies for the men of the Royal Naval Division.



# WITH THE TROOPS IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

## *A Vivid Personal Account of a Visit to our Warriors in Camp and Hospital.*

By the REV. JOHN C. CARLILE (of Folkestone).

THE soldier as an individual is an interesting personality. He presents a new point of view to the civilian, and is always a problem to the parson. But when he is multiplied so that the unit is lost in the mass, he is overpowering, and his problems the despair of the civil authorities. We have never had so fine a type of soldier as now. Hundreds of thousands of men are in the Army, not because they are caught by the glamour of the band and the uniform, or feel any magnetic attraction in militarism, but because they realise that England is fighting for her life, and that her cause is just.

### Looking for the Blockade.

Before I left Southampton the rumour had gone round the quay that the German blockade would be in evidence, and our boat would need special protection. I do not know what extra precautions were taken. A number of officers and others lit their pipes and took up positions on the upper deck, that they might see what was happening. The night was calm and peaceful; there seemed scarcely a ripple upon the waters as for hours together we went at top speed in the direction of Havre. Thin black streaks manœuvred along our sides, and it might have been bad for any representative of the German blockade to have shown signs upon the horizon. Unhappily, the German naval authorities confine their attention mainly to our fishing craft and unarmed passenger boats. It is not so much warfare in these instances as murder upon the high seas. Whatever may be said of the glories of war and the magnificent scope for heroism and sacrifice, those sublime deeds that almost redeem war from barbarism, there is no doubt that the very fact of war demoralises our common nature. Who would have supposed twelve months ago that the German nation would have tolerated her ships being used to ram and torpedo neutral craft and destroy the lives of those who are not even parties to the war?

### Landing at Havre.

The sight of a troopship emptying her living cargo on the dock-side is wonderfully interesting. Mr. Thomas Atkins is concerned with his toilet; he looks for a shed, a pail of water, and then he slips away, and in a moment or two you may see a group of men performing their morning ablutions. If time permits there will be an impromptu shaving saloon; the boy who is most expert with the razor will shave his comrades until he is tired, and then another will take his place. The shed at Havre was by the Y.M.C.A. quarters; very convenient for fellows as soon as they had "cleaned up" to get a cup of coffee and write a postcard to the loved ones at home. It was my good fortune very early to meet the Rev. Maclean Watt, of St. Stephen's Parish, Edinburgh, who for months past has been giving his time to the soldiers at Havre. Mr. Watt is an expert, not only in speaking, but in manipulating the bagpipes, a far more difficult art. It is his delight, when a Scottish regiment comes in sight, to greet them with "The Campbells are Coming" or a reel, that immediately sets up an irritation in the muscles of Scotsmen's feet, and many a dance has taken place by the dock-side, to the utter amazement of the French labourers. One day the parson with the pipes was on a tramcar, his curious musical instrument under his arm. A couple of Scottish soldiers boarded the car, and immediately asked for a blow at a pack of "whussels." The weird sound rang out, and as if by magic the car was surrounded by Scottish Borderers, who came from nowhere in particular, but were drawn by the sound of the pipes, just as surely as the children were compelled to follow the "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

The camps at Havre were very full; little worlds in themselves, living a self-contained life; a little more human because of the presence of Christian men who had learned that serving tea and coffee might be made a means of spiritual ministry.

### A Base Hospital.

One of the most wonderful things in Northern France is the hospital. It is much in evidence. Large numbers of women are nursing our wounded and those of our Allies. They are brave souls, their duties not less onerous than those of the men in the trenches, and their courage as severely tested as that of their brothers in the fighting line. I wonder who is responsible for the King's gift of the Victoria Cross? Had I the ear of his Majesty I could tell him the names of one or two women who well deserve the honour and have earned it. Some day, when women and men are counted equal in worth for the services they render, we shall see the hospital matron and some of our nurses wearing not only the Queen's medal for good service and efficiency, but the V.C. for bravery. Nothing impressed me more than the hospital. It was not a morbid attraction, but the drawing power of human sympathy. Our men, so young and well formed, they might have been a company of athletes in the pink of condition from the Arena, where they competed for the crown and palm, and yet so battered in body that every man was more or less of a physical wreck, in dock to be patched up. Each little bed with its white cover, a little list of particulars hung at the head, represented somebody's world. How many breadwinners were there in the ward? How many centres of mothers' hopes? It is fascinating, but horrible. We cannot touch pitch without being defiled, and

THE SERVICE SOAP.

"SCOUT"

(Regd.)

A medicated Toilet Soap made from the fruits of the palm and pine trees, and possessing a germicidal value equal to that of a soap containing 20% of Carbolic Acid, but it is luxurious to use and non-poisonous.

Invaluable for slight cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

PER 3d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD., The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

multitudes of maimed victims make the heart bleed and the spirit hot with indignation that England should be compelled in self-defence to play the devil's game. It is all very well for the minor poets of the music-hall to sing the glories of war and "Sister Susie's" exploits at knitting socks for soldiers, but to come into touch with the business is a different matter. To look over a sloppy trench in which the feet of our brave men were frozen in stuff reddened by human blood; to see them maimed in the wards, so helpless that a woman's arm is necessary to turn them from one side to another that they may be fed, makes one hate war and find a new use for the imprecatory Psalms to express one's feelings concerning the War Lords.

The spirit of our wounded is miraculous. The men are not singing "Tipperary"; their faces are drawn with pain, but they are wonderfully cheerful. There is a patient, buoyant endurance that is prophetic and indicative of the British character. "Tommy" may be maimed in body, but his spirit is the same; he is unconquered, unconquerable.

### Ally Sloper's Brigade.

A remount camp close up to the front base provides amusement as well as horses for the men. The latter are all sizes and shapes, put into khaki that they might be brought under military discipline; they are stable-workers, men who know everything about a horse, keen as the Cockney sharper from Whitechapel-road, with a sly humour, a pawkiness that might be Scottish. They glory in their title: they are Ally Sloper's Brigade; they don't pretend to march with the precision and rhythm of the Guards, or to come out smart as the Coldstream band; but they are doing their bit, and early and late they serve their country, not quibbling about overtime or half-days off for a rest and a long drink, when England demands that her sons should come to her aid.

A chaplain who expected to go to a field hospital was learning to ride at the remount camp. He tried a horse that might have been good for cat's meat—a poor, worn-out animal from the front, with scarcely a kick left in his legs—but somehow the thing seemed to understand that a novice was in the saddle, and up went his hindquarters, and down came 5 ft. 10 in. of divinity, uniform and all, to the huge delight of a little group of Ally Sloper's Brigade, who very respectfully, with their tongues in their cheeks, offered their sympathy and sundry bits of advice. A chaplain's task is not an easy one; it is a great opportunity for a man's man, as well as a great education for the parson. I have been appealing to theological colleges that tutors and students should go out to Northern France, either as Red Cross workers or in Y.M.C.A. huts. My friend Dr. Oman, of Cambridge, with a batch of students, is already on the other side, and others will follow. No college curriculum can provide anything like the help in the development of experience, the art of securing attention, the methods of dealing directly with men as men and witnessing for Jesus Christ, as any man may obtain in the open university of an army base, or even a remount camp.

The general impression gathered from my tour of all the base camps, and many places I may not name, where I saw strange sights such as a man never forgets, and heard unmistakable sounds that come back to the ear in the silence of the night with a haunting witchery, and for the first time in my life travelled miles with the odour of death in my nostrils, was that of the magnificent manhood of our fellows. They deserve the very best that we can do for them. War is a low-down game, but our men are playing it in a great spirit, and so far as it can be redeemed from its pagan beastliness, they are redeeming it. All honour to them. May their task soon be accomplished and international peace be secured! It is up to the Y.M.C.A. to make good in every camp, and in so doing they will not only render service that the nation will never forget, but they may, in giving themselves for others, find a larger life and a greater ministry.

### DONT'S FOR THE "MAN IN THE STREET."

DON'T croak. If you are anxious, how much more anxious must be the men who are fighting, and they don't croak!

DON'T pass on any depressing gossip, gleaned from "a cousin of a man who knows quite well the son of the hall-porter at the War Office."

DON'T bluster about the "Navy doing nothing." You owe every meal you eat to the sleepless watchfulness of the British Navy.

DON'T talk lightly of what you would do to the Kaiser if you caught him. That is very like what we used to call "killing Kruger with the mouth."

DON'T grumble if your son at the front only writes short postcards. He has got something more important to do than that. Always write cheerfully to him, for you are not in the trenches, but comfortably at home.

DON'T complain of the newspapers having "nothing in them" after you have spent an hour reading every scrap of news in them. Brave correspondents all over the world are risking their lives to send us tidings, and the papers print all they are permitted to print.

DON'T forget to pray for all who are fighting and training, and give all you can afford to help the folks who are helping your boys.

DON'T grouse about "bad business." It is not so bad, after all. The bankruptcies are less than this time last year.

### A NEW KIND OF PAYMENT.

A certain well-known practitioner had among his clients an impulsive old farmer, who had a serious difference with a cabinet-maker. As is usual in such matters in country districts, the affair caused a great deal of discussion among the neighbours, who severally allied themselves with one or other of the contending parties.

At last a compromise was agreed to, by which the farmer was to take, in full satisfaction of all demands, the cabinet-maker's note for £10 at six months, payable in cabinet-ware.

The required papers arranging the settlement having been duly executed and delivered, it was generally supposed that a quiet and amicable conclusion had been arrived at.

But just at the close of the six months the farmer entered the lawyer's office, greatly agitated, and plaintively exclaimed:

"I say, Mr. Smart, am I bound to take coffins?"

On the note becoming due, the cabinet-maker had refused to pay him any other way.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or news-agents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row London, E.C.*





**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE BREECHES FOR 10/6**



Other Qualities, 12/6, 15/11, 20/11, 24/11&30/-

We guarantee to fit you from your own self measurement.

We supply hundreds every week with perfect satisfaction.

Cut to Your Special Measures in Khaki, Bedford Cords, Drills, Etc.

& Self-Measurement Instructions

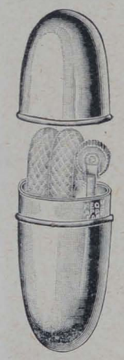
SEND FOR PATTERNS

*ASK FOR TAPE MEASURE IF REQUIRED.*

**BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES Co.**

*(Dept. Y.M.),* 29, Gt. TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Your Friend at the Front must have



The Famous "Tinder Lighter" enclosed in an Aluminium Case for the Pocket.

The Result—
THE TINDER CANNOT GET WET OR EVEN DAMP, and is always ready to ignite by a turn of the wheel.

Price Complete 1/6 Post Free.

In Solid Silver Case 10/6

*Wholesale Prices on application.*

**BOTLY & LEWIS,**
*Manufacturing Jewellers,*
**25, King St., READING.**

*Send for our Illustrated List o Regimental Badge Brooches, post free.* 'PHONE 172.

**ARE YOU SHORT?**

If so, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briges reports 5 inches increase; Miss Davies, 3½ inches; Miss Leedell, 4 inches. My system greatly improves the health, figure, and carriage. Send a penny stamp for particulars and my £100 Guarantee.




**ARTHUR GIRVAN,** Specialist in the Increase of Height Dept. Y.M., 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

**BOARD.**

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 8/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**ANERLEY,** best part. Comfortable home with musical family, every convenience, good garden, central position for trains, etc. Terms quite moderate. Recommended.—Box 80, "Y.M." Office, 47, Paternoster Row, E.C. W38

**SITUATION VACANT.**

**DRAPERY.**—Wanted, a Man for heavy counter in small establishment. One from the country with about six years' experience preferred. Sleep out.—BECKLAKE, 59-61, Nevill Road, Stoke Newington, N. L

# INVALUABLE BOOKS FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

Published in connection with

## THE Y.M.C.A. OF AMERICA.

### BIBLE STUDY COURSES.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

(a) Indicates study courses designed for use by those under fifteen years of age. (b) Indicates study courses designed for use by those between fifteen and eighteen years old. (c) Indicates elementary study courses for men. (d)„(e) Indicate study courses designed for advanced students, those marked (e) being the more difficult. † Indicates study courses arranged for daily study.

**ADAIR, W. W.**

(c) **Men of steel.** In pamphlet or loose-leaf form ..... 6d.

Great men of the Old Testament form the subject of twelve lessons.

(c) **Wrecks and Heroes.** In pamphlet or loose-leave form ..... 6d.

A course of sixteen lessons on New Testament characters, similar in treatment to the course Men of Steel.

**ADAM, JOHN DOUGLAS.**

**Paul in Everyday Life.** Thin paper, flexible cloth..... 2/6

A companion volume to the widely used Christ in Everyday Life. Daily readings from the epistles with personal applications.

**BOOTH, E. W.**

(c) **Good News by John.** In three parts, each ..... 8d.

Consecutive studies in the fourth gospel, covering a year and a half. Twenty-six lessons in each part.

**BOSWORTH, EDWARD INCREASE.**

(c) †**Christ in Everyday Life.** Thin paper, cloth ..... 2/6

Selected verses for daily devotional use, with a paragraph of comment for suggested meditation.

(d) †**New Studies in Acts.** Cloth .... 3/6
Paper ..... 2/6

Nineteen studies of the important incidents and truths of Acts put together in clear and attractive style.

(e) †**Studies in the Life of Jesus Christ.** Cloth, 4/-; paper..... 3/-

A thirty weeks' course of study in the New Testament. There are five divisions: Detailed Study up to the Last Week, chiefly according to Mark; General Survey up to the Last Week, according to Matthew; General Survey up to the Last Week, according to Luke; Detailed Study of the Last Week of Christ's Life, according to the synoptic gospels; Studies in Christ's Life, as presented in John's gospel.

(e) †**Teaching of Jesus and His Apostles.** Cloth, 3/6; paper..... 2/6

The great subjects involved in the teachings of Christ and His apostles are here considered, such as Christ's Messiahship, the Kingdom of God, the Resurrection, the Holy Spirit, Prayer, Missionary Enterprise, &c. Thirty lessons.

**COOK, J. W.**

(c) †**Introduction to Bible Study.** Cloth, 1/-; paper..... 8d.

Designed for the average Bible-class student.

**DE PUY-TRAVIS.**

(c) †**Outline Studies in Biblical Facts and History.** Cloth, 1/6; paper ..... 1/-

A course of twenty-six lessons—four introductory, seven on the Old Testament, thirteen on the life of Christ and the early Church, and a review and questions for examination. Twenty maps and charts.

**DOGGETT-BURR-BALL-COOPER.**

(d) †**Life Problems.** Paper..... 1/- net.

This series of twenty-four lessons deals with matters closely related to the life of young men, such as social relationships, temptations, livelihood.

**FALCONER, R. A.**

(e) †**Truth of the Apostolic Gospel.** Cloth, 3/6; paper ..... 2/6

The essence of the gospel is presented in thirty lessons. The book will aid those troubled with doubts to understand the convincing reasons for belief.

**FOWLER, H. T.**

(e) †**Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament.** Cloth, 3/-; paper ..... 2/-

This course of Old Testament studies is based upon Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes. It deals with the Hebrew attitude toward God in the light of their peculiar problems, and with the application of these teachings to our times.

**GIBSON, H. W.**

**Bible Studies for Boys' Camps.....** 6d.

A supplement to Mr. Gibson's book on camping planned "to help boys hear the 'sermons in stones,' and become better acquainted with God the Creator and Jesus Christ the Saviour and Friend." Twelve lessons and a list of thirty-one suggestiye Bible readings.

**GOODMAN, F. S.**

(c) **Another Story by Dr. Luke. Arranged for Correspondence Study.** Lesson sets complete..... 8d.

Fifteen short readings to acquaint the student with the story of the founding of the Christian Church as recorded in "The Acts of the Apostles."

(c) **Christian Testimony.** (**Studies in Acts.**) Paper ..... 8d.

The witness to Christ, as borne by the disciples in the early Church, is the central fact of these elementary inductive studies.

(c) **Enlisted Man and His Bible.** Paper ..... 8d.

The peculiar needs of men in the Army and Navy have been kept in mind in preparing this course.

(c) **Life and Letters of Paul.** Sixth edition, revised 1911. Cloth ..... 2/-
Paper ..... 1/- net

Thirty studies in the life of Paul arranged chronologically, divided into four sections. May be used as two short courses or one long one. Provision is made for a limited study of the Pauline epistles. Daily readings related to the lessons are added. A chronology of Paul's life and a classification of his epistles are given.

(c) **Main Lines in the Bible.** Railroad and city editions, each ..... 1/- net

Short and simple yet comprehensive and practical studies for busy people on topics such as, the Bible, God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, Forgiveness, Prayer, Service. Fourteen lessons and a bibliography.

(d) **Prayer, Principles and Examples.** Cloth, 1/- net; paper ..... 8d.

Twenty-five lessons on essential conditions, definiteness, perseverance, faith. Special studies in the prayer life of great characters in the Bible, notably Abrahaan, Moses, David, Christ, Paul. May be divided into two twelve-lesson courses.

(c) **Progressive Bible Studies.** Cloth, 1/- net; paper .....8d.

Nine introductory lessons on the Bible and its use, nine on fundamental truths as a preparation for service, and seven personal work studies based on Christ's life, with studies of practical personal problems.

**GOODMAN-KNEBEL.**

(c) **Story of Jesus by John.** Correspondence Bible Study. Twenty-two lessons, with a copy of John's gospel..... 8d.
Additional copies of John, each ..... 2d.

Especially adapted to men who cannot meet regularly in classes. Each lesson occupies a separate leaflet, with space after each question for a written answer.

**The Complete Catalogue of these Studies may be had Free on Application to**

# MARSHALL BROTHERS, LIMITED,

**LONDON: 47, Paternoster Row, E.C. EDINBURGH: 99, George St.**
**NEW YORK: 124, East 28th Street.**

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 22nd.**—Ps. xxxi. 14-24. "*My times are in thy hand*" (verse 15). It has been said of the Christian that he is immortal until his work is done. This means that God is filling his time with the duties which His service requires, and that consequently he prolongs His servants' days until the task is completed. For this purpose it is necessary that God should have been placed in control of every minute. The competitor for these minutes is sin, and no hand but God's can prevent sin's thefts.

**Sunday, 23rd.**—Gen. i. 1-19. "*In the beginning God*" (verse 1). These first words of the Bible may be said to lay down the one condition which is universally necessary to ensure a satisfactory outcome of any beginning. Beginnings are like the foundation-stones upon which a building rests. Life's foundations are laid in the days of youth, and the character of manhood depends on whether God had His right place in those early days. Christ has laid down the laws of true building construction in His parable of the house built upon the rock and the house built on the sand.

**Monday, 24th.**—Gen. i. 20-31. "*Let us make man in our image*" (verse 26). This chapter provides a picture of God's creation and handiwork rising like some magnificent temple erected to His honour. Our chosen verse describes the crowning splendour as God implants His image upon the man of His creation and endows him in special manner with a capacity to find pleasure in Himself.

**Tuesday, 25th.**—Gen. ii. 1-14. "*The Lord God planted a garden and there He put the man*" (verse 8). The man whom God had created required special surroundings and supplies, and these were provided in the garden. It is not for Adam only that God has planned a place of His choosing. There is a place for everyone in this life, as well as in the next, and because it is God's choice it must be the best. It is most important for boys to seek God's guidance in the selection of their businesses and situations, in order that they may always be in the place of His appointment.

**Wednesday, 26th.**—Gen. ii. 15-25. "*The Lord took the man and put him into the garden—and —commanded the Man*" (verse 15). Having provided the garden, God led Adam into it, and taught him its uses as well as the danger of its misuse. This is His intention in regard to everyone. There is no room for chance in the Christian life. God both plans and guides with perfect accuracy, and wishes to make this life a school in which He is the Chief Teacher, and all who will are His scholars. His forbiddings are His fences at the top of sin's precipices.

**Thursday, 27th.**—Gen. iii. 1-13. "*Hath God said*" (verse 1). Satan is God's great enemy, who is always seeking to invade God's creation and mislead into disloyalty and sin those whom God has formed for Himself. Satan here cleverly suggests the possibility of twisting God's plain words so as to make them suit the wish of the moment. The result was the exercise by man of his power of choice in opposition to God's instructions, and the consequent loss of his privilege, previously enjoyed, of reflecting in his conduct the beauty and wisdom of God's mind.

**Friday, 28th.**—Gen. iii. 14-24. "*I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed*" (verse 15). God who had watched this destructive invasion of His creation hastens to repair the ruins. He discloses His plan whereby Satan's defeat is to be brought about through the seed of the woman, and God's glory thus secured in and through His creation (man), according to His original determination. Thus God's light was shed across the centuries revealing the coming "Son of Man," none other than our Lord Jesus Christ, and His final victory.

### GOOD FINES.

FINES are not usually regarded with pleasure, but the value of self-imposed fines has been proved beyond question. There is nothing mechanical about the Christian life, but there is no reason why mechanical devices should not be used when they are found to be helpful. Most of us need a definite, sharp spur to help us keep to what we know to be our necessary devotional habits. We are told that Charles Simeon, who made such an impression on the Cambridge University of his day, had the practice of giving away a sovereign each time he failed to observe his daily devotions; and a group of prominent Christian workers in China, composed of close friends, have found help from some such scheme. Of course, there is no virtue in the practice in itself, but anything that will help one to maintain sacred, without exception, the habit of early in the day meeting God in prayer and through the study of the Scriptures is exceedingly valuable. Anyone who knows his own life acknowledges the necessity for an unfailing devotional habit. Most of us know how hard it is to maintain and develop such a practice. Anyone who has met with unsatisfying results in the past is recommended to exact from himself for each breach of the practice some definite, previously determined fine that will cost something. If other successful travellers on the Christian way have found this useful, perhaps we shall. It is worth trying.

### A GRATEFUL HEART.

There is a pathetic little story of a blind girl told by Ian Maclaren: "If I dinna see"—and she spoke as if this were a matter of doubt and she were making a concession for argument's sake—"there's naebody in the Glen can hear like me. There's no a footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but that I ken his name, and there's no voice oot on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to onybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny moss rose—and I judge that the oatcake and the milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if He dinna give me ae thing, He gave me mony things instead. And, mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that micht ha' been a trial, and my faith micht have failed. I've lost naething; my life has been all getting."

A most gratifying report was submitted to the annual Conference of the Associations in the Lanarkshire district, held at Lanark on Saturday, April 24. Notwithstanding the unsettled state of the district owing to the war, the increase for the year is 300. There are twenty-one Associations in the district, and the total membership is 3,742. The Conference was attended by 150 members and friends, and was under the chairmanship of Mr. H. Lightbody, J.P., Wishaw, president of the district. Addresses were given on the work of the Association in France, Egypt, and the homeland. Mr. Andrew Stewart gave us a stirring story of the splendid spiritual work being carried on amongst the colonials and British troops in Egypt. Mr. J. D. Hayes spoke of the work in France, while Mr. J. J. Smith told us of the truly wonderful spiritual results which have followed his work amongst the Highland Light Infantry at Windygates in Fife. Mr. Lightbody spoke in a most helpful and suggestive manner of the effect of the war on the life of the Association in the future.

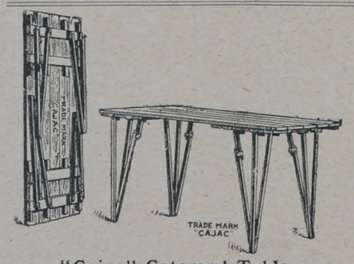

**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY**
A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.
**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**
Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **GILT and ENAMEL** | ... ... ... ... | **1/6** each. |
| **SILVER** (without Scroll Border) | ... ... ... | **2/6** ,, |
| **GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, | ... | **10/6** and **12/6** ,, |

All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**

**EMERGENCY FOLDING FURNITURE** OF BEST BRITISH MAKE.



"Cajac" Caterers' Table.

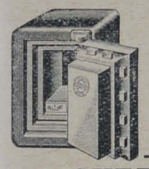
Handiest for
CAMPS, INSTITUTIONS, MISSION HALLS.
*CLOSE FOLDING, VERY RIGID. VERY STRONG.*
**The "CAJAC" Tables are Unequalled for Excellence :: of Manufacture, Strength and Convenience. ::**
*Stocked in Six Sizes.* *Write for Prices.*
Also FORMS, CHAIRS, TRESTLES (for loose table tops), in great variety.
Illustrated List on application.
Works cover 2½ acres. Fitted with the most up-to-date machinery obtainable.

**ALLAN JONES & CO.,** Hatherley Works, **GLOUCESTER.** *Telegrams: "Lattistep, Gloucester." Nat. Telephone: No. 55 Gloucester.*

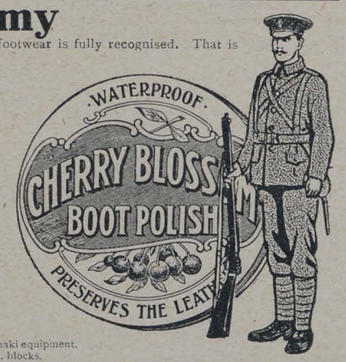




Always ask for
**R. WHITE'S**
Celebrated
**MINERAL WATERS**
They are Brewed in Modern Factories under strictly Hygienic conditions . .
GUARANTEED PURE
**BREWED GINGER BEER**
Soda Water, Lemonade, Lime Juice & Soda, etc.
FACTORIES — Camberwell, Barking, Kingston, Watford Croydon, Windsor and elsewhere.

**JOHN TANN'S**

FIRE and THIEF RESISTING **SAFES** FOR ALL PURPOSES.
**STEEL CASH CHESTS for Y.M.C.A. and ARMY TRAINING CAMPS.**
*Write for Catalogue of everything appertaining to security.*
**117, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

**CAUTION.**
*The Proprietors of SCHWEITZER'S "COCOATINA," "FAIRY COCOA," etc., beg to inform their clients that NONE of their products are manufactured in GERMANY. That they are a private ENGLISH COMPANY managed by a BOARD OF ENGLISH DIRECTORS, and that all shares are held by relatives and connections by marriage of the late sole proprietor,*
*Captain Thomas Edward Symonds, R.N.*

**In the Army**
the importance of comfortable footwear is fully recognised. That is why they use
**CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.**
They know its fine qualities as a waterproofer and preservative of the leather. Also they appreciate the serviceable condition of their boots due to its use. Tins (Brown and Black) 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Outfit 6d. Of all dealers.
An excellent dressing for boots, CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN should also be rubbed upon the feet. It allays irritation, and prevents blistering.
Made from the finest and purest ingredients.
**CHERRY DUBBIN (Black or Yellow)**
in 1d., 2d., 3d., and 6d. sizes, at Canteens, Stores, etc., or a 1d. trial tin will be sent, on receipt of a penny stamp, by CHISWICK POLISH CO., LTD., CHISWICK, W.
**KHARKENE** cleans and renovates Khaki equipment. Sold by all dealers in 1d. and 1½d. blocks.



**If you are Training in Camp,**
ASK FOR
**JACOB & CO.'S**
**1d. GINGERBREAD CAKES,**
**1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,**
**TIPPERARY BISCUITS**
(A very popular, rich, sweet variety),
**1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS,**
AND
**1d. CHOCOLATE TABLETS**
You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

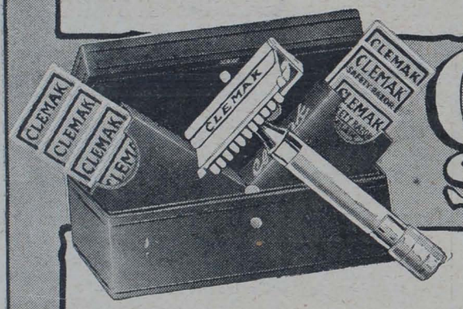
**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**
**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**
*Contractors to the :—*
WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.
**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**

# CLEMAK—For Quick, Close Shaving




"My word! that was a close shave."

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever.




## CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

**5/-** Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and **seven** blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, **Twelve** specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop

**10/6**

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.

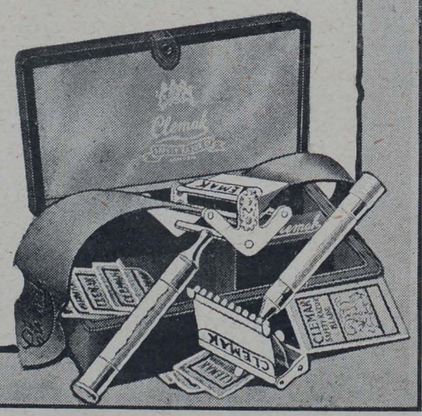
**GIVE HIM A CLEMAK.**

A real **PRESENT** for our **SOLDIERS** and **SAILORS.**

**OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c.,**
or from the
**CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.**

*The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.*

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.



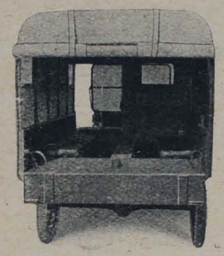


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—May 21, 1915.
**Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.**

# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 20. Vol. 1. MAY 28, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.

**The most PRACTICAL way to help to alleviate suffering.**

*The FORD is the CHEAPEST and most RELIABLE AMBULANCE AT THE FRONT.*

**BUY ONE AND PRESENT it to the Y.M.C.A. Council.**

*Immediate Deliveries.*

2-Stretcher **AMBULANCE** - £130
4-Stretcher **AMBULANCE** - £135
*Ready for the road.*
**STRETCHERS - 35/- each.**

**FORD DELIVERY VANS with special bodies for all trades.**

**W. HAROLD PERRY**
*(Capital Screen and Hood Co.),*
**101, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C., 45, HORSEFERRY RD., WESTMINSTER, and 32, HIGH ST., HIGH WYCOMBE.**

*Telephones: 2637 City. 7494 Victoria.*
*Telegrams: "PERRIZITE, LONDON."*




THOUGHTS OF HOME IN THE TRENCHES

The British soldier at the front does not forget his loved ones at home, but writes to them even under the most difficult conditions. Our photograph shows a party of men in the trenches writing home while waiting for the order to advance. *Photo: Photo Press.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


| | |
|---|---|
| WHAT WE THINK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 459 |
| LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XIX.—Rear-Admiral De Robeck | 460 |
| SOCIAL SERVICE IN THE LIGHT OF WAR. By Malcolm Spencer, M.A. | 461 |
| SUNDIALS AND WHAT THEY SAY. Illustrated ... ... ... ... | 463 |
| WITH THE MAORIS ON THE BURNING SANDS OF EGYPT: A Series of Interesting Pictures ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 465 |
| BETWEEN YOU AND ME. 19.—Harry Grattan Guinness ... ... ... | 466 |
| WITH THE BRADFORD "PALS." By the Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland | 472 |
| "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 475 |

FOR ROUTE MARCHES.

Fry's

SUPERIOR

Chocolates

ON SALE AT THE

Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.






in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT; NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.





THE BURBERRY

MILITARY WEATHERPROOF

Lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece.

Keeps its wearer dry and comfortable in rain or damp and survives long, rough wear. Provides hygienic warmth and protection against cold or windy weather.

Airylight, it obviates fatigue and tendency to overheating even on the mildest day.

Faultlessly self-ventilating, is healthful to wear under all conditions.

*See that your Burberry is labelled "Burberrys."*

Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free

SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT

Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats and Warms, ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, and the kit completed in a few hours.

THE BURBERRY

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W. LONDON
8 & 10 Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Provincial Agents



FROM THE TRENCHES!

A Soldier writes in praise of

BRANSON'S COFFEE

". . . . A splendid asset while awaiting a German attack in the early hours of the morning. It is so invigorating."

Sample and prices on application to
BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,
Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.



I. N. LYONS, LTD.

51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY,
MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE,
TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

Haversacks.
Kit Bags.
Nose Bags.
Canvas Water Buckets.
New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.
Marquees.
Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.
Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.
Woven Web Packs, Etc.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 20. Vol. 1. MAY 28, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## WHAT WE THINK

AN American paper, commenting on the prospects of the Coalition Government, suggests that at last Great Britain is waking up. While we are very willing to admit the soft impeachment, common fairness demands that we should observe one simple fact—namely, that John Bull has not been so *very* sleepy after all during the ten months of war. It is true that minor mistakes have been made, but the man who never makes mistakes never makes anything. The truth is we are not really asleep, but finding out the best way to prosecute our tremendous task. We have raised a gigantic Army—perhaps nearer three millions than two—and, what is more, we have realised that we are on trial for our life. The men who are in the ranks at the present moment are the flower of British manhood. They joined the Army in the hours of voluntary service; they were volunteers, not pressed men; and a larger number than some people think joined the Army because their moral sensibilities were outraged as they thought of the brutal bully who threatened the peace of Europe. Never, perhaps, in the history of the whole world has there been a finer Army than the one in readiness to-day, and for this alone we deserve to be absolved from the charge of sleepiness at the hands of our breezy American contemporary.

***

THE great Army, indeed, reminds us of the old Spartan story. The King of Sparta offered to show a visitor the city walls. He conducted his visitor to the spot where his Army was gathered, and, pointing to the men, he cried: "There are the city walls; and every man's a brick!" It may be that we shall have to find *more* bricks if the walls are to be high enough and long enough, but we have no doubt that the men will be forthcoming. There is still a good deal of talk about conscription; and it is possible that conscription has yet to come. Well, compulsion is bad at the best of times, but we are confident that if our rulers tell us that compulsory service is absolutely necessary for our existence as an Empire, not a man will murmur at the decision. The last sentence, perhaps, ought to be qualified a little, for the sights on the London streets are a little disquieting, especially on a Sunday night. There seem to be thousands of able-bodied young men still strolling about the streets, although it would be foolish thus to judge them, for they may be engaged in arduous Government service all the week through. On the whole, the patriotism of the country is at white heat, and those who know the British temperament have no fear of the final issue.

***

THE new Coalition Government is a striking illustration of the old proverb that unity is strength. We have buried our party politics since war broke out, but men, being only human, are nevertheless tempted to criticise any one particular party that happens to be in power. All criticism should now be silenced in the face of a Cabinet composed of members of all political parties. The old saying affirms that two heads are better than one, and it may very well be that two parties are better than one when a great war is raging. It would certainly be an excellent tihng if the new Cabinet could get a grip on the utterances of some of the daily papers, who seem to be taking the reins into their own hands. Only last week a bitter attack was made on Lord Kitchener, who has been the most prominent factor in the organisation of the new Army. He has been blamed for this and criticised for the other; and, not content with discussing present troubles, one journal, more ambitious than the rest, raked up some odds and ends connected with the South African War! In peace time this sort of thing would not matter a penny-piece; but it certainly seems absurd that responsible English journals should give such a squalid impression of our domestic arrangements to the ever-eager enemy.

***

THE tireless energy of men like Kitchener prompts us to ask a very straight and homely question: "Are we doing *our* bit?" Many of us are prohibited from enlisting, but that disqualification does not prevent us from taking a useful share in the great struggle. There is much work to be done even by those who are unable to don the familiar khaki. On every hand there is a need for workers, and it is up to each one of us to see whether we are taking our part in the nation's travail. Some men are doing their bit as special constables, in some instances with not a little self-denial; others are members of training corps, and with a fixed determination are preparing themselves for service should it prove necessary. Others, yet again, are assisting in catering for the recreative needs of the soldiers, and are thus fulfilling a useful ministry. The fact is we can all do something; nay, we *must* all do something! To stand aloof at a time like this is criminal, and a man's patriotism may well be questioned when he betrays no anxiety to help in the common cause.

***

IT is not for us to say which side is right in the great tramway dispute, but we do say, without hesitation, that this is a senseless time to dislocate the whole of London's traffic. While our brave comrades in the Army are doing their bit, the tramway men have seized on the occasion to demonstrate the power of labour. They have shown that unity is strength, but we fear it resembles the strength of a bully. We do not know the full details of the case, but we are confident that the act of the men will not soon be forgotten; for one reason in particular. The class affected by the action of the men is not the well-to-do nor the middle class, but *the workers themselves!* They patronise the trams because they are cheaper than any other form of travel, and many a tired worker has now to tramp, footsore and weary, because there are no trams. We wish the men could have waited, or that some other plan could have ben devised to right what wrongs existed. We need to put all our strength into the war we are waging, and while our gallant lads on sea and land are waging war on a relentless foe, we ought to back them up by keeping the home fires burning. We ought to see that everything at home is as well as it can possibly be.

***

PERHAPS the American paper is right after all. Perhaps we *are* waking up; at least, we hope that we may soon

learn to put away childish things. Certainly we need to wake up to the evils of drink and selfishness and impurity. And it is at this point that we realise the need of God's power. Only He can wake us up in the truest sense, for when He wakes us up there is no turning to sleep again. The needs are pressing, the cause needs assisting; we can all do something; are we doing our bit?

### PEACE AFTER CONFLICT.

**By the Hon. J. C. Plunket.**

"Melchizedeck, King of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the Most High God."—Genesis xiv. 18.

I.

COME again, O King of Salem,
Come again, O Mystic Priest;
Meet us on the weary high road,
Spread the Sacramental Feast.

II.

Lift once more the Cup of Blessing,
Break once more the Bread of Life—
We are stained with soil of battle,
Faint with vigil and with strife.

III.

Oh, how oft we fell and faltered!
Once, it seemed that all was lost;
But our hand still grasped the standard
With Thy life-blood for its cost.

IV.

And good voices whispered, "Forward!"
The red field was ours at length;
Wounded sore, we know our weakness;
Conquerors, we know Thy strength.

V.

Forward, then, again to-morrow,
If it be Thy high behest;
But for this one sacred hour
Grant Thy tired warriors Rest—

VI.

Rest, O Christ, in Thy dear Presence,
King of Righteousness and Peace;
Then, hereafter, rest in Heaven,
Where all earthly conflicts cease.

### A TIMELY REBUKE.

A crowded train was rushing on its way. Some of the passengers had been unable to get seats, and a group of men were standing on the platform of the car, when a cheerful traveller came on at a station.. Seeing the tired-looking men, the newcomer said, "Are there no seats in the car?" And since there was a chance to express their deep dissatisfaction with the railway, the men began to complain. Almost in chorus they said, "We have been standing here for three hours."

Just then an invalid was carried into the car. As the men stepped back to let him pass, one of them repeated the remark, "Yes, we have been standing here for three hours." The invalid looked at him and quietly said, "You are fortunate." At once the looks and tones of the men changed. The rebuke was gently and honestly given, and it did its work.

A touching incident was once related by the late Rev. Charles Garrett, who did so much to better the condition of Liverpool. Mr. Garrett said that a boy of thirteen years old was once sitting at a hotel table with his father. The waiter came to him, and asked, "What will you take, sir?" The boy replied, "I'll take what father takes, please." His father was holding a decanter of wine at that moment, and was about to pour out a glass for himself. But, hearing his son's words, he changed his mind, and said to the waiter, "Give me a glass of water, please." He had realised his responsibility as an exemplar.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XIX.—REAR ADMIRAL DE ROBECK.

IN *Y.M.* recently Mr. A. C. Benson discussed chance and luck. The appointment of Rear-Admiral de Robeck to command the British squadron in the Dardanelles might be taken as an instance where "chance" or "luck" had played the more important part. It may be recalled that Vice-Admiral Carden was in command at the commencement of the Dardanelles operations. Illness, however, overcame him, and the command passed to Rear-Admiral de Robeck, while his predecessor had to return home. One can sympathise with the gallant sailor forced by ill-health to give up his great post of duty in an attack on Constantinople which is likely to prove of the very highest importance.

What was the vice-admiral's misfortune proved to be the "chance" or the "luck"—according as you view it—of Rear-Admiral de Robeck. He is fifty-three years old, and has been in the Navy from boyhood. It may be well to explain that he is not of foreign birth, as his name might lead people to imagine. His father was Baron de Robeck, an Irish nobleman, who was the fourth baron of his line, and his elder brother is the present Baron de Robeck, whose country seat is at Naas, in county Kildare.

Rear-Admiral de Robeck became a captain in 1902, and in 1911 rear-admiral. He has not had quite as much experience of active service as some of his contemporaries, but has always been regarded as a man of great ability, who, given the opportunity, would rise to the occasion. He is a fine shot, and keen on hunting. In the perils of the Dardanelles we all wish the rear-admiral success, and hope that his name will soon be inscribed on the roll of famous sailors who have "achieved the impossible."

### SCENES ABOUT LONDON.






# SOCIAL SERVICE IN THE LIGHT OF WAR.

*An Examination of Some Social Needs in the Light of the Christian Obligation.*

By MALCOLM SPENCER, M.A.

MOST men have thought more vigorously since last August than ever they did in their lives before. A more vivid light has been shining upon many sides of life with which we were so familiar that we seldom noticed them. Amongst other things, we have had reason to look more closely into the social structure of the nation, and understand a little more of its intricate working. This article calls attention to some few of the features of our social life upon which the war has cast its piercing light.

Turn back to August and remember what happened then. For some days after the declaration of war no one was quite clear whether if they had any money at the bankers they could lay hold of it, or whether if they got it they would be able to buy food with it. We knew, as we had never known before, how immensely complicated was the social machinery by which our savings are made productive of further wealth and stores brought within reach of our purses. We realised, too, the delicacy, as well as the complexity, of this social machinery, and how amazingly possible it was for the whole thing to get out of gear. We inferred all this as we watched the first rush for groceries, or conversed with some anxious and cautious banker.

#### A Necessary Breathing Space.

And then, before things had become serious, we read of the provision that had been made to meet our crisis. For those who were rich enough to have large debts, which were owed to them or which they owed to others, there was the provision of the moratorium. For a space the payment of debts was not to be enforced, in order to allow a breathing-space for those whose financial affairs were in jeopardy. It needed time for the complicated organism of commerce to adjust itself to the blow which it had received, and to prevent the undermining of that mysterious confidence in the honourable fulfilment of business contracts on which our whole system rests.

For the poor there were other provisions. A National Fund was opened by the Prince of Wales to provide for cases of exceptional need occasioned by the dislocation of industry which it was feared might follow. And for a while before the news of the war itself had become engrossing we were beguiled by the newspapers into watching and measuring the growth of the Fund. Each local community, through its Mayor, was provided with a special committee, representative of manifold interests, to co-ordinate the voluntary effort which sprang up immediately in every neighbourhood, and to provide for the proper use of central and local funds. Maximum prices were fixed for a number of the most important articles of food to prevent their passing beyond the purchasing power of the poor.

The result was very satisfactory and very instructive. In the world of large finance and business enterprise the measures taken to prevent the exceptional strain and tension of the time from tearing the business fabric to pieces proved satisfactory, and it was not long before it was found possible to put an end to the special provisions with regard to the payment of debt. By Government provision with regard to the insurance of risks on overseas trade the country continues to share with individuals who are engaged in shipping the special hazards of war time, thus giving the necessary spring and elasticity to that vitally necessary department of our organised life.

#### Distress in Time of War.

The provision made for those at the other end of the scale was a matter of much more delicate adjustment, and liable, therefore, to much greater miscarriage. It involved the lives of so many whose lives were already hard bestead and unstable, and it involved the co-operation of many more persons. Distress and poverty cannot be dealt with satisfactorily by mechanical means and financial adjustments only. Funds have been provided and committees have been constituted, and much good work has been done, and in spite of it all there must have been much well-meant effort gone astray and much need overlooked.

The public has been comforted to hear that "distress this winter has been no greater than usual." It has been too much preoccupied with other matters to think exactly what that means. Put the other way round, it means that distress at all times is so widespread and so terrible that when we are suddenly awakened to its existence, as we were this winter, we could not tolerate its continuance. Even in time of war, when hardship was to be expected, the normal distress of peace time seemed intolerable. When war time is ended we have yet to provide against the constant recurrence of this acute distress, which revolts all those who are aware of it, whether it be in a winter of war or a winter of peace.

#### The Need of a Friendly Spirit.

The work of dealing with the distress of the last nine months has illustrated afresh all the weaknesses of our social organism. The work cannot be effectively done if those who are in need are not already linked by ties of knowledge and trust with those who are going to help them. The work cannot be done whilst those who are administering help are officious, or patronising, or ignorant of the conditions of life in which the people they deal with have to live. The work cannot be done whilst those who are responsible for its administration are unfriendly with one another, suspicious of one another, impatient with one another, self-conscious of what is due to them and to their position, inflated with their own social theories, tenacious of their own panaceas, bound by their own party cries, or incompatible in any of the hundred ways in which the people who mean to do the world good are incompatible with one another. It cannot be done whilst those who seek to do it have not the patience to learn what more experienced people can teach them. Every party quarrel, and every social estrangement, and every local misunderstanding which there is, combine to frustrate the goodwill which is so plentiful amongst us, but which finds such inadequate expression both now and at all times.

Magnificent work has been done, and both its success and its failure have much to teach us for the future. Amongst other things, the following points are well worth careful notice.

First of all, there exists amongst us a very great store of goodwill toward one another. It is often unavailing because it is not coupled with sufficient imagination to make it effective. It seems to require some special stimulus to call it forth. When some dramatic situation makes the need of our fellow-citizens vivid to the public mind and imagination the goodwill is found to be there, ready at call.

#### Some Limitations of the Individual.

Some may attribute the special measures taken in August to an enlightened self-interest. The moratorium, the Mayors' Committees, the maximum prices and all, were arranged, it would be said, to avoid the collapse of credit and the possibility of bread riots. This is no doubt partly true, but only partly so. These things may have been necessary to bring the need urgently and vividly before the public, and without a united public feeling in their favour those powerful interests of the country which are often wielded callously and selfishly would have stood out against the national action for the national good. The obstruction of selfish interests needs always a tide of public opinion to sweep it away. But when all allowances have been made, the fact remains that we have discovered in the country an immense fund of goodwill ready to be drawn upon for the country's need wherever that need is crucial.

But this goodwill is often quite inoperative and futile because it does not discover its proper collective expression. Private individual effort is the salt of an energetic society, but private individual effort has its limits of usefulness. Private individual effort in the early days of the war began to run out into the sands of utter futility in the manufacture of all kinds of unnecessary objects, until it became co-ordinated and instructed. And co-ordination is only really effective when all the forces which are meant to work together are co-ordinated with one another and subordinate to the major purpose and single coherent plan. There

are many things that can only be dealt with on the national scale and with the national resources. Credit and commerce and our whole society would indeed have collapsed in August last had it not been possible for the nation, through its Executive, to take swift and drastic action. Such action will be needed again and again. We have many of us yet to realise that the major reforms of our social evils cannot be secured apart from drastic national interference with the existing order of society. Nor will that drastic action be successful unless it can command the general backing of the goodwill of the country, freely rendered even by those who may be far from convinced of the necessity or wisdom of the action.

Clearly this does not mean that Government is to put our troubles right for us, and that individual effort is fatuous. Far from that, it means that individual effort must be so quick to understand the intention of Government action, so ready to seize on its good points, and so quick to co-operate that the measures which statesmen of whatever party have contrived for the good of society may have their chance through the active co-operation of those who agree at least in caring for society's good. Just as in the work of administering the funds provided to meet exceptional distress an immense body of people was needed to co-operate with officials in carrying out schemes which at first, at any rate, were very imperfect, so it will be always. Patience in co-operation with imperfect schemes and imperfect people will remain the order of the day.

There are two sides to this lesson in the importance of collective action. On the one hand, when we remember that even rich and powerful men have recently required the interference of Government to protect them from the vicissitudes of commercial change, we shall be better able to understand that poorer and less able and less well-situated men may be needing some permanent adjustment of the stresses of the industrial system to make life manageable. On the other hand, the co-ordination of official and voluntary effort with such good results in every direction in the past few months should prove the necessity of that co-ordination in more permanent ways.

But all the lessons of the crisis will go to waste unless there arises among us an army of men and women who are determined to continue to live as they have been living of late, with self-interest subordinated by a stirring sense of the need of the nation And they must feel this with sufficient strength and respond with sufficient determination to make themselves apostles of the service of society wherever they go when the war is over. They must be ready, too, to acquire the training and self-discipline and adapability which the work involves. For the war on social evil has its drill and its discipline and its need of absolute obedience and true self-forgetfulness. It needs great generalship, it is true, but generalship counts for nothing unless the power to lead is wedded to an equal power to follow.

## THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

**An Appreciation by an Ex-Moderator of the Church of Scotland.**

ADDRESSING the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh on Saturday last, the Very Rev. Dr. Wallace Williamson described his recent experiences with the troops in France. It was only in the power of the living God that their chaplains could do their great services. he remarked; it was only in the power and the blessing of God that their soldiers could win through this terrible struggle, to bring to them victory and peace and to secure the liberty of mankind. His invitation came from the other side, with the direct approval of the British General Headquarters, and so it escaped all entanglements of red tape at home, either at the War Office or anywhere else. He was enabled to make a visit exactly under the conditions of his friend the Bishop of London, whose rooms he occupied at a place which they were only allowed to call G.H.Q. G.H.Q. was the most wonderful place he had ever lived in; he should never forget it to his dying day. Two things struck him at the G.H.Q. Very near him was the spot and the place where Lord Roberts died—the spirit of that great soldier was with them from the beginning to the end—and very near him, scarcely 50 yards away, he could see a little pole protruding, and on it a flag a little bigger than the ordinary pocket handkerchief—that was the General Headquarters of the great British Army under Sir John French. He came there to speak to them that day with a feeling of grateful pride and quiet confidence in the officers and men of the British Army.

He had no military secrets to give them—he received none—but he received great impressions, and one of the deepest impressions to his mind was his admiration for the Belgian and the French people. It was said the other day that France had found her soul; Belgium and France had helped them to find their soul. He had been in the big towns of Northern France; he had been in the churches; he had been in the little villages all over Normandy. The impression was the same—a quiet, resolute people, turning more and more to God, with the assurance that God would lead through the darkness into light and peace for themselves and for humanity. Humanity was the guiding star alike of Belgium and of France. He had another great impression. Among the varied privileges which he enjoyed he had an interview with the Commander-in-Chief—a thing to be remembered till one's dying day. He had met Sir John French before, and the man he saw was the same quiet man, but transfigured, bright, clean, confident, the perfect picture of the happy warrior. He stood for the core and the brain of the British Army. The core and brain were sound. Another impression was the morale of the British Army officers and men. He had seen them everywhere. He had seen them on occasions when they might expect among the men things that they could not approve. He had seen them when they were moving off into the firing line; he had seen them when they went slacking along the streets of those French towns and villages; he had seen them by hundreds and thousands in all circumstances and conditions. He had never seen a man who was not ready at the moment to go forward—ready mentally, morally, and physically to go forward—and fight. Another impression was the clear moral purpose of the British Army.

It came home to him in a thousand ways, and he recalled how that occurred in a most powerful and simple way. He had addressed a thousand men ready for battle, and as they stood watching them go, and calling out words of encouragement, a quiet man in khaki said—he could hear the quiet ring of his voice—"Remember Belgium!" It was the most eloquent speech he had ever heard. Every man in the Army knew what he was fighting for, and every man would fight for it unto the death. There was nothing more beautiful to him in all God's earth than the clear eyes of those young officers who were going out in streams to take the place of their friends and comrades who had fallen—coming out with glad, brave hearts—and he came back with nothing but the most absolute admiration for the ordinary plain soldier, the most wonderful man to him on earth at this moment—in peace the most cheerful of souls, in suffering uncomplaining, in death brave and simple and calm. That was their British soldier.

Dr. Wallace Williamson proceeded to describe the wonderful organisation at the base and the marvellous system of hospitals. On the first Sunday they were out they discovered that no cut-and-dry plan was possible. Heavy fighting was going on. They got in touch, however, with a good many of the Scottish regiments and arranged for a service the following morning with his friend, Mr. Harry Millar, who went with him as his chaplain, representing the United Free Church. They got hold of the Seaforths, splendid men just out. They were lucky in getting them away from the main road and into a most beautiful orchard, and there under the blossom of the apple trees the men were gathered. The great guns were booming, booming, booming, and an aeroplane sailed over their heads, and there they joined in singing the old 121st Psalm and "Rock of Ages." That afternoon they came upon the wonderful work of the R.A.M.C.—car after car in endless succession with wounded men who had gone out in the morning in the brightness and flush of youth. He passed through three or four of the wards in the receiving hospital and knelt down beside as many of the Scotsmen as he could find, and among all that crowd of wounded men there was not a single murmur, not a suggestion on the part of any man that he was bearing anything special. It was the most beautiful sight in God's world. It gave one a wonderful thankfulness for what their doctors anl nurses were able to do. He was deeply struck with the tremendous earnestness and sincerity of the chaplains on the field. Like the men they were face to face with God. It was life and death every moment of the day with them. Those who might be anxious to go out to that work should remember it was not a picnic. It was a terrible trial to face when one went right into it. The chaplains' work was hard and difficult, but glorious, and they were doing it in that spirit.

## THE GENERAL'S ADVICE.

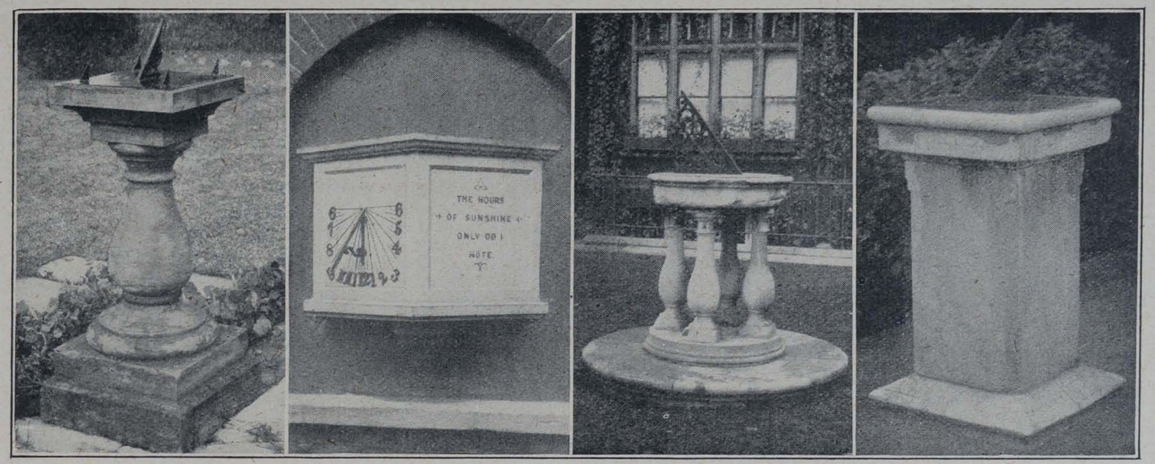
A great general used to tell his soldiers, "Find out where your enemy is Get at him as soon as you can, and keep moving on."

It is good counsel for you in dealing with your temptations. It will not take you long to find out what tempts you most easily. Give your earnest attention to that, and strike at it powerfully and courageously, "and keep moving on." You must determine, from the very beginning, that you are going to win, with God's help. If you cannot be a Christian just where you are, you cannot be a Christian anywhere else.

In a Sunday-school class a little boy listened to the lesson, and then said he tried to love his mother with all his strength. "What do you mean?" asked his teacher. "I'll tell you. You see, we live—mother and I—on the fifth floor in our tenement. We keep the coal in the basement. Mother isn't very strong, so I go and fetch the coal myself. It is awfully heavy, and it takes all my strength. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?" The story is a good illustration of a child's way of defining Biblical phrases.

In one of the heart-searching passages of "Mark Rutherford" occur these sentences: "Cultivated persons sit in their studies and write overflowingly about Jesus, or meet at parties and talk about Him; but He is not of much use to me unless I say to myself, 'How is it with thee?' unless I become what He was. This was the meaning of Jesus to the Apostle Paul. Jesus was in him; he had put on Jesus; that is to say, Jesus lived in Him like a second soul, taking the place of his own soul and directing him accordingly." Men can discuss and patronise Christ, but the question they must face is, "How is it with *thee?*" Unless they have taken Him to be their Saviour and Guide, all the discussions will prove futile.





(1) Sundial in a Worcester garden, with a miniature dial at each corner, giving time at Quebec, Melbourne, Capetown, and Calcutta; (2) From a garden in the city of Hereford, the dial bearing the inscription, "The hours of sunshine only do I note"; (3) St. Paul's Sundial, at Amen Corner; (4) In Waterlow Park, Highgate, this dial-plate being on a level with the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

# SUNDIALS AND WHAT THEY SAY.

*An Interesting Article about an Instrument which we All Hope will be Busy this Season.*

TO-DAY the sundial is more an object of curiosity than utility. It is an instrument of great antiquity, and anyone caring to peruse the wonderful story told in Isaiah xxxviii. will not have to read far before finding mention of the sundial.

A few centuries ago, before the introduction of clocks and watches, sundials were comparatively common. Prior to the Great Fire of London these instruments for measuring time were to be found on most of its churches, and dial-making was quite an industry in the City.

By the way, there are some particularly fine specimens of dials in the British Museum.

Most Londoners are familiar with the district known as Seven Dials, and were it possible to interrogate a person who lived in the locality a century or so ago, he would be able to tell us that there used to be a column where the seven streets converge, surmounted by a series of dials so that they might catch the sun throughout the entire day.

There are still several sundials even in the City of London proper. On one of the lawns of Amen-court—the residence of the Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral—there is a seventeenth-century sundial. A few years ago it was found in one of the vaults of the Cathedral. Some people think it was used at one time to regulate the Cathedral clock.

Not everyone is aware that there is a sundial in Fleet-street. It may be seen on the premises of Sells, Limited, by all who pass by. It bears the following inscription:—

Watch and pray,
Time flies away.

Its design and wording are those of a dial which the late Mr. Henry Sell had long admired in his native place at Leighton Buzzard. This house—so well known in the London publishing and advertising world—used to be called Leighton House, but since the erection of the sundial, some years since, this has been superseded by "At the Sign of the Sundial." Thus, in the very highway of the newspaper Press, which knows no past, knows no future, and deals only with the present, the dial, with its inscription, may well be regarded as admonitive.

### On a Level with St. Paul's Dome.

On the outskirts of London, too, it is possible to find a number of sundials. There is one at Waterlow Park, and anyone who cares to take a walk into this picturesque resort and stand beside the dial will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is then on an exact level with the top of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The inscription on the dial will give him this information.

In a private garden not far from the park there is a King Charles sundial. "Long Live King Charles" is the inscription it bears, and below—

As the long hours do pass away
So doth the life of man decay.

Memorial sundials are not unknown, and very pleasing they are, for it is difficult to imagine anything more calculated to arouse reflective thought. There is one in Peckham Rye Park erected to commemorate Lt.-Col. Sexby's long connection with the London County Council as head of the Parks Department, and if the reader will, as it were, leap a hundred miles, he will find another at the Laslett Almshouses, Worcester, erected by magistrates to a magistrate. It reminds us that—

Life is fleeting as the shadows.

It also bears the following inscription:—

In recognition of the past services and honourable citizenship of Thos. Southall, Esq., Senior Magistrate of the City and a trustee of the Laslett Almshouses, this sundial was erected by his fellow-magistrates and members of the Corporation of Worcester, 1912.

### A Group of Miniatures.

As a means of garden ornamentation there are evidences that the sundial is being reintroduced—a fact which must have been noticed by those possessing the "seeing eye." Wandering about in the neighbourhood of Kepax Ferry—a little distance only from Worcester Cathedral—the writer noticed an especially interesting modern sundial. On each of the four corners it has a miniature dial giving approximately the time at Quebec, Melbourne, Capetown, and Calcutta. The verse on the dial-plate is worth quoting:—

With warning hand I mark time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night,
Yet through the dear God's love I also show
There's light above me by the shade below.

In another Worcester garden the writer found the owner of a sundial much more polite than the sundial itself, for on approaching the latter he was met with a most peremptory inscription:—

Go about your business.

This sundial has a revolving disc sectioning out the months and days of the year.

There is a sundial, too, on the Dean of Worcester's lawn, inscribed—

Tempus fugit,

a fact which, judging by his energies, the democratic Dean fully realises.

Near Stroud, in Gloucestershire, there is a milestone surmounted by a sundial. The milestone tells the traveller he is within one mile of Stroud, whilst the sundial portion has an exceedingly appropriate text deeply cut in the stonework:—

Behold! now is the accepted time.

In the City of Hereford there is a garden sundial fixed in a window recess declaring—

The hours of sunshine only do I note.

The subject of sundials is one on which much might be written, and from various points of view, but visions of the editorial blue pencil are already beginning to float before the eyes of the writer. The verse on a dial in Trefuant Churchyard, Denbighshire, however, must be given:—

Suns rise and set
'Till men forget
The Day is at the Door
When they shall rise no more.
O Everlasting Sun,
Whose race is never run,
Be thou my endless light,
Then shall I fear no night.

In conclusion, may it be said that this copy of the *Y.M.* will find its way into the trenches on the Continent, where many sons from the places referred to—particularly the Worcesters—are fighting, fighting, fighting, and as it is always delightful to recall one's native county when away from it, it is hoped that this short article may not be without its silent appeal in the direction indicated, for throughout the penning of these lines the writer has had the valiant sons of the British Empire serving at the front in the core of his mind.

C. H. C.

## COMPENSATIONS.

**By the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.**

I will restore the years.—Joel ii. 25.

TO be without the memory of a father who was true and a mother who was all that she should be is to suffer a loss which, to some extent, cannot be made up.

The waif found on the street, the boy growing up in the city, homeless and all but friendless, these must go through life with a certain something lacking, which Time, with all its wealth or distinction, can never make up.

But there is one thing even worse than this. That is to have the memory of a father who has hindered you with an inheritance, or the recollection of a mother whose memory is not more and more beautiful as the days go by.

But in the face of such discouragements success may be won.

Years ago a waif was found on the streets of a Southern city. A few days ago he became the Governor of his State.

Fifty years ago a little baby was found on the steps of a beautiful home in an Eastern city. To-day he is a minister of the Gospel.

There are compensations which, for those who suffer loss, should not be forgotten.

It is said that we inherit but half our tendency for good or bad from our immediate ancestors, one-fourth from our grandparents, one-eighth from our great-grandparents, and so on. All of which goes to make up a balance which seems to be just.

But, best of all, God has said: "I will be a Father to the fatherless." Again, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." And yet again we are told, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

What hinders us, He overcomes.
What is lacking, He will supply.

---

An infidel was scoffing at the doctrine of the Trinity. He turned to a gentleman and said, "Do you believe such nonsense?" "Tell me how that candle burns," said the other. "Why, the tallow, the cotton, and the atmospheric air produce light," said the infidel. "Then they make one light, do they not?" "Yes." "Will you tell me how they are three and yet but one light?" "No, I cannot." "But you believe it?" The scoffer was put to shame.

There is something selfish in much of our sorrow, and the best cure for the sad heart is to busy itself on behalf of others. The daughter of a clergyman, who had been ill for a long time, felt her father's death as "the end of all things." Then better thoughts came as she realised that she had still many comforts and blessings. She turned to art, having long wished to study painting, and very soon became proficient enough to paint pictures, which obtained a good sale. The sum realised by her pictures she devoted to certain societies in which she had long been interested. And as this new interest developed, her sorrow gave way to the joy of being able to aid God's work more than in the days when all her time was occupied with tending her invalid father. Thinking of others, she lost her self-centred sorrow.

## A MISSION OF HOPE.

**Experiences and Impressions of Active Service in Camp.**

By W. R. Lane.

THE Y.M.C.A. is pursuing its most useful task in hundreds of the great military training centres with unabated zeal, notwithstanding the tremendous strain of the last ten months, and it is cause for thankfulness that the men for whose welfare they toil seem to listen with increasing earnestness to the message of the Gospel. That, at any rate, has been my experience on all hands. It has been my privilege to face many thousands of men and to speak to them the words of eternal life since the war began, but the past seven weeks since Easter has been a specially busy time, and, I think, more fruitful in definite spiritual results than anything I have seen in the past. My itinerary during that period has included Witley, Bramshott, Frensham, Horsham, Northampton, Ipswich, Flixton, Lowestoft, Felixstowe, Bury St. Edmunds, Diss, Norwich, Aylsham, &c. In all these centres the spirit of hearing has been great, and sometimes the response to the message truly remarkable.

The ten days following Easter was made by the Y.M.C.A.'s everywhere a season of prayerful and special appeal to the men for surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ, and an avowal of allegiance to Him by signing the "War Roll." I was planned for that time in the Hindhead area, which is under the general direction of Mr. Allan Frost, who arranged a fine programme of work for me in the great camps around. The leaders of the various huts and their helpers prayerfully prepared the way, and night after night it was my privilege to preach the Gospel to crowds ranging from three hundred to nine hundred men. It seemed to me that in all my long experience I had never had a better hearing and never had felt more the reality of the Holy Spirit's presence and power than on some of those occasions. One memorable night sixty-two, and another night more than fifty of the dear fellows walked up to the front in the presence of their comrades, declaring their desire and purpose to trust the Saviour and live for Him. During my visit in the district nearly four hundred, I believe, signed the War Roll. It was truly a great and gracious time.

While it is, of course, a joy to speak to crowds, there are at the same time numberless opportunities for conversations with individual men. The difficulties, temptations, &c., of camp life are so manifold, and to many of the younger lads so entirely new, that they readily welcome the chance of a friendly and quiet talk that may guide and help them in the fierce moral contest that faces them.

It is pretty well known that in his religious profession the soldier is always subjected to the "kneeling down" test. His comrades will not pay much regard to his Christianity unless he kneels openly by his bedside to pray. I could fill columns with stories of thrilling interest illustrative of this. "I have heard you twice," said a sergeant to me, "and to-night I want to be a Christian and sign that Roll. A brother sergeant who sleeps in my hut became a Christian a week or so ago, and the sight of him kneeling in prayer before going to bed made me feel miserable and ashamed of my cowardice." That night two sergeants knelt in that hut. Who can tell the missionary influence of those two non-commission officers in their regiments?

Two young soldiers about twenty—clean, pure-looking lads they were—came to me one afternoon, and told me they had accepted the Saviour the night before, but their courage left them when they got to the hut and they failed to "kneel down." The simple and frank way in which they related their struggles and fears was very touching indeed. "We really meant to do it, but our pluck seemed all to go in the midst of the noise of the hut." It appears they sat down by their beds and talked quietly with each other, trying to screw up their courage, and then ultimately decided that they could not face it that night. How thankful I was to be able to hearten and cheer them out of my own guardsman's life and experiences! After some Bible and prayer together, they "went on their way rejoicing." The joy of the Lord was their strength, and before getting into bed the two of them bravely "knelt down" and so made their first open confession of Christ. These men know well enough that in their surroundings they must be out and out. Their religion must be definite and strong. They *must* add to their faith courage, and herein we see the supreme value of Christian work among soldiers.

---

## OPENING OF SEAFORD HUT.

THE huge and magnificently equipped No. 1 hut at Seaford camp was officially opened on Saturday, May 15. Major-General R. A. Montgomery, C.V.O., C.B., in command of the 22nd Division (Third Army) presided. The Right Hon. Earl Brassey, K.C.B., G.C.B., with whom was Lady Brassey, performed the ceremony. Mr. A. K. Yapp spoke to an influential gathering on the work of the Y.M.C.A. in all parts of the world among the troops of the British Empire. The band of the 11th Welsh Battalion, "Cardiff Pals," under Bandmaster W. White, was in attendance, and rendered a fine programme of music.

In the evening a tremendous crowd of men assembled in the hut for a concert, at which Brigadier-General Williams (67th Brigade) presided. The brigadier-general told of his keen interest in and appreciation of the work of the Y.M.C.A., especially at Seaford among the men of the 65th, 66th, and 67th Brigades.

The programme was in the hands of Mr. Lyell Johnston, musical director of the Soldiers' Entertainment Fund, London, who kindly sent down a splendid company of artistes. The men enjoyed themselves immensely, and at the close gave three ringing cheers as an expression of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who entertained them.

---

As Mrs. Oliphant, who was so popular an author in Victorian days, lay dying, she was heard to murmur, "God is very good. He gives me everything." She had passed through many sorrows, yet she was able to say in the midst of them, "O Lord, Thou wouldest not have done it but for good reason!" May we all realise the goodness of God, even in dark hours. "He gives me everything," we must admit.

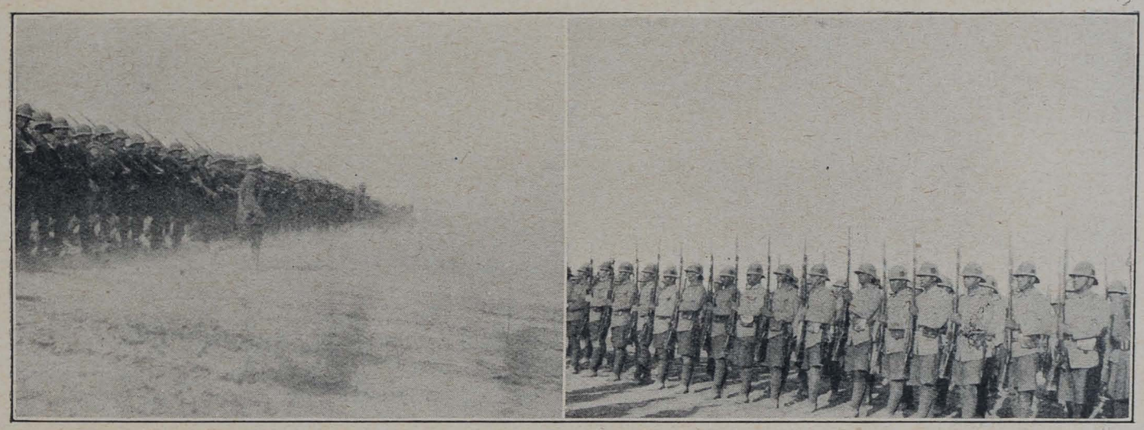
The wife of a naval officer was sitting in the cabin near him during a dreadful storm. She was filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, and was so surprised at his serenity that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in such a terrible storm?" Rising from his chair he drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife exclaimed: "Are you not afraid of that sword?" She instantly answered, "No." "Why?" said the officer. "Because I know it is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember I know whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hands."



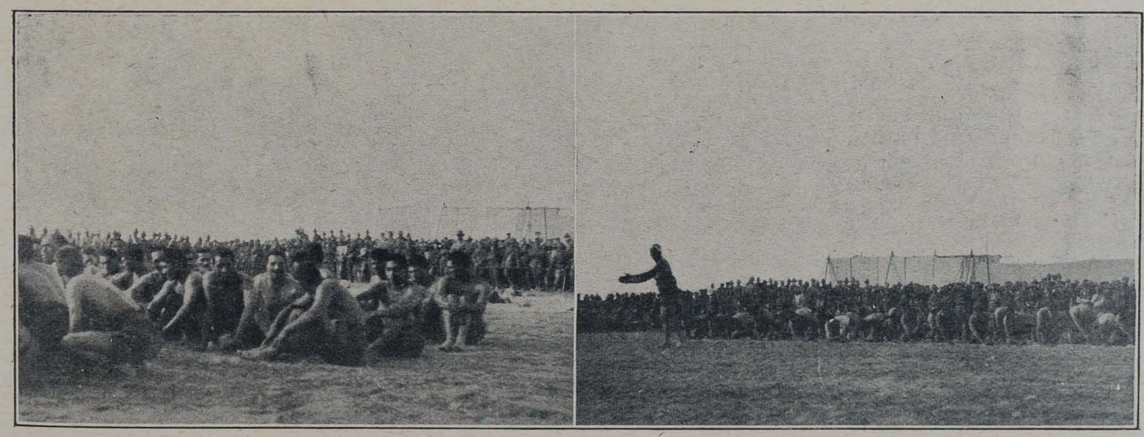
# WITH THE MAORIS ON THE BURNING SANDS OF EGYPT.



Two interesting scenes of camp life at Zeitoun, near Cairo.



Marching past Sir Ian Hamilton, and a ceremonial parade.



The Maori haka, or war-dance, with the Y.M.C.A. tent in the background.

In step with their brothers elsewhere, the Maoris are bearing their share of the Empire's burden. From far-off New Zealand they have set out for the battle plains of Europe. Vigorous and athletic, tall of stature and of pleasing features, they are among the bravest and most warlike of men, and well worthy of a place in the forefront of the great war. The illustrations on this page are of scenes in the camp at Zeitoun, near Cairo, where the Maoris have been in training for the front, and where the Y.M.C.A. is working for the benefit of the troops. The Maoris still retain some of their old customs, including the haka, or war-dance, illustrated above.

*19.—Harry Grattan Guinness.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

I DEEPLY regret to announce the death of Dr. Harry Guinness, who passed away, after a series of operations, last Tuesday afternoon. To the end he was bright and eager, discussing with a colleague the prospects of a new book on which he was engaged. He will be greatly missed in many circles, where his genial manner and cheery presence made him a general favourite. As a small mark of esteem, I venture to set down here some impressions of the man and his work.

* * *

HARRY GUINNESS was one of the most handsome men I ever saw on the platform of a religious meeting. Very tall, broad-shouldered, with a fine military bearing, he was easily picked out in any company. He carried himself with a surprising erectness, and although he was always studious, he had nothing of the scholar's stoop. I was always impressed with his large, expressive eyes, which were a powerful ally in all his public ministrations. He was every inch a man, and as his inches were by no means few, the tribute is no wretched commonplace. He looked wholesome and robust, and young men listened to him with a curious kind of sneaking admiration. They felt he was what they themselves would like to be. He made good use of his experiences as a student at London Hospital, and helped his younger comrades not a little by his recital of the tests he had to undergo for the sake of Christ.

* * *

ALTHOUGH he was educated for a medical career, he never attempted any position of eminence in his profession. He took no high degree, and, if my memory serves me rightly, his M.D. was conferred on him by the University of Brussels. He found his real sphere as Director of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, as a great pioneer in the campaign of personal purity, as a successful evangelist and speaker to men, and as an able and eloquent preacher of the Gospel. He drew a crowd wherever he went, and the longer he stayed the more people liked him. I think he was quite the favourite preacher at Rye Lane Chapel, Peckham, and during Dr. Ewing's absence in the summer weeks Guinness would draw an immense congregation for the Sunday evening service.

* * *

I REMEMBER hearing him preach one summer evening in a little Congregational church high up in the Lake District. The place was very crowded, and I think I stood nearly all the time. He preached with great power and prayed with much earnestness. Sometimes the words poured from him like a torrent; at other times he was gentle and wooing. He would have made a superb actor, for his voice was of a very remarkable character. It possessed an astonishing flexibility and wide range. He could drop from a high note in speaking to a very low one with the greatest ease. Sometimes you felt that his style was a little theatrical, but he never failed to impress his hearers with a very real sense of sincerity.

* * *

IT will not surprise my readers when I say that his public utterances did not read well. I had occasion once to read through a reported address of his which was too unsteady for cold type. He required a good deal of revision. But then that is very general. The man who reads smoothly is usually very dry and heavy in public speech; while the man who moves a crowd as Guinness could is usually jerky and jumpy in style.

* * *

MOST young men will remember Dr. Guinness by his stirring addresses on purity. He visited many Y.M.C.A. centres, and took part in large demonstrations arranged by the Alliance of Honour. When he spoke on purity he seemed to lose himself completely; he threw himself into the task with a restless energy, and he carried the audience with him. With his medical knowledge and his direct style he commanded respect from the men who sat before him, and not a few have been glad to seek his advice as they attempted to walk in a new way of life. He never minced words; he felt we were living in an evil age; he talked fondly of the past days, and lived in daily anticipation of the personal return of Jesus Christ. The last address I ever heard him deliver was a vigorous defence of the truth that the "coming of the Lord draweth nigh." In this he followed his father and mother, who were both ardent advocates of the truth known as the Second Advent.

* * *

FEW men of his time were more popular in social life than Harry Guinness. He was a very versatile musician; indeed, it may be questioned whether there was an instrument he could not play. His technique may have been faulty, but his style and touch were close akin to the genius. Some of his hymn-tunes have already been printed, and it would be a fitting mark of respect to him if they were gathered in a neat little volume.

* * *

OF late years the work of Harley House became more engrossing and absorbing. He travelled all round the world in missionary interests, especially in the region of the Congo. I think he felt severely the compulsory closing of Harley College, which was very dear to his heart. He delighted in the thought that men of average ability were given a chance to be missionary pioneers, but I imagine he was a little disappointed because a large number of the men trained at Harley House drifted into pastorates at home. One of his most gifted men is the Rev. J. H. Harris, of Congo fame, who successfully arranged the great House of Commons inquiry into the Putamayo atrocities.

* * *

THE greatest surprise to those of us who knew him is that he has been cut off in the midst of his years. He was, I think, only fifty-four, and sometimes looked very much younger. Athletics had kept him young, and his invariable good humour and healthful jolliness saved him from many a wrinkle. And now he has passed to his reward. A tireless worker, a generous friend, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, he will be missed by all who knew him.

* * *

I HAD intended replying to some correspondents who have written to me, but I felt I ought to pen these few lines about Harry Guinness. Let me, however, assure my friends that I have not forgotten them, and will reply to their communications next week, all being well. Meanwhile, may I say that I shall be glad to hear from any reader who cares to send me a line. These are dark and difficult days, and we need to hearten each other as much as possible. All letters should be addressed to Julius Just, 13, Russell Square, W.C., as usual.






"BLANCO" Regd. Trade Mark.

**"Clean and Handy 'Blanco.'"**

One reason for the great popularity of "Blanco" is its cleanliness in application. It is put up in handy cup shaped blocks in non-corrosive zinc boxes. It is applied without dust or mess, dries quickly and evenly.

*'Blanco" is sold at every Canteen, Ironmongers, Saddlers and Stores.*

**Made in 3 Kinds.**

"BLANCO" for WHITE Belts, Sun-helmets, etc.
"KHAKI-BLANCO" for khaki-coloured Rifle Sling, Leather Belts, Sun-Helmets, etc.
"WEB-BLANCO" for cleaning and renovating the new Web Equipment. Maintains the correct colour—keeps it waterproof.

*The use of "Web-Blanco" for this purpose is permitted and*

**APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE.**




*Made by*
**JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Ltd., SHEFFIELD, Eng.**

**ORGANS** £4 17 6 **ORGANS**

The Finest Organ for the Home, the Mission Hall or Small Church.

£786 **THE UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN.** £896

Full Illustrated Lists free on application.
INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.

*Sole Agents for Great Britain:*
**Marshall Brothers, Limited** - - - **47, Paternoster Row, E.C.**

**ORGANS** £10 12 6 **ORGANS**

**IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS**
**OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

*Plans & Specifications free on application.*
*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*



**CHURCHES & CHAPELS**
**A SPECIALITY.**

Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

**W. J. CEARNS,** — SUCCESSOR TO — **F. SMITH & CO.,**
CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,
Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.
**IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.**




# VIM

Ammunition for the Spring

Spring Cleaning will sap your vitality and undermine your health unless you have plenty of ammunition for the attack. To avoid all loss this Spring—to save time and trouble—to obtain speedy and satisfactory results—MORE AND MORE VIM MUST BE USED.

VIM is the great Cleanser and Polisher. It cleans Woodwork and Painted Surfaces—it brightens Metals—it gives lustre to China, Glass and Enamel.

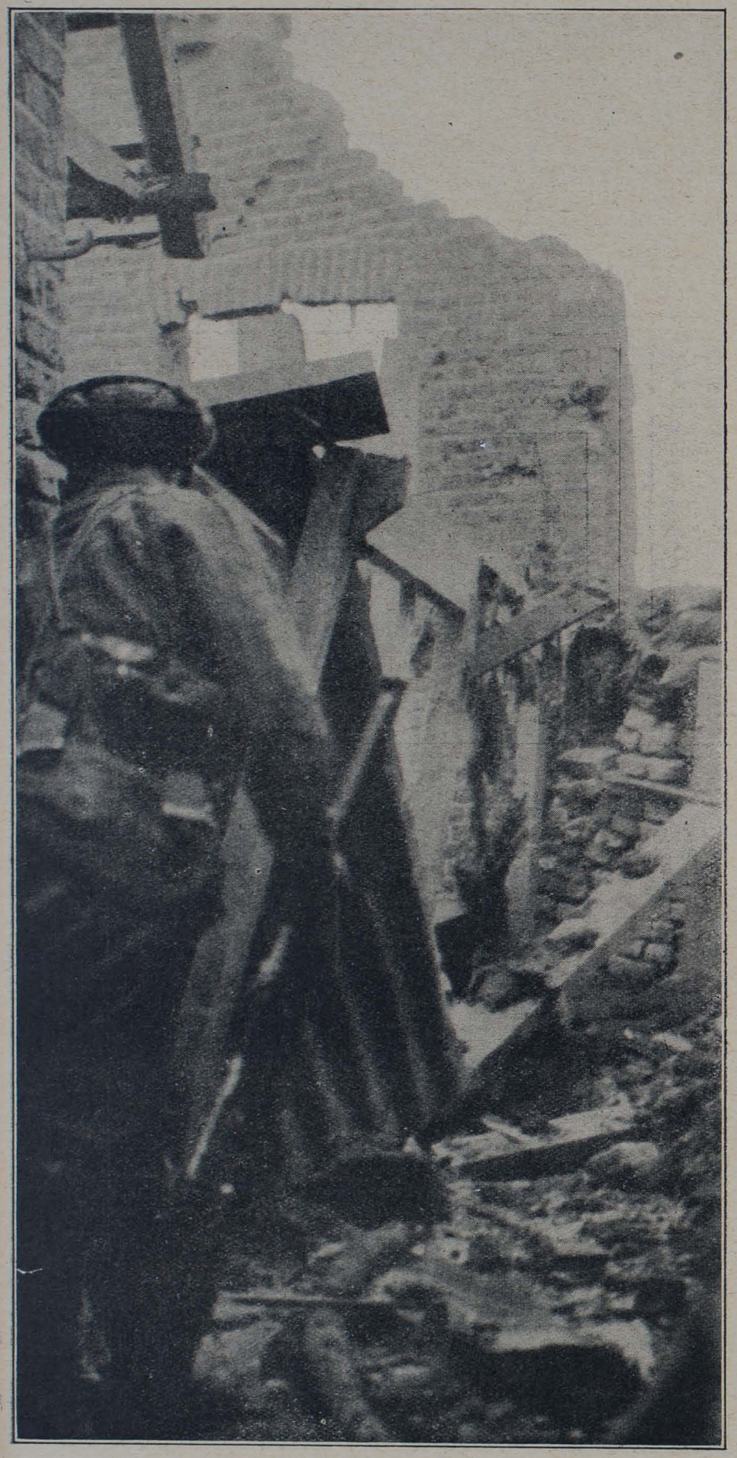
**DON'T APPLY THE VIM DRY.**

VIM IS SOLD IN SPRINKLER TOP TINS OF THREE SIZES.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

V 93—11

# THE DESTRUCTION THAT FOLLOWS IN THE TRAIN OF WAR: SCENES OF DESOLATION NEAR THE FIRING LINE.



A British sniper cautiously taking up his post behind all the shelter that remains of a ruined house in Flanders.



The pictures on this page tell their own story, since they visualise for us some of the dreadful effects of the big guns. Above are seen a German family who have returned to their ruined home in East Prussia collecting what is left of their furniture.



All that was left of a farmhouse in East Prussia after a bombardment.



Prussian fugitives leaving their ruined homes before the Russian advance.



The effect of a German shell which burst in a British trench; fortunately, the portion destroyed was not occupied at the moment.

Your Friend at the Front must have



The Famous "Tinder Lighter" enclosed in an Aluminium Case for the Pocket.

The Result—THE TINDER CANNOT GET WET OR EVEN DAMP, and is always ready to ignite by a turn of the wheel.

Price Complete 1/6 Post Free.

In Solid Silver Case 10/6

*Wholesale Prices on application.*

**BOTLY & LEWIS,**
*Manufacturing Jewellers,*
**25, King St., READING.**
*Send for our Illustrated List o Regimental Badge Brooches, post free.* 'PHONE 172.

**"A FATHER'S LETTERS TO HIS SON."**

The cordial reception given to these letters when published in "The Life of Faith" has been fully extended to the volume form. Already a large number is in circulation.

**MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Publishers,**
47, Paternoster Row, E.C., 99, George Street, Edinburgh, and 124, East 28th Street, New York.

**COFFEE for CAMPS**

Coffee made by our process is better, cheaper, and more popular than that made by any other method.

Our process makes it almost as simple as using essence and yet gives more than double the quantity of coffee of a much pleasanter flavour.

**SAMPLE TIN with 1-lb. of Coffee and full directions sent post free for 1s. 2d.**

**HACKFORTH,**
*Gold Medal Coffee Specialist,*
**15, Boothferry Road, GOOLE.**

*Depots: London, Goole, Stockton-on-Tees.*

**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE BREECHES FOR 10/6**



Other Qualities, 12/6, 15/11, 20/11, 24/11 & 30/-

We guarantee to fit you from your own self measurement.

We supply hundreds every week with perfect satisfaction.

Cut to Your Special Measures in Khaki, Bedford Cords, Drills, Etc.

& Self-Measurement Instructions

SEND FOR PATTERNS

*ASK FOR TAPE MEASURE IF REQUIRED.*

**BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES Co.**
*(Dept. Y.M.),* **29, Gt. TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.**

**ARE YOU SHORT?**

If so, let me help you to increa e your height. Mr. Briggs reports 5 inches increase; Miss Davies, 3½ inches; Miss Leedell, 4 inches. My system greatly improves the health, figure, and carriage. Send a penny stamp for particulars and my £100 Guarantee.



**ARTHUR GIRVAN,** Specialist in the Increase of Height Dept. Y.M., 17 Stroud Green Road, London, N'

**WHEN IN DOUBT**
consult
**Enquire Within Upon Everything**

466 pages containing 2,250 references.

Every camp leader should keep a copy handy for reference. It is an efficient guide to economy in buying, an ever-ready counsellor amidst every-day difficulties. It tells the easiest way to cleanse, to polish, to preserve, how to cook with speed and economy, together with a thousand and one other wrinkles of untold value.

**THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF REFERENCE EVER PUBLISHED.**

**Price 2/6 net.**
**Sold by all Booksellers everywhere.**

Published by
**SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.,**
Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

CLARNICO LONDON

**How dainty**

are the neatly wrapped packets of

**CLARNICO CONFECTIONERY**

And such a variety, too! Marzipan, Butterscotch, Caramels, Chocolate, Nougat, Lozenges, etc. All famous on account of their delicious flavour—a flavour so distinguishable in Clarnico goodies. Daintily wrapped to retain their characteristic freshness, they are just ideal for camp life. Try some to-day.

*Sold in Y.M.C.A. Tents, and by Confectioners, from 1d. upwards.*

**Made by**
**Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, Ltd., London.**




"THAT is what the letter C stands for in our title. It means that Jesus Christ enables us to do the impossible." Those were the words of one of our evangelists, men who are working amongst the soldiers training to fight for our land. It appears that the evangelist was standing at the counter serving out coffee, tea, &c., to the men who were thronging the bar, when he overheard two soldiers talking. One said: "It's no use, old fellow, I can never be a good man. I'm not like you. I'm bad all through, whilst you by nature are good." The other tried to explain the message they had listened to the night before, but was not making a very good job of it. The evangelist left the serving of coffee to others, and, joining the two men, used the words quoted above.

***

THE letter C is apt to be forgotten in out title, and we would carry out the evangelist's thought a little further. How often we who work amongst men are met with the sentence: "It's impossible." A man is invited to give himself to Jesus Christ, to join the army of the King of Kings, to play the man and use his lip for the best purposes. He answers that for him it is impossible; he has tried with all his might to be good, and failed. No man ever has slipped down the road to drunkenness or immorality without watering the pathway with tears. We know men well enough to know that no man ever goes to hell, whatever that is, without paving the way with good resolutions. No man is evil because he wants to be. There is good in even the worst, and when the good is uppermost, then he tries and fails.

***

THAT'S where our letter C comes in. Take our work amongst the soldiers as an illustration. We have opened about 800 huts or tents, manned them with the best helpers we could get, and all with the hope that we could save men. The huts are all right, the men are there, the influences are all for good, but the men go on sinning. Why? You may restrain a man from crime, but you cannot restrain him from sin. You can compel a man to pay his income-tax, but you cannot make him honest. You can surround a man with good influences, but you cannot renew his heart. You can help a man to be good, but you cannot regenerate him. You can give him courtesy, but you cannot endow him with grace. You can help him to have good manners, but you cannot make him a good man. You can do a lot for the men in the huts, but you have no power of new-creating them. You can, in fact, patch up a bad job, put whitewash over the dirt, but that is our limit.

# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

YOU cannot go far, you see, without meeting the impossible. That is where our C comes in, because it stands for Christ. We know that it is only with Him that the impossible can be realised. In the Lord Jesus Christ miracles are happening every day. But in our pathetic folly we go on trying to mend the broken cups and saucers, when God would re-create the vessel. Man tries to whitewash his heart, whilst the blood of Jesus Christ would cleanse it from all the sin and uncleanness. Man tries with all his might to do the impossible. That is alone possible if he becomes a new creature in Jesus Christ. That is what the letter C stands for; we place it there because we find from bitter experience that man cannot do the impossible without Christ. But he can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth him.

***

WE say miracles happen every day. If all readers of *Y.M.* could spend a week or two with one of our evangelists they would never doubt that. Miracles as wonderful as the raising of the dead son of the widow of Nain. The dead man had no power of resistance to Jesus Christ; a live man has forces of evil within him that are in deadly antagonism to the Lord of Life. Yet we have seen with out eyes drunkards healed of their desire for drink in a moment, libertines that were so weakened by their indulgence that they were no longer men; they heard the call of Christ to take up the cross and follow Him. They came, and He healed them all. Stories could be told, and each one true, the telling of which would fill all the pages of this issue. Yes, the impossible becomes possible if you have Christ with you and in you. That's what our C stands for.

***

WE are faced with the impossible in almost every day of life. It is impossible not to worry when we think of the irrevocable past of our life, the difficult present, and the unknown future. When a man thinks of the fact that he has to die, and after death there is the judgment, he must worry, and worry kills. When a man faces the truth in himself and in the world he knows there are forces against his good that are too strong for him. When a man thinks of that vast future he has causes for fear. That is where our letter C comes to him. It tells of a past that can be cleansed away in the atonement of Jesus Christ; of a Person who is strong to deliver and to keep that which we commit to Him; of a future that is secure in His promises. To all our members, and especially to our camp leaders, we venture to suggest that they should lay emphasis upon the truths which our letter C stands for. The soldiers want this, they need it, and our King commands it. And many of these men go forth to face the impossibles of the battlefields. They will not pass our way again.

## LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

### Renfrewshire and Firth of Clyde District Annual Conference.

THE nineteenth annual conference of this district was held at Paisley on Saturday, May 15, in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms. There was a large attendance of delegates. Mr. J. T. Hellyer presided at the business meeting. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were submitted and approved of, and office-bearers and representatives to the National Council were elected. The conference will be held next year at Busby, on the invitation of the Association there.

Mr. Wm. Crawford, J.P., president of the Paisley Association, occupied the chair at the conference, and in extending a welcome to the delegates remarked that the Y.M.C.A. stood out prominently to-day, and was recognised as a living force.

Mr. H. T. Galbraith, assistant secretary Glasgow United Y.M.C.A., gave the conference address, his subject being "Our Opportunity During and After the War." Nothing would be quite the same after the war, he observed. At the present time the Association was on the crest of a wave; it had become a national force, and there was a work for all men. Having outlined some of the directions in which the movement ought to work in the future, the speaker went on to say that the Association should be a happy and active auxiliary to the churches to pass on recruits to membership of the Church.

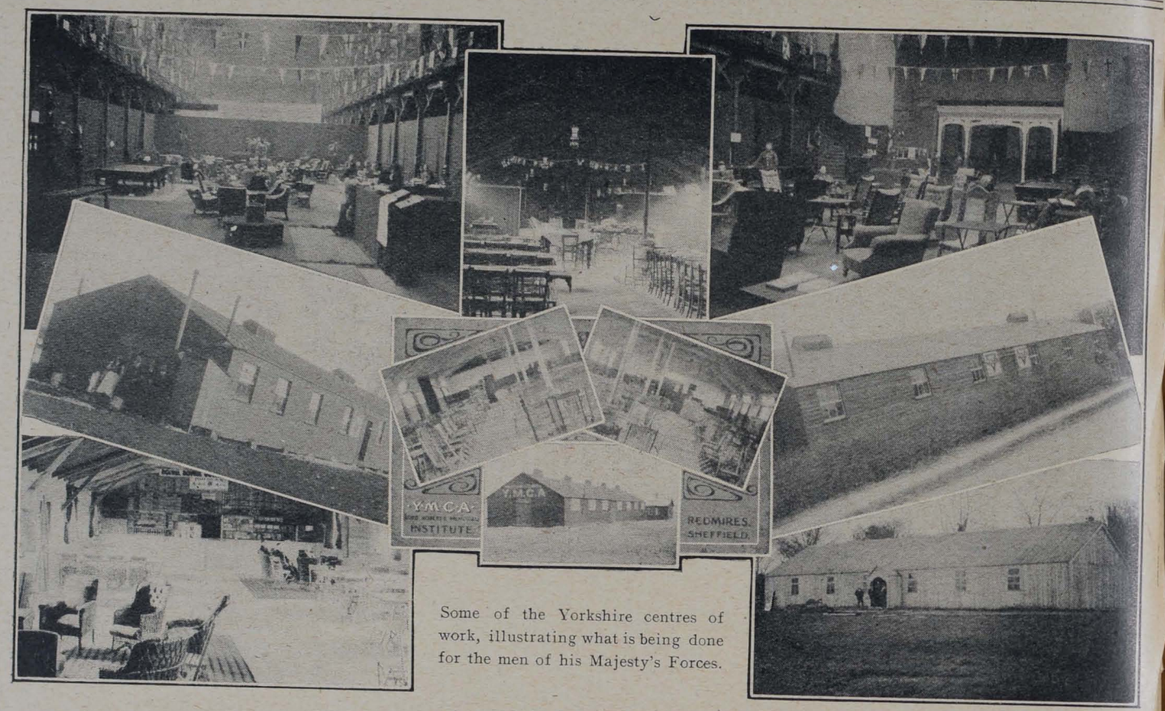
Mr. Andrew Bell, secretary of the Glasgow United Y.M.C.A., who has just returned from Egypt after three months' work there, gave an interesting account of his experiences and of the work carried on among the troops. Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Bell were thanked for their addresses.

The delegates were entertained to tea on the invitation of the Paisley Association.

---

When John Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, was dying, a friend came to see the old man, and found him teaching the alphabet to an Indian child. "Don't you think you have earned a rest?" he said to Eliot. "I don't think I have," replied the old missionary. "I prayed the Lord a long time ago to make me useful in my sphere, and He heard my prayer, and now that I am no longer young He leaves me strength enough to teach this little Indian child its alphabet." He was busy on the Master's business to the end of his days.

An artist in London has achieved all his best work while working in an underground studio. Very meagre is the light which penetrates to this cellar, but yet the artist makes his canvas to glow with colour. His method attracted attention, and for four days he painted for an hour each day in this darkened studio. At the end of the test, to which he was subjected by a committee, a charming picture was produced. Some lives have to be lived under great disadvantages, far from the radiant sunlight of success. And yet, by God's grace, these lives can become fair pictures glowing with glorious hues of righteousness.




Some of the Yorkshire centres of work, illustrating what is being done for the men of his Majesty's Forces.

# WITH THE BRADFORD "PALS" AND THE A.S.C.'s.

By the REV. W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.

IT requires but very little more experience of work in the Association camps to persuade me that I have been in Y.M.C.A. work all my life, and lived in military huts ments ever since I was born. Daily the fascination of it all grows upon me, and the spell of vivid life and the glamour of reality increase with every new camp visited. This last week I have been at Bradford and Skipton, and at this moment of writing they hold my admiration and love. Yes, love, for I will defy the most seasoned conventionalist immured in the jog-trot routine of an ordinary church organisation to have contact with Mr. R. A. Norman and his helpers and the virile-spirited "pals" and troopers of the Army Service Corps, and not fall in love with both. Everybody knows Bradford, the hard-headed, materialistic, woollen city of Yorkshire. Prosperous beyond the dreams of avarice, morosely Socialistic, grim in its ardour of accumulation, spiritually obdurate, Bradford was, until the visit of Mr. Bryan, the American Minister of State, which started the new order of things, and the advent of that courageous Irish optimist, Mr. R. A. Norman, one of the problems of the Y.M.C.A. movement. In five years the membership of the Association has leaped up from a dozen or two to 500, new premises have been taken, and the whole work vitalised. The present premises, however, leave much to be desired, and are by no means a credit to the wealthy city.

But to-day they are a centre of an added life and usefulness. We have two chief military centres at Bradford—Moor Barracks and at Bolling Park. I visited and spoke at both, and was greatly impressed with the thoroughness of the work. At neither of these huts, however, are we allowed to sell refreshments, and this very considerably alters the character both of our opportunities and arrangements. Our hut at the Moor is in the centre of the barrack yard, and so of easy access. Two features have most prominently marked our work here. First, the really wonderful response of the "pals" to the spiritual appeals which have been made by such devoted speakers as the Rev. J. C. Lyon, of Harrogate, Mr. H. J. Lane, the Rev. John Brash, the resident Presbyterian minister, and Mr. Norman, our secretary, and the nightly series of first-class concerts. As to the latter, Mr. Norman has almost spoilt his men, for practically every concert party and musical society in Yorkshire have given their services. One of the two nights I was there the 'cellists, violinists, and pianists of the Harrogate Kursaal rendered a most beautiful classical programme. The commanding officer, Major Wright, who was in the retreat from Mons, has shown a wonderful interest in our work, and himself provided at considerable cost a cinematograph apparatus, and pays nightly the cost of the films. The Rev. John Brash was with me, and I was delighted to hear him tell of his work night after night among the men. As to Mr. Lane, it was with great pleasure that I found him on the ground, for we have all heard of his remarkably successful work on Salisbury Plain, and in his two months' visit to France. Big, manly, human, with a great heart, and a spirit as tender as a woman, he has surely found his providential sphere in this work of enrolling our soldiers in a league for Bible-reading. He is simple and unaffected, with none of the questionable arts and habits of what we sometimes call the professional evangelist. To win men's confidence, to comfort and inspire is his forte, and God has amazingly blessed him. What some of us find difficult —viz., to buttonhole men at the tables or in the train, or even the street or the parade ground—Mr. Lane finds easy. No one ever resents his kindly attacks, and when our day was done we sat on into the night after supper at Mr. Norman's, and he told us a hundred experiences that put confidence and heart into us. On my second night we had the presence of some twenty wounded men from the hospital whom we had made special arrangements for, and their delight was very evident as they sat with their bandaged limbs listening to the music and the kindly, pathetic words of the address. I must not forget, also, to mention the service rendered by Mr. and Miss Mortimer and many more of the Bradford friends, all of whom have been unremitting in their labours for the young men.

Our quarters at Bolling Park were under canvas, the men having only a few days before they left their winter quarters. Unfortunately, they were on the eve of being transferred yet again, and this time to the great encampment at Ripon, and so our numbers were rather thinned by the excitement of the coming change. The camp at Skipton is almost ideal. Around their huts the men have improvised little gardens of flowers, and that, added to the fine scenery of the neighbourhood, lends a real beauty to the scene. Much ingenuity, too, has been expended on the naming of the huts, and I noticed 10, Downing-street, Noah's Ark, The North Pole, and Wecanwackem among the successful efforts. The secretary of a temperance institute in a neighbouring town was in charge here for us, and he has acquitted himself splendidly, together with the Rev. J. Cross. I should like, also, to speak of our indebtedness at the Moor Camp to Corporal Briggs, who is a Methodist local preacher.

The war roll, also, has been extensively signed, and the number of men who are truly endeavouring to lead a Christian life is large. Once more I was struck with the ease with which one feels able to present to our soldiers the high claims of Christ. Instead of the war unloosing the primitive man in our young fellows, as many of us had feared it might, it seems rather to have had the very opposite effect, and men who in civilian life seemed unreachable here in camp have displayed a seriousness and a moral concern unexpected and unseen before. I talked in the small room of the camp caretaker with two boys one evening who had shyly crept in, Nicodemus-like, to hear of the things of God and receive their New Testaments. And it was refreshing to hear them promise to read God's Word every day and obey His will. And so the fight goes on, for it is a fight, and the forces that make for evil are being as steadily driven back in the human heart as they are being in the trenches of Flanders. To God our great Commander be the glory and the honour, as assuredly will also be the Kingdom.



*Our Short Story.*

# THE GHOST IN THE LAZARETTE.

By ERNEST RICHARDS, Author of "In a Deepwater Ship." "The Cruise of the 'Rattler,'" "The Voyage of the 'P. E. Wilson,'" &c., &c.

"IT'S nothing but beastly hard lines, anyway, that we are sailing just twelve days before Christmas," said Thompson, the elder apprentice of the port watch, to Gibson, who enjoyed a similar distinction in the starboard watch of the clipper ship *Rangemore*, bound from Liverpool to the Colonies.

"It's always our luck in this packet, anyway," replied Gibson. "We left 'Frisco on Thanksgiving Day, when the Americans were going to give us a feast; and we left Melbourne two days before the Queen's birthday."

"And so we did," said Thompson, "and that's all the more reason why this hooker should remain in port over Christmas."

"I wish it would blow a living hurricane for a week," said Gibson, "so we couldn't get over the bar."

"Even then they'd find some way to keep us aboard till after Christmas," remarked Thompson. "There's no good times like there used to be; no lying a week or two extra in port for festivities; it's all dividends now."

Just then a boy, a somewhat pale-faced, slender boy of about fourteen, walked along the gangway to the rail and hailed the two apprentices as they sat arms akimbo on the combing of the after hatch.

"Is the chief officer aboard?" asked the boy.

"The mate you mean," said Gibson. "Mr. Greaves. No, he'll be back aboard about eleven o'clock."

"What do you want him for, anyway, sonny?" asked Thompson. "Have you brought his washing, or do you want him to sign a mate's receipt?"

"No," said the boy, "I want him to take me in the ship."

"Want to go to sea?" said Thompson.

"Yes, sir."

Both Thompson and Gibson laughed; they were not accustomed to be sirred.

"Don't sir him," said Gibson; "he's only the skipper's lackey."

"Why do you want to go to sea, anyway?" said Thompson, ignoring Gibson's nonsense. "Why don't you buy a farm, or get your father to send you on a stock farm as a pupil, and learn to breed chickens? That's better than going to sea."

"I have no father," said the boy.

"Well, this is no ship for orphans. Anyway, you're not big enough to go to sea," said Thompson. "Perhaps the mate will take you to wash his clothes," and with this they turned away to go below and commence the tiresome operations of stowing the biscuit tanks in the lazarette.

"It beats all, don't it, Gibson, how these fellows want to come to sea?" said Thompson, as they sat down to rest after a spell of work on the side of the biscuit tank.

"Well, nobody but a youngster full of nonsense found in story-books like you and I read at school would come to sea," said Gibson. "Though, when I come to think of it, it's just as good as anything else; at least, if it wasn't for this sailing just before Christmas."

"Well, I know if I had my time over again I'd never sell a farm and go to sea."

"But you might do worse. I'd sooner be at sea than in a bank, like my kid brother, anyway," said Gibson.

"Oh, I know all that rot about sitting on a stool all day, and all that 'longshore tank," said Thompson. "All that rot which yachting fellows sing about a life on the ocean wave and about pining for the briny. Let them come and have a dose like we had last voyage, beating off the Horn for fifty-six days, gale after gale, and the half-deck awash all the time."

"Yes, that's so, Thompson," said Gibson. "But we've forgotten all that now."

"What do shore fellows do in the evening, anyway? Just loaf around, call on girls, play tennis, and once in a while take a shot at a rifle range," said Thompson.

"That may be," said Gibson, "but if they were put to it they'd show grit; at least, some of them would."

"I don't know about that," said Thompson. "Hanging around a pier-head in flannels with a yachting cap on is one thing, going to sea for a living is quite another."

"I know there's a pile of truth in that, Thompson, but there's no use grousing all the time. Anyway, all the fellows don't hang about a pier-head in duck pants and white shirts. You take some of those fellows in the right light and they're all right; yachting's no picnic either—at least, not all the time. Beating up Channel in a five-tonner or running before a stiff breeze is no child's play; many a big ship man would be scared."

"Yes, but going aloft on a dark night with the thermometer below freezing and coming down on deck to get washed around, and to keep that up for weeks, is different," said Thompson.

"Well, one difference, Thompson, is this. The yachtsmen do it for pleasure and to keep fit, and we have to do it for a living."

"Down below, there!" shouted a voice. It was the mate's.

"Hello, sir!" replied Gibson.

"Leave that port after-tank empty. We might want it on the passage out for tinned stuff."

"All right, sir," replied Gibson.

The interruption of the mate brought their dialogue to an end.

For an hour or two they worked away in the semi-darkness of the lazarette, which was relieved only by a swinging colza oil lamp hung from the deck beams.

Now, on the mate's arrival the boy, Tommy Jackson, had approached that august and strenuous officer with a view to being accepted on the ship's articles. But the mate had sternly and resolutely refused.

"I want to see you, sir," said Tommy, as the mate came out of his room after changing his bowler hat for a cap adorned with a badge of the company to which the *Rangemore* belonged. The mate only wore his uniform cap in port and on Sundays at sea; at any other time anything from a bowler to a sou'-wester would do.

"Well, sonny, what do you want to see me about?" he said to Tommy, as the latter stood, cap in hand, very diffidently at the foot of the companion ladder.

"I want to know if I can be taken on this ship as a cabin boy or anything?" replied Tommy.

"*In* this ship, you mean, sonny? Well, I don't think so. The steward's away ashore, and I don't think he wants a cabin boy. Anyway, if you went to work for him you'd be sorry. He's an old fraud, anyway; he'd poison you some day."

Tommy shivered at the thought and imagined that the steward must be a very bad man.

"I shouldn't like to be killed," he said to the mate, "but I could come in the ship and learn to be a sailor, couldn't I?"

"Not if I don't want you, sonny," replied the mate. "Why, you'd only be in the way; sea-sick and home-sick and what not. We've no room for boys like you here, it takes me and the second mate all our time to look after that crowd of boys," he said, pointing towards the apprentices' half-deck.

"Well, how do boys go to sea and learn to be sailors?" asked Tommy, perplexed by the mate's indifference to his honest desire for a life at sea.

"Oh, they seem to drift to it, if they've got no more sense," said the mate.

"How did you get to sea, sir?"

At this the mate laughed.

"Oh, I don't really know. But you're wasting my time; I must get away forrard and see what they're doing at the fore hatch. You must go ashore."

"Well, I'll see the captain, sir," said Tommy, as he turned away to go ashore.

"The captain's ashore at home in Cumberland; he won't be down till the day before we sail. Anyway, you're too precocious for me, and you mustn't come aboard when I forbid you."

Tommy made no reply, but walked across the gangway, and was soon lost amid railway trucks and wagons which were stretched in lines and lay in groups about the quayside.

Thompson and Gibson finished their task in the lazarette by dinner, and came up looking like millers, the white dust from the biscuits covering them from head to foot. They washed their hands and faces before they went into the half-deck for dinner. Whilst they were at dinner two youths came and poked their heads in at the door, clad in immaculate blue serge uniforms and glittering brass buttons, their new badge caps an eloquent testimony to the fact that they were first voyagers. At least, anyone who had been at sea could easily have seen that the two boys were but embryonic seamen.

"Is this the midshipmen's berth?" said the taller of the two, a dark-complexioned boy of about fifteen, whose name was Green.

"Yes," said Thompson. "I suppose that's what the owners call it."

"You're the two first voyagers, I presume," said Gibson.

"Yes, we are," said Maxwell, the smaller of the two, "and if this is the midshipmen's berth, I think I shall object to living in such a small place."

Thompson and Gibson laughed at this.

"You had better get your chests in the half-deck, or midshipmen's berth, as you call it," said Gibson at the conclusion of the laugh.

An Express man duly deposited the two sea-chests in the half-deck.

"Now," said Gibson, "if you're not too aristocratic and too delicate, you can share our dinner. Since you are new chums, I'll go along to the galley and get some more grub aft."

When Gibson had gone Thompson turned to Green and said, "I suppose you fellows have hook pots and enamelled plates?"

"Oh, yes; at least, I've got mine."

"And I've got one, too," said Maxwell, "but it's a beastly nuisance eating out of an enamelled plate."

"Well, this is not a boarding-school or first-class hotel, you know. When we get into bad weather you'll be glad to eat off the deck sometimes."

The new chums made no reply to this piece of uninspiring information, and in a moment or so Gibson returned with the hashed kid, and they were soon busy tucking in.

"Where did you two fellows meet?" asked Gibson.

"On the train," said Green. "Maxwell comes from Hull and I come from Birmingham, but I happened to be visiting friends in Leeds just before I left for the ship."

"Well, you'll meet on a topsail yard before we get home some time," said Thompson, "and let's hope you'll not fall overboard."

"Is this a good ship?" asked Green.

"Oh, as good a packet as any other," said Gibson.

"I hope she's not haunted," said Maxwell.

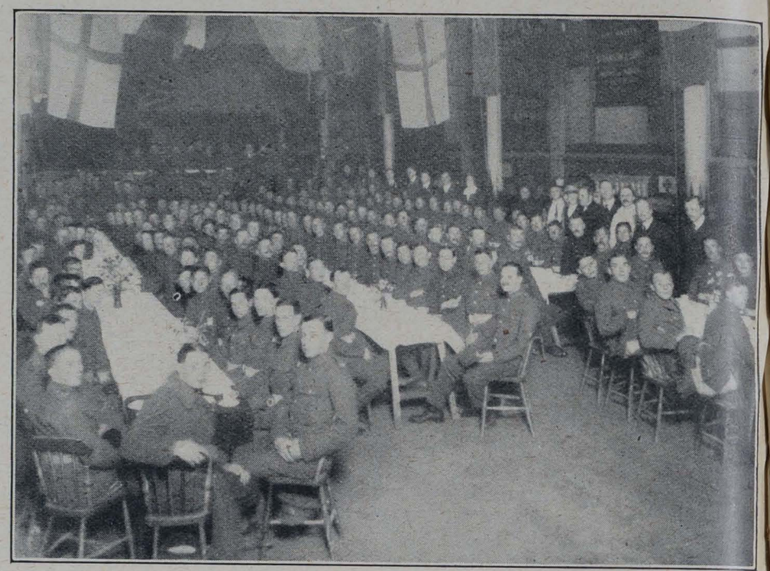
This remark fell so innocently from Maxwell's lips that the two elder apprentices laughed.

"This ship's reputed to be haunted," said Thompson. "Gibson here sees ghosts sometimes when he's at the wheel."

Maxwell and Green both looked a little incredulous, but accepted the remark in silence.

A week is scarcely enough to be initiated into the mysteries of a ship's work. Both Green and Maxwell were invited to take part in the various jobs which have to be performed before a ship is ready for sea.

At first the mate treated them with a certain contemptuous kindness, contemptuous because of their folly at coming to sea at all, and kind because of their inexperience.



A good-bye feast with the 7th and 8th Berkshires at Reading, on the eve of their departure to another camping ground.

On sailing day the crew came aboard—some drunk, some sober, some dressed as seamen, others in 'longshore rig of various cuts and shapes, but all full of imprecations at the unkind fate which had led them to sign articles in a ship sailing so near to Christmas.

In three days from the time the ship left Liverpool she was running before a good breeze and changing the dull, mist-laden seas of England for the bright blue waters of the more Southern seas.

Maxwell and Green had by this time got over their sea-sickness and had said good-bye to their uniform and donned blue dungaree trousers and woollen guernseys or sweaters.

*(To be continued.)*




The Y.M.C.A. toilet saloon at the Crowborough Camp.

### UNDESIRABLE WARMTH.

A doctor had forbidden one of his patients to take alcohol, and yet the man pleaded the need of a stimulant. "I get cold, doctor, and it warms me," said the patient. "Precisely," replied the doctor. "See here, this stick is cold," catching up a stick of wood from the box on the hearth and putting it in the fire. It was soon alight. "Now," said the doctor, "it is quite warm, but is the stick benefited by the warmth?" The invalid watched the wood, as first of all there were little puffs of smoke and then consuming flame. "Of course not," he had to admit at last, "the stick is burning away." "Well, that is just what you are doing when you take alcohol. You are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain. Do you wonder that I hate alcohol when I see it destroying men and women every day of my life?"

Mr. E. J. Coward has resigned his position as general secretary of the Sunderland Association.

Emigration has greatly decreased. During the first fortnight in May our representative at Liverpool visited eleven steamers, and gave two hundred introductions to men of seven nationalities.

Camp leaders are urgently requested to note that no additions or alterations must be made to huts or camp premises without reference to and permission from the military authorities.

When the first Y.A.M.C. hut for the Navy was opened at Harwich the Commodore signalled the following message to the ships in the bay:—"The Y.M.C.A. Recreation Hut at Harwich was opened this afternoon, and I have been asked to send you the following message:—'The Y.M.C.A. cordially invite you to come and see.'"

A temporary club for soldiers and sailors has been opened by the Central Y.M.C.A. in Church-street, Liverpool, to meet the needs of the large numbers of troops in the neighbourhood, and the club has served a most useful purpose. It is open every day, Sundays included, from 2 o'clock to 10 o'clock, and meals at very moderate prices are served to the men. Being in the very heart of the city, and quite close to the Central Station, the new club is a great convenience to the troops arriving and departing by Midland Railway.



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

In these days of continual rush and bustle the sound of marching men and the shrill music of the pipes, many opportunities have presented themselves for service to the Cross, and have been eagerly taken advantage of. There is a mission hall, "Cherrfield" by name, in the west-end of the city, a branch of the Dundee Y.M.C.A. Just a little way from the hall are situated the western barracks, and Mr. James F. Murray saw his opportunity of reaching the soldiers and grasped it. About three months ago he commenced his campaign. He started a Sunday afternoon meeting among the men, but was later advised to visit the barracks in the afternoon, and this was done, with the result he had a larger gathering. The services are short and bright, plenty of music, and an earnest word of invitation to the men to enlist under the banner of the "King of kings," after which Mr. Murray explains the object of the "Pocket Testament League," and asks for members; and those who join are presented with a copy of the "P. T. L." khaki Testament. Sometimes there were kit inspections on, which interrupted the service, but he stood firm and won—yes, won the men over to the Cross by half-dozens and more. Mr. Murray is assisted at the organ by Gordon D. Robertson, whose solo singing is much appreciated by the men. If actual statistics mean anything at all, there is a glorious work for Christ going on in that corner of His vineyard, for, since the campaign began eighty-one men, mostly young men, have joined the "P.T.L.," and fifty-seven have made open profession of their faith in the saving efficacy of the Gospel

***

The following paragraph is taken from the *Jewish Chronicle*, May 14, 1915:—"The number of Jewish soldiers in the Havre area having increased considerably, the chaplain has held three services at the local synagogue, which have been very fully attended. Every assistance for getting into touch with the men is rendered by the local military authorities and the Y.M.C.A. . . . . Mr. Adler expressed his delight at the interest taken by the men in his work, and also spoke of the cordial relations existing between him and the chaplains, and particularly of the invaluable assistance rendered to him by the Y.M.C.A."

***

Sir Thomas Barlow lectured to the troops in one of our huts at Halton Park, Tring.

***

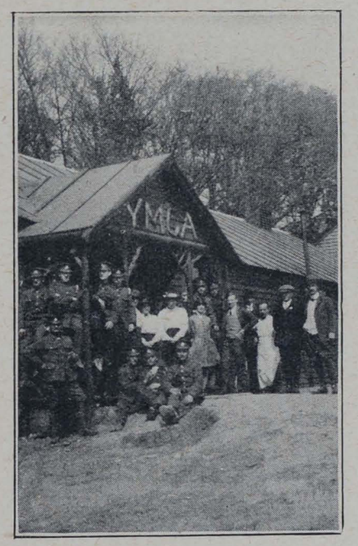
H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg performed the opening ceremony of the hut at Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight. Her Royal Highness was received by Brigadier-General F. A. Curteis, and welcomed by Rev. Berkeley Dawding, C.F. Mr. A. K. Yapp expressed the gratitude of the Association movement.

***

Great Yarmouth workers are to be congratulated on their courage in going ahead with their scheme of extension in war time, which includes a handsome gymnasium, measuring 68 feet by 32 feet and 21 feet, with dressing-rooms, hot and cold baths, and other necessary equipment. The extension has been opened absolutely free of debt.

***

A friend of mine who belongs to a Yeomanry regiment now in Essex came in to see me yesterday, and told me that some weeks ago when they were in a village a gentleman who has a public-house there sent up to the men to say that beer would be given free to anyone who liked it. My friend told me that not one of their troop went down. Was it not splendid! When the gentleman who made the offer found it was not appreciated he sent £10 for their fund.




Hut No. 1 at Shoreham Camp.

***

The amount contributed to Y.M.C.A. funds by passengers on Manchester city trams last week was £334.

***

The illustrated Press of Great Britain has shown another side of the Association's work for the Empire by publishing a picture of British soldiers grouped together on the occasion of the opening of a Y.M.C.A. hut in the war prison at Gottingen, Germany. This service is being rendered for the men of every nation in arms.

***

Mr. Tennyson Smith has been continuing his work among the troops with the same success as has marked his work from its commencement in November last. He recently conducted a week's meetings on Salisbury Plain, and the announcement that he was to give his dramatic recitals and a popular address attracted a crowd every night, in spite of the hot weather which prevailed during his visit. The camp leader has requested Mr. Tennyson Smith to arrange for another visit. We are pleased to be able to state that the lecturer will be available during June and part of July, as the friend who has hitherto been paying for his services has offered to continue the arrangement for an additional period. Applications for his services should be made to him direct, as it is arranged for him to make his own fixtures. His home address is "Ivyholme," Clarence-road, Llandudno, North Wales, whence letters are forwarded to him daily when on tour.

***

There is a very general demand for musical instruments for the use of men at the base camps in France. Our Ladies' Auxiliary Committee is keenly interested in this matter, and we shall be glad to receive and hand over to that body any musical instruments such as violins, cornets, clarionets, flutes, trombones, and bass instruments. Any of the above instruments which our readers may possess will be gladly accepted. Orchestras are being formed in many of the camps, and a great deal of good work can be done by the provision of these instruments. There is also demand for music. Readers possessing orchestral scores of music (not necessarily German) who are willing to give them will be doing a good work.

THE SERVICE SOAP.

"SCOUT"

(Regd.

A medicated Toilet Soap made from the fruits of the palm and pine trees, and possessing a germicidal value equal to that of a soap containing 20% of Carbolic Acid, but it is luxurious to use and non-poisonous.

Invaluable for slight cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

PER 3d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., Ltd. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

## NOTES ON ST. MARK'S GOSPEL.

By G. A. GOLLOCK, Author of "Outline Studies on St. Mark's Gospel," "The Purpose of the Fourth Gospel," &c.

[These notes follow the daily readings arranged for use in the Y.M.C.A. Army Huts, and are primarily designed for the use of camp leaders.]

[Daily readings from June 1 to 7.—Mark i. 1-11; 12-20; 21-34; 35-39; 39-43; ii. 1-12; 13-28.]

THIS is the earliest* and shortest of the four Gospels, which, taken together, record the life of our Lord on earth. Its writer, John Mark (see Acts xv. 37-9; also 1 Pet. v. 13; Col. iv. 10; 2 Tim. iv. 11; Philem. 24) was held by the early Church to be "the disciple and interpreter of Peter." Touches in the Gospel show intimate knowledge of St. Peter's doings (chaps. i. 36, xi. 21, xiii. 3), and certain things honourable to him (such as Matt. xvi. 18) are omitted. St. Peter's sermon to Cornelius (Acts x. 36-43) might be a summary of this Gospel.

The little book stands out from a great background. The whole Old Testament—to which there are sixty-eight distinct references—lies behind it; add the historical situation, the geographical position, the vividness of Eastern tone and colour, and dulness is impossible. About one-sixth of the matter is peculiar to the book, but to get the full value of the Gospel it must be compared with St. Matthew and St. Luke, the other synoptic Gospels. There are delightful harmonies and equally delightful differences. There is nothing mechanical in the relation of the Gospels. Each has its own character. St. Mark's is "the Gospel of action." The period of training fills eight verses; active service claims ten and a-half chapters; the last week has five and a-quarter. A book showing how to live, how to die, and how to conquer is good for study in a soldier's life.

Mark i. 1-11.—The Gospel starts boldly with the claim that Jesus (the human name) Christ (the prophetic Jewish name) is "the Son of God." We shall watch to see if the claim is made good. In this week's portion note, to begin with, that He baptises with the Spirit (i. 8 G.T.†), He receives attestation from heaven (i. 11), He manifests authority in calling men (i. 16-18, ii. 13-14), in teaching (i. 22), over evil spirits (i. 27 G.T.), over sin (ii. 5), over the Jewish law (ii. 28).

Mark i. 12-20.—St. Mark, unlike the other synoptists, passes in silence over the strenuous years of discipline in obedience and in duty. To him the training of Jesus culminated in two things: He received the Holy Spirit (i. 10); He was strong to resist temptation (i. 12). Did He need more? Can we do with less?

This great Leader with His great commission (i. 14) could effect little without rank and file to back Him up. So He recruited men. Note the kind they were, to begin with, and what He made them. He called them to leave friends, work, possessions, but still more—sins (i. 15 G.T.). He still calls, still turns raw recruits into hard-knit soldiers, and still expects His discipline to be loyally faced.

Mark i. 21-34.—In v. 21 note "straightway." St. Mark keeps showing that from enlistment to final victory not a moment was lost. He loves to write of strenuous days of toil; for one, see in this week's portion (i. 21-34) what reads like a heavy time at a field hospital; for others see chaps. iii. 19-iv. 34, and iv. 35-v. 43.

Mark i. 35-39.—The needs of body and of spirit, of man and of woman, of one and of many were met. Was this done in the strength of His past training, or call, or His initial baptism? See chap. i. 35 (G.T.). Because He was on active service, thronged and pressed with work, Jesus felt He must pray (see vi. 46, xiv. 32; Heb. v. 7, 8). Well might the disciples say, "Lord, teach us to pray" (Luke xi. 1).

Mark i. 39-45.—Miracles crowd thickly in this Gospel of action. But each one *costs* (see v. 30). First a leper—outcast and untouchable (Lev. xiii. 45, 46)—comes, apparently uncalled, but not unwelcomed, for he comes with faith (vv. 40, 41 G.T.). Contrast the request and answer in chap. ix. 22-24. Note another "straightway" (v. 42)—Jesus touches, pities, cures. "Thy touch has still its ancient power." "Say nothing" (v. 44)—see also chaps. v. 43 and vii. 36. Crowds threatened to hinder the deeper work of the Lord (see John vi. 16). But the leper's tongue could not be silenced. Others have felt like him (see Acts iv. 19, 20).

Mark ii. 1-12.—Then a miracle fragrant of the East—a flat-roofed house, a portable bed, a thronging curious crowd. This time the sufferer lies inactive, but *he has four friends who believe*. They do "impossible" things, but the One they seek does what is more impossible still—He says, "Thy sins are forgiven" (v. 5 G.T.). The scribes need not have doubted: Jesus was within His power (v. 10). But what this miracle cost (1 Pet. ii. 24) we shall learn later on. To-day where there are "four men" in camp who bring a friend in faith to Jesus the great miracle recurs. The evidence grows that He is "the Son of God."

Mark ii. 13-28.—Jesus never missed the chance of a new recruit. See the call of Levi or Matthew‡ (compare Luke v. 27, Matt. ix. 9), one of the despised tax-collectors, sitting at the place of toll on the Great West Road outside Capernaum. He did more than follow; he made a feast for Jesus in his house. The "righteous" scribes were scornful about his friends; Jesus mixed with them gladly. Why? Because they had need of Him; it was "sinners" He came to seek (v. 17 G.T.). We have the same need; have we the same welcome for the One who can meet it? See Matt. viii. 8; Luke xix. 5; Rev. iii. 20.

"The disciple Gospel" is another name given to St. Mark. In between His miracles Jesus taught (vv. 18-28) about the future and the past. We shall come back to this.

* Probable date, between A.D. 60 and 70.

† "G.T." indicates the "Golden Text," which is selected from each day's portion to be committed to memory.

‡ St. Matthew is never mentioned again, except in the list of the twelve. The first Gospel bears his name.

---

The Mayor of Mansfield, addressing a meeting in that town, said the soldiers who were coming into that neighbourhood were as welcome as the flowers in spring.

In the Life of Dr. Reynolds, Principal of Cheshunt College, there is a beautiful thought of his, when "laid aside" by illness. "I believe there is much to be done for Christ when other ways of serving Him are suspended for a while—by strong sympathy with Him and His Church, by quiet thinking, by invisible, unknowable feelings, and silent tears and secret thanksgivings." Many of those who are invalids can follow out this suggestion by prayer and meditation.

"The sending of missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive, most unwarranted project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast," was what the British East India Company said at the *beginning* of the nineteenth century. "In my judgment Christian missionaries have done more lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined," was what the English Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal said at the *close* of the nineteenth century.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row London, E.C.*





Y.M.C.A.

MEN &



Y.M.C.A.

MUNITIONS!

250,000 Copies of the New Testament
126,000 Gospels &
1,500,000 Gospel Booklets
have already been circulated by the Y.M.C.A.
amongst the Men of H.M. Forces

WANTED IMMEDIATELY BY THE Y.M.C.A.

MUNITIONS OF WAR

100,000 New Testaments costing £1250
£12-10-0 will pay for the Circulation of 1000 Pocket Testaments.
£10-10-0 will defray the cost of 10,000 Gospel Booklets

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 The Call to Arms | 7 The Submarine | 13 The Conquest of the Air | 19 Coal | 25 The British Air Raid |
| 2 Bravo! Highflyer | 8 The Football field of Europe | 14 Keeping the Flag Flying | 20 Life's Railway | 26 The Spider's Web |
| 3 The Man behind the Gun | 9 S.O.S. | 15 Beast of Prey | 21 The Despatch Rider | 27 Self Control |
| 4 The Chessboard of Europe | 10 The Siege of Life | 16 Christmas | 22 The Terror by Night | 28 The Mouth of Hell |
| 5 A Strategic Retreat | 11 The V.C. | 17 The Kick-Off | 23 Swimming | 29 Comrades |
| 6 Halt! Who goes there? | 12 Day Dreams | 18 Wanted, Men | 24 The Falklands Fight | 30 Victory! |

Can you help us by personal service, or with a Contribution?
Please send your Contributions to "The Honorary Treasurer"

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS: 12-13, RUSSELL Sqre, W.C.

| Patron: | President: | Treasurer: | Secretary: |
|---|---|---|---|
| H.M. the King. | Lord Kinnaird. | R. L. Barclay. | A. K. Yapp. |

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### WAITING UPON GOD.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. xl. 31.

SOMETIMES, when a party is breaking up, someone will ask, "Who is going my way?" He lingers for a little, and then, perhaps, trudges off by himself. And that is how we often do with God. We wait to see if He is coming our way, and, after a decent interval, we go off alone. Now, that is not waiting upon God in Isaiah's sense at all.

What is true waiting? Sometimes when the wind is high I notice from my study windows that cyclists find the rise in our road a stiff pull up. But now and then a discerning (and daring!) rider, hearing the electric tramcar coming behind him, waits and catches on as it passes, and is towed comfortably along. Wind does not matter now, for he has more than his own strength to draw upon. He is helped up the hill with all the energy of a 500-volt electric current. And that strength comes to him simply because he goes the car's way, attaches himself to it, and keeps hold. That is the right sort of waiting—attaching oneself to God, seeking to go His way, opening one's heart to His Spirit, and keeping in His Love.

And that sort of waiting implies regularity, perseverance, constancy. I do believe that it is just there you and I oftenest come short. I am afraid the feature of our waiting too often is that it is so spasmodic. Now and then we remember and draw near to Him, but by fits and starts, with long, dull intervals between. And that, I fear, is just about as hopeless as it would be to expect to keep ourselves clean by bathing or washing only once a week. Daily our strength drains away, both physical and spiritual, and as the one must constantly be replenished, so must the other. Even earnest bursts of effort at intervals don't count for anything like so much as the quiet, constant keeping in the love of God. Volcanic eruptions have done something to transform the earth's surface, but not nearly so much, geologists say, as the quiet, constant forces, the sun, the rain, the frost, and the wind. And it is by daily regular waiting far more than by the infrequent upheaval of desire that the power of God and the likeness of Christ pass slowly but visibly into the lives of His people.

How it should come that we can renew our best strength by waiting upon God, is, of course, a mystery. But it is no more mysterious than other laws of His. Why a plant should grow just by keeping in the air and the sunshine no man can tell. But it is so. Somehow, by this means, it links itself on to the inexhaustible riches of Nature's God. How it comes that when I pull a switch over, my room is flooded with light, not even the wisest can explain. All that one can say is that by so doing I have linked my need on to the great centre of light-energy in the town. So, all that you can say about those who keep their hearts open towards God, and in the love of His Christ is that by this means they knit their weakness on to the grace and strength and love of the Eternal.

But, mark you, the electric current does not break into my room of itself when my need arises. I have to make a way for it, and, more, I have to keep that way open. Neither will God break into your life and give you a sudden strength in temptation's hour, or a sudden comfort when you are sad. You must make a way for Him, and keep the way open.

But if you do that, says Isaiah, then day by day and year by year your strength will be renewed. You shall mount up with wings as eagles. You shall run and not be weary. And, best of all, and hardest of all, your religion will stand the test of life's ordinary humdrum days. You shall walk, and not faint.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 29th.**—Gen. iv. 1-16. "*Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him*" (verse 8). When man is wrong with God, it is not long before he gets wrong with his brother man. All quarrels and wars can be traced to that first act of rebellion described in chapter iii. If God and devotion to Him are not the centre of men's lives, the ruling passion is sure to be that love of self which produces, as the Bible tells us, hatred, wrath, strife, envyings, murders (Gal. v. 20, 21).

**Sunday, 30th.**—Gen. vi. 5-22. "*The Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created—but Noah found grace*" (verses 7, 8). The New Testament interpretation of these words is "the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). God as the author of right cannot suspend His laws. The price of sin must always be suffering, however distant the payday may seem to be. God's wonderful plan of salvation is the free gift of life to the sinner; but on the other side there must be the "Noah" determination to possess the gift.

**Monday, 31st.**—Gen. vii. 1-12. "*The Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark*" (verse 1). God's invitation to the sinner is always "Come." Men's failure to be saved is simply their own neglect. During one hundred years Noah was building the ark, and was a constant witness to the coming judgment. Yet only he and his family availed themselves of God's warning and the open door of the ark. To-day for nineteen hundred years Christ has been preached as our *Ark* of refuge, and yet how many are outside.

**Tuesday, June 1st.**—Gen. vii. 13-24. "*The Lord shut him in*" (verse 16). The Lord made Himself responsible for Noah's safety. He shut the door and all the storm outside could not force it open. So it is with those who take refuge in Christ. He is the refuge, the door of entrance and the one who puts Himself between the sinner and the judgment of sin. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1).

**Wednesday, 2nd.**—Gen. viii. 1-12. "*The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot*" (verse 9). Let us take this picture of the dove, amid the desolation caused by this terrible judgment, and contrast it with the description given in the New Testament of the Holy Spirit, in the likeness of a dove, descending upon our Lord Jesus Christ at His baptism. Amid the corruption of the world through sin one spot at last was found where the Spirit of God could rest, even in the heart and life of Jesus of Nazareth. The same Spirit now comes to every one who accepts Christ.

**Thursday, 3rd.**—Gen. vii. 13-22. "*Noah offered burnt offerings—and the Lord smelled a sweet savour*" (verses 20, 21). The margin of our Bibles gives "a savour of rest," and this translation directs our thoughts to the pleasure with which God's heart rests upon that offering of obedience contained in the life and death of His Son Our Lord, who came as the fulfilment of these Old Testament sacrifices. Notice how God pledged Himself in the sight of Noah's offering not to curse the ground, or smite His creation—a further illustration of the value to us of the merits of Christ, which are accepted by God on our behalf.

**Friday, 4th.**—Gen. ix. 1-17. "*My bow . . . shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth*" (verse 13). The rainbow has been used in this way by God as an evidence of His mercifulness towards that which He has created. To us He has given a better pledge of His mercy and grace in the person of His only Son our Saviour who died for us, and now lives in Heaven on our behalf. "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him" (1 John iv. 9).

### THE RIGHT KIND OF BEER MONEY.

Mr. Harold Begbie tells the following: I was introduced a few months ago to a painter by trade, an ex-fighting man, an ex-drunkard, an ex-miserable. Religion has restored his soul, given him new birth, and made him a useful citizen. He told me how his mates "get at him" for being a teetotaler, and how they are continually asking him, "Don't your misses never give you any beer money?" "To which I answer them," he said, grinning, "Hoh, yuss; my old lady gives me plenty of beer money—shillings and shillings. And where do you think I keep it? In my garden! Ain't that artful of me? And some of my beer money has got feathers and lays eggs, and some has got fur and makes lovely pie, and some has got flowers and smells a bit of all right. Yuss, if you'd like to see my beer money drop in some Saturday afternoon and take a walk round my garden. I'll show you last week's beer money, the week's before—yuss, and last year's—hopping and clucking and crowing and smelling beautiful. By the way, old friend, where's your beer money? Where is it? Can you show it me, or is the publican keeping it for you till Christmas?"

A story is told of a young Western farmer who used very often to visit the bar-room in the village near him. After he was converted and had signed a temperance pledge he continued to tie his horse to the hotel man's hitching post. A good old deacon noticed this, and said, "George, I am much older than you, and will be pardoned, I know, if I make a suggestion out of my wider Christian experience. No matter how strong you think you are, take my advice and at once change your hitching post."

When someone asked a missionary if he *liked* his work in Africa, he replied: "Do I like this work? No; my wife and I do not like dirt. We have reasonably refined sensibilities. We do not like crawling into vile huts through goat refuse. We do not like association with ignorant, filthy, brutish people. But is a man to do nothing for Christ he does not like? God pity him, if not. Liking or disliking has nothing to do with it. We have orders to 'go,' and we go. Love constrains us." Such a love begets the strength to do the "all things."


REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

GILT and ENAMEL ... ... ... ... 1/6 each.
SILVER (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... 2/6 ,,
GOLD, 9ct. ,, ,, ,, ... 10/6 and 12/6 ,,
All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.







**Have you ever thought how little food is absorbed in illness,**

and how every grain must count for or against recovery?

In Benger's Food, *all is food,* in a form so bland and soothing, and so easily assimilated, as to fully justify its reputation as the safe Food in illness.

BENGER'S FOOD

differs from others, in its ability to partially digest, by self-contained and natural means, the fresh new milk with which it is prepared. Think how this helps the invalid through illness and convalescence.

Benger's is a pure natural food, most dainty and delicious, and highly nutritive. Many patients say it is the one food which never becomes monotonous.

Benger's is a most interesting food to prepare. The changes it undergoes teach a lesson in human digestion. It is all explained in our book, "Benger's Food and How to Use it." Post free.

Benger's Food is British made, and sold in tins by Chemists, etc. everywhere.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

*Branch Offices:* NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117, Pitt St., and Depots throughout CANADA.

B2091



NOW READY.

PRICE 1s.

Enemies Reconciled;

Or, The Cross in the Light of the War.

BY

Prebendary F. S. WEBSTER, M.A.

Five Sermons preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, March 22nd to 26th, 1915.

The Rev. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, Bishop of Durham, says:—"Quite admirable for point and power."

Sold by all Booksellers Everywhere.

Special Terms for Quantities for Distribution.

MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., *Publishers,* LONDON, EDINBURGH & NEW YORK.



ASK THE BOYS IN THE TRENCHES.

**ZEDEX** fills your mind with joy and cheerfulness and vitalizes new vim and vigour into your body.

'Get Nerves like Steel! Be clear-brained, strong and vigorous. Nothing else will invigorate and vitalize you as **ZEDEX** will.

If you are nerve-racked, weary and peevish, and your friends think you a "dull, gloomy, old stick," this marvellous remedy will give you a new lease of life.

**ZEDEX** makes the weak strong and the strong stronger.

If you are over-worked, run down, used up, and fit for nothing, this amazing tonic, vouched for by DR. ANDREW WILSON, will thrill you with that health and vim that brings you the real joy of living.

**2/6** per box. Packed in dainty, tasteless tablets, in special, flat, aluminium cases. Can be obtained from any of the 555 branches of BOOTS, CASH CHEMISTS; or post paid, under cover, from **ZEDEX Co., Ltd., Hove** (6 boxes, **13/9**).

Seen our little book crammed full of testimonials from happy users? Send for one NOW.

*Dr. Andrew Wilson says* "**ZEDEX** is a splendid tonic, ensuring endurance, strength, and steady nerves." A treatise by him accompanies each box.

*"John Bull" says* "**ZEDEX** has without doubt the full approval of the medical profession."


## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**
**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."

## Board.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**FINSBURY.**—49, Myddelton Square, E.C. Comfortable home. Easy access to City and West End. Healthy position. Board as required. Terms moderate, reduction sharing. Use private Square.

## Situations Vacant.

**DRAPERY.**—Junior young Man for Manchester Dept. Live out.—Photo and full particulars, S. H. JONES, 29, High Street, Red Hill.


THE 'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag' BOOKLETS.

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written, and every one of them has the Gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. Kitchener's Call to Arms.
2. Bravo! "Highflyer!"
3. The Man Behind the Gun.
4. The Chessboard of Europe.
5. A Strategic Retreat.
6. Halt! Who Goes There?
7. The Submarine.
8. The Football Field of Europe.
9. S.O.S.
10. The Siege of Life.
11. "The V.C."
12. Day Dreams.
13. The Conquest of the Air.
14. Keeping the Flag Flying.
15. Beasts of Prey.
16. Christmas.
17. The Kick-Off.
18. Wanted, Men.
19. Goal!
20. Life's Railway.
21. The Despatch Rider.
22. The Terror by Night.
23. Swimming.
24. The Falklands Fight.
25. The British Air Raid.
26. The Spider's Web.
27. Self-Control.
28. The Mouth of Hell.
29. Comrades.
30. Victory.

*A donation of £2 2s. Od., enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* **2,000** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P. *Treasurer,* 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).


Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

# For duration of War.

Every purchaser of a half-guinea 7 o'clock safety razor is entitled to have an identical set sent FREE to any friend on service.

## INSTRUCTIONS.

In every set which you buy you will find a voucher. Send that voucher duly filled in, together with the dealer's receipt for the "7 o'clock" razor which you have bought, and another set exactly similar will be promptly despatched with your card or a message, free of all charge (except postage) to the soldier or sailor whom you specify on the voucher.

**7 o'clock**
SAFETY RAZOR

ensures a quick, easy, smooth shave. It is the only safety razor costing less than a guinea which can be stropped without removing the blade. For quality of material, beautiful finish and thorough efficiency it has no equal at the price. The set comprises safety razor, special strop, and enough blades to last for a year, all neatly packed in a leather case, and costs

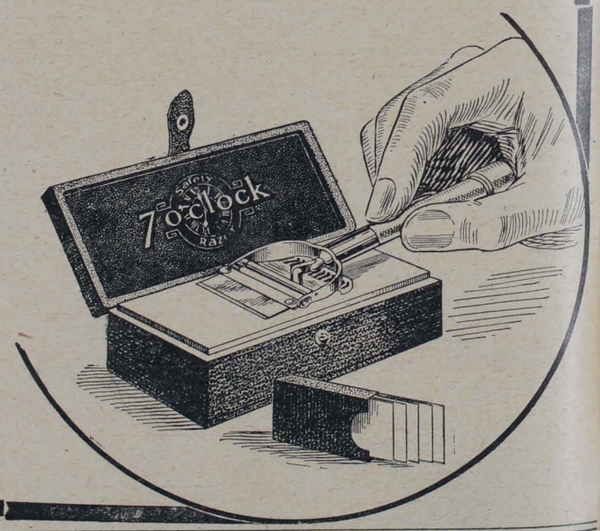
**10/6.**

**BRITISH MADE WITH BRITISH CAPITAL.**

**You strop it in the way shewn by illustration—a few days' practice makes you perfect, and it is equally easy to clean. No projections. Nothing to take apart for stropping or cleaning.**

Heavily silver-plated razor, complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated).

**Price 10/6.**




**Proprietors of the 7 o'clock Safety Razor, 61, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—May 28, 1915.
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***

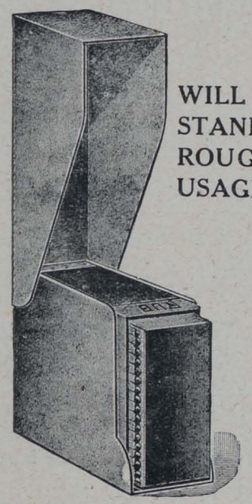

# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 21. Vol. 1. JUNE 4, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



BRYANT & MAY'S
"SERVICE"
MATCH BOX COVER
*(Reg. Design No. 642237).*



WILL STAND ROUGH USAGE.

KEEPS MATCHES, BOX & STRIKING SURFACE
DRY IN ALL WEATHERS.

*Specially designed for*
ACTIVE SERVICE—
AFLOAT & ASHORE.

Enclose one in parcels of 'Comforts' to friends on Active Service.

*Obtainable (in all metals) of Outfitters, Silversmiths, Stores, Tobacconists, &c.*

*Illustrated leaflet of our Service Specialities sent on application.*

BRYANT & MAY LTD., Fairfield Works, Bow, LONDON, E.




LORD CURZON IN THE TRENCHES.

In the new Coalition Government which has just been formed a place has been given to Lord Curzon, who is here seen in the British trenches, during a visit which he recently paid to the war area.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


WHAT WE THINK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 483
LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XX.—Major-Gen. Hunter-Weston 484
THE ARMY'S GREAT ALLY: A Frank Appeal to Our Fighting Forces. By Sir Alfred Pearce Gould ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 485
PICTURES STRAIGHT FROM THE WAR ZONE ... ... ... ... 487
H.M.S. 'CRYSTAL PALACE": Personal Impressions of a Day with the Naval Division ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 489
BETWEEN YOU AND ME: 20.—Some Inquiries Answered ... ... 490
OUR NEW ALLIES IN THE WORLD WAR. Illustrated ... ... 492
"Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD. Illustrated... ... ... ... ... 497
Our Short Story: THE GHOST IN THE LAZARETTE ... ... ... 499

# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK




**The Food-Drink**
**that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-. The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—**
**DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**






MILKMAID BRAND
# Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

**"Excellent."**
**"Delicious."**
**"Very satisfactory."**
**"We all like it very much."**

So say some of those who have tried it.

**NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT;**
**NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.**

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in **5½d.** and **10d.** tins.



## WHEN IN DOUBT
consult
# Enquire Within Upon Everything

466 pages containing 2,250 references.

Every camp leader should keep a copy handy for reference. It is an efficient guide to economy in buying, an ever-ready counsellor amidst every-day difficulties. It tells the easiest way to cleanse, to polish, to preserve, how to cook with speed and economy, together with a thousand and one other wrinkles of untold value.

**THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF REFERENCE EVER PUBLISHED.**

**Price 2 6 net.**
**Sold by all Booksellers everywhere.**

Published by
**SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.,**
**Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.**



# CARR'S BISCUITS

Have you tried
Carr's Celebrated

**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack.

**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**

Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.

CARR & CO., LIMITED — CARLISLE.



# Y. YMCA M.
## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 21. Vol. 1. JUNE 4, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## WHAT WE — THINK —

EVERYBODY is giving advice these days, and since advice is cheap, there is no hesitation in pouring it forth in a steady flood. And as the biggest thing of the moment is the war, the experts are devoting themselves to that, and are telling how, in their opinion, the operations on sea and land ought to be conducted. The man who has never sailed beyond Margate is quite prepared to direct our naval policy, while the "man in the street," as we have come to describe that ubiquitous personage, considers himself qualified to give points in military strategy to Lord Kitchener and Sir John French. There are many voices, and they belong to all classes and to all sections of the community. Just the other day, for example, a certain Bishop expressed the hope that the new Government would have the courage to tell the truth boldly, and make a demand on the people for universal service, which ought to have been made months ago, so that every man should feel that he must do his share in the fighting line or in supplying munitions. Both men, he went on to declare, should feel under the same obligation to discipline. Just as a deserter in the Army is shot, so should they treat with the same discipline the men who desert work at the other end of the line.

***

NOW, this is a tall order, and if the Bishop in question had his way, there would be plenty of blood spilt without waiting for the arrival of the Germans. The thing is very simple—whenever anyone objects to working or to doing as he is told, he is marched out and shot. And that's the end of him—sudden dismissal and no questions asked. Once this rough-and-ready principle is accepted, it can be applied in countless directions. It reduces every sort of trouble to infinitesimal proportions. Besides, it removes all kinds of undesirable characters. It sweeps the ground of all encumbrances. It puts things into their proper relationships. That such a system might be rather one-sided would not matter in the slightest, since the shooting would be all for the common good, and no patriot would have any objection to standing up with a bandage over his eyes as a target for recruits. As we have said, the whole thing is wonderfully and beautifully simple, and the pity is that the principle has not been applied earlier, for if it had been in practice sooner, we should have been saved a good deal of needless trouble and anxiety. But with the remedy for all our ills so conveniently at our hand, we may proceed to business with complete assurance of success. At last, as our American cousins would say, we are going to get on with the business—thanks to our kindly and ingenious advisers.

***

IT may be that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, but if the many good and earnest people who are talking so much did a little less talking and a little more working, it would be to the nation's advantage. For all the talk in which the wise men have been indulging of late is scarcely patriotic. It reaches the ear of our enemy, and gives him the impression that as a nation we are divided against ourselves. We are not, of course, but we are so fond of criticising the powers that be that the Germans, who have all along failed to understand our peculiar temperament, assume that there is division amongst us, and that we are of two minds concerning the prosecution of the war. What we need to learn these days is to trust our leaders. Let us remember that they know much more than they feel at liberty to tell. Their information of what is happening, unlike ours, is not derived from the daily newspapers, and because they do not choose to reveal all they know, we must not jump to the conclusion that they have gone to sleep. The hands of the King's Ministers and of all in places of high command are more than full at present, and from their cares and responsibilities they cannot escape day or night. Instead of offering them advice, we should extend to them our sympathy; instead of criticising them, we should trust them implicitly; instead of condemning them, we should pray for them. So shall we be helping in some degree to lighten their burdens and to smooth their path.

THE Archbishops of Canterbury and York have issued a pastoral letter in relation to the war which is deserving of widespread attention. In that they appeal to the nation to "look with confidence to the Government, deliberately chosen to represent us all, that it shall take, and take with courage, whatever steps it considers to be necessary to summon and control every possible resource which we have of body and brain, of wealth and industry. We solemnly call upon all members of the Church, and urge upon all our fellow-citizens, to meet with glad and unstinted response whatever demands of service or of sacrifice the Government decides to make. A great war righteously waged calls out that spirit of willing sacrifice with a plainness and an intensity which nothing else can rival. On behalf of righteousness and in our country's cause there is no one, there is nothing, too dear or too sacred to be offered. God has so taught us. Let us obey. By what we give and by what we are may His will be done." The appeal for confidence in the Government is along the line of what we have just said. Only the Government can know what is required, and our loyalty is best shown, not by airing our own pet views or insisting upon the adoption of our own particular schemes, but by responding wholeheartedly to whatever demands our chosen rulers may see fit to propose. We may be sure of this, that nothing will be asked from us that is not absolutely necessary, and if we meet all that is desired in a spirit of willing obedience we shall be doing all we can for the nation's cause.

***

BUT even when we do all that is possible from the human standpoint, we have not exhausted our resources. There is still the duty of "continuing instant in prayer," and we are pleased that the Archbishops have laid the proper emphasis on this Christian privilege. "Remember always," they say, "that prayer means something even larger and deeper than asking wisdom for our King and his Ministers, protection for our sailors and soldiers, comfort for the anxious and the bereaved, victory for the cause of our nation and its Allies. Prayer implies a reverent sense of the Sovereignty of God, a hold even when we are bewildered in the darkness and confusion upon the certainty that He is set in the throne judging right. And prayer means—for without

this we dare not come into His presence —the humble, deliberate, heartfelt confession of our sins—sins of selfishness and self-indulgence, sins of hardness and complacency, sins of sheer laziness and lack of thought. We have in days of quiet made too little of the claim of God upon our lives. Can we wonder that in stern hours like this it is hard to kindle afresh the deep and simple thoughts which we have allowed to grow languid and uncertain? But such rekindling there must be. Give earnest heed to this most sacred of all duties. Set yourselves, even in the midst of the exigencies and passions of war, to be loyal to the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Strive to keep openness of mind and soul, for such message as the Holy Spirit may reveal to us at an hour when God is judging what is base and inspiring what is best in England's life. He may speak in the ordered ministry of Word and Sacrament, or in the roar of battle, or in the silence of a shadowed home. He does, for we have all seen it, give, to those who lie open to His gift, courage and understanding and patience and high hope. 'O put your trust in Him alway, ye people; pour out your hearts before Him; for God is our hope.'" We commend these words to all who wish to make use of every privilege and opportunity. By prayer and by effort—for the two go together—let all of us do what in us lies to promote the nation's cause. In defeat and in victory let us keep a bright face and a stout heart, never giving way to panic or discouragement; in dark fortune as in bright, let us remember that the Lord Omnipotent reigneth, and that He is our refuge and our strength. So shall we await the issue in confidence, knowing that the cause of righteousness for which we fight is sure to triumph.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XX.—MAJOR-GEN. HUNTER-W. STON.

MAJOR-GENERAL AYLMER HUNTER-WESTON, now commanding the 29th Division, which is doing such valiant service in the Dardanelles' operations, was lately promoted major-general for distinguished service in the field. He is in his fiftieth year, and joined the Royal Engineers thirty-one years ago.

One of the most thrilling incidents in his career was cutting the railway north of Bloemfontein on the night before Lord Roberts entered the town. This achievement prevented the Boers under General Joubert from carrying off the accumulations of railway stock which they had collected there. He was made chief staff officer of the mixed force which General French commanded in Lord Kitchener's campaign.

He had seen much active service before the South African War, having served in the Waziristan Field Force and in the Dongola Expeditionary Force. But it was in South Africa that he had his great chance of winning distinction, and he attracted the favour of his chiefs by the way in which he carried out all the tasks committed to him. He won the D.S.O. in 1900.

Major-General Hunter-Weston is a very active man, with a temperament that might almost be called restless. He must always be doing something, and his energy finds one expression in his liking for motoring. He hunts and shoots, and when he was at the Staff College he acted as Master of the Hounds. Now he is hunting higher and more dangerous game with a success that we all hope will continue. The Major-General has always been ready to take risks and responsibilities. That is why to-day he has been given so important a command.

## FALL IN.




## THE SONG OF THE NEW RECRUIT.

(To the air of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer.")
BY THE HON. I. C. PLUNKET.

I.

CHEER, boys, cheer,
We've heard the call to duty;
Cheer, boys, cheer,
We'll do it with our might;
Cheer, boys, cheer,
Our King and country need us;
Cheer, boys, cheer,
And we know our cause is right.

II.

Cheer, boys, cheer,
For sweethearts left behind us;
Cheer, boys, cheer,
They are praying day and night;
Cheer, boys, cheer,
We know they won't forget us;
Cheer, boys, cheer,
And we know our cause is right.

III.

Cheer, boys, cheer,
For brave men gone before us;
Cheer, boys, cheer,
God bless them in the fight;
Cheer, boys, cheer,
We'll follow where they lead us—
Cheer, boys, cheer,
And we know our cause is right.



# THE ARMY'S GREAT ALLY.

## *A Frank Appeal to Our Fighting Forces.*

By Lieut.-Col. Sir ALFRED PEARCE GOULD, K.C.V.O., M.S., F.R.C.S., &c.

THE brightest feature in our national life at this moment of its supreme need is the response that our young men —our best young men—have made to their country's call. Of their own free will, with no compulsion but the call of duty, millions of men have laid aside their ordinary life-work, and have enrolled themselves in an incomparable army to train, to fight, and in many cases to die, to overcome the forces of evil which are threatening liberty, honour, and righteousness. History affords no parallel to this new Army, and the voluntary enlistment of every man in it is its outstanding feature and the source of its splendid vigour. The strength of this Army does not lie chiefly in its numbers, nor solely in the physical vigour and splendid courage of the men, even when these have been supplemented by technical training, by military discipline, and by *esprit de corps*. Without all these the Army would no doubt be only a rabble, and no defence against our powerful foes. But it is the spirit of the men, their intelligent appreciation of the real nature of this war, the fact that they have listened to the call of duty, and are prepared even to give their lives to save their own fair homes from such devastating barbarism as Belgium has suffered, that makes this Army "incomparable," and a source of just pride and confidence in those for whom they are called to fight. It is notorious that the men are submitting to the restraints of military discipline and to the hardships inevitable in all training and "active service" with a willing alacrity that is unknown in a conscript Army and in one ruled by force alone. The men want to make themselves the finest Army the world has known, not from youthful pride or mere desire to excel, but that they may more quickly and more certainly end the struggle, and bring on the day of peace and righteousness between the nations of Europe. Feeling this, I hope it is not untimely to tell the men who will soon hold in their hands the destiny of the British Empire and of liberty in Europe what an ally they have in abstinence from alcohol, and what a foe they have in "drink."

Such men as I am writing to and thinking about do not need to be told of the injurious effects of drunkenness upon physical vigour, upon discipline, upon *esprit de corps*, upon courage, and upon all manly virtues—upon every quality that is needed in an efficient soldier. Such drunkenness as there is in our new Army is due to the foolish conduct of civilians more than to habits of intemperance of soldiers. A drunken soldier disgraces the King's uniform, and is a source of weakness and danger in any fighting force. His offence is not only a personal failure in self-control and an annoyance to his comrades, but it is a hindrance to every military enterprise, and adds a further danger to those necessarily attending the life of a soldier.

But there is a state of "excitement" induced by drinking alcohol which is far short of "drunkenness"; this has wrongly caused alcohol to be commonly spoken of as a "stimulant." There is a large number of young men who have never been "drunk" who have yet—perhaps often—experienced this state. There is certainly no man in the Army who has not witnessed this effect of alcohol in others. The careless talk, the loose jest, the unguarded action, the boastful spirit, the abeyance of judgment, the disregard of consequences, the stilling of conscience—all these are the result of weakness, not of strength; they are due to the slumbering of the higher nerve powers, and not to any stimulation of valuable forces. This "Dutch courage" is no help to a soldier; it loosens the reins of discipline, it makes him at once foolishly rash and weak and hesitating at a moment when patient courage is called for. This condition of alcoholic excitement is generally admitted to be due to alcoholic "excess," and all thoughtful men will at once admit that it unfits a soldier for his work, and, for the time, at any rate, seriously lessens his efficiency. The men who form the bulk of our new Army and are its characteristic men will, I feel sure, at once recognise that it is a condition to be carefully avoided, and they will respond to the appeal never to make themselves unfit for efficient service by such excess in drinking.

But alcoholic beverages can be taken with meals in such strict moderation that neither the individual himself nor an ordinary bystander can recognise any ill-effects from them. Should a soldier who is anxious to do his best drink beer or spirits with his meals in this strict moderation? All the best and truly careful scientific and practical evidence shows that he should not. Those who take no alcohol at all can do a more strenuous day's work with less fatigue, with quicker recovery from fatigue, and with more personal comfort than those who take beer or spirits in strict moderation. Those who are total abstainers are quicker in their response to orders, more accurate in their shooting or other special work, have sounder judgment in sudden emergencies, and have more perfect self-control than those who take small quantities of alcohol. It is clear that alcohol, even in strict moderation, lessens the efficiency of a soldier at all points, and I have no hesitation in saying that if the entire new Army—from its senior officer to its junior private—was a teetotal Army, its efficiency in every branch of the service would be appreciably greater.

There is still another consideration. In all campaigns disease is a greater foe than injury. The infective diseases of wounds and the various infections to which large bodies of troops are always liable—such as enteric and typhus fevers, dysentery, &c.—are more common and more serious in those who take alcohol than in those who take none. This is because one effect of alcohol is to lessen the protective powers of the body against all infections—it therefore both predisposes to such diseases and increases their severity. Total abstinence from alcohol is a valuable protection to health, particularly guarding men against the diseases which work the greatest havoc among troops. To all soldiers I would say, "Don't take alcohol in any amount, in any circumstances," but to such men as have recently responded to the nation's call I appeal with special confidence. They are men intent on doing their best; they have trained thmselves to "endure hardness," and to "fight a good fight" for all they hold dear. They are anxious to enter the field of battle at least on equal terms with those opposed to them, and are determined to achieve an honourable victory. Alcohol is a soldier's enemy; it reduces his strength and staying power; it lessens his skill and courage; it makes him hesitate when instant action is imperative, and it undermines that perfect self-control upon which the issue of all grave emergencies so largely depends. Whatever the pressure put upon them, whatever the force of custom in this custom-ridden land, I would urge soldiers to refrain from taking any alcohol, and to do this with the simple aim of fitting themselves to serve their King and country to the best of their powers. The King has set them a splendid example; it is for them to prove themselves worthy and loyal subjects. God save the King!

## LORD LANSDOWNE'S TRIBUTE.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S beautiful seat, Bowood Park, is crowded with soldiers, and on Saturday last his lordship opened a Y.M.C.A. equipment for their use. He said he had known Bowood for a great many years, but was never prouder of it than at that moment, and had never seen it turned to better account. He had been asked by some of his friends whether he was not alarmed at the prospect of handing over the park, with all its beauties, to a great body of British soldiers, but he felt quite sure the place was safe in their hands. They all owed a great debt to the Y.M.C.A. Wherever British soldiers were found in this country or abroad, there they found the huts and tents of the Association set up. Camp life in weather like this, and with such surroundings, was attractive and picturesque. There must be moments when it became monotonous, and perhaps not over-comfortable, and it was to meet occasions of this sort that the Association provided recreation huts. He had only to declare the tent open and wish it all possible success.

# THE Y.M.C.A. AS AN ALLY IN THE GREAT WAR.



The service which the Y.M.C.A. has been able to render to the King's Forces ever since the war broke out has been of the most valuable character, and has been recognised and acknowledged by the highest authorities. This illustration is of a new hut which has just been erected for the troops stationed at Hythe, our photograph having been taken on the occasion of the opening ceremony.



Another illustration of the work amongst the troops, reproduced from a photograph taken at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters at Budleigh Salterton.



# PICTURES STRAIGHT FROM THE WAR ZONE.



On the outside cover of this issue we give a picture of Lord Curzon in the trenches, and in the above illustration his lordship is seen in another part of the war zone. The first-hand information which he was able to obtain during his recent visit should prove of value in dealing with questions affecting the operations at the front, for Lord Curzon has a seat in the new Coalition Government.



Our Allies the Russians continue to make steady progress in East Prussia, and as they advance the forces of the enemy are compelled to retreat. The above illustration shows a German supply column retiring through a deserted town in East Prussia before the victorious Russian advance.

## FACING REALITY.

### The Supreme Challenge of Life.

By W. Douglas Mackenzie, D.D., LL.D.

NO man wishes to waste his life. He has only one chance of living in this world, and he knows that his years will be swift and full. He knows and hears of men who have not "made good," of college men in the "bread line," of college men in the penitentiary, and he has a passionate desire as he looks out on life to do something and be something which shall be worth while. To be found unworthy, to be a "waster" of life and self, of the one great and only chance, fills him with a natural sense of horror and recoil.

Further, every young man who is healthy-minded wishes, and even yearns, to be in contact with reality. He has an instinctive desire to "do things"—that is, to be engaged in an activity that counts in the esteem of his fellow-men. He may be confused sometimes as to what kind of thing is real, but he cannot and will not conceal his craving for reality. He looks out from his insular life upon the surging world, the struggle for existence, the tide of life flowing in rich blood through the veins of strong men, and he longs to be in the midst of it. On his entrance upon a career amid the keenest regret for the ties that are being suddenly sundered, he can hardly curb his elation that now he is going to be at work. Henceforth what he thinks and says and does will have no reference to examination papers. It will all count in the actual business, the movement, the great life of the great and actual world. He is like the oarsman longing to feel the weight of the boat at the first stroke, like the drilled soldier thrilling for his first action in the strife.

What, then, is "reality"? That question has often risen in the mind of the thoughtful man. Perhaps he may be willing to think it over again as I try to say a few words about it.

In the first place, reality is not merely physical. It is true that the engineer may build a bridge of stone or steel. It is a bridge. It is a matter adapted to human ends and uses. The doctor is dealing with the living matter of the human body, but the deep reality of his profession lies in this: that he is lengthening a human life, that he is acting upon suffering and sorrow, that he is fighting death and striving to maintain human beings in strength and fitness as long as possible. The lawyer and the statesman are manifestly handling human relations. The artist uses pigments and canvas, the poet uses pen and paper, but the value of the mere material disappears in the real thing which they are doing. They are quickening and guiding the human sense of beauty and truth in their artistic interpretations of Nature and of man's thought and deeds and dreams. Wherever men are doing things worth while, even if it be digging or smelting or mining gold, the mere stuff of the earth is the basis or symbol or instrument of a deed done upon man's mortal and moral and spiritual self.

That seems obvious enough. But we need to ponder, and make the great fact very real to ourselves. For much confusion is here in the minds of most of us. I think the next great evolution of the imagination, the insight of men in general, must take place here.

In the next place reality is to be found in the sphere of conscience, in the moral standards of business and society. The business man who knows anything knows this: that henceforth he cannot be real unless he be diligent, that he cannot enter into the real world—not the shadowy, criminal, slippery world—of business unless he be accurate to the last cent, never trifling with the fundamental and rigid rules of honesty. The business world, said the late Pierpont Morgan on a memorable occasion, rests on credit. And credit rests on absolute fidelity. Further, it is becoming clearer every day that the best structure of business cannot be safe unless it is reared on mutual justice among business men. The man who imagines that all transactions should result only to his own benefit, who has no fair consideration for the profits of the other party to a transaction, will grind his employees, drive "sharp" bargains, aim always at injuring the other man. Business is a mutual obligation. The "big fellow" must remember that in dealing with the "little fellow," or he will become a tyrant and a robber.

It is true that "business is business," and no enterprise can be carried on without a just profit. That is the irrefragable basis of the whole structure. But no man is successful in the great world, really successful, who does not know also that business is a human affair, and that into all its transactions must be poured some measure of kindness and humour and loyalty. "What I get" is not the only reality of the business. "What I give" is even a larger measure of the value of my work in life.

That is not all the "reality" that the ordinary man must reckon with. If his culture has been broad and true, if it has given him insight into the great movement of history, he knows that there is a deeper reality binding all the units of mankind, all the contributions of every man to the moral reality of the race, into one direction and one meaning. The ultimate reality behind and within all our real wills and the values of our separate yet interlacing lives is the one mighty will of God. Reality is spiritual, not physical; moral, not selfish; and it is divine, not merely human. The ordinary man is not going to get into the real thing unless he reckons with that deepest and highest and most real of all the elements and conditions of our human careers. Matthew Arnold said that the nobler half of culture is "to make reason and the will of God prevail." The young men of 1915 could take out into the world no nobler motto than that. If their days of training and equipment have fitted them fully to face reality in a real world, they will rejoice to feel the might and purity and justice, aye, and the kindness, of the will of God in their glad and enthusiastic hearts.

## FROM THE FIRING LINE.

[The following appreciation, faintly written in pencil, has been sent to us direct from the firing line by a young soldier.]

THE Y.M.C.A. are out here doing splendid work in comforting the troops. They have places built in different towns behind the firing line, where every Tommy who wishes to may amuse himself. They also have concerts, &c., and recreations for the men to pass a dull hour away; and things can be bought at a reasonable price. After Tommy comes out of the firing line he finds the Y.M.C.A. rooms a very great comfort. I must say every credit is due to the ladies who come here and leave their homes for the purpose of making the troops happy and comfortable, and all the many ladies and gentlemen who are out here doing what they can for our brave lads. I have been in the fighting line for seven months, and can say the comforts which these ladies and gentlemen are providing Tommy with are being much appreciated.

In a letter from the Y.M.C.A. at Havre to the general secretary, Scottish National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, Rev. John Macaskill, Paisley, refers to the "fine spirit of comradeship which prevails among the men at the front."

## Y. M. C. A. JUNIOR DEPARTMENTS.

### Sixth National Conference of Senior Boys.

THE sixth National Conference of older boys upon the work of the Y.M.C.A. Junior Departments was held at the Leicester Association by the kind invitation of the president and committee, under the presidency of Sir Matthew Dodsworth, Bart.

The delegates, who journeyed from all parts of England on Saturday last, commenced work with a tea provided by the Scouts of the Y.M.C.A. Troop, after which Patrol Leader C. Watson, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the delegates to Leicester. The responses were made by the oldest and youngest members present, the former from Eastbourne, and the latter from the Penge Association.

The first Conference session opened with a commission report presented by a Reading delegate, and dealt with a survey of what boys have done during the war. It was remarkable the number of ways in which boys have found an outlet, and a useful outlet too, for their energies since the outbreak of hostilities. The paper provided much food for thought, and showed us what a great call there is at the present time to think. There are so many ways in which we can help if we will only think.

On Sunday morning the kind invitation of the Rev. F. Papprill was accepted, and the delegates attended service at Holy Trinity Church, where they were welcomed by the vicar, who also gave a very interesting and helpful address.

A Huddersfield delegate presented the commission report at the afternoon session, and showed exactly what is the need of the nation, and how the junior section of the Y.M.C.A. could prepare boys to fill the places and supply the nation's need. It is a personal call to every member of a junior section.

The conference opened on Monday morning at 9 o'clock with prayers, and at 9.15 the Plymouth representative was called upon to present his report, showing the claim of the Empire and Christ's command. Junior sections have kept men in the foreign field, but there is still much room for the development of missionary enterprise, which means so much to the Empire. Plans were discussed, and resolutions passed.

At 11.15 the session ended. Mr. J. H. Boam conducted the delegates to the various places of interest in Leicester, as far as time would permit, and at 1.30 they returned to lunch, at the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Leavesley, to whom a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded.

The Birmingham delegate opened the afternoon session with a commission report on True Leadership, and how to secure it. Leaders are born, not made, but the qualities so necessary for leadership want to be developed in the boy. The perfect system, now in use in several Y.M.C.A. junior sections, was much discussed, and several most helpful conclusions arrived at.

At the open conference Sir Matthew Dodsworth took the chair, and all difficulties which presented themselves in the working of junior sections were brought up, and suggestions offered for their solution.

The president of the Leicester Association, Mr. W. Thornley, kindly invited the delegates to tea, after which the Penge delegate proposed a very cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Thornley, the Leicester Association, Messrs. Boam and Wibrow, and to those people who had so generously invited them to stay at their homes for the period of the conference. This was seconded by the Eastbourne delegate, and carried unanimously. The usual responses were made.



# H.M.S. "CRYSTAL PALACE."

## *Some Personal Impressions of a Day with the Naval Division.*

By THOMAS GURR HEWITT, of Oxford.

NEVER before have I had such an interesting time as on the two occasions that I was privileged to inspect the work going on at the headquarters of the Royal Naval Division at the Crystal Palace.

It was, indeed, a privilege and a pleasure to have an opportunity of seeing everything under the guidance of an officer and gentleman—Lieut. H. E. Keightley, adjutant in command. My visits both on Sunday and Monday morning were unexpected, so I saw everything as it takes place from day to day without any special preparation being made.

### A Mighty Post-Bag.

The Y.M.C.A. reading and writing rooms were to all appearance a school, almost every seat being occupied by naval recruits, writing, reading, and studying. It will be more readily understood how greatly the privilege is appreciated by the men, when I mention that every week on an average 28,000 letters are written in these rooms and posted, and from 12,000 to 14,000 are received and delivered to the men by the Y.M.C.A. officials. About 1,000 parcels of laundry are also handled weekly.

The men are very thrifty, as is shown by the Savings Bank deposits, which total £2,750. The sale of stamps has amounted in one month to £326, and that of the postal orders to £898.

Indoor games include dominoes, draughts, billiards, chess problems, and jigsaw puzzles. Outdoor games include football, cricket, tennis, bowls, baseball, and quoits. The magnificent grounds of the Crystal Palace are made the most of, and the equipment for the men's sports is provided by the Y.M.C.A. The heartiest co-operation exists between the officers and the officials of the Association, and produces splendid results.

Popular concerts are given nightly, and prove a great attraction to the men. Some of the leading artistes kindly assist at these social gatherings. At the close of these concerts a straight short talk is given by popular speakers.

### Some Features of the Work.

Refreshments are provided at most moderate charges. Soon after 6 a.m. the Y.M.C.A. staff are busy preparing hot coffee for the men of the Royal Naval Division, who file up in quick succession to partake of a cup of coffee and bun or slice of cake before going on parade. A few pleasant words are exchanged, and everything done to make the men feel quite at home.

During the middle of the morning, at the sound of the bugle, the men make for the bar for refreshments. A number of ladies assist at the counters to serve out hot coffee, tea, and mineral waters, milk, &c.

One part of the refreshment bar is devoted to the sale of Horlick's Malted Milk, custard and fruit, while opposite is the fruit stall, where all kinds of fruit and nuts are sold at reasonable prices. It is gratifying to note that this stall is much appreciated by all the men, everything being of the best.

In one of the courts tables are arranged at which the men can invite their friends to take tea.

The religious side of the work of the Y.M.C.A. is much in evidence. The "Morning Watch"—a short devotional service—is held each morning at 8.30, and some of the men gather to join in singing, Scripture reading, and prayer. A Bible class is conducted by the secretary, Mr. H. S. Smart, and religious services are held in the sick bay. Daily interviews take place, and the Y.M.C.A. staff officers are often approached by the men for a talk on deeper spiritual things. A sacred concert is held in the theatre every Sunday evening at the close of the regular Church of England service, and is largely attended. The men join heartily in the hymns, and an appropriate address is always delivered. At the close of one of the Sunday concerts a large number of men voluntarily signed the "War Roll," thereby pledging themselves as followers of Christ.

### The Real Aim in View.

The great aim of the Association is to permanently influence the men morally, spiritually, and intellectually. Its success has, indeed, been remarkable. Many thousands of men have already passed through the Palace, and several thousands are still in training there. Of these no fewer than 12,700 have signed the temperance pledge, and immediately after the King's noble example over 600 more signed the pledge to abstain from all alcoholic drink until the end of the war.

The great influence these men will exercise over others in whatever part of the war zone they may be can well be imagined. They are composed of miners, fishermen, young agriculturalists, and others, and are drawn from all parts of the United Kingdom.

Over 6,000 pocket Testaments have been presented to the men, and it is fairly evident that the result has been a deeper spiritual life in a large number. The Association also acts as a connecting link between the men and the churches. On Sundays parties of men are organised by the Y.M.C.A., and are entertained by various churches in the neighbourhood. As many as 400 are often sent out in this way.

All these things prove that the work of the Association is bearing fruit, and is having an incalculable influence for good upon the lives of the men of the Royal Naval Division.

It must be a great satisfaction to the leaders and staff of the Y.M.C.A. to know that the officers at the Palace are in whole-hearted sympathy with the work, especially the chaplain, who often presides at the concerts. At a recent visit of the famous Temple Church Choir the chair was occupied by the depot staff commander, who spoke in high praise of the work of the Association. The Association has arranged with the naval authorities to make full preparations for various athletic sports and games in the Palace grounds. This will mean a lot of extra work and expense, but the leaders and staff are looking forward with hope, fully realising that this new work will be a means of bringing them into closer contact with the men and enabling them to exercise a greater influence for good.

### A Place in Future Histories.

It was most gratifying to me to note the sympathetic interest taken by the staff officers and the whole-hearted support so ungrudgingly rendered by all under their command. I was received with the greatest possible courtesy and kindness by them all, and was deeply impressed by their labour of love on behalf of the thousands of the youth of our nation who are being trained for the defence of their country.

When the history of this great world war comes to be written the noble work of the Y.M.C.A. must assuredly be recorded therein. The Army and Navy both will acknowledge their deep debt of gratitude to the Association for undertaking such a gigantic task, and show how greatly its work has helped the moulding of our youth and better fitting them for the trying task before them. Men so prepared and equipped will be found to be not only soldiers of Christ, but faithful and brave in defence of their King and country at this time of crisis in our national history.

All who have Britain's welfare at heart should do something to help on this glorious work of the Y.M.C.A. by liberal subscriptions to its funds, and by earnest prayer to Almighty God for its continued success.

## A HELPFUL BOOK.

HEADQUARTERS has issued a series of notes of St. Mark's Gospel for daily reading. The notes are for daily readings, and the Gospel is divided into sixty-one days, so that the readings cover two months. Each week fuller notes will be published in *Y.M.* by Miss Gollock, whose work on Mark is already well known. We trust leaders and workers everywhere will use these notes, so that all of us may be reading God's Word together. Such reading will help greatly towards unity in life and service. They may be used in many ways—in Bible circles, at family prayers, for personal devotional reading, and in individual work. Mr. Kenneth Saunders, of Rangoon, has very kindly prepared the brief notes. Many men in the camps could be persuaded to embark on a course of reading by means of careful and discriminate use of them. We commend this matter to the immediate attention of workers everywhere.

*20.—Some Inquiries Answered.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

OUR paper attains its majority in weeks with this number, this being the twenty-first issue, and I should be glad if all my readers would, on this occasion, kindly send me a letter or post-card telling me what they like most about the paper, what new features they would like to see, what improvements could be introduced, and so forth. I should like to receive some really constructive criticism, for by helpful criticism a paper goes on to perfection. Send me a line, therefore, to 13, Russell-square, and I shall be very much obliged.

• • •

YOUR letter makes very sad and perplexing reading, **S. J. C.** (Ireland), and I shall not attempt to deal with the problem on this page. In a few days, when I hope to have a few minutes to spare, I will think over the matter carefully, and will send you a private letter. So wait patiently till then. Let me say, however, at this point, that I greatly esteem the marks of real confidence your letter bears.

• • •

YOUR letter has given me a great deal of pleasure, **E. S.** (Utrecht), chiefly because I am glad to know that we have readers in your country, which, as you remind me, is neutral regarding the great world conflict. I value your communication, also, because it is refreshingly frank. You have evidently read every page of *Y.M.* with care, and therefore your words are entitled to a large measure of respect. Your letter has given me pleasure, yet again, because I disagree with its main contention. I am taking the liberty of giving a passage from your letter in this place. "Undoubtedly," you say, "the *Y.M.* can influence thousands for good, and just because of this I have lately noticed with deep regret that some who write in it have allowed roots of bitterness to spring up in their own hearts and choke the fruits of the Spirit. Perhaps you will think it easy for a foreigner to talk in that way; maybe it is for a foreigner; but it is not easy for *me*."

• • •

NOW I am quite willing to agree that in an hour of great excitement it is possible for writers with outraged feelings to set some stinging things to paper; but, having carefully read through each of the twenty-one numbers that have been issued, I am unable to find anything that seems extravagant when all the facts are taken into account. "Presently," your letter continues, "when you can look at past events calmly, conscientiously, and prayerfully, you will probably regret some words spoken or written. What I plead for is a whole-hearted attempt to make those painful reminiscences as few as possible. It may cost some of your staff an effort to refrain from writing strong expressions, but I feel sure it would answer in the end."

• • •

I RESPECT this spirit more than I can say. It is sincere, kindly, and Christian; but it springs from a fallacy which is not easily seen through. We here are not breathing an atmosphere of threatening and slaughter; we are not bitter and revengeful; we are not seeking to gain a mere triumph over an enemy. We feel we are fighting, not flesh and blood, but principalities and powers, and consequently all our strength is put into the conflict. As Professor David Smith said the other day, we are not fighting men, but devils. And I agree with him that if there were many real Christians in the German Army, they would lay down their arms and refuse to have any part or lot in such diabolical methods as are employed by the Kaiser and his hordes. It may be the whole truth has not reached you; but I ask you to believe that the very simplest principles of humanity have been wantonly outraged by men who professed the highest form of culture. And my deep conviction is that as far as this paper is concerned, the real case has not been stated sufficiently. Each member of the staff is a sincere Christian man, anxious to see the coming of the Kingdom; but it is because he entertains such hopes that he is determined to "be angry and sin not."

• • •

I SUPPOSE it is hardly likely that you have read Lord Bryce's report following on his inquiry into the alleged atrocities of the Germans. I wonder if you ever will see it! It is enough to make the most peace-loving Quaker drop his work, march off and buy a gun, and seek to exterminate the people who could do such deadly deeds. No; I do not think there is any likelihood of our looking back with pain and regret because we lifted up our voice and spared not. Do you realise that in London at this very minute there are men who hate war, who loathe fighting in any form, who are almost "peace-at-any-price" men, but who feel, with a kind of holy compulsion, that in the name of humanity and in the power of an all-merciful Creator and Redeemer they must rid the earth of such incarnate devilry. At the beginning of the conflict Bishop Taylor Smith described the struggle as a "spiritual conflict," and that is the feeling we have here. We shall take no rest and give no rest until we have restored peace and quietness to a Europe that has been so rudely disturbed. But let us pray, as we need to pray, that our zeal may be the outcome of a hot moral anger, and not the result of a sinful and unholy aggression.

• • •

**M.P.** WRITES to me from Faringdon (Berks) asking if I know of any soldier who has no special kith or kin of his own who would like someone to write to him and send him an occasional parcel. "I should be very pleased to be useful in this way," adds my correspondent, "but I do not know if it can be done." I shall be very glad to receive the name and address of any soldier who would appreciate such a kindly link with the Old Country, and, if he will kindly forward the same to me, I will print the information on this page.

• • •

IT is very nice to hear from you again, **D. D.** (Abercarn), especially as you are anxious to know what is the duty of the Church at the present time. It is, of course, quite easy to blame the Church for her faults and failings, but, on the whole, I think pastors and people are keenly anxious to do what is possible in this searching hour. Well, first of all, the Church must mother the soldier. He has come from the Sunday-school, and has a claim on the thought and care of the Church. There is a splendid opportunity just now for members of Churches to help in Y.M.C.A. huts, soldiers' institutions, and so on. All this is to the good. Then the Church must strive night and day to bring the soldier to a point of surrender to Christ. This can be done in so many ways other than public services. Indeed, public services are somewhat at a discount just now, especially with soldiers. I am afraid this will not please you, for I remember when you first wrote to me some months ago, it was with reference to a brilliant Welsh preacher. The real service of the Church in time of war is the service which leads men and women of all grades of society to stand in the midst of present need and cry, "Behold, I am among you as one that serveth." There are so many things to be done, and some of them are not at all attractive. A friend of my own, a deacon of a Church, was anxious to help in the good cause, so he now gets up at 5.30 a.m. on Sunday morning, walks to a Y.M.C.A. hut, and serves early morning coffee, &c. He confesses that such service is an ideal start for the day! And I can well believe it!



## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### RELIGION AND DAILY BUSINESS.

THE Gospels are sparing of detail, but the fact is perfectly certain that, up till His thirtieth year, Jesus of Nazareth worked at His trade as a carpenter. If only we let that fact soak into us, it would alter our whole idea of the relation of our daily work to our service of God, and we should never more question the truth that the way a man faces his daily duty and does his work is a vital part of his religion.

Jesus worked at His business Himself. That's something. But there is far more behind it. How did He work? What sort of life was His, down on the levels of everyday business?

We have no direct evidence, but, as has been pointed out, there is an indirect witness, of the strongest possible sort, that His life there was of a piece with what we know of those three crowded and perfect years. For to this Carpenter of Nazareth there came a day when in Nazareth itself He stood forth as representative of a morality and religion higher than had ever been proclaimed before; He spoke to men about the true way to live, as one having authority. And there were many who so resented what they deemed His presumption that anything that reflected on His claims or belittled His authority would have been gladly seized upon and made much of by them. Had there been in Nazareth a bit of botched work of His doing, had someone been found with whom the Carpenter had not dealt honourably and justly, had His business been in any way open to reproach, don't you think such facts would have been haled to the light of day, and quoted and spread to descredit His mission?

There was none of that. He faced His fellows with His humble daily duty behind Him, and it reinforced every word He said. He spoke of religion as no other Son of Man ever did, but He lived it long before He ever opened His mouth. And so important is this relation of daily duty to religion that, unless He had done so, it is difficult to believe that His public ministry of itself would have satisfied men that He was indeed One sent from God.

Do you see, then, what a great part of our religion our day's darg is, our life at home, and the hours we spend in ordinary contact with our fellows? It is that that gives weight to any profession we can make. If a man is not straight in his daily business, he need not waste time claiming to be a religious man. It is what we are on Monday and Tuesday that underlines and emphasises what we profess to be on Sunday.

Realise that, and then remember that Christ our Lord and Master is with us, to help and inspire and strengthen us, as truly when we work as when we pray. Jesus Christ is not far away, as we so pitifully misconceive it, amid the dust of business, when we must keep our temper, and follow conscience, and deal honourably with all men. He is near us there also, to help us to be true to God and man on that road which once He trod Himself. That is the last and highest sanctifying of our daily business—that Christ is with us there also.

There is a saying of Christ which is not in the Gospels, but is almost certainly genuine, and to all my readers who are on arduous and dangerous service these days I commend it as a text of comfort, "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me: cleave the wood, and there am I." When Peter and his friends went a-fishing, you remember, with heavy hearts because the Master had gone away from them, behold, He met them there, as they plied their ordinary calling. So does He wait, my brother, to meet you and me, not only in the church, but wherever the duty of the hour may take us. With reverent imagination Van Dyke has put the words into Christ's mouth that weld the link between our everyday duty and the Lord whom we worship in the quiet hour. Learn the lines by heart, for they will bring you peace and courage many a time:—

"They who tread the path of labour follow
where My feet have trod:
They who work without complaining do the
holy will of God.
Where the many toil together, there am I
among My own:
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I
with him alone.
I, the Peace that passeth knowledge, dwell
amid the daily strife:
I, the Bread of Heaven, am broken in the
sacrament of life.
Every task, however simple, sets the soul that
does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy, done to man, is
done to Me.
Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with
thee everywhere—
Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave
the wood and I am there."

Plans are rapidly developing for the contributions of the Young Men's Christian Association to the solution of the problem of work for the men who are fighting our battles by the provision of munitions of war. A representative has covered the country during the last ten days, and we hope soon to be able to announce that the work is actually being done



Quench Your Thirst!

Real Fresh Lemon Juice

(Sweetened, but not too sweet) makes

KIA-ORA

LEMON SQUASH.

Cooling, refreshing and blood-purifying. It is made from ***fresh*** lemon juice and is not a lemon essence flavoured yellow syrup; you can ***see*** the lemon fruit in Kia-Ora Squash.

**Sold by the Y.M.C.A. everywhere for**

**1d. per glass.**

Sole Makers: O-T LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

# OUR NEW ALLIES IN THE WORLD WAR FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND HUMANITY."

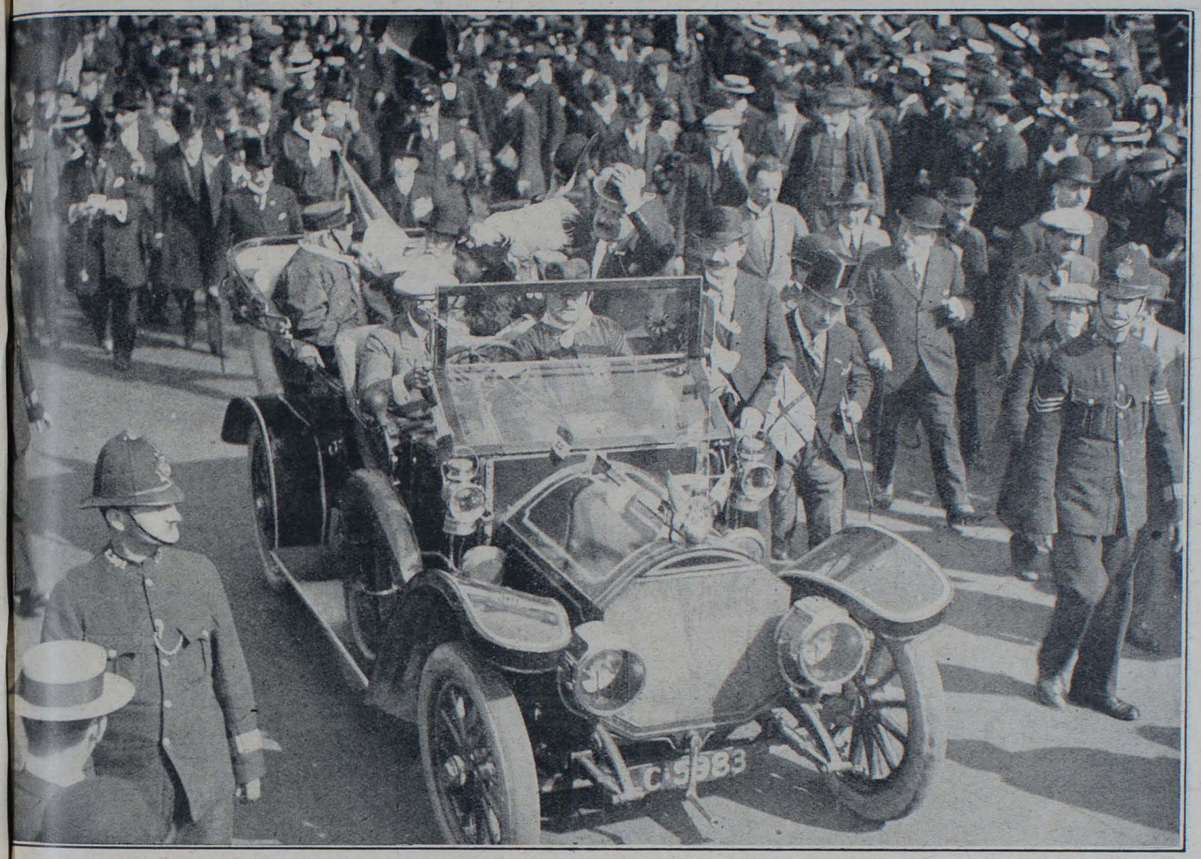


Italy has at last become one of the belligerent nations in the great war, and already has been able to give effective demonstration of her prowess. Some of Italy's sailors are here seen transporting goods to a torpedo destroyer lying at the mouth of the Grand Canal, Venice.



Another interesting view on the Grand Canal, Venice, showing several boatloads of Italian sailors being taken to their ships.





A few days ago the Italians in London held a great demonstration, and sent a message to King George "rejoicing that the traditional friendship between England and Italy is to-day consecrated by brotherhood-in-arms in the cause of freedom and humanity. A procession scene.



The Indian troops have distinguished themselves during the war. Our illustration is of one of the Indian encampments at the front.

**I. N. LYONS, LTD.**

**51, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON, E.C.**

*Contractors to the :—*

WAR OFFICE, ADMIRALTY, MINISTER OF WAR FOR FRANCE, TERRITORIALS, HOME OFFICE, Etc.

**Haversacks.**
**Kit Bags.**
**Nose Bags.**
**Canvas Water Buckets.**
**New and Second-Hand Bell Tents.**
**Marquees.**
**Bandoliers, Woven Web or Khaki Cloth.**
**Oil Skin Coats and Hats for Picketing Guards.**
**Woven Web Packs, Etc.**

**If you are Training in Camp,**

ASK FOR

**JACOB & CO.'S**

**1d. GINGERBREAD CAKES,**
**1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,**
**TIPPERARY BISCUITS**
(A very popular, rich, sweet variety),
**1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS,**
AND
**1d. CHOCOLATE TABLETS**

You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

**BURBERRY WAR KIT**



Cool by Day—Warm at Night

THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF, made in airylight, self-ventilating cloths, lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece.

KHAKI UNIFORMS.—Designed for the War Office, and made in strong Serge, or Tropical Gabardine for the Near East, woven and proofed by Burberrys.

BRITISH WARMS AND GREAT COATS. In light Serge or Gabardine, as well as every detail of Service Dress and Equipment.

Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free

SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT
Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats, and Warms, ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, and the kit completed in a few hours.

Military Catalogue Post Free.

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W. LONDON
8 & 10 Bd Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents.

**JOHN TANN'S**



FIRE and THIEF RESISTING **SAFES** FOR ALL PURPOSES.

**STEEL CASH CHESTS for Y.M.C.A. and ARMY TRAINING CAMPS.**

*Write for Catalogue of everything appertaining to security.*

**117, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.**



**CATERERS' UTENSILS**
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE.

**SUMERLING & Co., Ltd.**
**143 to 147, Old Street, & 63, Bunhill Row, LONDON, E.C.**




# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

FOR those of us who of necessity are not at the front, but must remain non-combatants at the rear, the present war has brought, as, perhaps, its greatest effect, a sense of a change of values, an alteration in our standards of worth. Imperceptibly civilisation has been at work during the past years of unbroken wealth and peace, overlaying our lives with customs, conventionalities, and artificial standards of what is good and proper, valuable and worth while. These standards and values, like hot metal poured into moulds, have been cooling and hardening until they have come to be accepted as final and as endowed with social and even Divine sanction. Suddenly the nations went mad; twenty millions of men sprang to arms; universal European life was turned upside down—and the values fell to pieces and the standards broke down. Startled and bewildered, we stand to-day in the presence of naked reality, and what we had taken for law turns out to be but custom. What Nietzsche proclaimed in his brilliantly iconoclastic way as the "transvaluation of all moral values" has come about, and every man of us is found carrying his cherished life-estimates to the testing house to be appraised afresh. Now, this, it hardly needs to be pointed out, has its good side. But equally it has its peril. It is good to be compelled to face reality and to be delivered from the tyranny of the merely conventional. But it is perilous none the less, for in the general sweep not only will temporary things be shown to be eternal, but eternal things may be dismissed as temporal.

***

EXAMPLES of the good results of revaluation are around us on every hand. We have revalued our church premises, feeling and knowing that the sacred precincts of a minister's vestry even must be invaded if soldiers are homeless in our town or wounded men want accommodation. No one must even walk across the tennis lawn in nailed boots in peace time, but if the East Coast is in peril, then dig a trench across its smoothness and run barbed wire round its laurel border. Duty and tradition alike say we must go to public worship twice on Sundays, yet if we are skilled shell-makers and drillers of rifle bores, duty now says we must go off on Sunday morning to the engineering works. Age-long tradition has laid it down that after the second prayer a hymn should be sung, and then a verse from the Bible must be selected and expounded and explained for at least twenty minutes. But to-day we all know that the pulpit is God's trumpet, and that men must be called therefrom to arms or to hospital, or warned against illicit war profits, or opening danger houses of gambling or drink, if necessity arises. Before the war we said it was not only incongruous, but blasphemous to mix up secular and sacred things—jolly songs and evangelical addresses; cups of coffee and chess and prayer meetings and Bible study. Now we all know that we were the slaves of an utterly unnatural division of things; that a man may warn his chum against evil while he moves his king across the chess-board, and he can sandwich an appeal for a pure and manly life between a cornet solo and "The Songs of Araby." *Infra dig.* was our god. It was *infra dig.* to mix with "common soldiers"; it was *infra dig.* to use the King's English when you talked of the things of God—you had to use the clergyman's vocabulary. In a word, there has been a welcome and most refreshing liberation of our hearts and minds and hands from the prison-power of unnatural restriction and unwholesome and paralysing artificiality. We may be poorer for the war, and many of us are lonelier, and maybe some of us are older, but all of us are honester, more natural, more fundamental, more courageous and sane in fronting facts and facing things as they are. "Correct form" has been mortally wounded, "*infra dig.*" is in every day's casualty list, and poor, dear old Madam Grundy is going, we hear, to quit the modern world and enter a nunnery in disgusted despair. So far, so good, but——.

***

YES, there is peril, very real peril, in this new attitude. The danger can be stated in a sentence: While Europe is rocking and men are passing into eternity in scenes of worse than barbaric horror, what can the small matters of individual conduct matter? We have heard it put with hideous bluntness in this way: What need to be fastidious about one man's morals or one girl's honour when every devilish device for destroying human life and property is not only being practised, but positively sanctioned, by the civilised law of Christian Europe? If it is right to do the greater wrong, how much more does it not matter the doing of the infinitely less? If it is right to run through the body as many Germans as possible, can it be so frightfully wrong to take a little more whisky than is, perhaps, good for one, or to open a letter not meant for you, or to forsake the Church of one's adoption, or to tell a very convenient lie? Leaving the deep places of philosophy, which cannot be visited by a mere leader-writer's pen, it only has to be said that in the wiping out of moral values and the cancelling of moral distinctions such as this, the revaluing effect of the war must be permitted no place whatever. On the contrary, indeed, in proportion as the war unseats for the moment the stable facts and practices of the good and honourable life—and it does, for war is moral anarchy, when all is said and done—so must we non-combatants reinforce with all our might the bindingness and inexorable obligations of God's laws at home. War is no model for the individual life, and he who takes war's laws for his own guide in peaceful pursuits will find himself, if not in prison, at all events before the judgment seat of his conscience, which he has outraged, and his duties and moral nature, which he has dishonoured. For the individual in the civil trenches war can transvalue nothing that is of primary sanctity and never-varying authority. Never was it more necessary than now for the utmost truthfulness and honour and humanity and pity and love to rule our behaviour. All the more authoritative for us at home are the great things of the good life, because in Flanders and in Poland and in Gallipoli the fierce madness of war has temporarily suspended them. Let us revalue, then, the things that are unessential, the temporary deposit of an all too conventional age, and escape into God's fresh air of freedom and reality. But let us strengthen the things that remain, the eternal moralities and humanities, and reinforce them with every added grace and virtue. We put it, then, to our thoughtful readers: What will you revalue under the stress and urgency of these thoroughgoing times? And what will you refuse to revalue, but the rather reinforce the more?

---

Preparations have been made by the Young Men's Christian Association to meet the needs of the troops at Clipstone in as thorough a manner as possible. The large hall of the Mansfield Y.M.C.A. has been adapted and fitted out as a recreation room. Four billiard tables, accommodation for reading, writing, games, and refreshments are provided, and at Forest Town the Drill Hall has been lent to the Association, and will be similarly equipped, use being made during the summer of the attractive tennis lawns around the building for the serving of teas. On the camp ground itself a very large hut is being built on a commanding site near the entrance from Mansfield. To this will be attached a billiard room, in addition to the usual facilities provided by the Y.M.C.A. Two further huts, somewhat smaller, will also be built at points of the camp distant from this site, so that the provision made will enable all the men in the camp to be in easy reach of a recreation tent.

## IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

**Notices of Some New Books which may Prove Helpful to Our Readers in Time of War.**

MANY readers south of the Tweed as well as loyal Scotsmen will be glad to possess a copy of "The Life and Teaching of W. H. Gillespie," by James Urquhart (T. and T. Clark), which has recently been published. Mr. Gillespie wrote a striking book of Christian Evidences, entitled "The Argument, *a priori*, for the Being and the Attributes of the Lord God, the Absolute One, and First Cause." While this is a very clumsy and forbidding title, Mr. Urquhart has done not a little to make clear the main object of the book; so that while his volume contains a valuable biographical sketch of the author, it also contains a most luminous exposition of his book. Well printed and with two excellent photogravure portraits, the book should be highly prized by all who knew of Mr. Gillespie; while those who have never heard of him before will be glad to make his acquaintance through the pages of this well-written, interesting, and instructive book.

***

Another excellent volume dealing with the life and work of a great man is a volume by J. R. Andrews, entitled "George Whitefield" (Morgan and Scott, 1s. 6d). The greatest of field-preachers and one of the most powerful evangelists known to history, the life of so eminent a man should stimulate the efforts of those who are seeking to win men for Christ, while it is called to-day.

***

We are frequently asked for a handy little manual dealing with the parables of our Lord. Such a manual has just been compiled by Thomas Newberry, with the title "The Parables of our Lord" (Pickering and Inglis). The volume only costs a shilling, and as it is full of clear Scriptural exposition, it is of great value to all who would understand the parables of that Teacher who spake as never man spake.

***

For a sane and critical examination of the moral issues involved in the great world war we can warmly commend "The World-War," by Alfred E. Knight (Morgan and Scott, 2s. net). Dealing in a series of trenchant chapters with "The Menace from Without," "The Menace from Within," "Home Truths that Must be Faced," &c., Mr. Knight shows that our one way of deliverance is in Jesus, Who is the one Light of the world that has not failed. We can cordially recommend this book as a helpful interpretation of some things in the present situation that are difficult to understand.

We have received two little books for soldiers, which should prove exceedingly useful in the coming days. One is called "The German Danger: Reflections of a Frenchman Who Knows Germany," by Maxime Hébert. As a matter of fact, M. Hébert's book is one of the most practical little handbooks that we have seen. It deals successively with "The German Danger," "What Must Be Done," "Men," "The Navy," "War in the Air," "Artillery and Ammunition," "Accurate Shooting," "Artillery Fire," &c. Written by a Frenchman who knows Germany well, this little book—which is published by the Letchworth Garden City Press at 1s.—should help our "boys" to know a few things which may come in very useful.

***

Very useful also is the "Soldier's Pocket Companion," which has been specially prepared by the Earl of Meath, with a message by H.R.H. the Princess Royal. As far as we are able to judge, this little book contains all a soldier on active service needs to know. There are sentences in English-French, in English-German; Notes on the Compass; Types of German Aeroplanes; Glossary of Aviation Terms; Notes on Regimental Histories; while the moral and spiritual side of a soldier's life are considered by the Bishop of London and Prebendary Carlile. The book costs but 1s., and is published by the Church Army, Bryanston-square.

***

A great many earnest people have been led into not a little doubt and difficulty through what is popularly known as "Russellism," and until lately nothing had been issued in popular form opposing the doctrines advocated. Now we have a striking booklet by W. M. Robertson, on "The Millennial Nightmare, *alias* 'Russellism'" (Pickering and Inglis, 2d. net). It is really a brilliant and successful examination of this spurious teaching, together with a scathing condemnation. We should like to see it distributed by the thousand. It will do good wherever it goes.

## STUDENTS AND THE WAR.

**How Our Young Men are Lending a Helping Hand.**

QUITE a number of men have joined the Army or Navy; some have become chaplains, many are helping in the work of the Y.M.C.A. at the home camps and in France. From the Yorkshire United College, Bradford, ten students enlisted, and two more are interned in Germany. Twelve of the men at Bristol College (Baptist) are helping as non-combatants with the troops in England and in France. Four have gone from Westminster College (Cambridge). Five of the men at Hartley Primitive Methodist College, Manchester, are engaged with the denominational huts at Aldershot; three have joined the Officers' Training Corps in connection with Victoria University; one is serving as a Red Cross orderly in a Manchester hospital, and one has returned to his work to make munitions on the Clyde. Six New College, Hampstead, students are engaged in Y.M.C.A. work with the troops across the sea, but none are serving with the colours. None have gone from Manchester College, Oxford, as combatants, but one has been engaged in Y.M.C.A. work among troops in training since last January. One of the students at Bangor College (Baptist) has joined the King's Forces, and five are helping in Y.M.C.A. huts. No student from the Theological College at Aberystwyth has joined, but the bulk of the men are helping in the work of the Y.M.C.A. in different camps; three of them have taken office under the Y.M.C.A. for the period of the war. One theological student from the University at Cardiff and one from the University at Aberystwyth, who intended to enter the Theological College last September, have joined the colours. No present Cheshunt College student has entered the Army, but many are serving the troops under the Y.M.C.A.; four out of a total of fifteen are away in France on this work, while of old students of Cheshunt three have taken commissions as chaplains, one has taken a commission as lieutenant of infantry, one has enlisted in the Universities and Public Schools Battalion, and one has entered as a private in the R.A.M.C.


**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

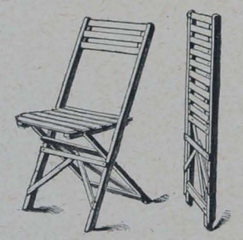
**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6 and 12/6** ,,

All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**

**TWO LEADING LINES IN HARDWOOD . . FOLDING FURNITURE**

Registered Trade Mark: "CAJAC." Reg. Trade Mark: "YINDAW."



Folded Thickness, 1⅛ in.

**POINTS!!** **POINTS!!**

Immense Strength.
Close Folding.
Lie quite Flat.
Best Workmanship
Rapidly Operated.

Large Stocks which also include
CATERERS' TABLES, FORMS, TABLE TRESTLES,
All made to fold up.

Special Cut Quotations for Large Quantities. ILLUSTRATED LIST ON APPLICATION.
Manufacturers of the Renowned Hatherley Lattisteps.



Perforated Seat. Folded, 2½ in.

**ALLAN JONES & CO., Hatherley Works, Gloucester.**






As our columns have borne witness from week to week, the Y.M.C.A. is rendering excellent service to our troops in Egypt, where many of the Australians and New Zealanders have been under training. The illustration shows a band of Association workers about to start off by motor-car to distribute Testaments among the troops near Cairo, a grant of 2,000 copies having been given by the Pocket Testament League.

## "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

The Waterloo Hall, Sturrock-street, Kilmarnock, which has been used by the Young Men's Christian Association of the town as reading and recreation rooms for the 2/4th Royal Scots Fusiliers, has now been closed owing to the departure last week of the battalion for Rumbling Bridge.

***

Mr. Wm. A. Boyd, late organising and travelling secretary of the West of England, is now assisting Mr. Wm. Wright (organising and travelling secretary of Ireland), and has now the Y.M.C.A. bungalows in full swing amongst the soldiers in the Ulster Division. The men crowd the huts, and numbers of the men have signed the T.A. Pledge, and not a few have professed to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their Personal Saviour.

***

Last Wednesday week upwards of 2,000 soldiers of the Ulster Division in camp at Ballykinlar participated in a thoroughly enjoyable musical evening due to the forethought of the Wesleyan chaplain, Rev. William Bryans, and the resident superintendent of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. Thwaites. The concert, which was under the patronage of Brigadier-General Couchman, D.S.O., was organised by Mr. Alfred Johnson, Belfast, and the programme, full of interest and variety, was warmly appreciated by the officers and men, who thronged the immense hut which does duty as a military church, and the new Y.M.C.A. Hall, where each item was repeated to an overflow audience.

The scholars attending Newburgh School, Scotland, have sent 15s. 6d. to "The Overseas Club" Penny Fund, and in response to the appeal of the Y.M.C.A. they have subscribed, with the help of their teachers, one guinea for the children's huts.

***

Through the enterprise of their teachers, Misses Chalmers and Clarke, the pupils attending Millbank Public School, Cluny, have succeeded in raising the sum of 12s. 6d. for the Y.M.C.A. Children's Hut Fund.

***

A programme of excellent quality was provided on Friday, May 21, at a soldiers' concert at the Aberdeen Y.M.C.A. buildings. It was arranged by Miss Martin and Miss Forrest, and the various items were thoroughly appreciated by a large attendance of men. Songs were contributed by Miss A. Allan, Miss Rubina Buchan, Miss Netta Urquhart, Miss Ella Urquhart, and Mr. John Douglas. Miss Marjorie Littlejohn played charming violin selections, and recitations by Miss Menzies and Mrs. Grant proved very acceptable.

***

On the occasion of the Viceregal visit to Belfast, the following address was presented by a deputation from the Y.M.C.A.:—

We desire to express fervent assurance of our loyal and devoted attachment to the Throne and Constitution. We remember with gratitude that his Majesty has recently become patron of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United Kingdom. We recall with deep satisfaction that a large number of our members have responded to the call of King and country for active service, some, alas! have already fallen on the field of battle. We desire very cordially to associate her Excellency Lady Wimborne with our most sincere expressions of welcome, and pray that her gracious presence, with that of your Excellency, in Ireland may prove to be a period of progress, contentment, and prosperity in our beloved land.

ROBERT ANDERSON, Kt., President.
R. G. GLENDINNING, P.C., Chairman.
ROBERT JOHNSON, Vice-Chairman.
D. A. BLACK, General Secretary.

***

The Scottish National Council of the Y.M.C.A. have established a large marquee in the Gordons' camp at Scone, and the formal opening of the institute took place recently. The Brigadier, Colonel Barclay Harvey, and officers of the Gordon Brigade, the Royal Engineers, and the R.A.M.C. were present, and the marquee was crowded by a large and enthusiastic audience of between 700 and 800 men. An excellent programme was provided by a party of ladies and gentlemen from Perth. In proposing a vote of thanks Major Simpson, of the Gordons, spoke in appreciative terms of the work of the Y.M.C.A., and welcomed the organisation to the camp.

To his many friends in the Y.M.C.A., Private K. Mann, of the Sherwood Foresters, has written an interesting letter from somewhere in Belgium, in which he says :—

"We are going big guns here. We have been mentioned in despatches, and one of our officers (Lieut. Van) has been recommended for bravery. When on April 24 we were in the trenches, the Germans shelled us heavily and sent us several of their infernal gas bombs, blowing in part of our trench, but we stuck it as usual. The officer named was badly wounded, but his first thoughts were for his men. He helped to get them out from where they were buried. Every young man in England would enlist if he could see the misery of the poor people and the wholesale destruction there is all around.

"I have had plenty of narrow squeaks, the nearest thing being a bullet through my cap, but I am still alive and well."

***

The Aldershot Town Council have decided that the Y.M.C.A., in selling goods to soldiers on Wednesday afternoons, are guilty of an infringement of the Shops Act, and have requested the local secretary to desist immediately, otherwise a prosecution will follow.

***

The important part which the Manchester Y.M.C.A. is playing in the war to the benefit of our forces was indicated at the annual meeting last Wednesday week. It was recorded that in the early months of last year there was a steady increase in the membership. On the outbreak of the war young men rose to the occasion and willingly volunteered for service. In consequence the general work of the Association had suffered considerably. Many of the ordinary agencies had been discontinued, whole committees and groups of workers had joined the ranks, and the organising forces of the various departments had been depleted of many of its best men. New fields of service were, however, opened up, younger and untried men took the places of those who had gone, and the Association had proved its efficiency and adaptability in meeting the new requirements. Y.M.C.A. tents and huts had been established at various military centres, and over fifty buildings had been secured, equipped, and manned. Whilst the work in Lancashire and district had been carried on in conjunction with the National Council, and nominally under the ægis of the Lancashire Council, the organisation and administration were wholly directed from Manchester. The city had also supplied many voluntary workers for corps abroad, including France, Egypt, and India. At the end of March last 2,180 members had paid their subscriptions, a decrease of 102 on the year. The treasurer's statement showed a deficit of £339, against £118 in the previous year, whilst at the beginning of the year the total accumulated deficit amounted to £3,012.

***

The Jersey *Evening Post* has inaugurated still another war scheme—collecting old razors to be re-set and sent to the new armies; in response to the appeal of the Master Cutler in *The Times*. Subscriptions are now being received on behalf of the Serbian Red Cross and a local Y.M.C.A. Hut Fund.

***

On Whit Monday afternoon a garden party, with croquet and numerous other competitions, was held at Ogle's Grove, Hillsborough—the residence of Mr. J. N. R. Pim—the main object being to raise funds in aid of Y.M.C.A. tents for troops in Ireland and the Lisburn Widows' (Clothing Endowment) Fund. The weather was ideal for an outdoor entertainment, and a more charming locale could not have been desired. There was a large and fashionable assemblage, and amongst the visitors from outside the immediate neighbourhood were the Lady Mayoress of Belfast (Lady M'Cullagh) and Miss M'Cullagh. Numerous entries were received for the several competitions, and the concerts were well patronised. Financially and socially the function was a marked success, and on this happy result Mrs. Pim, Miss Goldsmith, and Mr. C. D. Macoun, the honorary secretaries, are to be congratulated.

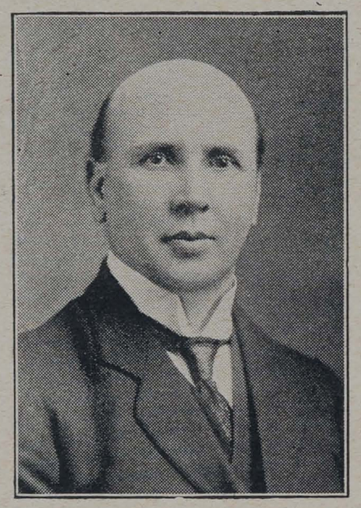
From the children attending Challoch Public School, the sum of 9s. has been sent in aid of the Y.M.C.A. "Children's Huts" Fund.

***

In acknowledgment of the gift of 11s. from the children of Mochrum Public School towards the "Children's Huts" erected by the Y.M.C.A. for the soldiers in camp, a letter has been received from Lord Kinnaird, president, thanking the boys and girls for their generous donation.

***

The fifty New Zealand nurses sent to England by the Government of the Dominion arrived in this country recently. On Friday, May 21, the Hon. Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand, entertained them to tea, and gave them kindly welcome in a short and appropriate speech. On Saturday he took them for an up-river trip by launch, when they visited Hampton Court (where they partook of luncheon), Richmond, and Kew Gardens. On Sunday, 23rd, the High Commissioner presided at a meeting held in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, Tottenham Court-road, to celebrate Empire Day.



MR. H. LIGHTBODY, J.P.,
President of the Wishaw Association, and a member of the Scottish National Council, who recently paid a visit to the Y.M.C.A. centres in France.

Private Herbert A. Heavingham, the son of Mr. H. Heavingham, the clerk in charge of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's bookstall at Highgate Station (G.N.R.), was killed at Hill 60 on April 28. He was educated at Highgate Council School and the Finchley Grammar School, and afterwards secured an appointment on the staff of the Provident Clerks' General Accident Association. He was a member of the London Central Young Men's Christian Association. The private joined the L.R.B. in September, and, after training at Haywards Heath, proceeded in January to France. There he volunteered for the machine gun section.

***

In a recent interview with a representative of the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. A. K. Yapp spoke of the new experiments to be made in the great munition areas :—"The Y.M.C.A., with an encouraging record for service rendered to the British troops both at home and abroad," he said, "has been pressed by influential people to undertake provision for the needs of employees engaged in the manufacture of war munitions in order to improve the social conditions that exist in some industrial centres. Absence of facilities for obtaining a good cup of tea or coffee or suitable refreshments at reasonable prices, combined with the opportunities for recreation in spare hours, inevitably drive the men to other places, especially if these are close to the works. It is proposed by the Y.M.C.A., in order to meet this request, to start forthwith a group of experimental huts, on the lines so much appreciated by the British troops at home and abroad, for the benefit of some thousands of employees engaged by a large firm of armament manufacturers. Lady Wimborne has placed £500 at the disposal of the Y.M.C.A. for the purpose. If the project proves successful in providing what the men really require, a still larger development will be made upon the same lines in other directions. The Y.M.C.A. has only one desire in this new enterprise for civilian workers, among whom, by the bye, its work originally commenced, viz., they hope to do something to keep the workers fit for their arduous task of ensuring the soldiers at the front an abundance of shot and shell. In the midst of a great campaign the nation cannot afford the cost and delay caused by even a moderate amount of intemperance amongst its workers, and anything the Y.M.C.A. leaders can do by the provision of suitable counter-attractions they will be only too happy to undertake and carry through."

***

A Croydon soldier, writing home from the front, refers to the fête which is to be held at Oakwood, Park Hill-road, on June 26, in aid of the funds of the Y.M.C.A. recreation huts in France :—

"My own experience of them is rather limited, as it is confined to my short stay at the base, where we disembarked, and we only stayed twenty-four hours before leaving for the front; but even from that short experience I am convinced they are doing a most excellent work in providing recreation and occupation for the soldiers. In the huts they can read and write, obtain refreshments, play games of dominoes, &c. Good concerts are frequently given in the evenings. The night I was there they had a really fine concert party, and the place was absolutely packed to the door, and a crowd outside trying to listen to the singing.

"You can imagine what this means to men in a camp of canvas tents where there is literally nothing to do and nowhere to sit save on the ground in the open, and at the time of year I was there (February) that was not an enticing project. The Y.M.C.A. and an English tea-shop were the only places we could go to. In addition the Y.M.C.A. provided hot coffee and rolls at the quay when we disembarked, and after a stormy and cold passage it was a real boon.

"The great pity is that these huts are confined to the various bases and that we cannot get them at our rest billets behind the firing line, but I can quite see that that is not very practicable, and it is a great deal that the troops coming through the base should have the benefit of them.

"I hope the fête will be a great success, and that a substantial sum will be raised to help the Y.M.C.A. work."

***

At one of our huts somewhere on Salisbury Plain Sunday closed—despite the fine evening suggestive of country walks and other rural delights—in a most encouraging manner. Officers from two regiments quartered in the neighbourhood, Presbyterian and Anglican chaplains gathered to assist our camp leader with the evening service. About 200 chairs had been placed for the accommodation of the worshippers. These were fully occupied, and many men were standing. The quaint seductiveness of the lieutenant's homeland songs, the camp leader's solo—broken after the second verse for a few minutes' homely practical talk—the delightful brogue of the young private who had "dropped in" from a neighbouring camp, the forceful ten minutes' address by one chaplain, the voiced prayer of the other, and the hearty singing of some half-dozen hymns combined to produce a memorable meeting. The "God be with you" with which nearly all the meetings at this hut close was perhaps never more fervently and earnestly sung, and the demand for Testaments at the close gratified and stimulated those who can see beyond the serving of tea, coffee, and Woodbines in the purposes of the Y.M.C.A. huts.



*Our Short Story.*

# THE GHOST IN THE LAZARETTE.

By ERNEST RICHARDS, Author of "In a Deepwater Ship," "The Cruise of the 'Rattler,'" "The Voyage of the 'P. E. Wilson,'" &c., &c.

## CHAPTER II.

It was two days before Christmas that an event happened aboard the *Rangemore* which set the half-deck in laughter, but laughter which nevertheless subsided into a serious and contemplative calm.

Maxwell had been into the lazarette to fill the bread barge with biscuits—huge, hard biscuits known as pantiles or hard tack. He simply fell into the half-deck, and, dropping the bread barge down, said in a tremolo voice, "I've heard a ghost or something in the lazerette."

Everybody laughed; even Green indulged in a chuckle, though Thompson checked him for daring to have a sense of humour before he had been a dog watch at sea. Indeed, everybody subsided into a more grave and serious manner when they saw that Maxwell was quite pale and on the verge of fainting.

"Sit down on your sea-chest, sonny," said Gibson, "and pull yourself together."

"Now," said Gibson, as Maxwell sat down and breathed a little more freely, "what kind of a ghost was it?"

"I didn't really see it," said Maxwell, "but I heard something whine, and I thought I heard it mutter, and then I heard a tapping."

Well, now, sonny, that's easily explained. Very likely the whining was the ship's cat or a rat jammed down in the bilges. And as for the tapping, that's nothing; nothing at all. Any stray tin of salmon or sardines might tap against an iron plate or zinc lining, or it might be some of the gear flapping against the half-round. Why I hear noises at night sometimes, sonny, when this old packet, rolling along in the tropics and every stitch set and the sails looking like phantoms, that would scare *me* for a bit."

"We don't want any ghosts just now," said Thompson; "it's Christmas the day after to-morrow. This ship's running into fine weather at about eleven knots. We look like having fine weather and a good Christmas dinner. To-day's Monday; Wednesday noon ought to see Land's End 1,200 miles astern; that ought to make our latitude about forty north, if not less."

"By Wednesday noon," said Gibson, "we've been exactly six days and six hours from the Tuscar, where we left our pilot. If this breeze holds, I place this packet not more than thirty-eight north at Christmas noon. This ship's shown a lively pair of heels since we left Liverpool."

"What was she making at noon?" asked Thompson.

"Eleven and a-half," said Gibson.

"Yesterday when we hove the log in our watch she was making thirteen and a-half," said Thompson, "and take half a knot off for the second mate's imagination, that makes a neat thirteen."

"We've averaged twelve since we left the Tuscar," said Gibson. "Keep this up and that means a record run to the line."

"If we don't get our tops'ls cut adrift by ghosts," said Thompson, sarcastically.

"Oh, there's no ghosts or any rot of that sort in this ship," said Gibson, trying to turn the subject and also to relieve the feelings of poor Maxwell, who seemed to have lost his appetite altogether.

It may be as well for the benefit of the readers who do not go down to sea in ships to give a few particulars about the lazarette of a sailing ship.

The lazarette is a storeroom situated aft in the transoms. It is below the main deck, right under and below the cabin or saloon, and access is usually found through a deck hatch in the main saloon. When there is no cargo in the 'tween decks it is possible to go into the lazarette from there. It is always dark in the lazarette; there are no ports, and even when the hatch is off the dark, almost mysterious storeroom receives but a shaft of subdued light, which serves to render the darkness more visible. If ever there be such a thing as a ghost, it would certainly choose to take up its abode in the dark recesses of the lazarette.

The next morning after Maxwell had seen the ghost the steward came to the half-deck door as the starboard watch, Gibson and Maxwell, were at breakfast, and said, "Have any of you fellows had a pot of marmalade out of the lazarette and a packet of cabin biscuits?"

"Not me," said Gibson. "Hope you didn't steal it last night when you were down, Maxwell."

"I never even saw it," said Maxwell.

"Well, that's strange," said the steward. "I put a small jar of marmalade on a biscuit tank last night when I was in the lazarette, then went into the cabin to get a tin-opener. When I got below again the biscuits and marmalade had disappeared."

"Rats," said Gibson, impatiently.

"There's no rats about it," said the steward. "Rats could haul a jar of marmalade and a packet of biscuits away in two minutes!"

"Well, there's nobody here had it, steward, old son," replied Gibson. "And I'll thank you to stand out of that doorway and allow the fresh air to circulate freely through this half-deck while I'm getting my breakfast," said Gibson, half contemptuously and half good-naturedly.

At dinner-time Thompson and Green came below to an eight-bell dinner for all hands in the half-deck.

"What's this, Gibson," asked Thompson, "that the steward's kicking up such a fuss about losing marmalade and biscuits? He came to me when I was at the wheel and asked me if I had seen it. It must have been the ghost Maxwell heard."

Just then Green came aft from the galley with the dinner.

"Now," said Gibson, "if either of you two yougsters have had that stuff you'd better confess it; there'll be a devil of a row about that if ever the skipper gets to hear about it. Our allowance of marmalade will be stopped."

Both Green and Maxwell emphatically denied any complicity with the missing marmalade. But Green said the news had reached the galley and the fos'cle that there was something wrong with the lazarette. One of the sailors had heard a whining and a tapping in the morning at four bells when he was filling the bread barge.

After dinner the steward came to the half-deck again and asked, "Say, have any of you fellows noticed anything wrong with the lazarette? I heard something whining and moving around there this morning as sure as a gun; one of the men forrard heard it before me."

Maxwell duly gave his evidence.

"Well, it's strange," said Gibson.

"Why, it's the ship's talk," replied the steward. "I'll go and see the captain, old man."

The skipper sent the mate below with the steward. When they came up they reported that they heard a whining and a tapping and a murmuring sound like a human voice, but

THE SERVICE SOAP.

"SCOUT"

(Regd.

A medicated Toilet Soap made from the fruits of the palm and pine trees, and possessing a germicidal value equal to that of a soap containing 20% of Carbolic Acid, but it is luxurious to use and non-poisonous.

Invaluable for slight cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

PER 3d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

for the life of them they could not make out where it was.

News leaks out quickly at sea. Before four bells in the afternoon watch it spread fore and aft the ship that she was a haunted craft. Some believed in ghosts and some did not; but all agreed that there was something weird and eerie about the human-like noises down below; a lazarette would be just the place for departed spirits.

The mate was too matter-of-fact to be gulled by any ghost talk, but he was convinced there was something down there which ought to be found out.

The skipper and second and third mate went below in the afternoon, but could hear nothing. They went away disgusted, and thought it was only a ruse. But when Gibson went down at four o'clock to replenish the bread barge and incidentally to find a stray tin of sardines he heard the whining and tapping as plain and clear as ever Maxwell did.

He went on deck and brought the second mate down.

The noise was quite audible. It was a sort of whining undertone and an occasional tap or thud, as if someone were striking his fist against an iron bulkhead. Then all of a sudden it was followed by a sort of shriek and cry for help.

In the darkness of the lazarette a shriek at any time would be unnerving, but following on the moaning and tapping, and falling upon the ears of men who were already trying to solve the reason for eerie, mysterious sounds, it was almost nerve-shattering.

"That shriek's no rat, sir," said Gibson when he had recovered.

"It sounds more like a human being than anything else; and yet there's a kind of a far-away sound about it, too," said the second mate.

"Go up and call the skipper, Gibson." Gibson called the skipper.

The old man came down, followed by the mate and Thompson. Maxwell, Green, and the steward followed in their wake.

Very soon the whining was heard again, followed by a faint call for help.

Maxwell's teeth chattered; Green turned quite pale. Indeed, everyone felt a bit nervous.

The mate broke the silence first.

"If that's anything human," he said, "it's a stowaway; if not, I don't know what it is."

"There can be no stowaway," said the second mate. "I searched everywhere before the tow-boat cast off."

"Well, there's no way out of it," said the skipper, "except to get all the gear out of this lazarette to-morrow morning and find out what it is."

"It's a nice job we've got to-morrow," said Gibson, "overhauling the lazarette—and Christmas Day, as well!"

"Just our luck," said Thompson. "Why don't the skipper put it off till after Christmas?"

"Well, you can't put off a ghost or whatever it is, Thompson, can you?"

The above discussion took place at tea-time in the dog watch. Maxwell and Green were both sitting on the half-deck having their tea.

"I hope neither of you fellows have been up to any nonsense or skylarking," said Gibson.

Both answered with an emphatic denial.

"It's like this," said Thompson; "if ever you two fellows are found to be guilty of any nonsense to the extent of keeping the watch working on Christmas forenoon, you'll be mastheaded for a month, and all hands will be down on you for the rest of the voyage. And as for the mate and second mate, they'll work you for all you're worth, and I'll see you don't have a very easy time in the half-deck."

"Oh, I don't think it's their fault," said Gibson, who was a little more considerate than Thompson, and remembered very keenly the days when he was numbered with the first voyagers, which is equivalent with being numbered with the transgressors.

"I was only uttering a timely warning," said Thompson; "though I'll own the voice or the shriek or whatever it was sounded far too genuine; and the whole affair is too serious to be the product of a practical joke."

"The whole ship's talking about it," said Gibson. "Some of the men are almost afraid to go on the look out or stand at the wheel alone."

"The thing that beats me is the steward's marmalade and biscuits. No ghost could take that."

"There's no way out of it," said Gibson. "The matter has assumed serious proportions. There's something wrong down that lazarette some way, and though I don't want to lose my Christmas dinner any more than you do, Thompson, yet the sooner this mystery is cleared up the better."

"Oh, I know," said Thompson, "that affairs have reached a crisis, as the Blue Books say, but I see no reason why we should turn to all the bally forenoon and search for a ghost or rat or whatever it is."

The dog watch passed in an animated discussion in the half-deck about the uncanny noises in the lazarette. It was the talk of the cabin and foc'sle also.

Very soon the daylight faded into darkness, and the men stood in small groups about the sheltered parts of the deck discussing the prospective search and talking about haunted ships.

Thompson and Gibson were standing under the break of the poop yarning away when Maxwell suddenly broke in upon them and said, "I went below to light the binnacle and I saw a ghost or something in the half-deck."

Both of them laughed, but both of them felt the force of the remark; there had been too much ghost to ignore it.

"It's quite true," said Maxwell after they had finished laughing. "I saw something white sitting down on the locker."

Both Thompson and Gibson followed Maxwell into the half-deck.

They looked round for a moment, but there was no apparition to be seen. They lit the lamp, but they could see nothing except Green lying soundly asleep in his bunk. Presently they heard a sort of groan, followed by a sigh. They turned their sea-chests round, they looked into the locker, but could see nothing. Then Gibson almost mechanically looked under the athwartships bunk and espied a white-clad figure lying huddled underneath.

The figure crawled out and stood bolt upright. Maxwell's teeth fairly chattered. Gibson made Maxwell sit on a sea-chest and gave him a drink of water.

Once Maxwell was settled, Thompson and Gibson started to interrogate the ghost.

"Where did you come from?" asked Gibson.

"I came from below out of a tank," said the spirit, who was really a boy about fourteen.

"You stowed away, I suppose," said Thompson, "and that accounts for all the white flour on your clothes. A nice job you'd have given us if we had not have found you."

"We'd better take you into the cabin to see the skipper," said Gibson. "But wait a minute; didn't you come aboard one day afore we sailed?"

"Yes. I asked you for the mate," said the boy, who was no other than Tommy.

"I suppose you must be very hungry," said Gibson.

"And thirsty, too," said Tommy.

"Here, then," said Gibson, "drink that pot of cold coffee, and I'll get you a piece of bread and butter and a slice of cold beef; there's just this one piece of soft tack left."

After Tommy had taken his hasty meal Gibson and Thompson escorted him to the cabin, where he went before the skipper and the mate.

"You're the boy who asked me to take you, are you not?" asked the mate.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how dare you come aboard this ship without permission?"

"There was no other way to come aboard, sir."

The skipper could hardly forbear to smile at this.

"Do you know," said the captain, "that I can keep you a prisoner for the rest of the voyage and send you to gaol when we arrive in port?"

"No, sir. I thought perhaps you would only flog me and then set me to work."

It was the mate's turn to smile now. Tommy had a certain naïve precocity which stood him in good stead; nevertheless, he was afraid of the skipper and the mate.

"How did you come to shout and shriek?"

"I was afraid to come out by myself, so I thought I would shout to see if I was found out. At first I managed to get out of the tank, and found a few biscuits and some marmalade; but later on, when I really wanted to show myself, I found the tank lid was jammed; then somebody must have taken off the weight which was on it."

"It was me, sir," said the steward. "I had put a case of provisions over the tank lid out of the way."

"What shall we do with this boy?" said the captain to the mate. "Shall we flog him and throw him overboard?"

Tommy fairly winced at this.

"I think you had better hand him over to me, sir."

"All right," said the skipper; "then I'll go below and turn in."

"Now, sonny," said the mate. "You seem so anxious to go to sea that I'll put you in the articles, and if you behave yourself and work, I'll see you don't get flogged or thrown overboard. But if we find any more ghosts down the lazarette I shall hold you responsible."

And so Tommy had his Christmas dinner aboard the *Rangemore*, and the task of clearing out the lazarette was not necessary.

---

For the benefit of 3,000 or 4,000 soldiers encamped at Woodley, just outside Romsey, Winchester way, another Y.M.C.A. hut was opened on Monday evening, May 17, although not quite finished or completely furnished. It is built of wood, is spacious, and is lighted with acetylene gas, having a counter at one end and a small platform with piano at the other. The Right Hon. Lord Radstock attended to open it, and supporting him were the Mayor of Romsey (who presided), General Archdale, Captain Keefe (Brigade Major), the Rev. H. M. Tapper (Vicar), and the Revs. E. F. M. Vokes and D. C. Williams, Welsh Chaplain to the Brigade, and Mr. Bradshaw, divisional secretary to the Y.M.C.A., and others. There was a large attendance of the general public and soldiers.

Courage, patience, and tact, to say nothing of the long-continued effort, have been the characteristic features of Mr. Tom Wann's temperance visit to the military camp nestling under the hills in W——shire. Between 700 and 800 pledges have been issued. This means at least an equal number of conversations or talks.—Why am I not a temperance leader? It appears to be a worker's paradise!!—While impatiently waiting for Mr. Smith to motor him away to fresh fields and pastures new, he is making—at the time of writing—Jack-in-the-box visits to small groups of men who may be seen airing themselves at their hut corners. There is absolutely no keeping him still. He is the most intemperate temperance man in this camp. May God speed his work!




**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE BREECHES FOR 10/6**



Other Qualities, 12/6, 15/11, 20/11, 24/11 & 30/-

We guarantee to fit you from your own self measurement.

We supply hundreds every week with perfect satisfaction.

Cut to Your Special Measures in Khaki, Bedford Cords, Drills, Etc.

& Self-Measurement Instructions

SEND FOR PATTERNS

*ASK FOR TAPE MEASURE IF REQUIRED.*

**BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES Co.**

*(Dept. Y.M.)*, 29, Gt. TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

**ASK THE BOYS IN THE TRENCHES.**

**ZEDEX** fills your mind with joy and cheerfulness and vitalizes new vim and vigour into your body.

Get Nerves like Steel! Be clear-brained, strong and vigorous. Nothing else will invigorate and vitalize you as **ZEDEX** will.

If you are nerve-racked, weary and peevish, and your friends think you a "dull, gloomy, old stick," this marvellous remedy will give you a new lease of life.

**ZEDEX** makes the weak strong and the strong stronger.

If you are over-worked, run down, used up, and fit for nothing, this amazing tonic, vouched for by DR. ANDREW WILSON, will thrill you with that health and vim that brings you the real joy of living.

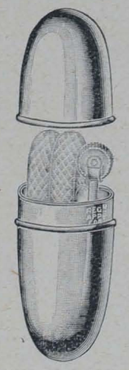
**2/6** per box. Packed in dainty, tasteless tablets, in special, flat, aluminium cases. Can be obtained from any of the 555 branches of BOOTS, CASH CHEMISTS; or post paid, under cover, from **ZEDEX Co., Ltd., Hove** (6 boxes, **13/9**).

Seen our little book crammed full of testimonials from happy users? Send for one NOW.

*Dr. Andrew Wilson says* "**ZEDEX** is a splendid tonic, ensuring endurance, strength, and steady nerves." A treatise by him accompanies each box.

*"John Bull" says* "**ZEDEX** has without doubt the full approval of the medical profession."

Your Friend at the Front must have



**The Famous "Tinder Lighter"**

**enclosed in an Aluminium Case for the Pocket.**

The Result—
THE TINDER CANNOT GET WET OR EVEN DAMP, and is always ready to ignite by a turn of the wheel.

Price Complete **1/6** Post Free.

In Solid Silver Case **10/6**

*Wholesale Prices on application.*

**BOTLY & LEWIS,**
*Manufacturing Jewellers,*
**25, King St., READING.**

*Send for our Illustrated List o Regimental Badge Brooches, post free.* 'PHONE 172.

**ARE YOU SHORT?**

If so, let me help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports 5 inches increase; Miss Davies, 3½ inches; Miss Leedell, 4 inches. My system greatly improves the health, figure, and carriage. Send a penny stamp for particulars and my £100 Guarantee.



**ARTHUR GIRVAN**, Specialist in the Increase of Height Dept. Y.M., **17 Stroud Green Road, London, N'**

THE FINEST ORGAN FOR THE HOME, THE MISSION HALL, OR SMALL CHURCH.

**£4 17 6 The UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN £8 9 6**
**£7 8 6** *Full Illustrated Lists free on application.* **£10 12 6**
INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.
**Sole Agents for Great Britain: MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.**

**Support BRITISH Capital and Labour**

BY PURCHASING

**CALEY'S**

**MILK CHOCOLATE**

MANUFACTURED IN NORWICH.

**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.**

**RED WHITE & BLUE**

**For Breakfast & after Dinner**

**In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.**

THE

**'Y.M.C.A. with the Flag' Booklets**

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written and every one of them has the Gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. KITCHENER'S CALL TO ARMS.
2. BRAVO! "HIGHFLYER"!
3. THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.
4. THE CHESSBOARD OF EUROPE.
5. A STRATEGIC RETREAT.
6. HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
7. THE SUBMARINE.
8. THE FOOTBALL FIELD OF EUROPE.
9. "S.O.S."
10. THE SIEGE OF LIFE.
11. "THE V.C."
12. DAYDREAMS.
13. THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.
14. KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING!
15. BEASTS OF PREY.
16. CHRISTMAS.
17. THE KICK-OFF.
18. WANTED, MEN.
19. GOAL.
20. LIFE'S RAILWAY.
21. THE DESPATCH RIDER.
22. THE TERROR BY NIGHT.
23. SWIMMING.
24. THE FALKLANDS FIGHT.
25. THE BRITISH AIR RAID.
26. THE SPIDER'S WEB.
27. SELF-CONTROL.
28. THE MOUTH OF HELL.
29. COMRADES.
30. VICTORY.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d. enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to circulate* ***2,000*** *copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send for a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).


Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (Incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 5th.**—Gen. xi. 1-9. "*Let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto Heaven; and let us make us a name*" (verse 4). Men are always seeking to make themselves great in each other's eyes and to secure permanence for the object of their ambitions. On the other hand history furnishes nothing but a long list of failures. Babylon, the supposed site of this enterprise of these early builders, is a ruin buried in the sand, and the builders are long ago dead, a witness to the universal law of death and decay throughout the world. Compare with this the other great facts, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever," and "A city . . . whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. xiii. 8; xi. 10).

**Sunday, 6th.**—Gen. xii. 1-10. "*So Abraham departed as the Lord had spoken unto him*" (verse 4). Abraham, in response to God's command, turned his back upon much which might otherwise have had a first claim, and made obedience to God the rule of his life. As we now read the history of his descendants we can see how fortunate it was for him that he acted as he did, but he had no such vision of future events before his eyes at the time. The vision which gripped his imagination must have been that of God Himself. And so with us, our confidence in the Christian life must rest in the fact that Christ is there.

**Monday, 7th.**—Gen. xiii. 1-18. "*And Abraham said, let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee*" (verse 8). Abraham was chiefly concerned in maintaining good relationships with his relative. The other was more concerned in securing the best advantage of the situation for himself. The latter's selfishness proved to be a downward course towards a great disaster. Abraham, on the other hand, surrendered the fattest pastures, but preserved for himself the companionship of God and in this way the opportunity of becoming a world-wide benefactor as well as a true friend to Lot.

**Tuesday, 8th.**—Gen. xiv. 8-24. "*He brought again his brother Lot and his goods*" (verse 16). Lot's selfishness and greediness had led him into bad company and then into this position of distress. Abraham, on the other hand, was able to render this splendid service to his kinsman for the reason that he had consistently pursued God's guidance. Consequently he found himself in this position of advantage which he so gallantly shared with his friend in need. It is said that one man and God always make a majority, and it always pays to act upon this principle.

**Wednesday, 9th.**—Gen. xv. 1-18. "*He believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness* (verse 6). Abraham had one great regret in his life at this time; he had no son. This lack became the source of the greatest blessing of his life, because it forced him in his need to throw himself wholly upon God and God's promise of supply. As a result of this, God was set free to "count" out to him, out of His inexhaustible treasury, first the free gift of being put *right* with God, and then the free gift of a son.

**Thursday, 10th.**—Gen. xviii. 1-10. "*He lift up his eyes and looked . . . and said, My Lord*" (verses 2 and 3). We have eyes to see what interests us, and what we are accustomed to look for. Abraham had a well-trained eye for God. Consequently on the occasion of this visit he was alert to welcome his Lord. This training must begin early. A great cricketer will almost invariably be found to have trained hand and eye in boyhood, and in the same way men of God whose lives have counted in history are almost invariably those who have practised the pursuit of God's pleasure in their youth.

**Friday, 11th.**—Gen. xviii. 11-22. "*The Lord said, shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?*" (verse 17). God had discovered good value for Himself in the heart of this man who was so deeply concerned about His business. It is one of the marvels of God's condescension that He loves to find such a one as this, to whom He can confide His plans and most especially the revelation of Himself. Christ has brought home this truth to us in a wonderful way, and in John xv. 15 He tells us, "I call you not servants . . . but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you."

### AN EMPIRE BUILDER.

SIR GEORGE REID, G.C.M.G., presided at an Empire meeting at London Central on a recent Sunday afternoon, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he gave utterance to the feelings of his fellow-citizens in Australasia towards Great Britain and her King. "We love the Old Country," he said, "and we will stand by her and help her brave Allies to carry civilisation and Christianity throughout the length and breadth of the world." "Associated with our British Empire," he added, "are all the truest and best and highest interests of civilisation. The Empire has fought for these interests, and is still fighting for them, and is not willing to avoid any of her responsibilities."

Sir George implored the men in khaki not to mistake the true character of the task before the nation. It was nothing less than a war against the vilest race of men that had ever polluted the earth. They had proved themselves to be treacherous and cruel and insincere. They had disregarded all the conditions laid down at the Conference of London for guaranteeing the safety of the lives of non-combatants and members of neutral nations on the seas; they had refused to respect the rules they had helped to frame at the Hague Conference for the humanising of warfare, and they had devised the most terrible methods of warfare the world had ever seen. But, said Sir George, the sword of righteousness had been drawn, and it would not be sheathed until the bloody disturber of the world's peace and his wretched crew had been effectively disposed of for all time.

From one hundred centres the War Roll returns show a total of more than ten thousand pledges of decision for the Christian life.

On Saturday last 2,000 people visited the new Y.M.C.A. hut in the Yorkshire town of Halifax. So interested have the townspeople been that they have had to be reminded that the building has been erected for the entertainment of the soldiers rather than as a show place.

Lady Butler, daughter of the Dean of Hereford, writing of what she has seen as an auxiliary helper of the Young Men's Christian Association at Dieppe, states: "I visited a hospital containing French wounded, where a cousin of mine is stationed, and I saw several of the asphyxiating cases. They were not the very bad ones, but the poor things were panting just like fish out of water. If only the people in England knew how they suffer there would not be a man left in this country! They would be at the front."

Eight thousand men of the 50th Brigade have just left Wareham. Many officers, their wives, and the men have since last October been enthusiastic Association workers. At Christmas Mrs. Macdougall, wife of Major Macdougall, organised the collection of funds out of which 1,000 men were entertained to high tea. She had organised a band of Bournemouth ladies, who have day by day helped in the hut. Twelve hundred parcels, too, were provided as parting gifts to the men. Each one contained a shirt, socks, chocolates, and cigarettes. Sports prizes have been collected, and the services of the ladies have been simply magnificent. During the last five weeks 250 men have made the great decision. Mr. T. D. Johnston, of Finchley, has been in charge of this work, and one and all bear testimony to his good work.


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or news-agents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*





## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT**
**AND WANTED.**

**30 words for 2/-.**

**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."



## Board.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**55, PETHERTON ROAD,** Canonbury Station. Board-residence, late dinner. Bath (h. & c.), gas, and piano. Every convenience. From 15/- per week. 5

**30, CALABRIA ROAD,** Highbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for City gentlemen. Board as required. Moderate terms, Visitors 2/6 bed and breakfast. Penny fare City. 10

**13, MILDMAY PARK.** Bedrooms, gentlemen from 6/-; use of sitting-room. Visitors, bed and breakfast, 2/6. Motor 'buses to City and West End. Well recommended. 12

**11-13, HIGHBURY HILL, N.** Board-residence; comfortably furnished rooms. Electric light; good and liberal table. Sitting-room, bath, billiards, dark-room. Terms moderate. 18

**WOODLANDS, BOWES ROAD,** New Southgate, N. Board and residence. Comfortable home; cycle accommodation. Easy access to City and West End. Liberal table; moderate terms. 19

**WEST HAMPSTEAD,** 77, Fordwych Road. Near Brondesbury Met. & N.L. Stations, and 'buses along Edgware Road to Cricklewood. Billiards; late dinner; comfortable. Terms from 16/6 sharing. 67

**12, STANLEY GARDENS,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable board-residence, late dinner. Three minutes Belsize Park Tube. Every convenience, from 16/6 per week. 24

**27, BELSIZE CRESCENT,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable, highly recommended home; spacious, well-appointed house. Electric light, bath (h. & c.), piano, billiards, late dinner; excellent table. Moderate terms. Near Belsize Tube, Hampstead Heath and Swiss Cottage. 25

**168, HAVERSTOCK HILL,** Hampstead, N.W. Board-residence, en famille; up-to-date appointments; late dinner; billiards, tennis. Near Belsize Park Station. 18/6 to 21/-. 27

**11, GLAZEBURY ROAD,** West Kensington. Few paying guests offered quiet, refined, comfortable home. Bath (h. & c.), garden, piano, electric light. Close to District and Piccadilly Tube. Partial, 25/-; sharing room, 21/- inclusive. 29

**21, BRIXTON HILL, S.W.** Partial board-residence for two gentlemen. Good house on main road. Late dinner, garden, bath, piano, tennis. Trams pass door. Near station. Terms 14/-. 30

**2, STOCKWELL PARK ROAD,** Clapham Road. Board-residence, 16/-; bed-sitting room, 6/6. One minute trams, 'buses, and Wireless Telegraphy School. Suitable for study. Bath (h. and c.). 33

**"LALEHAM,"** Clarence Road, Clapham Park. Most comfortable home; large house. Three acres woodland garden. Four baths. Partial board, 26/-; full, 35/-. 37

**CHELSEA,** Street's Temperance Hostel, 25, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea. Comfortable home; strict cleanliness. Full board, 25/-; partial board, 18/6; bedroom and breakfast, 12/6. 40

**"KINGSTON HALL,"** 7, Brunswick Square, Bloomsbury. Partial or full board in superior residential home; centrally situated. Gardens, tennis, electric light, baths. Bed and breakfast, 3/6. 53

**28, CARTWRIGHT GARDENS,** Sandhills Hotel. Board and residence, electric light, baths. Telephone, 5329 City. Three minutes St. Pancras, King's Cross. Access to garden. Proprietress. 54

**44, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.** Board-residence. Liberal table; access to gardens. Moderate terms. Bedroom and breakfast from 3/-. Two minutes Museum and University. 52

**32, DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.** Bedroom, bath and breakfast, 3/-; or 15/6 per week. Five minutes G.N.R., Midland and Euston. Very central.—Mrs. Winter. 56

**97, GOWER STREET, W.C.** Board-residence from 21/- per week, or rooms only, in quiet, clean, well-kept house. Good cooking and service. Well recommended. Near trams, tube and 'bus. 62

**247, KENNINGTON ROAD.** Board-residence, comfortable home. Bath, piano; partial board. Near all bridges and W.E. Terms 14/6 per week (late dinner, 15/6). 63

**ST. JOHN'S.** Gentleman can be received as paying-guest with private family. Refined home, superior house, with every modern convenience. Large garden, pleasantly situated. Trams to Embankment, and 'buses to West End and City. Terms moderate.—Apply, 74, Tressillian Road, St. John's, S.E. 64

**24, ST. MARY'S ROAD,** Canonbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for gentlemen. Terms very moderate. Board as required. Visitors, 2/6 bed and breakfast. 1d. fare City.

**47, AYNHOE ROAD,** West Kensington, W. Apartments. Electric. Comfortable quiet Home. Bedrooms, double or single; use of sitting. Terms moderate. Visitors from 2/6 bed and breakfast per day. Recommended.

**123, LADY MARGARET ROAD,** Tufnell Park, N. Single and double rooms; board according to requirements. Two minutes 'buses, tube, trams, and Tufnell Park Tube Station. Superior house with every home comfort. Moderate terms. Highly recommended. 20

**"PARK HURST,"** 35, Highbury Hill, N. Comfortable board-residence. Late dinner. Electric light, Bath (h. & c.), every comfort. Highly recommended. Easy access to all parts. Inclusive terms. 4

**CLAPHAM,** 73, Jeffreys Road. 5 minutes Stockwell Tube Station, 2 minutes trams, motors. Good bedroom 5/6, partial board 14/6, full 16/-. Liberal table. Recommended as a social and comfortable home. 28

**3, MYDDELTON SQUARE, E.C.,** near "Angel."—Partial Board. Quiet and homely. Ideal for students. Easy access to all parts. Bath room. Terms moderate.

**WESTCLIFF.**—2 minutes sea and station; from 23/- inclusive.—Heather Court, Private Hotel, Palmeira Avenue.

**20, DEVONSHIRE STREET,** Queen Square, W.C. Bedrooms from 5/6. Board as required. Bed and breakfast, 2/6. Central, near tram, train and tube; terms moderate. 48

**COMFORTABLE APARTMENTS.** Bedroom and Bed-sitting room, very clean, central position, two minutes Oxford Circus. Tubes. Well recommended. Terms moderate.—30, Carnaby Street, Regent Street, W.

**COMFORTABLE CHRISTIAN HOME** in bracing suburb. High gravel soil. Garden, tent. Part or full board. 18/- to 25/-. Ten minutes from Victoria. 'Bus near.—35, Baskerville Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

**BRUNSWICK SQUARE,**
2, HUNTER STREET, W.C.

A COMFORTABLE HOME
(CENTRAL).

Terms from 21/- weekly, inclusive.

**SECURE ACCOMMODATION FOR**
**YOUR HOLIDAY AT**
**BRIGHTON**
**Y.M.C.A. HOLIDAY HOME.**
**THE BEST POSITION IN BRIGHTON.**
*Full particulars of the Secretary, Arnold Tuffin.*

**St. Pancras Y.M.C.A.**
**RESIDENTIAL HOME,**
**62, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.**
Close to the West End, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, and on main road, with Tubes, Trams, and Trains to all parts.
**BEDROOM ACCOMMODATION 5/6 PER WEEK.**
*Board by Arrangement.*
*Special Tariff for Visitors.* 1

**ESMOND HOTEL,**
**1, MONTAGUE ST., RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.**
This Temperance Hotel adjoins the British Museum, and is Central and quiet. Night Porter. Private Garden.
10 Bedrooms, Lounge, 2 Bath Rooms, recently added. Electric Light installed, and whole house renovated.
Bedroom and Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Attendance, from 5/- to 6/6; or with Plain Breakfast, 4/3 to 5/9 per night.
Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.
T. MOFFETT, proprietor, late Gen. Sec. Leeds Y.M.C.A.
Telephone No.: 4 Gerrard 1675. Telegraphic Address: "Agroup, Westcent, London. 72

Fulham and South Kensington Young Men's Christian Association.
**BOARDING HOME for YOUNG MEN**
"FAIRLAWN," 643, Fulham Road, London, S.W.
Has been visited by over 2,800 Men from all parts of the World. Accommodation for 23. Beds from 5/- per week. Single Rooms, 6/- and 6/6 per week. Sitting and Study Rooms, Cycle Storage and Dark Room. Moderate Tariff. Reduction to Y.M.C.A. Members and permanent boarders.
*Apply (with stamped and directed envelope) to*
THE MANAGER, *mentioning "Y.M."* 73

**Kingston Hall,**
**7, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.**
Newly decorated and handsomely furnished. Spacious Drawing and Dining Rooms. Is pleasantly situated in one of the healthiest and most open parts of Central London, overlooking large private gardens with tennis court, to which visitors have access.
Close to Tube, Train and Bus, to City and West-end, the principal Northern Termini, and the Central Y.M.C.A.
Electric Light, Baths (h. & c.). Sanitation modern and perfect. Excellent cuisine, under personal supervision.
*Terms by arrangement for Board and Residence.*
**Bed and Breakfast from 3/6.**
Address—PROPRIETRESS. 81

**BOARDING HOME FOR YOUNG MEN**
BAYSWATER Y.M.C.A.
(President—The Hon. Mr. Justice Lush.)
**28, PRINCE'S SQUARE, QUEEN'S ROAD, W. close to Kensington Gardens.**
Pleasantly and conveniently situated within three minutes' walk of the "Tube," Metropolitan Railway Station, Queen's Road, 10 minutes from Paddington Station (G.W.R.), and 'buses to all parts. Bedroom charges, **5s., 6s.** and **7s. 6d.** Moderate tariff (see prospectus). Full particulars from
WALTER WILD, Secretary. 2

RESIDENTIAL CLUB FOR YOUNG MEN.
**BLOOMSBURY HOUSE,**
**Cartwright Gardens, Tavistock Square, W.C.**
President: Mr. WALTER HAZELL, J.P.
Central situation. Within walking distance of City and West End. The Club is fitted throughout with Electric Light.
**Bedroom Charges (including Boots, Bath, etc.) from 7/6 per week.**
*Refreshments according to Tariff at Minimum Charges.*
The arrangements of the Club are quite modern and every provision has been made for the Comfort and the Social Life of the Members. Lawn Tennis, Gymnasium, etc.
**Enlarged to 180 Bedrooms.**
All applications to be addressed to the WARDEN. 71

## Situations Vacant.

**DRAPERY.**—Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, have openings for Young Men under military age who have served their apprenticeship in the drapery; also Boy Apprentices.—Apply personally or by letter.

**CLOTHIERS AND OUTFITTERS.**—Managing Man wanted to take full charge of Bespoke Clothing and Outfitting Dept. Permanency. Man over Army age.—CHERRY & SON, Blandford.

**CAMP LOCALISED POSTCARDS,**
**EXCLUSIVE FOR SOLDIERS & SAILORS.**
*Record Sellers.* *CAMP LEADERS NOTE*
**25,000 SOLD IN TWO MONTHS at Hindhead Centre.**
Mr. ALLAN FROST writes:—"These cards sell well to the troops, and are much appreciated."
**Free quarter gross sent as a trial.**
**Agents wanted in France, etc. Orders on sale or return**
**BENTON'S, 60, NORTH ROAD, BRIGHTON.**

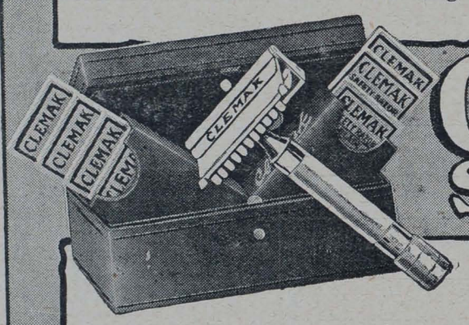
A Strongly recommended Gift Book.
**POWER THROUGH PRAYER,**
**By E. M. BOUNDS.**
It has been truly said of this book,
"It carries a blessing wherever it goes."
Price **2/6**, post free. Obtainable from all booksellers or from the
Publishers: MARSHALL BROTHERS, Limited, London, Edinburgh and New York.

# CLEMAK—For Quick, Close Shaving




"My word! that was a close shave"

"Greased lightning isn't in it with the CLEMAK. Never saw anything like it in all my life. Just a dab or two with the lather brush, a pass or two with the CLEMAK, and I'm shaved. And best of it is, same thing happens every morning—no trouble ever.




## CLEMAK 5/- Safety Razor

**5/-** Silver-plated CLEMAK Razor with stropping handle and **seven** blades.

Combination Outfit: A Triple Silver-plated Razor, **Twelve** specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with Velvet Hide Strop

**10/6**

The CLEMAK is a sturdily made British Safety Razor which combines unsurpassed efficiency with a simplicity quite unique. No razors shave better than the CLEMAK; none give less trouble. It's cleaned in a moment, stropped in a minute; there's nothing to remove, nothing to adjust.

**GIVE HIM A CLEMAK.**

A real **PRESENT** for our **SOLDIERS** and **SAILORS.**

**OF ALL CUTLERS, STORES, &c.,**
or from the
**CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., London E.C.**

*The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.*

W. PLANT & CO., Market St., Sydney, Australasian Agents.





Printed at St. Clements Press, Ltd., Newspaper Buildings, Portugal Street, Kingsway, London, W.C., and Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C., 99, George Street, Edinburgh, & 124, East 28th Street, New York.—June 4, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 22. Vol. 1. JUNE 11, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.





Give him the ever-ready means to keep in constant touch with you.

**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

Choose the SAFETY Type. Ideal for Active Service, as it cannot leak however carried. Avoid Specious Imitations.

Nibs to suit all hands. Exchanged gratis if not right. Every pen guaranteed.

**10/6** and upwards for Regular and Self-filling Types.

**12/6** and upwards for Safety and Pump-filling Types.

*Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere. Booklet free from*

**L. G. SLOAN,**
The Pen Corner
**Kingsway, London.**




**THE CRICKET FIELD AS RECRUITING PLATFORM.**
Mr. G. Cave, K.C., M.P., was present recently at a recruiting cricket match, played at Kew Green, between Kew and the Royal Fusiliers. At the close of the game Mr Cave made a stirring appeal for recruits. *Photo: Photopress.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


| | |
|---|---|
| WHAT WE THINK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 507 |
| LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XXI.—Sir Henry Jackson ... ... | 508 |
| THE IMPERISHABLE VALUE OF A GREAT IDEAL. By the Rev. Thomas Phillips, B.A. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 509 |
| AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE. By A. K. Yapp ... ... | 511 |
| Our Short Story: THE CONSCRIPT ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 513 |
| BETWEEN YOU AND ME: 21.—Some Pleasant Letters ... ... ... | 514 |
| STRIKING SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT STRUGGLE ... ... | 516 |
| AMONG THE CAMPS IN SCOTLAND. By Canon Walter Hicks ... | 520 |
| RECRUITING FOR THE KINGDOM OF GOD. By J. W. Moodie ... | 523 |

"Three Clarnico Goodies!"

**Lily Caramels.**

The most delicious Caramel you ever tasted. Rich, creamy, luscious. Made from the finest Sugar, Cream and Almonds. At the first bite you realise the charm that has made them so popular. Sold in various size packages by all good Confectioners, and at Y.M.C.A. Tents.

**Cream Caramels.**

Have a flavour and richness which distinguishes them from all others. If you have never tasted these delicious Caramels you have missed one of the good things of life. Get acquainted by obtaining a few—just to try—from your Confectioner, or from your camp tent.

**Marzipan.**

The sweetmeat with the delicate "nutty" flavour. So tempting and pleasing to the palate. Everyone greets Clarnico Marzipan with equal satisfaction, because it is as pure as it is delicious, and for real toothsomeness it has no equal. Obtainable in 1d. bars at most Y.M.C.A. tents, and at all good Confectioners.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd., LONDON.



MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT;
NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.




"Buy the Right!"
Shaving Stick

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

is *right* from every point of view. *Right* in quality—*Right* in price—*Right* for Shaving Easily—*Right* for the skin—*Right* for the razor.

It does not dry on the skin or bite the face. It lathers readily, easily, profusely.

PRICE 4D. PER STICK.

All the value is in the Soap—there is no highly ornamental metal case to pay for.

*It is the most faithful ally a Soldier's razor could have.*

*IT IS BRITISH.*

OF ALL GROCERS, ETC.

*The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.




E 46—11

Y. YMCA M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 22. Vol. 1. JUNE 11, 1915. PRICE 1d.

## WHAT WE THINK

MR. CHURCHILL'S great speech at Dundee last Saturday has been rightly summarised as a call to optimism and action. He reminded his hearers that although the losses in the Dardanelles might be heavy, yet the Army of Sir Ian Hamilton and the Fleet of Admiral de Robeck are separated only by a few miles from a victory such as this war has not yet seen. "When I speak of victory," he explained, "I am not referring to those victories which crowd the daily placards of any newspapers. I am speaking of victory in the sense of a brilliant and formidable fact, shaping the destinies of nations, and shortening the duration of the war. Beyond those few miles of ridge and scrub on which our soldiers, our French comrades, our gallant Australians, and our New Zealand fellow-subjects are now battling, lie the downfall of a hostile empire, the destruction of an enemy's fleet and army, the fall of a world-famous capital, and probably the accession of powerful allies. The struggle will be heavy, the risks numerous, the losses cruel; but victory when it comes will make amends for all. Through the Narrows of the Dardanelles and across the ridges of the Gallipoli Peninsula lie some of the shortest paths to a triumphant peace."

***

AFTER the croaking and whining of some newspapers this cheery optimism is distinctly refreshing. We are convinced that much good will follow from these heartening words. For some weeks now we have been living in an atmosphere heavy with misgiving, suspicion, strife, and bitterness. Attacks have been made on this man and criticisms levelled against that action. It takes a good deal of such carping to depress our people, but there is such a thing as the water wearing away the stone. We want a little optimism from time to time. Fifteen years ago we went to the other extreme. Then we loosed wild tongues that had not God in awe; we were delirious over every victory, and mocking over every defeat. We waved flags and blew trumpets, and sang songs, and played bands; but to-day we are grim and warlike, with never a band, hardly a flag, and scarcely a song. Indeed, to observe the demeanour of some people, it might be imagined that Great Britain was marching steadily to defeat, and if our beloved country had been made a tributary province of Germany, some folks could not look more gloomy. Mr. Churchill's call to optimism may well be heeded by us all at this time, especially when our brave lads are doing their best to fulfil our dearest hopes.

***

BUT optimism is not enough, and Mr. Churchill plainly showed that optimism must be followed by immediate and drastic action. "What," he asked, "does the nation expect of the new National Government? I can answer my question. I am going to answer it in one word—action. That is the need, that is the only justification; that there should be a stronger national sentiment, a more powerful driving force, a greater measure of consent in the people, a greater element of leadership and design in the rulers—that is what all parties expect and require in return for the many sacrifices which all parties have after due consideration made from their particular interests and ideals. Action—action, not hesitation; action, not words; action, not agitation. That is the message which you wish me to take back to London—act; act now." Such a challenge saves us from the foolishness of excessive hope and the folly of an optimism untempered by wisdom and discretion. It makes us feel that the only way in which hope can be maintained is through the definite, practical, and immediate action of every man and woman to whom the cause is dear.

***

IT is, perhaps, not surprising that the people who are doing least are the most pessimistic and downcast. Especially is this true of that class which seems to do very little but read the papers. The plain truth is we have not much time to read the papers just now. We want to follow the campaign as intelligently as possible, and we want to know how our own kith and kin are fearing, but we have no time to waste on mournful pessimism. After we have read of a bad reverse, let us not lose heart, but let us rather determine to do something to retrieve what has been lost. As a matter of fact, this is what the really busy people are doing. The happiest people, the most hopeful people at the present time, are the people who are spending and being spent in the great work of the hour. Their very work makes them sing, and they know that in every effort they put forward the cause is being advanced, if only by a hair's-breadth. We are living in an hour when everything counts, one way or the other. Adverse criticism, bitter attacks, and doleful reflections are counting more than we imagine on the spirits of the people; and we may be very sure that the bright and cheery action will also count for victory far more than we imagine.

***

THE course of action at this time is particularly clear. In the first place, every fit man without ties should enlist in the Army. Every man will be needed, and needed, perhaps, sooner than we think. It may be necessary, even yet, to adopt some mild measure of compulsion, for there are still hundreds of young able-bodied men strolling about the streets of our London suburbs. In the next place every worker who can should be helping the Government in its output of munitions. We all rejoice that the boundless energy and radiant temper of Mr. Lloyd George have been harnessed to this great department of State; but even he will be defeated unless the men are forthcoming to make the munitions so urgently needed. There are many great industries, it is certain, which will have to divert their attention somewhat from their peace-time programme, and give all their strength to this new task; and we believe they will do so nobly and well. In the third place, those who can do neither of the foregoing have a great opportunity in the Y.M.C.A. huts. We want men, and still more men, but we do not want men to serve the huts who ought to be serving in the Army itself. We cannot say too much in praise of the workers who have already rallied to the cause, and we are confident that they have taken, and are taking, no inconsiderable part in that victory which shall surely be ours.

***

OPTIMISM and action will be required until the last chapter of the war is written. It is quite possible that we may have to endure great losses in the future, shoulder great and heavy bur-

dens, but we shall do it best with a song in the heart. We at least have the satisfaction that we are all bound up in the bundle of life, that not one of us hardly can escape the sorrows and perplexities of the hour. And if we have an excess of good spirits ourselves, let us not hesitate to bless our neighbour with the overflow. We can hearten the discouraged and stimulate to action those of a sluggish temperament, and even this humble service will not be without its reward. And best of all, we can hearten our own fainting spirits with an old word of assurance: "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XXI.—ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON, FIRST EA LORD.

"THE cleverest man in the British Navy" was the description once given of Admiral Sir Henry Bradwardine Jackson, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Fisher as First Sea Lord. Sailors nowadays have to know a great deal of mechanics and science, and Sir Henry Jackson has put to good service his remarkable ability which earned for him the prized distinction of being a Fellow of the Royal Society. It was for his attainments in electrical physics that the honour was conferred. Wireless telegraphy, as applied to naval affairs, has owed much to Sir Henry Jackson's many years of close study. In the war "wireless" has been of inestimable importance to the British Fleet, and Sir Henry must feel a glow of satisfaction as he reflects on the advance which has been made in recent years.

In this war, too, torpedoes have played a most conspicuous part, and few living men know more about torpedoes than our new First Sea Lord. The torpedo has been called "the swordfish of the sea," and the enemy has employed it ruthlessly to sink the *Lusitania* and other ships carrying civilian and neutral passengers.

When Sir Henry Jackson entered the Navy in 1868 the "spar" torpedo had been used in the American Civil War. In 1881 he was appointed to the *Vernon*, and underwent a course of instruction as to torpedo work. It fascinated the young sailor to an extraordinary extent. As captain of the *Vesuvius* he improved his study of torpedoes, and went to Fiume to gain added knowledge. In due course he was found to be so efficient that he was appointed Assistant-Director of Torpedoes. Another important post he held was Controller of the Navy, and seven years ago he was commander of the Third Cruiser Squadron.

Not only has he studied thoroughly wireless telegraphy and torpedoes, but he knows a lot about aerial navigation, and represented our Admiralty at the International Conference held five years ago.

Sir Henry Jackson has a scholarly, serious face, which reveals an earnestness of purpose and a constant habit of search for knowledge. He is one illustration of the truth of the saying that if a man will study a subject thoroughly for twenty years, he will usually find himself an acknowledged expert on it. In his new post, with such great responsibilities attached to it, the Empire wishes Sir Henry Jackson every success. His many years of industry will now save many sailors' lives and help our brave men to gain victory.

### THE BISHOP'S PROMISE.

IN his valedictory address before he left Wellington College in 1910, Dr. Pollock, then head master of the school, and now Bishop of Norwich, said to his pupils that "in future years if they were in any trouble, and he could be of assistance to them, they might depend on his doing whatever he could." How the Bishop kept his word is shown in the following story. A young member of the Honourable Artillery Company, who had been one of Dr. Pollock's pupils, arrived at Liverpool Street Station to see the tail lights of the last train by which he could catch a connection to his depot on the Norfolk coast disappearing out of the station. Inquiries showed that there was still a train to Norwich, but the problem then was how to cover the remaining distance. "Norwich!" murmured the artilleryman, and then he remembered the words of his old head master. He screwed up his courage, found a 'phone, and rang up the Palace. The Bishop was at home, remembered his former pupil, and, what was more important, remembered his promise, and asked what he could do. The anxious young member of the famous company faltered a request for the loan of the Episcopal motor-car, and was answered with an emphatic "Certainly." The late-comer was duly met by the Bishop's car, and was informed by the chauffeur that a hot supper was awaiting him at the Palace, of which the Bishop hoped he would partake. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and the young artilleryman reached his destination in time to answer the roll call and escape reprimand.

The assistant Parish Church minister of R——, while taking his morning walk one day, met one of his congregation, Mrs. Robertson, an old woman. After the usual comments on the weather, she continued: "I see, sir, by yesterday's paper that ye're on the short leet for that kirk in D——. That's the toon, ye ken, sir, whaur I was born an' brocht up in." "Oh! I'm very glad to hear that, Mrs. Robertson," said the minister. "Ay, sir," she added, "an' I think ye'll no' hae muckle trouble in gettin' the kirk, for they're no' very particular thereaboot for a minister."

THE ADVENTURES OF A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.






# THE IMPERISHABLE VALUE OF A GREAT IDEAL.

## *An Examination of the Principle which Led Belgium to Remain True to Her Convictions.*

### By the REV. THOMAS PHILLIPS, B.A. (President-elect of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland).

THE one nation in Europe to-day is Belgium. A few years ago, in conjunction with the Bishop of Southwark and Mr. Silvester Horne, the writer denounced Belgium in no measured terms for the Congo atrocities, and under the same conditions he would do the same thing again. But when King Leopold died the present King went out himself to the Congo, and did away with the hateful *régime* of his predecessor. But if Belgium then called forth one's moral indignation, it now calls forth our deepest pity and highest admiration. Germany, France, and England were pledged to respect her neutrality. Nevertheless, Germany marched its colossal army to its boundaries. Belgium might have strongly protested and after that permitted the Germans to march through, or after its heroic achievements at Liège it might have said, "We have made enough sacrifices," and recalled its soldiers to Antwerp. No one could blame her for doing that. Indeed, she would have called forth the praise of a whole continent, or later on she might have capitulated, because she was fighting not her own battle, but the battle of England and France, and owing to the stress of circumstances neither England nor France came to her help.

#### Winning an Imperishable Name.

One of the most pathetic incidents in the whole story is this. When her towns were being devastated, when her art treasures were being despoiled, while her women were being outraged, while her children were being mutilated, she asked, wistfully, "When are the English coming?" But the Englishmen never came in the way she expected. But she consented her capital to be taken, she permitted her great port to be shelled, she allowed her sons to be slain, she saw the larger part of her territory overrun, but she absolutely refused to bow the knee to Nebuchadnezzar. Her brave King kept at the head of his troops and remained night and day in the firing line, and by his devotion and heroism has won for himself an imperishable name, and stands forth as the greatest ruler in Europe to-day. The Queen, the wandering Queen, as she has been pathetically called, brought her three little children to England, and then went back to be near her husband to see her own land being ruined by her own kith and kin. Look at it in the light of the doctrine of selfishness and of every man for himself, and the whole story is utter folly. Belgium might have saved her capital. Antwerp might have been untouched and Louvain undestroyed. She was commercially dependent upon Germany. Antwerp is as much of a German port as Hamburg is. After making her protest she might have preserved all as Holland, her neighbouring State, has done. But Belgium was a nation with an ideal. For a thousand years her people have believed in independence and freedom. She believed in herself as a nation. It might have been a fancy, a feeling, a bee in her bonnet, but it was something ineradicable enough to make her sons die, and to make her King sacrifice everything.

#### The Greatest Thing in Modern History.

To see her refugees on the streets of London, driven out of home and away from everything that is dear and sacred, foreigners in a strange land, pathetically unable to express their sorrow, but representative of thousands of others in a worse plight than themselves because unable to escape, is enough to make the pavement weep. But we have something more than pity for Belgium. We thrill with admiration and pride as we think of her noble deeds. A little nation, she has saved a whole continent, and by her heroism proved herself to be the greatest land in Europe.

The greatest thing in modern history is the devotion of Belgium. She is the glory of Europe and the shame of Germany, and it will take hundreds of years to wipe out the stain of Belgium from the soul of Germany. The war has brought us atrocities and shame, inhumanity and hell, but it has brought us also grandeur of character in unexpected quarters. In these commercial days we are apt to think that gold and territory, success and comfort mean everything. But here is a nation which despises them all because of a principle and of an ideal. Granted that the ideal is not a religious one. Granted that it is nothing more than love of country. But here, at any rate, is a whole nation which believes that there is something more valuable than ease and success. It is a striking illustration of the imperishable value of a great ideal.

#### A Plea for Moral Loyalty.

In the light of this heroic achievement, I am compelled to ask myself, have I in the make-up of my character any ideal of principle for which I am prepared to sacrifice everything? Do I know anything about the imperial authority of a great principle, for which I am prepared to consider everything as dross? Of course, we are all ready to sacrifice lesser interests for the sake of greater interests, but there is no credit for that; any scapegrace will throw up a one-pound job for a two-pound berth. It is not that. Am I committed to God and to right to be able to suffer, and if need be to die, rather than lower my flag?

If I am in business I must calculate and weigh, I must use prudence and sagacity, but have I a great guiding principle, and am I ready to face the Bankruptcy Court rather than violate that? In mixing with my fellow-men I must show courtesy and accommodation. I was never meant to be a hedgehog to dart out bristles into the hands of all that touch me. I was meant to be pleasant and gracious and kind and tolerant. But is there a strength behind the kindness, like a rock behind graceful ferns and hanging foliage? Do I stand for something for which I am prepared to sacrifice the good favour of every man on God's earth? I live in a world where many wrong things are done, and I have to freely intermix with its speckled people. But am I so pledged to Jesus Christ that I am prepared to face the fiery furnace rather than to tarnish my name and stoop to do a mean and suspicious thing? If we have not got this, no matter how much we pray, no matter how much we talk or sentimentalise, we have somehow or other missed the soul of religion. Religion is unswerving loyalty to Jesus Christ, a loyalty that can bear the stress and strain of every seductive interest, of every insurgent temptation. "Faith of our fathers, holy faith, We will be true to thee till death."

#### Things for which We Stand.

The second lesson is this. A man's ideal becomes embodied in some society, or State, or Church. In Belgium, for example. You cannot keep your ideal hidden away in your soul; it must link itself to some cause or society. That is the meaning of the Christian Church. It stands for the sovereignty of God, for the reality of the unseen, for the supreme value of goodness, and for the brotherhood of man. Your Church or Y.M.C.A., for example, expresses some of the things that are deepest in your life, just as Belgium expresses the ideals of King Albert. To keep Belgium going, to keep Belgium free and independent, he is prepared to suffer and to die. Not that Belgium is perfect; it is very imperfect, as all outward societies must be, but it stands for something imperishable.

The Church is not perfect. We have plenty of flaws and defects, but we do stand for something great. We stand for the reality of God in the most godless city in the world. We stand for Jesus Christ in the midst of sorrow and of sin. We stand for the brotherhood of man in an age where brother slays his brother. We stand for the permanent in the midst of the perplexingly transient. Belgium has not bled in vain if we learn these lessons—if the reader discovers the hero within himself, and the challenge and pressure of great ideals upon his soul. Our history in the past may have been discreditable, selfishness and

cowardice may have marred our record, but we have been constituted for great things, and these are the times to call forth the gold. But no man can be a hero in empty space. Every healthy ideal must embody itself in some outward form. Locked up in the soul it scatters into reverie or condenses into melancholy. Society cannot do without the hero, neither can the hero do without society. A man cannot be a patriot without a country, a Christian without a Church or a champion without a cause. The message of the past twelve months written in letters of fire and blood, is that the self-centred man who keeps aloof from his fellows, and looks at the movements and the organisations of his day with a cynical superiority is as useless as he is monstrous, as inhuman as he is undivine. It is imperative that we should hitch our wagon to the stars, but it is equally imperative that we should harness the stars to the vehicles of the highway, and break them in to observe the rules of the road.

---

One day Ingersoll, the great American agnostic, was calling on Bishop Phillips Brooks. He noticed at the end of the interview a magnificent celestial globe with raised figures beautifully made to represent the planets and stars. Ingersoll was charmed with the globe, and turned it round again and again. "That is just what I want," he said. "Who made it?" The bishop, recalling Ingersoll's arguments against the creation of the world by God, said, "Who made it? Why, nobody, of course. It just happened!" For once Ingersoll was left without a retort.

Mr. Henry King, the manager of Zedex for the Nerves, tells us he will be glad to send a case of Zedex post paid to any of our readers' friends at the front, and as this is a very fine nerve tonic, we hope it will meet with the reception it deserves.

"Dey says she's got r'ligion," remarked Aunt Dinah doubtfully of a certain camp-meeting convert. "Ef she has, she's took it mighty light; it don't hender her goin' on jes' de same as ebber, an' nobody needn't be 'fraid ob ketchin' it from her." If the power within us be the power from on high, others will catch it.

Martin Luther used to say: "When one comes and knocks at the door of my heart and asks, 'Who lives here?' I reply, 'Martin Luther used to, but he has moved out and Jesus Christ now lives here.'" There are just two tenants who, with unceasing persistence, ask admittance to every heart—self and Christ. One of these occupies every heart. Which one is in yours?

## A HOSPITAL IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.



In this intensely human picture are seen some of our brave wounded soldiers in Egypt, to whom Mr. J. J. Virgo, who is seen standing on the dais, had an opportunity of ministering during his recent visit.



# AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

By A. K. YAPP.

*An Important Article in which the General Secretary gives Guidance and Encouragement to Our Readers.*

**Universal Service.**

DURING the past few weeks we have received many inquiries as to the position of Y.M.C.A. workers of serviceable age in the event of any form of conscription being brought in by the Coalition Government. These inquiries have not come from shirkers, but from men who have made big sacrifices for the sake of the work. These men are not anxious to avoid personal danger, but, almost without exception, they are ready to bear the Y.M.C.A. flag right up to the front when permission can be obtained.

**The Personnel of Our Workers.**

The position of the Y.M.C.A. may be briefly stated as follows: One of the most striking features of our work for the troops has been the *personnel* of our workers. Other institutes have sometimes been run by older men out of touch with young life, and often of a lower social position than many of those amongst whom they have been working. Sometimes the work has been entrusted to orderlies, N.C.O.'s, &c., who do the work, not because their hearts are in it, but because they have been instructed to do it as part of the day's work. No wonder that often, when the Y.M.C.A. has been crammed to excess, the regimental institutes and other recreation-rooms have been comparatively empty.

Since the early days of the war we have had to work with reduced staffs, so many of our men having joined the ranks, and where in times of peace we had twenty helpers, we now have to be content with three or four. At the same time, we have found that we can usefully supplement the work of our young men by securing the help of ladies and older men.

**Men We have No Use For.**

The man we have no use for is the young fellow of serviceable age who comes for a holiday and acts accordingly. All such are fired out directly our leaders are able to size them up. At a time like this the only possible justification for men of serviceable age and physical fitness taking part in our work is that they are working at least as hard—yes, harder—than the men on active service, and roughing it quite as much. The failure to realise this on the part of many of our men would seriously jeopardise the whole future of our work, and lay us open to criticism which we could not well refute.

**The Gift of Leadership.**

In the opinion of the Y.M.C.A., and of many competent military observers, a man who has the gift of leadership, and is capable of organising efficiently Y.M.C.A. work in the military camps, is doing infinitely more for his country at the present juncture by sticking to his post with us than he could do by joining the ranks or taking a commission. In the one case he would be working as a unit, but in the other he would be able to keep hundreds, and possibly thousands, of men fit for active service. Nothing disintegrates and destroys the morale of an army more quickly than the misuse of the hours of leisure. When the men are on duty it is easy to keep them straight, but it is impossible for them to be always at work, and the Y.M.C.A., if properly led, has proved itself capable of doing more than any other organisation, and infinitely more than the military authorities themselves, to provide for the recreation of the troops.

**A Religious Objective.**

Moreover, its religious objective, run on broad lines and with the full co-operation of the chaplains of all denominations, and free from party bias, has brought inspiration and confidence into the lives of many thousands of our men.

**Additional Training Centres.**

The urgent appeals that come to headquarters every day for the Y.M.C.A. to occupy additional training centres, and the fact that in many centres ladies are not allowed to help in the camps, is sufficient evidence that the authorities realise the importance of the work, and that the Y.M.C.A. has been right in the line it has adopted with regard to its working force.

**When Compulsion Comes.**

When compulsion comes, if it does come, and as it may come at any time, the men who will be forced to join the ranks will be the shirkers—those who are doing nothing and making no sacrifice to help their country in this hour of peril, and not those who are already doing their bit, and doing it most efficiently. A commanding officer said to us the other day:

"I know all about your work. I commanded at S—— at the beginning of the war. I shall never forget the first week in camp. Insubordination, drinking, and all kinds of difficulties confronted me. I appealed to the Y.M.C.A. Within three days you had put up your tents, and in less than a week you had stamped out crime."

Our leader, the man of whom this splendid testimony was borne, was a young fellow of serviceable age, and it meant an eighteen-hour day for him. Not much shirking there! And that story could be told, and has been told, of hundreds of camps.

**The Y.M.C.A. in Actual Recruiting.**

No section of the community has done better than the Y.M.C.A. in actual recruiting. As far as we have been able to ascertain, at least 60 per cent. of our members have voluntarily joined the various branches of his Majesty's forces. Association men are to be found to-day in almost every British regiment and in every Colonial contingent. They have followed the flag in Egypt, the Dardanelles, India, British East Africa, and German South-West Africa, and they are making themselves fit for service in every training camp in Britain. They are toiling in the manufacture of munitions of war. In Dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, mine-sweepers, and in the mercantile marine, the Y.M.C.A. man is everywhere playing the game. He is to be found in the air service, the Red Cross, on lines of communication, and daring death as a despatch-rider. Our fellow-members are lying wounded in the hospitals of the United Kingdom, of Egypt, Gallipoli, and Northern France. Many have already died fighting for their country, and a rough cross of wood marks the last earthly resting-place in Flanders or "East of Suez" of Y.M.C.A. men who left their homes and loved ones at the call of duty to fight for freedom. They have fought the good fight; they have finished their course; they have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for them a crown of life, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, has promised to them that love Him.

* * * *

**A Y.M.C.A. Roll of Honour.**

We are anxious to compile a National Roll of Honour bearing the names of Y.M.C.A. members and associates who were in the Army, Navy, or Auxiliary forces when war broke out, who have joined since, or have volunteered, but been rejected owing to some physical defect, or have rendered national service in the munition centres, or in the field force work of the Y.M.C.A. The necessary forms are being prepared, and we shall value the co-operation of Y.M.C.A. secretaries and committees throughout the country. It is of vital importance that an accurate record of the kind should be available at George Williams House. We shall also be glad of immediate information in the unfortunate event of any Y.M.C.A. member being reported as killed, wounded, or missing.

It is with the greatest possible regret we have to report the deaths of the following Y.M.C.A. members, or sons of members, which have recently occurred on active service. To the bereaved relatives and friends in each case we tender our respectful and heartfelt sympathy.

**Lieut. A. F. Wilding,** the famous tennis player and a member of the Manchester Y.M.C.A.

**Lieut. J. Hemingway,** eldest son of the esteemed president of the Nottingham Association.

**Lieut. Hooper,** son of Dr. Hooper, an old member of the Calcutta Y.M.C.A., and a valued worker in some of the home camps.

**Lieut. Bates,** the younger son of Major J. H. Bates, of Penrith, one of the oldest and most valued friends of our work amongst the Territorials.

**Lieut. Garfit,** son of Mr. T. Cheney Garfit, of Louth, an esteemed vice-president of the Y.M.C.A.

**Capt. Werner,** son of Mr. I. P. Werner, for many years one of the most valued members of the National Council.

**Capt. Ashley Arbuthnot,** a member of the foreign committee of the National Council.

**Lieut. Goldsmith,** son of the president of the Devonport Association, to whom we owe more than anyone else the inception of the great work amongst the old Volunteers, the development of which made possible the service the Y.M.C.A. has had the privilege of rendering to the nation in the present crisis.

**Private Lane,** son of our esteemed friend and fellow-worker, Mr. W. R. Lane, who is believed to have lost his life during the recent heavy fighting in Flanders.

**Private Wright,** whose father is rendering splendid help to the Y.M.C.A. as honorary accountant at Havre.

**Lieut. T. L. Bainbridge,** of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers, to whose father the Y.M.C.A. at Newcastle-on-Tyne owes such a deep debt.

**Lieut. Brian Crossley,** of the Highland Light Infantry, and a member of the board of the Manchester Association.

**Lieut. Keith Smith,** son of Colonel Granville Smith, who, it is feared, was killed earlier in the war.

**Lieut. the Hon. — Rodney,** third son of Lady Rodney, and grandson of Lady Wimborne, in whose memory two Y.M.C.A.

buildings will shortly be erected in the munition centres. As honorary secretary of the auxiliary committee for France Lady Rodney has rendered conspicuous service to the work of the Y.M.C.A. in France.

**Colonel Quilter,** of the Naval Brigade, who gave us such splendid help at Bettshanger Park and at Blandford, and whose brother, Mr. Percy Quilter, has helped us so much with concerts and entertainments.

**Lieut. Cole,** whose father is one of the oldest members of the Cheltenham Y.M.C.A., and, in addition to rendering most effective service in one of the camps on Salisbury Plain, has been the means of finding many workers to help in that great area.

**Colonel E. C. Broughton,** who died on active service.

The following have also been reported as wounded or invalided home:—

**Lieut.-Col. Maclure,** of the Lancashire Fusiliers, and co-treasurer of the Lancashire Y.M.C.A. Military Fund.

**Major J. H. Bates,** the death of whose son is referred to above.

**Lieut. the Hon. G. H. Rodney,** of the 2nd Rifle Brigade, second son of Lady Rodney, and grandson of Lady Wimborne.

Other lists will be submitted from time to time if this is unfortunately found necessary, and we shall be glad if associations throughout the country and in the colonies will co-operate with us in sending the necessary information.

* * * *

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Kenneth Saunders, one of our representatives in Burma, whose brother was amongst the saved from the disaster to H.M.S. *Goliath* in the Dardanelles.

**The Euston Hut** has fully justified its existence. About eighty men sleep there every night, and on Saturdays sleeping accommodation has usually to be found for more than three hundred men. On one occasion there were 423. Most of these men are on their way to the front, or to one of the training camps, or returning home on leave.

**The Dogs and Cats Fund** has reached the amazing total of £1,000. For this we are indebted to Miss Field and her dog "Tom." We have not received the final figures, but in the first £450 the highest gift was £5 and the lowest one penny, and more than five thousand dogs and cats—or their masters and mistresses—joined in this gift. All readers of the *Y.M.* will sympathise with Miss Field and members of her family in their great anxiety owing to the reported death of her brother in one of the prison camps in Germany.

**The Children's Fund** has met with equally striking response, and the schoolboys and girls in Britain have already, with their pennies, paid the cost of ten Y.M.C.A. huts. Altogether more than half a million school children have contributed towards this fund.

**A Love Token.**—A poor man named Richards provided for his family by selling fish on the streets of Jersey. The war stopped his trade, and he went to Havre to work for an English contractor on the building of hutments for the British Government. He was a Christian man, and found one of our Y.M.C.A. huts in every way a home from home, and profited greatly by the Sunday services. The Sunday after his return to Jersey the minister of his church, who is a keen worker for the Y.M.C.A., made an appeal for the Association hut fund. After the evening service Richards put a contribution into his hand wrapped in paper. It looked like six pennies, but on opening it was found to contain six half-crowns. He explained when told that it was more than he could afford to give that he could not give less, as he had found the Y.M.C.A. his refuge, and owed to it all the comfort and spiritual help he had had whilst away. This is one of the most charming gifts we have received since the beginning of the war, and that is saying a great deal.

**Mr. W. Hilton and Mr. J. O. Clover** sailed last week for India. Mr. Clover, who has done such excellent work at the Deep Cut Camp, near Aldershot, is going out to place his services at the disposal of the Indian National Council; and Mr. W. Hilton, who has proved himself an efficient leader at Shrewsbury, Church Stretton, and Purfleet, is taking up special service at Rangoon. We bespeak the prayers of all readers of the *Y.M.* for these men and others who have gone out for special war service in India.

# SERVING TERRITORIALS IN INDIA.

*A Descriptive Account by a Y.M.C.A. Worker on the Spot.*

GREAT things have been happening in India the past three months. This is true from the standpoint of the extension of the Kingdom in India. The Young Men's Christian Association has had a unique opportunity in the things which have been taking place. Two days after the British Regular and Indian troops sailed for France we got word that 20,000 Territorials were to arrive in India. We knew these men, who were coming to India for a few months' training, represented the commercial, industrial, farming, student, and professional classes of Great Britain. We faced the question of whether or not this new Army in India would receive the right impression of missions, of the needs of India, and of the wonderful work Great Britain is doing in India. We also faced the opportunity of rendering a unique service to these men thousands of miles away from home in a strange land, living amongst a people of whom they knew little, and bound to lead a life in which their characters were to be very severely tested.

### The Challenge of an Opportunity.

This was a severe test for our Association. The question the national leaders faced was, "Can we, in the face of the financial conditions due to the war, find the men and the money to make possible a really worth-while service to the Territorial Army in India?" With wonderful vision, they decided that the opportunity must be met, and faced the problem of organising new Associations in the cantonments in India in which there were not adequate facilities. The English National Council cabled a gift of £1,000, and some of the missionaries, business men and others, whose financial condition was being tested, gave very liberally. Mr. Carter sent an urgent appeal to a number of communities, in which he laid before them the question of freeing one more of the foreign secretaries to take up this work. The response was magnificent. Men were immediately released for all or part time. This threw the burden of the responsibility of the local work to a large extent on our Indian secretaries, who have not merely maintained the work already going on, but in some cases have been able to increase the activities and effectiveness of the Associations they serve.

Ten weeks have gone by since this decision was made. In that time a special work has been organised for the Territorials in six places where Associations were already established, and absolutely new Associations have been formed in tents secured through the Adjutant-General or in bungalows rented at six other places. Investigations have been made at several other points. Not merely has the equipment been found and places secured, but programmes have now been in operation in most of the places for some time.

### A Comprehensive Programme.

In general the detailed programme in each Territorial Association is as follows:—Reading and game rooms open all day; in the evening, four to six, outdoor sports and games; six to seven, indoor games; seven to eight, educational classes; eight to nine, lantern lecture, bioscope, concert, &c.; nine to ten, social hour, games, and reading. Some of the classes which we have organised in various places are Indian history, Indian religions, British rule in India, Hindustani, French, Bible study, history of missions in India. The lecture programme from eight to nine every evening is especially interesting. The following is the weekly programme that changes to meet local conditions. Sunday night, religious meeting with special music; Monday, popular lantern lecture on such topics as British Navy, Panama Canal, &c.; Tuesday, "sing-song," indoor games, music, &c.; Wednesday, local talent evening or "stunt night," each week a different company in the regiment takes charge; Thursday, home-mail, when we supply stationery and try in every way to get as many men as possible to write letters home; Friday, lantern lecture on Indian history, missions, social customs, economic problems, &c.; Saturday, bioscope entertainment.

We have a regular film circuit by which each Association gets a different set of films for the bioscope show every week, and a circuit for gramophone records by which every ten days a new set of records reaches each Association. We also have a ten-day circuit for lantern slides for the lectures. The secretaries, of course, have to find local men to give the various lectures or give them themselves. Some of the Bible study courses which have been suggested for use are: "How We Got Our Bible," "The Manhood of the Master," "Christ in Everyday Life," and "Prayer." Among mission study books are "Pioneers" and "The Outcaste's Hope."

### A New Interest in Religion.

It has been arranged for highly cultured educated Indian Christians to tour the various Associations and lecture on the needs of India. Among such lecturers are men like K. T. Paul, B. C. Sircar, J. R. Isaac and S. K. Datta. I cannot emphasise strongly enough the thought transformation which these men are bringing about. So many of the soldiers have never before met educated Indians that it is a revelation to them to have men like these present for their consideration the different aspects of Indian life and the need for Christianity here. After the lectures the men swarm around the lecturers asking questions.

The attendance is remarkable. In each place from one-fourth to five-sixths of the men stationed in each cantonment where we have opened work visit the Association daily, and reports are coming from every side of attendance at lectures ranging from 200 to 700 men. You can see that the need is very great and the opportunity one which challenges the very best of our Indian Associations.

O. O. S.



*Our Short Story.*

# THE CONSCRIPT.

By J. ANTHONY MAYHEW.

"GOD go with you, boy. I love you, but the King needs you! and I love our King."

In a long, curving line the regiment of infantry hewed a track through the blackness of the night, and in the ears of a young conscript these words echoed, and his heart sang. He also loved the King, and he loved his mother. For eighteen years he had had opportunity of proving his love for his parent, but this was the first time that the occasion had come to do something for his King—that brave King whose portrait hung above the fireplace in the kitchen. "Be a man!" had always seemed to say the clear, unflinching eyes, and he had come to view the print as the entity. He had idealised the King as a young man will idealise a man who is both good and strong. And when the war had come, King Albert became a hero, to whom he offered his loyal homage.

He remembered the portrait as he marched, saw the kitchen, and wondered was his mother sitting there at that moment? "Dear mother," he whispered below his breath, but not so low but that a kindly faced reservist, marching at his side, heard the words. "Vive le Roi!" murmured the man, slightly inclining his head towards the youngster. Though the young soldier did not hear of their own progression his thoughts turned to "Vive le Roi." "You may see the King," his mother had said, "our brave, splendid King." Yes, he might see the King! How he longed that he might! "Vive le Roi!" he shouted, startling the reservist, who by this time had arrived at the stage of marching as an automaton, without sight, without hearing, and unconscious of any voluntary effort for the regular movements of his limbs.

The men about the flashing-eyed youth looked round upon him, and some took up the shout, starting it rolling slowly down the trailing column of marching infantrymen, to be rudely checked in its progress by the officers' demands for silence.

On and on they marched, like a mammoth piece of mechanism. With three all too short halts they had marched ten hours, and most of the pack-laden soldiery had reached the state of the lad's reservist companion. The regiment had to be at its destination that night, and with yet another twelve miles before them no welcome goal stood ahead as something of imminent realisation. The regiment had one mind, and that lay dormant. At last the boy-conscript, too, found that his brain had ceased to flood his being with voluntary thought, ceased to present his imagination with wonderful pictures of his saving the King's life, or experiencing the wonder of being addressed by the King.

The curving line of the regiment of infantry had been broken. It was no longer a line, for it had arrived at its destination, and the men knew now as they could not know before the meaning of the words "We've to be in S—— tonight," for they were in the trenches.

The hissing of the bullets, striking the earth all around with a splutter of flying mould, the blinding light from the ever-bursting shells, and their terrorising din—he had not known it would be quite like this. From a distance of a few yards came a shriek of mortal agony. No! he had not known it would be like this. Numbing terror seemed to hold him in a suffocating grasp. Oh God, what was expected of him! Then the portrait on the kitchen wall at home loomed up before him. "Be a man," said the eyes as of old, and the boy's hand steadied as it felt its way along his rifle barrel. "Vive le Roi!" he whispered whilst he fired.

Hour after hour he crouched, alternately firing, until he had emptied the magazine, and recharging, but not again did he feel a tremor, not even when the body of the man at his side was torn into fragments before his eyes did he flinch. "Your son lives, dear mother," he said, as he pressed the clip home, and for a moment the son shone from the eyes of a man.

The rifle fire had died down. A lull had come in the firing generally, an occasional shell only coming from the enemy's position. The lad in the trench hummed quietly to himself, pausing from time to time in his song to shout an answer to the eager comments of his nearest neighbour, some yards away. In between lay the dead, toppling against each other in crazy impotence, and gaps showed from whence the wounded had been taken. The minutes were passing, when the sound of a brisk, decisive footstep from behind fell upon his ear, and he turned slightly to see the tallest of a group of officers approaching in his direction.

"Move up, mon brave, and lend me your rifle," said a voice, and he moved aside in a few seconds to clamber from the trench.

Hunched up upon the ground above, he watched as the officer with a sure, steady hand readjusted the sights of the borrowed rifle and began to blaze away at a point to the left of the position from which the recent rifle fire had come. Almost instantly a hail of flying bullets and bursting shell was again pouring about the trench.

"Seek cover, my man!" said the newcomer, as he again recharged, and the kindly quality of the voice was not lost upon the lad, whose position was no more than three feet away upon the man's right.

"Hurry! Climb back!" shouted the voice again, and the speaker jerked his head into cover; but even as he spoke a fragment of shell struck the conscript, throwing the stunned, bleeding body towards him in the trench.

"Little more than a child," he said, compassionately, as his eyes rested upon the fair, boyish face, and he drew the maimed young form that had stood between him and death beside him.

A few seconds elapsed, and the wounded soldier began to groan, and presently he opened his eyes and spoke, speaking the words with laboured precision. The fire no longer blazed in the eyes; there was only grief and disappointment—and pain.

"If you could but have been the King, sir, I should be dying with joy in my heart. Since first I donned his uniform I have dreamed of saving the life of our King; now I am dying, and I have not even seen him," he faltered, and again the eyes became shrouded.

"Camarade!" returned the other, gently, "you *have* saved the life of your King—look at your King," and starting up, his breath coming in tiny pants, the boy beheld the face looking into the eyes. "You *are* a man," he thought he read there, and joy flooded his pain-racked face.

He sank back, holding the hand of the King with a grip in which death and the ecstasy of living fought for mastery. Blood was oozing from the lips, and he spoke with torturing difficulty.

"Long live Belgium, sire!" . . . Good-bye, my mother; I see your loved face now. . . . Vive—le—Roi! . . . Vive—le—Ro—i!"

## WHAT OTHERS SAY.

**Testimonies of Chaplains to the Work we are Doing.**

WE have had the opportunity of perusing the report of the committee on Presbyterian Chaplains of the U.F. Church in the Army and Navy. The record of work presented here is a good one, and there are several interesting references to co-operation with the Y.M.C.A.

Col. the Rev. Thomas Murray, M.A., reporting from Aldershot, said that he was under a deep obligation to the Y.M.C.A. for co-operation in the work.

The Rev. Innes Logan, M.A., who for many weeks was stationed at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, in the course of his report, says, "We had two to three thousand men in barracks, and for these Mrs. Hunter Craig erected in the barrack-square a completely equipped hut, which she handed over to the Y.M.C.A. It was simply a godsend to the men.

The Rev. Alfred Coutts, B.D., Chaplain with the Scottish Division on Salisbury Plain, arranged with the Y.M.C.A. to staff and carry on work in a marquee supplied by the Association. Four students from New College, Edinburgh, were in charge of this work, under the supervision of Mr. Coutts, until weather conditions made it necessary to transfer the Scottish Brigade to Bristol.

Mr. A. Stewart, Edinburgh, who spent some time in Cairo as representative of the U. F. Church, reports, "In Egypt, as elsewhere, the Y.M.C.A. was busy in all the camps, and the large roomy huts were thronged with men. There was the most harmonious co-operation between the Chaplains and the Y.M.C.A. workers."

*21.—Some Pleasant Letters.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

"IT seems odd," writes **M. B.** (St. John's Wood), "that an elderly lady (not much of a Christian either) instead of a Tommy should be writing to your column! But things are now so topsy-turvy that I'm sure you won't mind." Let me say at once that it gave me very real pleasure to receive your letter, M. B., and for two reasons: first, because you were kind enough to enclose a guinea for our great work, and second, because you seem possessed of a certain pawky humour which is very refreshing in these grim days. I think it might be a good idea to publish the name of your friend the gunner, and if you will kindly send it I will print it for M. P.'s benefit. I am not sure, but I think she is also elderly, like yourself, and wants to have a share in the good work. Do you know, I greatly admire your candour in saying, "I live in dread of being 'Zepped' before I've spent all my savings." The case of need you referred to is a very sad one, and perfectly genuine. It is not the only one I know by a good few. I wish I had some savings left myself when I meet such difficult cases! Thanks yet again for your cheery note. May the Zeps leave you alone. Z.I.P.

• • •

YOUR cuttings have greatly interested me (**D. D.**), and you will see that I have given some publicity in another part of the paper to your friend's settlement. I am sure his experience in serving tea and coffee will greatly assist him as he breaks the bread of life from week to week. By the way, what a jolly kind of place yours must be! I should simply love to prowl round your mart. I should pick up some treasures I am sure. Thanks very much for all your kind words. We seem quite old friends now.

• • •

I HAVE passed your letter to our Art Editor, **M. R. T.** (Ontario), and I am sure that if he is able to lend you any of the blocks you mention, he will be glad to do so. The war pictures have certainly been fresh and striking, and I can understand your liking them. With regard to your query concerning a Life of Gordon, there are quite a number, a few of which I note down here. There is one written by Hake in 1884; one by Forbes in 1884; one by Butler in 1889; while Wilson's "Ever Victorious Army" (1868) and the "Last Journals" (1885) might give you what you want. I had an opportunity of meeting some of the Canadians you mention two days after they arrived at Salisbury Plain. Alas! that some have gone home. This war is a cruel business, and we are all thankful for the ties that unite us to you in distant Canada.

• • •

THE kindly letters I have received from different readers about our paper are full of good cheer. One writes from **Hove:** "We are glad to read the *Y.M.* Its words are strong and sensible; helpful, we feel sure, to many. We like the size of the paper (not too large), and the clear type. Our constant prayers are for the brave men whom you help and cheer on their way." Another reader, writing from **Emsworth,** says: "I like the *Y.M.* very much, and look forward every week to read it before sending it on to my soldier godson, who also appreciates it. I think its influence can only be for good, and I cannot understand the remark made by a recent correspondent about 'roots of bitterness.' I suppose truth is not always palatable, but better for everyone, if it were more common." I am grateful for such a sensible, vigorous letter. From **Dublin** I have received this communication, which will please our Art Editor, I am sure, who, if he could have his way, would fill the whole paper with thrilling pictures of the great war! "My wish is to see more pictures of the stirring events, both at home and abroad; in Egypt, the Dardanelles, France, Belgium, and the work in the huts. To-day I visited ten or twelve of the men back from Egypt. I had last week's issue, with Mr. Oatts and Mr. Bell at Cairo, and I had to leave the papers; the men seemed so pleased to have the picture." Now, **R. P.,** it is up to you to help; suppose you get a good photo of the Curragh, or something attractive in Ireland, and send it on to me! I will see that it finds a place.

• • •

POPULAR expressions are always a source of difficulty, **L. C.** (London, S.W.), and I quite agree with you that we do an injustice to the great Providence of God when we speak of a "lucky" escape. But you know it is just possible that we mean a great deal more than we say. It is nice to know that you are a "great admirer of the *Y.M.*, and have been from the start," and I can assure you we appreciate your kindness in sending copies to the hospital so regularly. It was also kind of you to let me see that warm tribute to our work. I have returned it safely to you by now. I shall always be glad to hear from you, and hope you will regard me as a friend.

• • •

THE fact that I have received such a number of pleasant letters from readers during recent weeks reminds me of the great opportunity at the present time for kindly letters to people who are discouraged and perplexed. A kindly letter sometimes works wonders, and as it takes a very little time, there is no reason why we should not be working wonders all the year round. The late Dr. J. R. Miller was a perfect wonder at this task, and I believe the letters he wrote to members of his congregations could be numbered in thousands. He was a most prolific author, a great preacher, and an attentive pastor, and yet he found time to write letters to people on all manner of conceivable subjects. I think, also, the majority of them were hand-written.

• • •

SHOULD we send type-written letters to our friends? Well, opinions differ. I do not think typed love-letters are ever likely to be very popular, although they would make *clear* reading. The majority of the objections to a typed letter are purely sentimental. A few weeks ago I sent two or three letters to a young fellow in hospital, and when he came out he thanked me very warmly because they were typed. "You see," he explained, "they were so easy to read, and I could lie on my back and read them with comfort." If I am not certain about letters, I am positive about MSS. Printers are a most patient class of men; they are past-masters at understanding handwriting; and yet there are occasions—especially during the baking weather—when their courage deserts them, and they grow weary of struggling with dashes and strokes which are supposed to represent a series of letters. Typed copy is a great convenience for everybody, and I am thankful to say that all the contributors to *Y.M.*, with very few exceptions, favour the machine. And yet, after all, the chief thing about a letter is that it should be pleasant and cheerful. A letter has a wonderful power, either of lifting up or casting down; and as most of us require lifting up ourselves, let us do to others, &c. I am much obliged for the friendly epistles I have received, and to which I have here made a brief, although none the less thankful, acknowledgment.

• • •

Letters for this page should be addressed to Julius Just, 13, Russell-square, London, W.C.




**FROM THE TRENCHES!**

A Soldier writes in praise of

**BRANSON'S COFFEE**

". . . . A splendid asset while awaiting a German attack in the early hours of the morning. It is so invigorating."

Sample and prices on application to
BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,
Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.

**FOR ROUTE MARCHES.**

**Fry's**

**SUPERIOR**

**Chocolates**

ON SALE AT THE

**Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.**

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

**BURBERRY WAR KIT**



Cool in Summer Heat—Warm when it is Chilly—Dry in Rainy Weather.

THE BURBERRY WEATHERPROOF, airylight and self-ventilating, lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece.

KHAKI UNIFORMS.—Light Serge or "Gabardine" for Summer wear in France or Turkey, woven and proofed by Burberrys.

WARMS AND GREAT COATS.—Serge or "Gabardine," as well as every detail of Service Dress and Equipment.

Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free.

SHORT NOTICE ACTIVE SERVICE KIT
Burberrys keep Tunics, Slacks, Breeches, Great Coats, and Warms, ready to try on; so that fitting is done when ordering, and the kit completed in a few hours.

Military Catalogue Post Free on request.

BURBERRYS Haymarket LONDON. Bd Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents.

BY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

To H.M. King George V. To H.M. Queen Alexandra.

150 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS.

**Jeyes' Disinfectants**

FLUID—POWDER—SOAP.

**Jeyes' Fluid**

Best and Safest for all Purposes.

**Jeysol**

Identical in composition with original German LYSOL, and equally efficient.

Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection sent free on application to:—
Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., 64, Cannon St., London, E.C.

**WHEN IN DOUBT**
consult
**Enquire Within Upon Everything**

466 pages containing 2,250 references.

Every camp leader should keep a copy handy for reference. It is an efficient guide to economy in buying, an ever-ready counsellor amidst every-day difficulties. It tells the easiest way to cleanse, to polish, to preserve, how to cook with speed and economy, together with a thousand and one other wrinkles of untold value.

THE MOST POPULAR WORK OF REFERENCE EVER PUBLISHED.

Price 2 6 net.
Sold by all Booksellers everywhere.

Published by
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.,
Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

# SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT STRUGGLE NOW PROCEEDING FOR THE FREEDOM OF EUROPE.



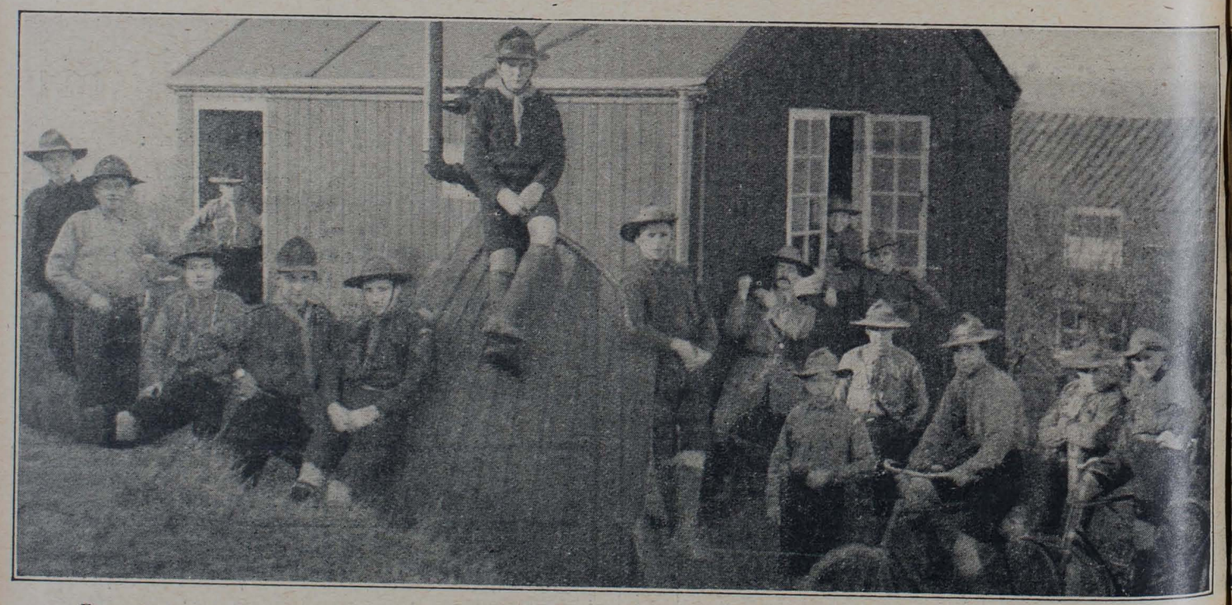
Few facts have been more impressive in the Great War than the heroism of our forces on the Suez. In this striking illustration a native is seen shaving himself.



The Huns' devastation knows no limit. ng seems sacred to them. Our picture shows a shelled church in Galicia, wh baric hordes have done their worst.



A new accession of strength has c me to the Allied cause in the co-operation of Italy. In the above illustration a Bersaglieri cyclist outpost is seen doing duty in the Alps.



From the first the Boy Scouts have lived up to their motto, "Be prepared"; and here some Sea Scouts who are guarding a spot on the East Coast are seen at their headquarters.



The effects of the Russian shells have already been commented on in the war despatches. Quite recently one shell struck a small building in Galicia, which is shown above, and caused the death of a dozen Germans. *Photos: Photopress,*

**SUMMER BREECHES**
**OF DRILL.**
COOL AND STRONG.
WASHABLE KHAKI SHADES.
Cut to Measure.
**10/6**
*per pair.*
*Strappings Included.*
SEND FOR **PATTERNS.**
KHAKI BEDFORD CORDS
10/6, 12/6, 11, 20/11,
24/11 and 30/- per pair.
**BEDFORD BREECHES CO.,**
**29, GT. TITCHFIELD ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON.**
*Dept. Y.M.*



**"COMBAT"**
(Aluminium)
**RESPIRATOR**
*(Regd. Design.)*
**3/6**
**Post Free.**
*(Foreign Postage, registered, 6d. extra.)*
Weight 1 oz. only.



**Protection with Comfort**
**For use at the Front.**
*Strongly Recommended.*
EYE PROTECTORS, 2/-.
**WALLACH BROTHERS, Ltd.,**
("Y" Dept.), 49, Tabernacle St., London, E.C.

Your Friend at the Front must have
The Famous
**"Tinder Lighter,"**
enclosed in an Aluminium Case for the Pocket.



The result—
THE TINDER CANNOT GET WET OR EVEN DAMP, and is always ready to ignite by a turn of the wheel.
Price Complete ... 1/6
In Solid Silver Case ... 10/6
Post Free.
*Wholesale Prices on application.*
**BOTLY & LEWIS,**
*Manufacturing Jewellers,*
25, King St., READING.
*Send for our Illustrated List of Regimental Badge Brooches, post free.* 'PHONE 172.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

IF anyone knows a word of hope, or has picked up a message of comfort anywhere, these days, it is his duty to share it. We owe it to each other to cherish as exceeding precious, and to pass on to others, every brave and helpful thought and word we come across. Here, then, is a word for all who are "on service" at present, whatever that service be, and for all who look anxiously ahead and fear the days to come, God's gracious promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Take note of the form of the promise. Not, mark you, as your life is, not as your years are, not even as your weeks are, but as thy days, so shall thy strength be. For each day as it comes, God's promise is that strength will be given you, but just for a day at a time. The way to live under any circumstances, but especially in these hard and difficult weeks, is just a day at a time. Leave to-morrow with God, my brother, till it comes. That is what the Word of God lays upon you as a duty. Live this day at your best and bravest, trusting that God's help will not fail you, that whatever comes to-day you will be enabled in His strength to meet. And, for the duties and trials of to-morrow, however hard and heavy, believe that strength for that day also will be given, *when it comes.*

In one of R. D. Blackmore's fine open-air stories there is a character who knows a great deal about horses, and talks much about them. After comparing the ways that good and bad ones have when breasting a hill for the first time with a load behind them, he sums up thus:—"Howsoever good a horse be, he longeth to see over the top of a hill afore he be half-way up it." The man who is listening to him confesses that he has often felt that way himself. And I do not know that there are many of us who are guiltless. Yet it is perfectly plain that the men and women about us who are living the bravest and most successful lives are just those who have learned to live a day at a time, and to depend upon God for that day in the simplest and most trustful fashion.

When you look through a single sheet of glass, as in a window, you can see clearly. But when you put seven sheets together and look through, you cannot see at all. One pane at a time, and a day at a time. Otherwise the outlook is all distorted, and nothing but disappointment ensues.

The habit of living a few days ahead prevents us from getting the full taste and flavour of the happiness and blessing that are ours to-day. I defy the man to be adequately grateful for this day's sunshine who is concerning himself all the time about the chances of a bad day to-morrow. "I learned, alas! when it was almost too late," says that merciless self-analyst, Mark Rutherford, "to live in each moment as it passed over my head, believing that the sun as it is now rising is as good as it ever will be." Our Scottish fathers in the pulpit used to counsel their hearers to live each day as if it were the last. And they are counted morbid, nowadays. But in solemn fact, that is *the* way to live. Why should our hope of other days to come hinder us from taking out of this one all that we possibly can? It is much more foolish to miss the most of to-day in care for or anxiety about the morrow.

So let all of us who are serving anywhere these days take that promise and hide it in our hearts, a precious secret between us and God, As our days, so shall our strength be. If that be not enough—and it is not, for God has said more—when that is not enough, still your heart for a moment and listen. And you will hear, two verses further on (Deut. xxxiii. 27), beneath that promise for to-day, like the grand deep tones of an organ, the magnificent diapason of the Father's constant love and mindfulness—"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." That is surely enough for any of us!

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I will pray.
But keep me, guide me, help me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

---

A minstrel troupe organised among the soldiers gave a concert at the Town Hall, Pwllheli, last week, when 1,000 people attended. The programme was repeated twice in Criccieth. Practically every officer in the Brigade attended. It is hoped that the Association funds will benefit by the sum of £25.

Before leaving Barnsley the officer commanding the 14th Service Battalion of the 2nd Barnsley (York and Lancaster) Regiment wrote to the Association president, Mr. H. M. Walker, saying that the entertainment of the battalion on May Day would never be forgotten, and that he did not know what his officers and men would have done without the services rendered by the Association.

The City of Dublin Y.M.C.A. work amongst the troops is being actively carried on at six of the ten centres. Four centres are temporarily closed owing to the removal of troops of the 10th Division. His Excellency Lord Wimborne, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lady Wimborne paid a visit recently to the hut at the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare, and expressed themselves very pleased with all they saw. The Dublin Y.M.C.A. committee has recently organised a number of workers under a joint committee of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. for the systematic and regular visitation of all wounded soldiers in the Dublin hospitals. There are about twenty hospitals in the city, containing nearly 1,000 wounded men. These men are now being supplied with literature and writing materials, and helped in many other ways. In the midst of all the work for the troops being carried on by the Dublin Association an effort has been made to clear off a debit balance on the books of over £260; this has been a complete success.

## FROM THE BOYS IN FRANCE.

Q.M.S. RICHARDSON, 4th Siege Battery, Havre, writes:—"I could not get on without **ZEDEX**. It is a godsend to me and my pals out here, and we have all found it very helpful to us in our hard work. I don't know what I should have done without it."

Lance-Corporal RUSSELL, 2nd Remount Dept., Havre, writes:—"**ZEDEX** has been of great service to us. In the work we have to do it certainly gives us great assistance and keeps one's spirits up, and is very strengthening."

**ZEDEX** is prepared in dainty tasteless pellets (you can swallow them without a drink) in flat case. Takes up no room. **ZEDEX** is recommended by Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N., Dr. ANDREW WILSON and others, for increasing endurance, giving power, force, energy and bright spirits. Sold by all branches of BOOTS, CASH CHEMISTS, at 2/6 a box; or post paid, under cover, with full directions and advice, from **ZEDEX Co., Hove, Sussex.**

ARTHUR MCNICOL, the oldest soldier in the British Army, now nearly 100 years old, joined the 1st Foot Regiment in 1837, takes **ZEDEX** with great benefit. He can now sleep at night—a thing he has not done for years.



# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

ONE of the incidents of the great war is the garrison of India by British Territorials. A few months ago it is safe to assume that but a score or two of the many thousands of Territorials now in our Eastern Dependency imagined that they would be in India before the year expired. They were going backwards and forwards to the City banks, warehouses, and offices, or were performing civilian duties in provincial centres, little imagining that in the near future life would have such a wonderful disturbing of the home nest. Now they are amidst the duties of soldiers and learning something of the responsibilities and greatness of the British Empire. A few months' contact with the East has already taught them lessons that could not be learnt in any other way. They will return home with memories and experiences that must prove simply invaluable in the days to come. They are not mere globe-trotters, but performing a public duty in the midst of India's millions in the hour of the nation's trial and self-sacrifice.

***

TO take one point that arises out of the encampment of the British Territorials in India. For a long time those who have been responsible for religious work in India have desired that the ordinary man at home might see something at first hand of the value of Christian missions to the East. Some supercilious travellers have poohpoohed the uplifting and progressive effect of Christianity on the natives. They may have seen something of Christian missions, but it was not adjusted to a fair and comprehensive inquiry. Christian workers in India have frequently said: "If we could only bring out those who are now opposed or indifferent to the work of Christian missions and could show them what is being done, how different the whole attitude of the West would be toward the missionary propaganda!" In a remarkable manner national contingencies have sent to India thousands of civilians, including bank managers, journalists, lawyers, and other professional classes, as well as industrial workers.

***

PROBABLY amongst the Territorials some were hostile to the Christian propaganda in India, but the large bulk of the men are merely indifferent. An easy indifference, probably due to lack of knowledge or to the average philosophy that a nigger is not worth troubling about. Now, however, problems that are insistent in India and but little appreciated by the man at home will come up for answer to the Territorial. "How can India's millions preserve their loyalty to the British Crown, and develop their awakened aspirations, which are reaching out after knowledge, power, and self-expression?" Christianity has a great gospel for India, and the situation demands that the intelligent Britisher should be enthused with its enormous possibilities.

***

THE Y.M.C.A. in India is working amongst the British Territorials on lines that will conduce to a correct apprehension of the situation. "Our great desire," says one of the workers, "is to help keep the men physically and morally fit, to give them a sympathetic outlook upon this strange country, and to arouse, in some of them, at least, the desire to see Christ enthroned in India. . . . Again and again the men say to us, 'We don't know what we should do here if it were not for the Y.M.C.A.' That the Association is being able to help them at a time that to many of them is a very trying one, and that it is in a position to help mould their whole attitude towards India, is evident. What may it not mean to the cause of Christ in India if these men can go back to their friends with praise for the country and Christian missions. God forbid that, having this opportunity, we should fail to measure up to it!"

***

THIS side of the work of the Y.M.C.A. in India is of supreme importance. Necessarily, it is not the only aspect entertained by the workers. As we write we have before us various indications of the wise and gracious spirit that prompted our fellow-workers to give such a generous welcome to the Territorials. The Y.M.C.A. secretaries have gone out to the harbours and shouted their greetings through a megaphone to the troops on board the transport, to receive back the reply from hundreds of men, "Good old Y.M.C.A.!" They had appreciated the Y.M.C.A. on Salisbury Plain or elsewhere, and to find it in India on their arrival was just what Tommy calls, in his every-day language, "a bit of all-right." Imagine thousands of city and country lads landing in an Eastern city without the slightest knowledge of the traditions, language, and customs of the people.

HERE, for instance, is a copy of a little pamphlet with illustrations showing the sights of the neighbourhood, a vocabulary in Hindustani, and a series of twenty-one health hints, the observance of which would help to preserve the man from enteric and malaria. We quote four wise maxims:—

"Keep your health and your head, and let the whisky walla keep his chota pegs.

"Don't drink too much of anything.

"Don't eat too much of anything.

"Eat only a very little meat, especially in the hot months."

All this may seem like bread-and-butter to the superior person, but the travelled man knows the need for insistence upon such maxims, especially to those who visit India for the first time. Turning even to more important issues, one is glad to recognise the value of the statement that "from a physiological standpoint alone there is no necessity for a young man to sow 'wild oats.'" Accompanying all this, and in fact prefacing it, was a warm invitation to use the Y.M.C.A. building whilst passing through Bombay. "We invite you to be our guests while you are in the city," said the Y.M.C.A. leaders.

***

EVERY evening we aim to have something of vital interest going on in the tents of the Association," says one of the Y.M.C.A. leaders in describing the details of the work amongst the Territorials. "Games, tournaments, concerts, lectures on phases of Indian life and thought, bioscope entertainments, and sing-songs follow one another in rapid succession. On Sunday evenings the weekly programme gives way to a half-hour of hymn-singing and a short devotional address. Would that you all might hear these men sing hymns. It would do you all good. Thursday evenings are always set apart for the writing of home mail. A letter-box is set up in the Association, stamps are sold at the office, and every inducement by means of stationery, ink, and a good place in which to write, are provided for the men. Many an anxious mother must have bestowed upon the Association in far-off India her undying gratitude as her son's letters have come home week by week written on Association letter paper."

***

THE foregoing facts need to be known by our friends at home. Since the war commenced the Y.M.C.A. has pushed out its enterprises to France and Egypt, as well as to various centres of the British Empire. But it is encouraging to remember that India, where so many thousands of our Territorials are doing duty, is providing just those religious and social agencies that will help

the men to become better and more efficient soldiers. It is a time of discipline for them away from home friends, business and professional engagements, and the scenes they love. The Y.M.C.A. is helping to fill the void, and numbers of men who never entered the doors of the Y.M.C.A. at home have learned that no finer voluntary service is offered them elsewhere.

# AMONG THE CAMPS IN SCOTLAND.

## *Some Impressions of a Successful Tour.*

By CANON WALTER HICKS.

AFTER visiting something like 200 of our camps in England, in Wales, and in France, it was a great pleasure to be able to accept the invitation of the Scottish National Council to pay a visit to the Scottish troops who were being trained in their own country.

I was able to spend more than three weeks amongst them, and everywhere met with the greatest kindness from the people with whom I stayed, and with a very hearty reception from the troops to whom I had the privilege of speaking.

Besides visiting many camps, I had various opportunities of coming across many of the most vigorous supporters of the Y.M.C.A. in Scotland, as I was most kindly invited to address the Scottish National Council at Stirling, and also two district conferences of Y.M.C.A. workers at Arbroath and Glasgow.

One was able to say to them quite conscientiously and without any desire to flatter :—

(i.) That the work was admirably organised.

(ii.) That the camps (Y.M.C.A. huts) were excellently staffed.

(iii.) That the Council seemed to have secured the right sort of leaders and workers—*i.e.*, men who would look after the bodily comforts of the soldiers, and yet who would, without any unnecessary fuss, appeal to the moral and spiritual nature of the Tommies, and so help them to get ready for the fray, and prepare for suffering, and it may be for the greatest sacrifice of all, both in body, mind, and spirit.

Arriving in Edinburgh on the last day of April, after a very happy week-end preaching and speaking to the troops in Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow, I went on to spend three days in Fifeshire with the Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and Glasgow Yeomanry.

It is easy to imagine what a very rough time both officers, troopers, and Y.M.C.A. workers must have had here, as in hundreds of other camps, during the wind and rain and amidst the mud of the winter months, but at the time of my visit the country was beginning to look at its very best. A motor-car swiftly whirled me away from Ladybank Station to Annsmuir Camp, where the colonel and officers of the Ayrshire Yeomanry proved most generous and hospitable hosts.

At each meeting held in the Yeomanry camps—at Annsmuir, Cupar, and Ramgally—the colonel was in the chair, well supported by his officers. In two cases at least every officer in the camp was present, and about 90 per cent. of the men!

I do not look upon their attendance in anywise as a compliment to the speaker on the occasion, but I do most certainly look upon their attendance as a distinct compliment to the Y.M.C.A. which the speaker represented, as a recognition of the valuable work done through the huts during the dreariness of the winter months spent in camp.

From the Yeomanry camps one travelled to the Stirling district, where I spent five delightful days as the guest of Mr. Forrester-Paton, at Alloa.

Each day the motor conveyed us to the Cambusbarron and Tillicoultry "camps," where we had wonderful attendances, as also at Alloa itself, where, in spite of the fact that it was pay-day, we had a crowded attendance of the men billeted in that town, with Mr. Forrester-Paton in the chair.

At Tillicoultry the meeting was a sort of farewell to the troops who were shortly being moved from there. The Y.M.C.A. work was being carried on in the upper portion of a big factory, and underneath the horses were stabled, &c.

To get up to and down from the Y.M.C.A, quarters meant a climb up and a slide down a steep staircase, and as it had been raining, and the mud was very slippery, it was a matter of thankfulness to find oneself safe at the bottom on descending, as many of the boys found themselves "shooting the shute" without any such intention on their part!

From Stirling, one was sent to Aberdeen (and district), where ex-Lord Provost Maitland proved an ideal host and chairman of the meeting, attended by both civilians and soldiers, which I was particularly asked to address on "Social Purity." The Bishop of Aberdeen was on the platform, and spoke a few words at the end. From Aberdeen one travelled through glorious scenery to the Highlands, where I thoroughly enjoyed five days amongst the Black Watch and the Scottish Rifles in camp at Nigg. Trucks off the line delayed the Highland train for many hours, but I was fortunate enough to secure a motor at Dingwall, and so completed the last thirty miles of the journey in time to speak to the Rifles that same evening.

From the Highlands back to Edinburgh and Inchkeith, where we had a most enthusiastic audience, and where I thoroughly enjoyed my day's outing at the "seaside."

From Inchkeith to the camp newly formed outside the city of Perth, and thence to Fort Matilda, where, almost as soon as I arrived, I had the great pleasure of having a straight talk to the battalion of Fusiliers, who had paraded for a lecture (and they got one! but took it all in very good part!).

The details for my tour had been admirably conceived, every engagement was carried out, and many have been the letters and messages which I have received since my return to England, from officers, troopers, privates, and Y.M.C.A. workers, expressing gratitude :—

(1) For the Y.M.C.A. work in general.

(2) For help received in the moral and spiritual life through the meetings held, the word spoken, and the prayers offered.

---

The island of Aldabra, to the north-west of Madagascar, is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliff. They eat into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces. This is typical of a life formulated upon self-made plans. Ah, then, how very, very foolish it is to plan one's own life!

# NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 12th.**—Gen. xviii. 23-33, xix. 1-3. "*I will speak yet but this once*" (verse 32). Abraham possessed no such opportunity of knowing God as we, who have received a record of our Lord Jesus Christ's life and teaching. Abraham was afraid of wearying God by his persistent requests, but we have Christ's own instructions—"ask" (definitely), "seek" (perseveringly), "knock" (insistently). God is honoured when we hold fast to His Name "Father," and to what that assures us of a Father's attention and love.

**Sunday, 13th.**—Gen. xix. 12-29. "*Escape for thy life*" (verse 17). We turn from the scene of Abraham in the company of God to poor Lot in the company of God's enemies. We can easily imagine how Lot had sinned against his own conscience in thus continuing to live with these people. Meanwhile God did not forsake him, seeing that he was one of God's own people. These special messengers were sent to rescue him, although at the cost of leaving behind the property for the sake of which he had taken these tremendous risks.

**Monday, 14th.**—Gen. xxi. 1-16. "*Sarah saw the son of Hagar, the Egyptian . . . mocking*" (verse 9). A habit to be carefully avoided is that of making jokes about things sacred, or about those who are strict in their religious views and conduct. It soon leads on from bad to worse and can become both a dangerous hindrance to that reverence for God which is so valuable a safeguard against sin, and also a serious wrong to the conscience of others. "God is greatly to be feared . . . and to be had in reverence" (Ps. lxxxix. 7).

**Tuesday, 15th.**—Gen. xxi. 17-34. "*And God heard the voice of the lad*" (verse 17). God never fails to have an ear to hear the cry of need, but how often in days of prosperity He is left out of account. In order to draw men from the occupations, which for the moment please and satisfy to the exclusion of Himself, He often removes these things, though at the cost of pain and sorrow. To-day the troubles and losses caused by the war are making numbers think more seriously of God than they have ever done before. The lad cried and God attended, and so it is to-day wherever that cry goes up.

**Wednesday, 16th.**—Gen. xxii. 1-19. "*I and the lad will go yonder and worship*" (verse 5). This is the first place in the Bible where the word "worship" occurs. It is on an occasion when a father and son in obedience to God laid down their very best at His feet. It pays to worship God in this way. In this particular case, God not only gave back what was yielded to Him, but added four gifts: 1. a revelation of Himself as the one who provides; 2. the multiplication of the life yielded to Him; 3. a pledge of victory; 4. world-wide blessing.

**Thursday, 17th.**—Gen. xxiii. 1-16. "*Abraham stood up from before his dead*" (verse 3). The young as well as the old have to reckon with the fact of death. It cannot be hidden for long. Happily, it can be explained, in the light of Christ's wonderful victory in His resurrection, to be for His people an entrance into a fuller experience of life. Perhaps Abraham, rising up from the dead body of his dear one, looked upwards, and in Christ's own words, "rejoiced to see My day: and he saw it and was glad" (John viii. 56).

**Friday, 18th.**—Gen. xxiv. 1-16. "*I pray thee send me good speed this day*" (verse 12). Sometimes we fall into the mistake of putting off to-day's duties till to-morrow, and sometimes of shouldering to-morrow's burdens to-day. Here we have a model prayer, such as will guarantee the best success for the present and will provide the best preparation for the future. It is based upon the assurance of a Heavenly Father's interest in His children's affairs and of His ability to direct them wisely to a successful issue.



# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

## *Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

For some time quite a promising spiritual work has been going on in the Abbassia Barracks. It began by a private accepting Christ and joining the Pocket Testament League while in camp at Heliopolis. One evening at one of the meetings this man decided through Mr. Logan. He began a recruiting campaign, and a month ago had persuaded 300 comrades to join the League. Most of these men also decided for Christ. As I was leaving, says one just returned from Egypt, the movement was spreading, principally in three companies of the Lancashires, and one night at a meeting in the Soldiers' Home, Abbassia, 100 decided for Christ. A deeply spiritual work went on also in the aerodrome camp and Mr. Oatts' tent. Mr. Bell had more than eighty names of men who had decided to become Christians. Some of these were terrors in their regiments.

***

The Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in his closing address, said: "The Assembly had authorised its College Committee to shorten the curriculum of students who engage in chaplain's work or in those enterprises by which the Y.M.C.A. has won the goodwill of the nation. We are not so persuaded of the work of our own teaching as to doubt that six months so spent will be fully as effective as six months of attendance at lectures in the training of a strenuous and sympathetic ministry."

***

A well-attended meeting was held at Libanus Calvinistic Methodist Church, Brynmawr, last Wednesday week, in connection with the settlement, as pastor, of the Rev. D. J. Jones, M.A., Pontardulais. Mr. J. Watkins, J.P., gave the history of the circumstances leading to the call to the pastorate. He said the church deemed it advisable that a pastor should be appointed without delay, and a committee was appointed. In August Mr. Jones came to Libanus as a supply. They had heard he was a successful student and a promising preacher. After the services he left a deep impression on their minds, and when the committee met they found they were all of one mind, and it was decided to appoint a deputation to meet him. About a month later he wrote stating that he was prepared to receive a call. His name was submitted to the brethren and the church, and the result was very satisfactory. Mr. Jones was given a call, and he replied that he would accept it if the church was prepared to wait, as he felt he should continue the work he had taken up with the Y.M.C.A. When next he visited the church he made an appeal for help for that work, and £36 was raised for the purpose. In all their movements they had loyally observed all the rules of the denomination. They as a church had waited for Mr. Jones for seven months, and, if necessary, would have waited longer. They hoped the union would be a very happy one, and that it would have the Divine blessing. They as members should do all in their power to strengthen the pastor's hands.

***

Professor MacEwan delivered a weighty closing address to the Scottish General Assembly, from which we quote the peroration:—"We have seen Christianity rising above the nations that transgress its precepts, and pronouncing sentence on them; coming into our own land to test and urge and vivify our patriotism, leading us to humble ourselves before the mighty hand of God, and to ask Him to be our Guide and our Deliverer; going from church to church without distinction, and setting before each the teaching of the Cross; calling every congregation of believers into a larger and more loving life, and sending us personally away with trust in one another, with goodwill towards all our fellow-countrymen, and with a deepened confidence in God. Christianity condemned? Let us only fill the land with Christianity, and the battle will be won. Some go to distant glens and islands denuded of their youthful manhood, some to centres of industries where the strife between flesh and spirit is most fierce, which have not yet shaken off the lethargy which comfort brings, and some to homes which bear the marks of death upon their doorways; but we all go, each one of us, with a great, solemn, and inspiring charge—to win a victory for Jesus Christ, to whom, with God the Father and the Holy Ghost be the glory, power, and dominion, world without end."

***

Mr. Frederick Duxbury, the well-known elocutionist, whilst filling an engagement in Plymouth, extended his stay, and visited three of the Y.M.C.A. huts at Fort Stamford, Crown Hill Hutments, and Drakes Island. He gave an exceedingly interesting miscellaneous programme at each one of these centres, and the men assembled in large numbers to hear him, and were very appreciative of his efforts. One officer remarked as he was leaving the hut, "If only parsons would read the 'Prodigal Son' as it was recited to-night, I should be at church every Sunday."

***

Miss Lena Ashwell is shortly leaving for France with another concert party, to sing in the various hospitals and Y.M.C.A. huts. The concerts given by Miss Ashwell's party on their previous visit were tremendously popular. It says much for "Tommy" that the items which proved most popular included some items of classical music, and showed an extraordinary acquaintance with the words of old ballads, especially Scottish ballads. The Soldiers' Entertainment Fund has collected the sum of £2,425. The committee have provided 292 concerts in the various training camps, and have employed 248 artists. It is calculated that entertainment has been given to 300,000 troops.

***

In the most part these concerts have been given in the Y.M.C.A. huts, where they have been greatly appreciated by the men.

***

Three organisations in Belfast, the Y.M.C.A., the Church of Ireland Y.M.S., and the Central Presbyterian Association, are endeavouring to form a Pals' Company.

***

The *Pow-Wow* is the organ of the Public Schools' Battalion now stationed at Clipstone. A tribute to the Y.M.C.A.'s workers is gracefully done:—"I have just partaken of a most cheerful repast—a couple of eggs, bread and butter, a cup of excellent coffee, and a delightful little cake, all for the modest expenditure of 6d. At the present moment I am writing on paper, and with a pen and ink, all supplied (these for no expenditure at all), by the same beneficent dispensation. Around me, at other comfortable tables, a couple of dozen men are writing. In snug armchairs or at other tables more workmen or Fusiliers are reading the papers and magazines so generously provided. Further away are some half dozen billiard tables where a game may be had for nix. A tobacco and cigarette counter is at hand, and a post-box stands beside it. The dusty wayfarer who wants freshening finds all that is requisite to his needs with equal convenience. Now where am I? It isn't a wholly local effort. The same providence provided us with a refuge, a resort, and a resting-place at Epsom. Of course, it's the Y.M. Theologically speaking, I've no business here. Nor, probably, have many of the others. Yet never once, either here or in our former abode, has one single word designed to discover or alter my beliefs been uttered or implied. When I say not wholly local I am leaving room for gratitude to the Mansfield ladies and gentlemen who so unselfishly devote their time and trouble to our welfare and happiness. The way they run the café is beyond praise." "We are apt to take kindness rather for granted. Nevertheless, these devoted philanthropists may, I am confident, be assured that even if we don't show it, we are grateful, and that our acceptance of it all as if we expected it, is the finest unconscious compliment we could possibly pay."

***

In an important volume entitled "The Anglican Church in South America" Bishop Every says of Y.M.C.A. work: "A special feature is in the Universities, which in South America are notoriously agnostic, and an annual international students' camp held in Uruguay, with Bible study round the camp fire, is a great factor for good. On the whole, it may be said to be a strong influence on the side of Christian manhood, and at the same time, at least in Buenos Ayres, to provide the churches with a helpful base for intercourse and common work."

***

Mr. George Holmes, whose work in Gibraltar is so well known, is doing splendid service for the Y.M.C.A. as our representative at the Royal Marines' Home, Deal. Using the premises there as a base, he is sending literature and booklets to the men of the Fleet. We have just been privileged to see extracts from letters received from men on twenty-five different ships, and including chaplains, officers, and men, all expressing gratitude and appreciation.

***

Bolton Association has done splendidly since war broke out for our funds. The sum of £430 has been raised to cover the cost of the Bolton Hut, which has been erected in France. The Association is removing to more central premises at 106, Deansgate shortly.

***

Toronto's most successful year was celebrated last month. £40,000 had been expended during the year. Six thousand members had contributed 84 per cent. of this large amount. £1,500 was contributed towards work in India, China, and Japan.

***

When the troops were leaving camp in one centre copies of the New Testament were distributed to the men. By the wish of the priest, Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" was given to Roman Catholic soldiers.

**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6 each.**

**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,

**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6 and 12/6** ,,

All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**

# A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCES IN FRANCE.

*A Descriptive Account of the Rev. J. C. Carlile's Address to Men of the London Central.*

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

FOR some time past the Rev. J. C. Carlile, of Folkestone, has been acting as chaplain at the front, and ere these lines see the light of day he will be there again.

Being in London for the week-end, Mr. Carlile was asked to address the men in uniform at the Central Y.M.C.A. on Friday last.

Speaking of a certain roomy rest hospital in France, Mr. Carlile explained that the mansion was built and inhabited by a rich man who described himself as of German descent but of American citizenship. Signalling to submarines at sea had, however, been noticed from his windows. On learning this the proprietor had made a hasty departure, whereupon the French Government decided to take over the property *until the owner came back*—a very sensible arrangement!

### The Music of the Bagpipes.

Mr. Carlile paid a glowing tribute to the diversified musical ability of the Rev. McLean Watt, who, when the boats carrying Scottish regiments arrived in France, simply gloried in going to the quay with his bagpipes to "play them welcome." The moment the Scotsmen heard the bagpipes something would happen to their feet, and if there were a few Englishmen amongst them by any chance they were at once detected, for the true Scotsman was bound to dance to the sound of the bagpipes. In course of time, however, the worthy Scottish minister was ordered off by the authorities, it being alleged that his melody spoiled the proper marching of the men.

One of the best things done at the base centres was the provision of hot baths, and one of the best things any institution could do where soldiers congregated was to provide these. So fond of a bath were soldiers that he had seen some of them partaking of one beside the highway in France, others acting as a screen whilst their comrades "went on with the washing."

The Indian troops liked to copy the English, and one of the most wonderful things he had seen in Northern France was a high-caste man shaving men of low-caste, and indeed of all ranks. Caste had thus become broken. Only a little while ago a man would be thought a fool or a lunatic to break his caste in this way.

Although it was not permissible to preach to Indian soldiers, it was possible to speak with them individually in camp, and Hindoos would sit round the piano with Englishmen and take part in the singing of the hymns.

### Breaking Up Obsolete Ideas.

One of the things the war had done was to break up old and obsolete ideas. It would be quite impossible for these men to go back to India with the old ideas about caste that used to obtain. It may be that upon the caste system of India the greatest influence will be brought to bear in consequence of the present war. The by-products of the war would be considerable.

Mr. Carlile passed from one thing to another with a pleasing disregard for formality. In alluding to the field bakeries, which had been almost entirely brought out from England and built by Englishmen, he observed that the regular morning delivery consisted of between 100,000 and 200,000 loaves of bread, and that was something which even a house like Selfridge's could not "take on." And the bread was first class, for he had eaten some of it.

Everything in Northern France was organised most magnificently, and was working almost as harmoniously as the movements of a watch. He was profoundly impressed with it all. And yet some newspapers were advocating that the whole system should be changed! One of the silliest things any nation could do was to change the system of organisation in the middle of a war.

K. of K.'s genius for organisation was duly appraised. Mr. Carlile said he had noticed the "Kitchener touch" at some English docks. No sooner had a number of motor omnibuses arrived for the front than men were ready to put armour-plates over them, take out the insides, place them on ships by means of hydraulic lifts, and directly the omnibuses were deposited, begin to paint them in less glowing colours than they were wearing. When the 'buses arrived on the other side they were ready for use except for the newness of the paint.

The most important work a chaplain could render was in the hospitals. He was struck with the wonderful spirits of the men—some of them terribly battered—as he walked round the wards. The marvellous buoyancy and unfailing assurance of the men was splendid. Some of the men who had done the bravest deeds it was possible for a man to do, when questioned, would speak about them in the most casual sort of way. Some of the most daring deeds had been done by fellows who looked the most common-place under the sun. We had never had an opportunity to be more proud of our fellows than at the present time. He honestly thanked God that we belonged to the British Empire. The men were fighting with clean hands, and doing so magnificently and saying nothing at all about it.

### The True Spirit of Heroism.

He did not say that men who had spent a long time in the trenches were simply longing to get back, for with them it was something like *Punch* on matrimony—the men who were out did not want to get in, and the men in wanted to get out. Still, no man was really holding back. He asked one man in hospital if he wanted to get back to the trenches. "Not breakin' my 'eart for it, gov'nor," was the reply, "but I'll go if they want me." That spirit, declared Mr. Carlile, betokened the true touch of the hero. The man knew the danger, knew what it meant, but was ready to go in again if wanted. That was the true spirit of heroism.

The wonderful change that had come over Y.M.C.A. work had drawn a great number of men to the Association, which would, he thought, revolutionise the character of the movement. Whilst the Y.M.C.A. would remain true to the Cross of Christ as its centre, it would learn that man was made up of spirit, soul, and body, and that to minister to the body was part of the true Christian ministry of the Y.M.C.A. All over the country, and particularly in Northern France, the Y.M.C.A. was ministering to the spirit, soul, and body of the men.

He was a little bit sorry some good people were frightened about the ministry of the body. There was as much real religion in giving a man a cup of cold water when he wanted it as in preaching a sermon to him on Sunday. Jesus Christ promised a reward to those who gave the cup of cold water, but he did not know that He promised any special reward for the preaching of a sermon. At the same time, he believed there was a reward, but, so far as he knew, there was no promise of such in the Scriptures.

The men would be better prepared by knowing what they had to face on the other side. It was a tough job, but any nation attempting to fight the moral sense of Europe, as their enemies were doing, was foredoomed to failure. It was and would be a war of brains and character.

Mr. Carlile advocated three things which help to make and keep a man strong. First, scrupulous cleanliness of body. No man could hope to do anything in the trenches without it. Second, a man would do much better by having a clear mind—a brain that was not muddled. In this connection Mr. Carlile condemned alcohol and narcotics, asserting that every fellow whose mind was beclouded by their abuse was going to add to his own danger by 25 per cent. as soon as he got on the other side. Third, the man in the trenches would fight the battle of life a thousand times better if his spirit rested in Jesus Christ as his Saviour. One of the things being demonstrated to-day was that a Christian man may be the pluckiest of men.

In conclusion, Mr. Carlile remarked that his chat with them that evening had been worth while if anyone became impressed with the importance of knowing Christ as his personal Saviour. He had talked to many in their last moments, but he had never yet heard a man regret that he knew and trusted Jesus Christ, whereas scores upon scores had expressed, in some way or other, regret that they did not know Him.

## A REMINDER OF HOME.

**By the Rev. Henry See'ey, M.A., Vicar of Clacton-on-Sea.**

ON a recent Sunday afternoon I was walking with a brother along the sea-front, and as we drew near to a point where there is always a military outlook we heard quiet hymn-singing. We found one of the men beating time with a stick, and half-a-dozen others reclining. They sang "Abide with me," "Rock of Ages," and two verses of "Peace, Perfect Peace." As they could not remember the rest of that hymn, one of the party said, "We want our books." Another then pulled his "Active Service St. John" out of his pocket, and opened upon the first of the hymns printed with music at the end, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." This finished, they told me they always sang like this on a Sunday, and they agreed with me that it reminded them of home. A lady had that afternoon lent me the book called "The Attractiveness of Goodness," by the Bishop of London, whose knightly behaviour at Easter has been recognised by the Sovereign. I said it contained a sermon on General Gordon's "Self-Sacrifice unto Death," preached at the consecration of Khartoum Cathedral, the text being, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." They gladly responded to my suggestion that I should read it. The arrival of officers and the movements of sentries followed just after. It was not a formal "service," but there was an unexpected meeting of a minister with a congregation ready. There was praise and prayer in the hymns, and the word of God was preached. It occurred to me that the Scripture Gift Mission issue of St. John's Gospel had been the organising medium. And the beautiful singing reminded one that amid all the carnage there is a widespread love of holy things.



# RECRUITING FOR THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

*A Record of Soldierly Evangelism with the Troops in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex.*

By J. W. MOODIE.

DURING March arrangements had been made by the National Council of Y.M.C.A.s that I should spend some time among the troops in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. With this in view, Mr. H. G. Burrough, the travelling secretary for the S.E. Division, drew up an extensive and excellent plan of campaign, which I was almost able to carry out to the letter. I am deeply thankful to Mr. Burrough for the great help he was to me during my evangelistic tour of his division. The ready co-operation of his staff in the work greatly cheered me. It was grand to find so many fine young fellows so enthusiastic for the religious side of our work among the troops.

### In Touch with the Men.

Kent, Surrey, and Sussex are three most important military centres. Perhaps a greater number of troops are stationed there than in any other three counties in the Kingdom. Through Kent run the main lines from London to Dover, Folkestone, and Queenborough, these being the shortest and quickest routes to the Continent. Four hours from London, through Kent, troops can be landed on the French frontier.

In most of the military centres the Y.M.C.A. have some place where the troops can meet. There are something like 62 centres scattered up and down the South-Eastern Division.

On arriving at Maidstone, April 3rd, we had no difficulty in finding the Y.M.C.A., for no buildings are so well known and so popular at the present moment as the Y.M.C.A.s. The Corn Exchange, the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A., is one of the largest and most central buildings in Maidstone. The building is most suitable for the work of the Y.M.—the large hall, where a thousand men can meet and where divine service and popular entertainments are held. The smaller hall is a most comfortable room, supplied with easy and other chairs; here the men can write their letters, play their games, and drink their coffee.

Something like 5,000 troops are billeted in the county town. Where the men are billeted they, as a rule, are more comfortable than those in huts, and therefore the comforts of the Y.M. do not appeal so strongly as to those in huts. Yet, on arriving at the headquarters, we were delighted to find so many men gathered together, and that on a night after being out trench-digging all day. Our coming had been made well known, and the men were looking forward with much curiosity to see and hear one who had passed through three campaigns.

Mr. James Shields, the able camp leader and one of the staff of the Evangelisation Society, gave us a warm grasp of the hand, and at once we felt quite at home. A little walk and talk among the men soon brought us in touch with them.

On reaching the platform we were introduced to his Worship the Mayor and Mayoress, who give much of their time to work among the troops. "O God of Bethel, by whose hand" is sung, the soldier evangelist is on his feet, and for over thirty minutes the troops sit gazing up towards the speaker, drinking in every word. The men seemed fixed to the spot; you could see them holding the pens in their hands, listening instead of writing. Others with the billiard cues in their hands, resting it on the floor instead of striking the balls. At the close of the address and during the appeal for the men to give themselves up to God, one could see them wiping their eyes, and some gave outward signs of a surrender to God. At the close of the service we had the privilege of speaking and praying with some who really wished to come to Christ. One fine, young, tall fellow said, "I do wish to become a Christian before I go and expose myself to death on the battlefield."



Popularly known as the Soldier-Evangelist, Mr. J. W. Moodie, in the article that appears on this page, tells the story of some recent experiences.

### The Soldiers' Pledge of Allegiance.

During Easter the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.'s was most anxious that every camp leader should make a special effort to win the soldiers for Christ before they entered the trenches. For this purpose the National Council prepared a war-roll (with columns for name, regiment, regimental number, and home address), that the men might have an opportunity to pledge their allegiance to Christ and to seal their pledge by signing the roll.

The pledge at the head of the roll is as follows:—"I hereby pledge my allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and King, by God's help to fight His battles, and to bring victory to His Kingdom."

During our visit to Maidstone Mr. Shields took the opportunity of introducing the roll, and what a delight it was to see the men stand and read the pledge and then lift the pen and sign their name! Something like sixty men during the week-end signed the war-roll.

Most of the Sunday we spent in visiting the troops, inviting them to the Gospel service at night, and I can assure you our efforts were not in vain, for nearly 600 men met in the large hall. The first half-hour the men gave out and sang their own hymns with a right good will. The last half-hour was spent in pleading with the troops to give themselves to God before they leave for the front, which was expected in a few days. Twenty-one young men rose up in front of all the other men to yield themselves to Christ. The sight was most impressive, and I felt sure that it would have a good effect on others. After we had closed the service, and were making our way into the lesser hall,

THE SERVICE SOAP.

"SCOUT"

(Regd.

A medicated Toilet Soap made from the fruits of the palm and pine trees, and possessing a germicidal value equal to that of a soap containing 20% of Carbolic Acid, but it is luxurious to use and non-poisonous.

Invaluable for slight cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

PER 3d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

we noticed a number of men still behind, but thinking they were only speaking to each other, we passed on. In a few minutes a message reached us asking us to return to the hall. Here we found a group of young Welshmen all bathed in tears. I said, "Do you wish to see me?"

"Yes, we want to give our souls to God to-night," was the reply. So with bent heads every one of these young Welsh soldiers promised to be the Lord's that night.

Before the men went off to the front I was anxious that they should have a New Testament, so I intimated that, if they would come to me at the close of the service, I would give them one. What a pleasure and joy it was to hand over 250 New Testaments, every man pledging himself that he would read the Word of God. The thirst for God's Word is marvellous; in every camp it is the same.

### Flocking to the Y.M.C.A.

On Easter Monday we passed on from Maidstone, and after a terribly slow journey, stopping here and there for 1½ hours at a time, we arrived at Canterbury, hungry, cold, and tired, but the warm welcome we received from the Y.M.C.A. staff and the genial leader soon put us all right again. It was really surprising to see how the troops flocked into the Y.M.C.A. headquarters that night, although they had been out all day on duty by the sea expecting a raid. I am sure that not fewer than 600 men were packed into the old picture palace.

Nothing of any special note had been arranged for Easter Monday, as it was doubtful how the men would turn out, so we had plenty of time, and the men never seemed tired listening to a military story with a spiritual application, and that night again over sixty-three men gave outward manifestation of real soul-concern, for which we are thankful to God.

Tuesday afternoon found us at Ramsgate, about twenty-six miles from the French coast. Just for a moment we were able to catch a glimpse of the white cliffs north of Calais, and sometimes we heard the distant sound of heavy firing.

The local Association occupies a prominent position on the sea-front—the golden Y.M.C.A. letters, 4 feet deep, can be seen far out at sea. There are not many troops at Ramsgate, and those who are there are billeted some distance from the Y.M.C.A. Mr. J. M. Badger, the genial secretary, gave us a warm welcome. Although the night was wild, dark, and very stormy, yet the men found their way to the building. Here we had a good time, and six of the men professed to give themselves to Christ. What a delight it is to see these local Associations putting all their strength into the work for the troops!

### A Visit to Men in Hospital.

After addressing the troops in the Y.M.C.A., we groped our way along the dark sea-front, for the whole town was in darkness, to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute, which the military authorities have commandeered and turned into a hospital for our wounded men. Having received permission from the commandant, the granddaughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, to visit our wounded, we set off with something like 100 New Testaments, kindly given us by Miss E. W. MacGill, hon. secretary of the Pocket Testament League. To her I am greatly indebted for the free gift of New Testaments.

Through every ward we went, and to every soldier, nurse as well, we gave a New Testament; with them we had a little word and prayer. But, oh! what a sight to see! All these men in hospital had been wounded at Neuve Chapelle. One or two very much disfigured, having been struck in the face by shrapnel. Soon we saw from the tartan kilts that many of the men belonged to the "Gay Gordons." Some of the stories we listened to were very pathetic indeed. One of the men who was struck down and rendered unconscious told us that when he came to himself he found a dead lieutenant lying over him, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was able to pull himself from under the dead officer. I ventured to ask him what were his feelings at the time. "Ah!" he said, with tears chasing each other down his cheeks, "seeing you know all about it, I will tell you. When I awoke—for it was like coming out of sleep—and found the dead man on top of me, I thought this was death, so I prayed that I might be forgiven." Here he turned away his head and sobbed. I, too, turned away, and for several seconds we felt we were alone with God. At last we grasped each other's hand, and with a little word we parted. As we groped our way along the dark sea-front to where we were to stay the night we thought "Yes, this is war."

A few hours' run from Ramsgate brought me on Thursday (April 8) to Grange-road Station, on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway.

Here Mr. W. G. Bradshaw gave me a warm and hearty welcome. A few minutes' run in his motor-car brought us to Down Park, where another reception was accorded me by Mrs. Bradshaw and children. A little rest and chat about the work among the troops, which lies very near Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw's hearts. They, too, have given up their eldest son to be an officer in the Army, and some of their very near friends have been dreadfully wounded at this time.

### Comforts Amid Isolation.

After tea we set out for a run of seven miles to Plowhatch, where the Yeomanry are stationed. Here Mr. Bradshaw has built a fine hut, capable of holding from 300 to 400 men. Reaching Plowhatch, we were tremendously struck with the isolation of the place—some two miles from a railway station and three miles from the nearest village. Why troops are stationed in such out-of-the-way places must be best known to the War Office. We were more than delighted to find that in this obscure place the troops were not forgotten. The hut is indeed a splendid one, well furnished, well lighted, and with an up-to-date refreshment bar; on the whole, it is a grand rendezvous for the men.

On arriving at the hut we were glad to grasp the hand of Mr. Joseph Whiting, the camp leader, one of the Evangelisation Society's staff, a splendid fellow, and one who will look well after the men in every way. We had a good company, "one of the largest," says Mr. Bradshaw, "we have seen." The troops listened with great soberness, and at some of the spiritual thrusts we felt the word was going home. May God grant that many of them have come to Christ!

*(To be continued.)*

---

One day when Dr. Ashley was walking on a cliff above the Bristol Channel, his little son began talking about lighthouses. "How do the men go to church, father?" he asked. "They cannot go," replied Dr. Ashley. The question remained in his mind, and it suggested to him, as a clergyman, the idea of going out on Sundays during the rest of his holiday to have religious talks with the lighthouse men. He was welcomed warmly wherever he went, for previously it would have been possible for a lighthouse keeper to have said, "No man careth for my soul." Later on the Mission to Seamen came into existence, and one can trace some of its good work back to the inquiry of a little boy.

## NOTES ON ST. MARK'S GOSPEL.

**By G. A. GOLLOCK, Author of "Outline Studies on St. Mark's Gospel," "The Purpose of the Fourth Gospel," &c.**

[Daily Readings from June 5 to 11: Mark iii. 1-6; 7-12; 13-19; 20-35; iv. 1-20; 21-25; 26-34.]

Mark iii. 1-6.—Jesus asked a great question: "Is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good or to do harm?" (chap. iii. 4 G.T.). He answered it by His words (see, for instance, ii, 23-28) and by His acts (see the seven Sabbath miracles, Mark i. 21 and 29; John v. 9; Luke xiii. 14; xiv. 1; John ix. 14). The Jewish Sabbath dates from creation—its message was cessation of labour (Gen. ii. 3; Ex. xx. 4-6); the Lord's Day dates from redemption and resurrection—its message is worship and work (see life of our Lord, and Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 2; Rev. i. 10). Jesus dealt with the Sabbath as with the whole Jewish law (see Matt. v. 17-48). The Jews emptied the Sabbath; Jesus filled it. He is "lord" of the day (ii. 28). Note, in this miracle, the acts of the man ("stand forth"—confession; "stretch forth"—obedient faith); and the acts of the Pharisees (v. 6). This is the fifth occasion of offence recorded in St. Mark. Find the others.

Mark iii. 7-12.—The withdrawal of Jesus from public notice was foretold (see parallel passage in Matt. xii. 15-21 and Isa. xlii. 1-3). The natural world and the spirit world (v. 11 G.T.) know the sovereignty of Jesus (see Heb. i. 4-14, Eph. i. 21-23 with Mark i. 13 and Luke viii. 26-33, &c.). The world of men is divided. Are we among the Pharisees who "hardened their hearts" or the disciples who "followed"? The summary in v. 10 (see also chap. i. 32-4) illustrates John xx. 30 and xxi. 25.

Mark iii. 13-19.—Individual recruiting is followed by grouped training, after a night spent in prayer (Luke vi. 12). Jesus always chose the men He wanted (v. 13 G.T.). His call came first. Hence, when a man *desires* to come to Jesus, he may feel sure he has been secretly called (John vi. 37). Note (v. 14) the kind of training given. The power here given to the Twelve was afterwards extended to the Church (Acts i. 8). In the four lists of the Apostles (Matt. x., Mark iii., Luke vi., Acts i.) note the grouping of the men. Jesus recognises human friendships and affinities. Trace St. Peter's life to show the kind of men who were apostles.

Mark iii. 20-35.—Round the central figure of Jesus gather (*a*) Scribes who blaspheme Him (v. 22); (*b*) friends who think "He is beside Himself" (v. 21)* or who lay claim to Him (v. 31); (*c*) the multitude who look on (vv. 20, 32). The strong argument exposing the Scribes did not move them (vv. 23-27), for they were set and fixed in their sin (v. 29, "eternal"). Hence the awful condemnation applies to no sinner who repents (John iii. 16). Jesus was often "wounded" by His friends (Zech. xiii. 6). Some of us suffer with Him here. But see His great offer (v. 35 G.T.). The "household of God" (Eph. ii. 19) is good to belong to—"Our Father" (John xvi. 27), the "Elder Brother" (Heb. ii. 11), the whole "family in heaven and earth" (Eph. iii. 15). The promise in Mark x. 29-30 works out as true.

Mark iv. 1-20.—The first great parable.† Jesus in the boat, facing the sloping shore,

---

* The incident in vv. 20, 21 is given only by St. Mark.

† St. Mark has many miracles and few parables—three minor ones in chap. 2, three in chap. 4, one in chap. 12, and a minor one in chap. 13.






"BLANCO" Regd. Trade Mark.

**Clean and Handy 'Blanco.'"**

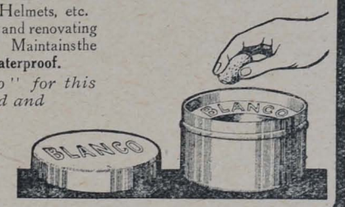
One reason for the great popularity of "Blanco" is its cleanliness in application. It is put up in handy cup shaped blocks in non-corrosive zinc boxes. It is applied without dust or mess, dries quickly and evenly.

*'Blanco" is sold at every Canteen, Ironmongers, Saddlers and Stores.*

**Made in 3 Kinds.**

**"BLANCO"** for WHITE Belts, Sun-helmets, etc.
**"KHAKI-BLANCO"** for khaki-coloured Rifle Sling, Leather Belts, Sun-Helmets, etc.
**"WEB-BLANCO"** for cleaning and renovating the new Web Equipment. Maintains the **correct colour**—keeps it **waterproof.**

*The use of "Web-Blanco" for this purpose is permitted and*
**APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE.**




*Made by*
**JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Ltd., SHEFFIELD, Eng.**

**IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS**
**OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

*Plans & Specifications free on application.*
*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*



**CHURCHES & CHAPELS**
**A SPECIALITY.**

Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

**W. J. CEARNS,** — SUCCESSOR TO — **F. SMITH & CO.,**
CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,
Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.

**IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.**

**ORGANS** £4 17 6 **ORGANS**

**The Finest Organ for the Home, the Mission Hall or Small Church.**

£7 8 6 **THE UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN.** £8 9 6

**Full Illustrated Lists free on application.**
**INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.**

*Sole Agents for Great Britain:*
**Marshall Brothers, Limited - - - 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.**

**ORGANS** £10 12 6 **ORGANS**

**THE**

# "Y.M.C.A. with the Flag" Booklets

Specially written by Mr. ARTHUR K. YAPP for use during the present crisis. They are topical, brightly written and every one of them has the Gospel message ringing through it with no uncertain sound.

1. KITCHENER'S CALL TO ARMS.
2. BRAVO! "HIGHFLYER"!
3. THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.
4. THE CHESSBOARD OF EUROPE.
5. A STRATEGIC RETREAT.
6. HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
7. THE SUBMARINE.
8. THE FOOTBALL FIELD OF EUROPE.
9. "S.O.S."
10. THE SIEGE OF LIFE.
11. "THE V.C."
12. DAYDREAMS.
13. THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.
14. KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING!
15. BEASTS OF PREY.
16. CHRISTMAS.
17. THE KICK-OFF.
18. WANTED, MEN.
19. GOAL!
20. LIFE'S RAILWAY.
21. THE DESPATCH RIDER.
22. THE TERROR BY NIGHT.
23. SWIMMING.
24. THE FALKLANDS FIGHT.
25. THE BRITISH AIR RAID.
26. THE SPIDER'S WEB.
27. SELF-CONTROL.
28. THE MOUTH OF HELL.
29. COMRADES.
30. VICTORY.

*A donation of £2 2s. 0d. enables the National Council of Y.M.C.A. to circulate 2,000 copies.*

Send to-day to Mr. R. L. BARCLAY, J.P., *Treasurer*, 13, Russell Square, W.C.

Or, send for a parcel for your own personal distribution, price ½d. per copy, 2/9 per 100 (post free), 25/- per 1,000 (carriage paid).

**Published by Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, London; 99 George Street, Edinburgh; 124, East Twenty-eighth Street, New York; or can be obtained from the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations (Incorporated), 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.**

on which the multitude gathered, took His text from the cornfields behind them, the beaten track, the rocky soil, the birds. In order to sift His hearers He spoke in parables (vv. 9, 11, 12). There was one Sower, and one seed, but the soil had the different qualities of hardness (v. 4), shallowness (v. 5), foulness (v. 7), and goodness (v. 8). In the explanation (vv. 14-20) see a description of the multitude on the shore and of hearers and hindrances to-day. All "hear"; many "receive"; only the "good ground" brings forth fruit (v. 20 G.T.). How can a man bear fruit? See Hosea xiv. 8; John xv. 5, 16; Phil. i. 11; Heb. vi. 7, 8.

Mark iv. 21-25.—A lesson in hearing and passing on.‡ A "measure" (v. 24 G.T.) exists to be filled, emptied, and filled again. The way we hear—the "measure" of our listening—will "measure" the amount we can be taught. Knowledge breeds knowledge. Are we giving God "good measure" as hearers? See Prov. viii. 34. A lamp is lit that it may shine (v. 21). Are we giving good light? Those who are in dark places are needed most. A good reason for shining is given in Isa. lx. 1.

Mark iv. 26-34.—Further parables (v. 34), full of encouragement. The first one (vv. 26-29) is peculiar to St. Mark. The point of the parable of the Sower is that the soil may hinder the seed; the point here is that "the fruit-bearing earth" may secretly nourish it until "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear" (v. 28 G.T.) surprise the husbandman. It is well to have faith both in the soil and the seed. Human hearts respond to the living word. Hold on to Eccles. xi. 1 and Ps. cxxvi. 6. The mustard seed (v. 30-32) was thrice used by Jesus to show that small things may become great (here, and in Matt. xvii. 20 and Luke xvii. 6). When this parable was spoken His kingdom was obscure; now it is great and world-wide. God's small beginnings make great endings (Phil. i. 6; Rev. xxi. 24-27). The mustard seed kingdom can be set up in camps and in trenches by men with mustard seed faith.

‡ This section contains two proverbs quoted in other connections elsewhere: "With what measure," &c.—Matt. vii. 2; Luke vi. 38; and "He that hath," &c.—Matt. xiii. 12, 25, 29; Luke xix. 26.

[Daily Readings from June 12 to 18: Mark iv. 35-41; Mark v. 1-13; Mark v. 14-34; Mark v. 35-43; Mark vi. 1-6; Mark vi. 7-13; Mark vi. 14-29.]

MARK IV. 35-41. "Leaving the multitudes" (note two interesting incidents in Matt. viii. 18-22), the disciples take the tired Master across the lake. Here, in their own calling, danger meets them (v. 37). Fishermen are used to facing storms; this one was so bad it broke their courage. Jesus slept through it (v. 38), as weary men sleep through peril at the front. How near it brings Him to us! At last the disciples called. He awoke; the storm "sank like a little child to sleep" (vv. 38-39). He dealt with the double disturbance: to the sea He said "Be still" (literally, "Be muzzled"); to the disciples, "Why are ye fearful?" (vv. 40-41, G.T.). To-day, when bodily danger meets us in our calling, the Lord is near. Many a man at the front can join in Ps. xxvii. 1-6. "Have ye not *yet* faith?" (v. 40). The disciples were still slow to understand. (See Chapters vii. 18; viii. 17, 21, 33; ix. 19; xvi. 14.) Hear them talking over the miracle together (v. 41). It impressed them even more than the miracle in Chap. i. 23-27.

*Mark* v. 1-13.* St. Matthew (viii. 28-32) and St. Luke (viii. 26-33) add vivid details to this miracle. The man was beyond all human control (vv. 3-5), lost to all sense of decency (Luke viii. 27). He had driven people off the public road (Matt. viii. 28). He dwelt among the tombs (Num. xix. 11, 16; Isa. lxv. 4). He is so fully "possessed" that it is not easy to know when he speaks and when the unclean spirits. "My name is Legion" (v. 9)—to a man in Palestine this meant not only number and strength (a legion in the Roman army had from 4,000 to 6,000 men), but "the misery of military occupancy by a foreign power." Belgium and Poland are a modern commentary on the condition of this man. At first he sprang like a madman at Jesus; then he suddenly broke down (v. 6, G.T.). The writer, and many readers, have actually seen miracles as great as this one worked on hopelessly sin-driven men. Jesus is "mighty to save."

*Mark* v. 14-34. Picture the flying swineherds, the gathering crowd, the man, transformed in every detail, among the disciples, the eager explanations of those who had seen the miracle (vv. 15, 16). But see the effect (v. 17); no other miracle ever led to the expulsion of Jesus. Was it from fear, or because they did not want a salvation which interfered with doubtful possessions? Naturally, the rescued man wanted to go with Jesus (v. 18), but he was detached for active service (v. 19, G.T.) as an advance guard. The eastern shore of the lake was closed to Jesus for the present, but He was coming back again (vii. 31), and this man's witness could prepare the way. In view of the prohibition in Chap. i. 43 and elsewhere, note Eccles. iii. 7. The next miracle (vv. 25-33) shows that the Lord knew the need of women in hopeless bondage as well as of men, and was just as ready to deliver.

*Mark* v. 35-43. Of the three miracles of raising the dead, this of the ruler's daughter is recorded by the Synoptists (here, and in Matt. ix. 18-26; Luke viii. 41-56); the widow's son by St. Luke only (vii. 12-17); Lazarus by St. John only (xi. 1-44). In the first death was quite recent; in the second the burial was in progress; in the third the body had lain in the grave. Each penetrates the heart of family life, and shows that human relationships are cherished by Jesus. Contrast the tumult and the wailing of the Eastern mourners (vv. 38, 39) with His calm and sympathy. So He ministers still to those bereaved (vv. 36, G.T., 37, 40, 43) if they will "only believe." Here, as in John xi. 11, He speaks of death as sleep. He has passed through it for us (Rev. i. 17, 18), and won the victory over it (1 Cor. xv. 55, 56); we need not "fear" for ourselves or those we love.

*Mark* vi. 1-6. Combine with the other accounts of this visit to Nazareth in Matt. xiii. 53-58, and Luke iv. 16-30.† Jesus had lived among the people as a workman; He came back as a teacher and worker of miracles, followed by His disciples. The people were first surprised (v. 2), then scandalised (v. 3). Jesus again quotes a proverb (v. 4); that His "own kin"‡ did not honour Him is again noted only by St. Mark (see vv. 3, 21). Hitherto the "authority" of Jesus had surmounted every obstacle (evil spirit, natural force, human suffering, death, sin). Here we find Him baffled (v. 5). Divine power is released by faith and hindered by lack of it. "He marvelled because of their unbelief" (v. 6, G.T.). "Does this explain why so often my prayers are not answered and my temptations are too strong for me?" Only once more do we find that Jesus "marvelled" (see Matt. viii. 10).

*Mark* vi. 7-13. See the promise in Chap i. 17; the preparation in Chap iii. 14; now the beginning of the great commission (v. 7), which culminated in John xx. 19-23; Acts i. 8. The disciples were to be rich in divinely given power (v. 7), but poor in earthly possessions (vv. 8-9). Things have gone wrong since we have reversed this. St. Paul followed the practice enjoined in v. 10 (Acts xvi. 15; xvii. 5-7; xviii. 7). The principle in v. 11 was acted on at Antioch (Acts xiii. 51). The disciples shared the Lord's power (v. 7, but for their limitations see ix. 18; for the secret of their success, see ix. 18; xvi. 17; Luke ix. 49), and also His message (v. 12, G.T., see i. 15). To see how the power of God enabled one simple man to preach this message (see Acts ii. 38, 41).

*Mark* vi. 14-29. The report of the work of Jesus and of the twelve (Matt. xiv. 1; Luke ix. 7) reached the ears of Herod (Luke xiii. 31), and stirred his guilty conscience. Why? St. John the Baptist had also preached repentance (i. 4), and Herod, in spite of other theories put forward by the people (v. 15), was sure John had come to life again. The ghastly crime of a man and two women culminating at a hideous feast (v. 17-29), had stopped the mouth of the fearless man who said, "It is not lawful for thee" (v. 18, G.T.). The twelve, weak and inexperienced as they were, were preaching like John. St. Paul had like courage (Acts xxiv. 24-25). Is Acts iv. 13 true of us?.

* In regard to the moral difficulty raised by some about this miracle, note that the words of Christ to the unclean spirits were only permissive (v. 13), and that the destruction was the work of those spirits acting on the swine as on the man.

† Authorities are divided as to whether St. Luke's account, given without a note of time, refers to an earlier visit to Nazareth.

‡ The "brethren" of Jesus, only mentioned here, in chap. iii. 31 and in Matt. xiii. 55, were either sons of Joseph by a former marriage, or cousins, or younger sons of Joseph and Mary. For James, see Acts xii. 17, xv. 13, xxi. 18; Gal. i. 19, ii. 9-12; he probably wrote the Epistle of James. Of the others Scripture tells us nothing. The names of the "sisters" referred to here are never given. Joseph had probably died before this visit.

## A CAPITAL RESPIRATOR.

WE have received a sample of a capital respirator which Messrs. Wallach Brothers, Limited, 49, Tabernacle-street, E.C., have produced. This little life-preserver has already met with a wide public appreciation, and as it only costs 3s. 6d., it is an ideal gift to send to men at the front, who are suffering so keenly just now from the enemy's poisonous gases. Its main points are that it is life saving, is made of aluminium, is light (weighing under one ounce), has ridged flap, ensuring great comfort in wear, has a patent safety valve for ejecting vitiated air expelled from the lungs (this valve, being indented, ensures ejection of vitiated air and non-entry of poisonous gas at same time), and cotton wool supplied with the appliance, or linen, or any suitable textile material can be used, as may be required, to "combat" the introduction of any suitable antidote, whatever forms of gas the enemy may be using from time to time. There are many other good points which will be noticed by a personal examination of this extremely necessary appliance at the present time.

We can very warmly commend this respirator to the attention of our readers. They will be delighted with it, and their brothers at the front will regard it as a blessing indeed.




## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**

**BOARD AND RESIDENCE.**
**SITUATIONS VACANT**
**AND WANTED.**

**30 words for 2/-.**

**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**

*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**

**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**

"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.

TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."

## Board.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**DULWICH.**—Comfortable home for two young gentlemen with private family. Breakfast, late dinner, full board on Sundays. Near trains and trams. Sharing large room, 15/6 each.—13, Underhill Road, S.E.

**79, BOUNDARY ROAD, N.W.**—Comfortable home, private study, large bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), large garden, bowls, billiards, organ, piano. Near 'bus and train. Terms, 18s. 93

**55, PETHERTON ROAD,** Canonbury Station. Board-residence, late dinner. Bath (h. & c.), gas, and piano. Every convenience. From 15/- per week. 5

**30, CALABRIA ROAD,** Highbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for City gentlemen. Board as required. Moderate terms. Visitors 2/6 bed and breakfast. Penny fare City. 10

**13, MILDMAY PARK.** Bedrooms, gentlemen from 6/-; use of sitting-room. Visitors, bed and breakfast, 2/6. Motor 'buses to City and West End. Well recommended. 12

**11-13, HIGHBURY HILL, N.** Board-residence; comfortably furnished rooms. Electric light; good and liberal table. Sitting-room, bath, billiards, dark-room. Terms moderate. 18

**WOODLANDS, BOWES ROAD,** New Southgate, N. Board and residence. Comfortable home; cycle accommodation. Easy access to City and West End. Liberal table; moderate terms. 19

**WEST HAMPSTEAD,** 77, Fordwych Road. Near Brondesbury Met. & N.L. Stations, and 'buses along Edgware Road to Cricklewood. Billiards; late dinner; comfortable. Terms from 16/6 sharing. 67

**12, STANLEY GARDENS,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable board-residence, late dinner. Three minutes Belsize Park Tube. Every convenience, from 16/6 per week. 24

**27, BELSIZE CRESCENT,** Hampstead, N.W. Comfortable, highly recommended home; spacious, well-appointed house. Electric light, bath (h. & c.), piano, billiards, late dinner; excellent table. Moderate terms. Near Belsize Tube, Hampstead Heath and Swiss Cottage. 25

A Strongly recommended Gift Book.

**POWER THROUGH PRAYER,**
**By E. M. BOUNDS.**

**It has been truly said of this book, "It carries a blessing wherever it goes."**

Price **2/6**, post free. Obtainable from all booksellers or from the

**Publishers: MARSHALL BROTHERS, Limited, London, Edinburgh and New York.**

**168, HAVERSTOCK HILL,** Hampstead, N.W. Board-residence, en famille; up-to-date appointments; late dinner; billiards, tennis. Near Belsize Park Station. 18/6 to 21/-. 27

**11, GLAZEBURY ROAD,** West Kensington. Few paying guests offered quiet, refined, comfortable home. Bath (h. & c.), garden, piano, electric light. Close to District and Piccadilly Tube. Partial, 25/-; sharing room, 21/- inclusive. 29

**21, BRIXTON HILL, S.W.** Partial board-residence for two gentlemen. Good house on main road. Late dinner, garden, bath, piano, tennis. Trams pass door. Near station. Terms 14/-. 30

**2, STOCKWELL PARK ROAD,** Clapham Road. Board-residence, 16/-; bed-sitting room, 6/6. One minute trams, 'buses, and Wireless Telegraphy School. Suitable for study. Bath (h. and c.). 33

**"LALEHAM,"** Clarence Road, Clapham Park. Most comfortable home; large house. Three acres woodland garden. Four baths. Partial board, 26/-; full, 35/-. 37

**CHELSEA,** Street's Temperance Hostel, 25, Oakley Crescent, Chelsea. Comfortable home; strict cleanliness. Full board, 25/-; partial board, 18/6; bedroom and breakfast, 12/6. 40

**"KINGSTON HALL,"** 7, Brunswick Square, Bloomsbury. Partial or full board in superior residential home; centrally situated. Gardens, tennis, electric light, baths. Bed and breakfast, 3/6. 53

**28, CARTWRIGHT GARDENS,** Sandhills Hotel. Board and residence, electric light, baths. Telephone, 5329 City. Three minutes St. Pancras, King's Cross. Access to garden. Proprietress. 54

**44, TORRINGTON SQUARE, W.C.** Board-residence. Liberal table; access to gardens. Moderate terms. Bedroom and breakfast from 3/-. Two minutes Museum and University. 52

**32, DOUGHTY STREET, W.C.** Bedroom, bath and breakfast, 3/-, or 15/6 per week. Five minutes G.N.R., Midland and Euston. Very central.—Mrs. Winter. 56

**97, GOWER STREET, W.C.** Board-residence from 21/- per week, or rooms only, in quiet, clean, well-kept house. Good cooking and service. Well recommended. Near trams, tube and 'bus. 62

**247, KENNINGTON ROAD.** Board-residence, comfortable home. Bath, piano; partial board. Near all bridges and W.E. Terms 14/6 per week (late dinner, 15.6). 63

**ST. JOHN'S.** Gentleman can be received as paying guest with private family. Refined home, superior house, with every modern convenience. Large garden, pleasantly situated. Trams to Embankment, and 'buses to West End and City. Terms moderate.—Apply, 74, Tressillian Road, St. John's, S.E. 64

**24, ST. MARY'S ROAD,** Canonbury. Comfortable Yorkshire home for gentlemen. Terms very moderate. Board as required. Visitors, 2/6 bed and breakfast. 1d. fare City.

**47, AYNHOE ROAD,** West Kensington, W. Apartments. Electric. Comfortable quiet Home. Bedrooms, double or single; use of sitting. Terms moderate. Visitors from 2/6 bed and breakfast per day. Recommended.

**123, LADY MARGARET ROAD,** Tufnell Park, N. Single and double rooms; board according to requirements. Two minutes 'buses, tube, trams, and Tufnell Park Tube Station. Superior house with every home comfort. Moderate terms. Highly recommended. 20

**"PARK HURST,"** 35, Highbury Hill, N. Comfortable board-residence. Late dinner. Electric light, Bath (h. & c.), every comfort. Highly recommended. Easy access to all parts. Inclusive terms. 4

**CLAPHAM,** 73, Jeffreys Road. 5 minutes Stockwell Tube Station, 2 minutes trams, motors. Good bedroom 5/6, partial board 14/6, full 16/-. Liberal table. Recommended as a social and comfortable home. 28

**3, MYDDELTON SQUARE, E.C.,** near "Angel."—Partial Board. Quiet and homely. Ideal for students. Easy access to all parts. Bath room. Terms moderate.

**WESTCLIFF.**—2 minutes sea and station; from 23/- inclusive.—Heather Court, Private Hotel, Palmeira Avenue.

**SECURE ACCOMMODATION FOR**

**YOUR HOLIDAY AT**

# BRIGHTON

**Y.M.C.A. HOLIDAY HOME.**

**THE BEST POSITION IN BRIGHTON.**

*Full particulars of the Secretary, Arnold Tuffin.*

**BRUNSWICK SQUARE,**
2, HUNTER STREET, W.C.

**A COMFORTABLE HOME**
(CENTRAL).

**Terms from 21/- weekly, inclusive.**

**St. Pancras Y.M.C.A.**
**RESIDENTIAL HOME,**
**62, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.**

Close to the West End, Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Hampstead Heath, and on main road, with Tubes, Trams, and Trains to all parts.

**BEDROOM ACCOMMODATION 5/6 PER WEEK.**
*Board by Arrangement.*
*Special Tariff for Visitors.* 1

**ESMOND HOTEL,**
**1, MONTAGUE ST., RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.**

This Temperance Hotel adjoins the British Museum, and is Central and quiet. Night Porter. Private Garden.

10 Bedrooms, Lounge, 2 Bath Rooms, recently added, Electric Light installed, and whole house renovated.

Bedroom and Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Attendance, from 5/- to 6/6; or with Plain Breakfast, 4/3 to 5/9 per night.

Full Tariff and Testimonials on application.

T. MOFFETT, proprietor, late Gen. Sec. Leeds Y.M.C.A.
Telephone No.: Gerrard 1675. Telegraphic Address: "Agroup, Westcent, London. 72

Fulham and South Kensington Young Men's Christian Association.

**BOARDING HOME for YOUNG MEN**
**"FAIRLAWN," 643, Fulham Road, London, S.W.**

Has been visited by over 2,800 Men from all parts of the World. Accommodation for 23. Beds from 5/- per week. Single Rooms, 6/- and 6/6 per week. Sitting and Study Rooms, Cycle Storage and Dark Room. Moderate Tariff. Reduction to Y.M.C.A. Members and permanent boarders.

*Apply (with stamped and directed envelope) to*
THE MANAGER, *mentioning "Y.M."* 73

**Kingston Hall,**
**7, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.**

Newly decorated and handsomely furnished. Spacious Drawing and Dining Rooms. Is pleasantly situated in one of the healthiest and most open parts of Central London, overlooking large private gardens with tennis court, to which visitors have access.

Close to Tube, Train and Bus, to City and West-end, the principal Northern Termini, and the Central Y.M.C.A.

Electric Light, Baths (h. & c.). Sanitation modern and perfect. Excellent cuisine, under personal supervision.

*Terms by arrangement for Board and Residence.*
**Bed and Breakfast from 3/6.**
Address—PROPRIETRESS. 81

## Situations Vacant.

**DRAPERY.**—Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, have openings for Young Men under military age who have served their apprenticeship in the drapery; also Boy Apprentices.—Apply personally or by letter.

**OUTFITTERS.**—Wanted, Youth as Junior or Improver General Outfitting, hosiery, ready-mades. Live out.—Delves & Son, Rye.

**DRAPERY.**—Men, married or single, live out or in, Dresses, cottons, Manchester. Up-to-date, progressive business.—Full particulars, Child & Son, 6, 12-15, Court Street, Faversham.

**DRAPERY.**—Smart, experienced Man, with good general knowledge, for Manchester, and serve through. Quick Trade. Medium class. Outside dressing.—Photo, salary (live out) and particulars, S. B. Matthews, 4-8, Cowgate, Peterborough.

**FURNISHING.**—Wanted, Salesman for soft goods department, also Cabinets. State age, height, experience, salary (live in), and enclose photo in first letter, to W. and A. CHAPMAN, Ltd., North Street, Taunton.

**DRAPERY.**—Young man required for good, medium-class trade.—W. A. NARBETH, Draper, &c., 90/92, High Street, Eltham.

## Miscellaneous.

**ARMY TROUSERS** converted into a smart pair of Breeches (laced) 2/9 carriage paid, within 24 hours. Post your trousers and enclose your measurement round calf (piece of string cut to the exact size will do); also state your height. Two pairs 5/-. C. LEWIS, Military Breeches Maker, Mill Road, Cambridge.

**CAMP LOCALISED POSTCARDS,**
**EXCLUSIVE FOR SOLDIERS & SAILORS.**

*Record Sellers.* *CAMP LEADERS NOTE*

**25,000 SOLD IN TWO MONTHS at Hindhead Centre.**

Mr. ALLAN FROST writes:—"These cards sell well to the troops, and are much appreciated."

**Free quarter gross sent as a trial.**

**Agents wanted in France, etc. Orders on sale or return**

**BENTON'S, 60, NORTH ROAD, BRIGHTON.**

# For duration of War.

Every purchaser of a half-guinea 7 o'clock safety razor is entitled to have an identical set sent FREE to any friend on service.

**INSTRUCTIONS.**

In every set which you buy you will find a voucher. Send that voucher duly filled in, together with the dealer's receipt for the "7 o'clock" razor which you have bought, and another set exactly similar will be promptly despatched with your card or a message, free of all charge (except postage) to the soldier or sailor whom you specify on the voucher.

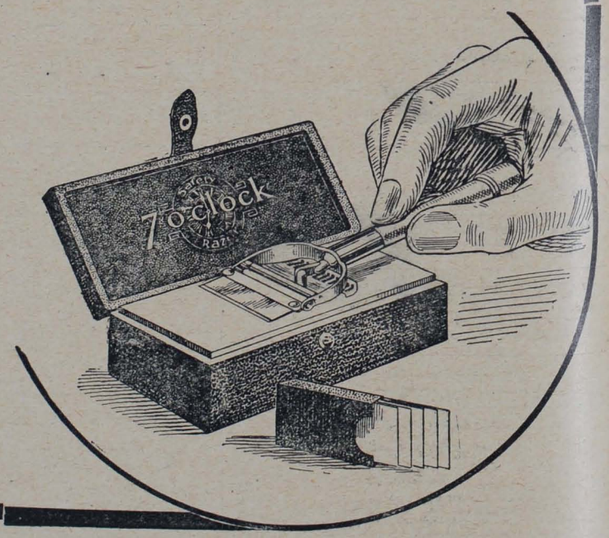
**7 o'clock SAFETY RAZOR**

ensures a quick, easy, smooth shave. It is the only safety razor costing less than a guinea which can be stropped without removing the blade. For quality of material, beautiful finish and thorough efficiency it has no equal at the price. The set comprises safety razor, special strop, and enough blades to last for a year, all neatly packed in a leather case, and costs

**10/6.**

**BRITISH MADE WITH BRITISH CAPITAL.**

**You strop it in the way shewn by illustration—a few days' practice makes you perfect, and it is equally easy to clean. No projections. Nothing to take apart for stropping or cleaning.**




Heavily silver-plated razor, complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated).

**Price 10/6.**

**Proprietors of the 7 o'clock Safety Razor,**
**61, NEW OXFORD STREET,**
**LONDON, W.C.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—June 11, 1915.
***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 23. Vol. 1. JUNE 18, 1915. [Registered :: a Newspaper.] Price 1d.

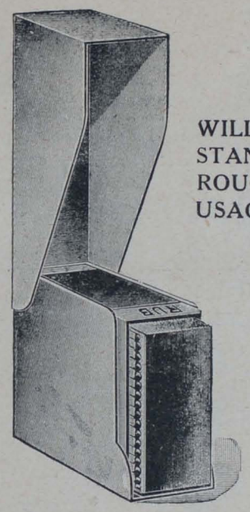


**BRYANT & MAY'S**

**"SERVICE"**

**MATCH BOX COVER**

*(Reg. Design No. 642237).*



**WILL STAND ROUGH USAGE.**

**KEEPS MATCHES, BOX & STRIKING SURFACE DRY IN ALL WEATHERS**

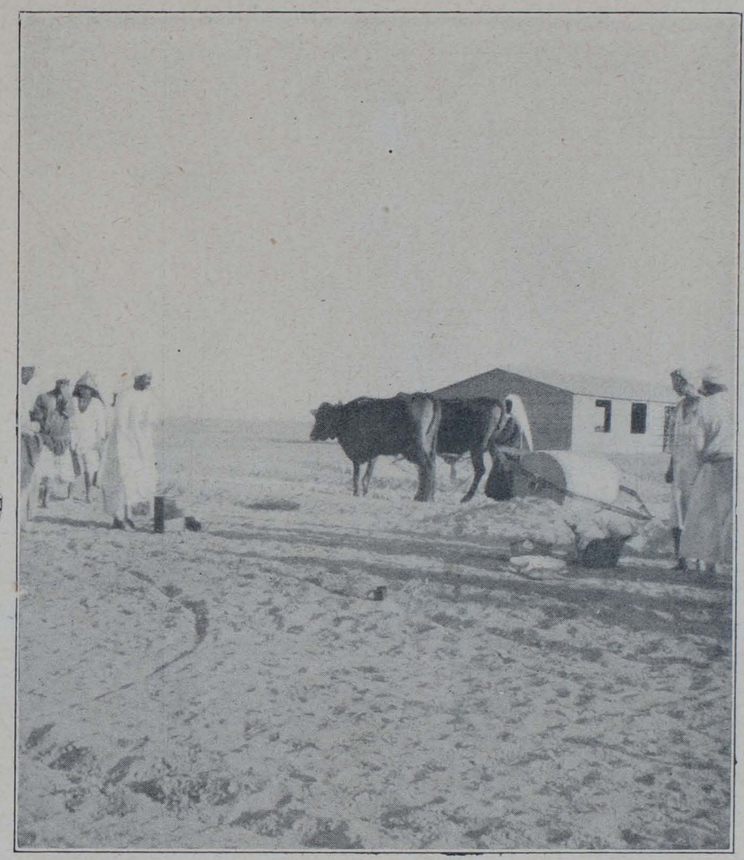
*Specially designed for*

**ACTIVE SERVICE— AFLOAT & ASHORE.**

**Enclose one in parcels of 'Comforts' to friends on Active Service.**

*Obtainable (in all metals) of Outfitters, Silversmiths, Stores, Tobacconists, Etc.*

**BRYANT & MAY LTD.,** Fairfield Works, Bow, LONDON, E.

PREPARING A WAY THROUGH THE DESERT.

This illustration, with its Oriental setting, gives some idea of the preparations involved in the establishment of camps for our troops in the Egyptian desert. First of all, roads have to be made, after the leisurely manner indicated above.

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


WHAT WE THINK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 531
LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XXII.—General Snow ... ... 532
ON DIGGING DEEP ENOUGH. By the Rev. E. A. Burroughs, M.A. 533
FOR THE MEN WHO MAKE THE SHELLS ... ... ... ... 534
THE STORY OF NEUVE CHAPELLE: A Stirring Account of the Historic Battle ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 535
AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE. By A. K. Yapp ... ... 537
BETWEEN YOU AND ME: 22.—The Challenge of the Cross-roads ... 533
Our Short Story: FOLDED HANDS. By Laura Kingscote ... ... ... 547

# HORLICK'S
## MALTED MILK



**The Food-Drink**
**that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency.**

**Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.**

Pure, full-cream milk, with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

**Ready in a moment with hot or cold water only. No cooking.**

**ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM**
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 11/- The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

*A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.*

**Write for a copy of our booklet—**
**DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.

**Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.**

STRENGTH FITNESS





MILKMAID BRAND
# Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

**"Excellent."**
**"Delicious."**
**"Very satisfactory."**
**"We all like it very much."**

So say some of those who have tried it.

**NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT; NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.**

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in **5½d.** and **10d.** tins.



# BURBERRYS
# GABARDINE KIT
**Cool by Day — Warm at Night**



GABARDINE, though airylight, is remarkably strong and provides, owing to Burberrys' system of proofing, wonderful protection against wet, yet it is the coolest and most comfortable wear under a blazing sun.

GABARDINE is available in every shade of Khaki, and Uniforms can be supplied on short notice at the following prices.

| | Unlined. | Lined Wool. | | Unlined. | Lined Wool. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Service Jacket.. | 52/6 | 63/- | Slacks .. .. .. | 21/- | 31/6 |
| K.B. Breeches .. | 31/6 | 42/- | Riding Breeches | 42/- | 52/6 |

**BURBERRY WAR KIT** includes The Burberry Weatherproof, lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece; British Warms, Great Coats and every detail of Service Dress and Equipment.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

**BURBERRYS** HAYMARKET LONDON

8 & 10, Bd. Malesherbes PARIS and Provincial Agents. *Gabardine Uniform.*



# JOHN TANN'S



FIRE and THIEF RESISTING **SAFES** FOR ALL PURPOSES.

**STEEL CASH CHESTS for Y.M.C.A. and ARMY TRAINING CAMPS.**

*Write for Catalogue of everything appertaining to security.*

**11, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.**



# CARR'S
# BISCUITS

Have you tried
Carr's Celebrated

**TWOPENNY GINGERBREAD?**
Also in Halfpenny and Penny Sizes.

**PENNY JOLLY CAKES**
Appetising little cakes. Just the thing for a pleasant and wholesome snack. ::

**CARR'S 1d. PACKETS OF BISCUITS ARE HANDY & SATISFYING**

Try a
1d. PACKET OF "TIPPERARY" "BOSTON CREAMS" or "GINGER SNAPS."

**MADE BY THE PIONEERS OF THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY.**

CARR & CO., LIMITED CARLISLE.



# Y. YMCA M.
## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 23. Vol. 1. JUNE 18, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## WHAT WE THINK

SOME day, when the tumult of the battlefield has been hushed into silence, and the nations of the earth have sheathed their swords, the saner Germany, which we all hope will rise into being after the war, will look back with bitter shame and regret on the black record of the present conflict. For Germany's catalogue of crimes will stain her name for all time. When the war is over, and the truth, at present concealed, comes to light, every self-respecting German will hide his head for very shame. To-day Germany is exulting in her prowess and her "Kultur," but the time will come when the veil will fall from her eyes, and she will see herself as the other nations see her. And that this day of revelation may be hastened we should like to recommend to Germany's notice a book which has just been published—"The Barbarians in Belgium" (Jarrold, 2s. 6d. net), by the Belgian poet, Pierre Nothomb, with a preface by Carton de Wiart, Belgian Minister of Justice. Other books and official reports have been published on the subject of Belgium's martyrdom, but we know of none in which the horrors of that little nation's sufferings have been so vividly portrayed. The volume is one long chapter of horrors—not the fruit of a fertile imagination, but the result of careful and patient investigation. There are 294 pages in the book. If 290 of these were fiction, and only the four remaining fact, the evidence presented therein would still be sufficient to condemn the German soldiers as the most savage and inhuman monsters who have ever marched into war.

***

THAT is a grave statement to make. Let us see how it can be supported. The Germans, it appears, make use of priests as hostages, and as victims of their cruel amusements they are still more in demand. "It is such a pleasure to insult them, for they do not answer back, and to strike them, for they turn the other cheek." As an illustration let us take the account of their exploits in the village of F——, the following facts being given by the curé himself. "The Germans," he says, "descended like a swarm on the village of F—— on Tuesday, April 20. They set fire to 190 houses, and 1,000 of the inhabitants are homeless. Twenty-two persons, at least, have been killed without any reason. Two men, named Macken and Loods, were buried alive before their wives' eyes. The Germans seized me in my garden, bound my hands behind me, and ill-treated me by every means in their power. They erected a gallows for me, saying they were going to hang me. One of them pointed to my head and my ears, and went through a pantomime of cutting them off. They forced me to stare at the sun for a long time. They broke the arms of the blacksmith, who was a prisoner with me, and then they killed him. At a given signal they forced me to enter the Burgomaster's house, which was burning, and then they took me out again. They went on like this all day long. Towards the evening they let me enter the church, saying that it was the last time that I should see it. At a quarter to seven they released me, the cavalrymen striking me with their whips as I passed. I was bleeding, and had fallen unconscious. I remember an officer raising me to my feet and ordering me to go away. A few yards off they fired at me. I dropped to the ground and lay there as if dead. That was my salvation. Before releasing me they had taken the Belgian flag and had torn it in shreds."

***

THE experience of this priest is no exception, for others have been made to suffer in a similar way. "But, as a rule, those upon whom they inflict suffering, for the pleasure of watching them die slowly, are old men, women, young boys, and little children. . . . Arriving at Averbode, on August 20, the Uhlans saw a woman who, terrified, was hiding in a ditch: they amused themselves by killing her with their lances. The peasants round Louvain, who fled to Antwerp on September 12, relate how, at Wilsele, the Germans tried to burn alive a woman named Van Kriegelingen and her eleven children. 'The woman herself and eight children were burned to cinders, two managed to escape, but the last one was shot in the street; we saw the dead bodies of the mother and the children, and we were present at the shooting of the other little one.' General Deruette, aide-de-camp to King Albert, saw, at Hofstade, the dead body of an old woman pierced by ten bayonet wounds: she was still holding in her hand the needle and thread with which she had been sewing. In the same village a peasant woman was looking for a young girl who had disappeared: she eventually found her hanged from a tree. The volunteer gunner, De R., unpinned from the ground the dead bodies of a woman and her child who were fixed to it by bayonets. Questioned as to what took place at Boortmeerbeek, Dr. V., of Malines, makes the following statement: 'The woman Van Rollegen came to the hospital from Malines on August 22. On Thursday, the 20th, when flying from Boortmeerbeek with her husband, she was shot twice in the leg. She then threw herself into a ditch for safety. Some moments later the Germans, who had fired on her, came up and inflicted some horrible wounds on her left side and left forearm. She remained in this condition without help until Saturday evening. By that time the wounds had become infected, and were swarming with worms.' On the night of August 23 some soldiers knocked loudly at the door of the Château de Canne, belonging to M. Poswick. Madame Poswick opened the door. She was immediately stunned by blows from their rifles. M. Derrickx, the permanent Deputy of Limbourg, who had taken refuge in the château, came to the door carrying a child in his arms: he was promptly stabbed with twenty lances."

***

TURNING from these horrors to what the author describes as a "dry, businesslike statement" of what is known of the southern part of Belgian Luxembourg, we may quote the following:—"Neufchâteau, twenty-one houses burned; Etalle, thirty houses burned; Houdemont, sixty-four houses burned; Rulles, half the houses destroyed by fire; Ansart, the village completely burned; Tintigny, three houses only remain; Jamoigne, half the village destroyed; Les Bulles, half the village destroyed; Moyen, forty-two houses destroyed; Rossignol, the village entirely burned;

Mussy-la-ville, twenty houses destroyed; Bertrix, fifteen houses destroyed; Bleid, a great part of the village burned; Signeulx, a great part of the village burned; Ethe, five-sixths of the village burned; Bellefontaine, six houses destroyed; Musson, half the village destroyed; Baranzy, four houses remain; Saint-Léger, six houses burned; Semel, all the houses burned; Maissin, sixty-four houses out of one hundred burned; Villance, nine houses burned; Anloy, twenty-six houses burned. The number of houses burned in the province of Luxembourg is over three thousand." And the inquirer goes on to give the total of persons shot in this same confined area:—"Neufchâteau, eighteen shot; Vance, one; Etalle, thirty; Houdemont, eleven; Tintigny, one hundred and fifty-seven; Izel, ten; Rossignol, one hundred and six; Bertrix, twenty-one; Ethe, about three hundred shot, and five hundred and thirty persons missing; Bellefontaine, one shot; Latour, only seventeen men survive; Saint-Léger, eleven shot; Maissin, ten men, one woman, and a young girl shot, two men and two young girls wounded; Villance, two men shot, one young girl wounded; Anloy, fifty-two men and women shot; Claireuse, two men shot and two hanged."

***

OTHER things are told in this volume which we dare not quote. They are too horrible. The flesh creeps as we read, and we feel like weeping tears of blood over the desolation of unhappy Belgium. Germany's savage hate has been poured out on little Belgium, but that hate is not by any means exhausted. Against Britain it is burning with an even intenser passion, and Germany is risking everything in the hope of repeating on British soil the vile deeds committed in Belgium and France. We do not think that we need to read of these barbarities in order to be reminded of our duty, but it is good to understand the spirit of our enemy, so that we may know just what is expected of us. And every story of German savagery but adds to our nation's resolve to spend and be spent until Europe is rid of this inhuman monster. There can be neither rest nor peace for any one of us until the dragon is cast into the depths of the sea.

---

There was quite a large attendance of soldiers at the Aberdeen Y.M.C.A. last Friday, who thoroughly enjoyed the competitions which had been arranged for their entertainment. A deck quoit competition for prizes presented by Mr. Alexander Mearns proved most interesting, and after some keen play Privates Hay, O'Hear, Mann, and Campbell proved to be the winners, in the order named. The winners of the bucket competition were Privates Unsworth, Watson, Snath, Howie, and Wilkie. The prizes were graciously distributed by Miss Wisely. The French class, which was in charge of Miss Hastings, was well attended. The men of the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders are willing to raise a team for cricket if any other eleven will take them on.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XXII.—GENERAL SNOW.

IT was only recently that the British people began to hear of General Snow. His brilliant exploits in command of the Fourth British Division in covering successfully the retreat from Le Cateau are beginning to win for him fame. In the words of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the gifted expositor of the war, General Snow's work was done "in a manner for which there are few parallels in history."

When the general entered the Army he had not long to wait before he smelt powder and was made acquainted with the real meaning of war. As quite a youngster he served through the Zulu War. Then in 1884 he went through the Soudan Expedition, which had so many difficulties. It was then that he was badly wounded. When the Battle of Atbara occurred he was able to distinguish himself and was mentioned in dispatches.

It was in 1911 that he was appointed to command the Fourth Division. He went out to the front early, and received well-merited praise in the now historic despatch from Field-Marshal Sir John French in September last year.

General Snow is in the prime of life, a thorough disciplinarian, and a master of strategy on the field. We may watch his future career with the certainty that he will win still further distinction. It is no accident that he does well, for he has studied the great game of war, and cannot easily be surprised. Readiness is the secret of his success.

---

Mrs. Burnett Smith, better known as Annie Swan, the popular novelist, is giving a series of addresses in Y.M.C.A. huts in France.

PASSERS BY.






# ON DIGGING DEEP ENOUGH.

By the REV. E. A. BURROUGHS, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford.

*One of the most brilliant of the younger men in the English Church, Mr. Burroughs has made a considerable impression on the whole nation through the two letters he contributed recently to the "Times," entitled "The Eternal Goal." Keenly interested in the well-being of young manhood, Mr. Burroughs has recently spent a month in France doing service in one of the Y.M.C.A. huts.*

SOME years ago I spent a few days with a friend, a scientific Professor, who had built himself a summer cottage in a lonely and most beautiful spot on one of the Wicklow mountains. It was a very dry season, and part of the daily routine was a procession of the whole household, visitors included, with jugs and pails to a spring some way off. And yet in front of the house was a well, scientifically sunk; and I knew my host was one of the greatest living authorities on "dowsing," or the faculty which some people possess of water-finding by the "diviner's rod."

### Digging for Unfailing Springs.

I also knew this very well had been sunk under the directions of a "dowser," and ventured a hint to the Professor that apparently the tribe was not infallible. But he hastened to take all the blame off the "dowser" and on to himself. The dowser had indicated the spot, and had said: "At sixty feet down you will find an unfailing supply of water." The boring began, and at *forty feet* quantities of water gushed up. The Professor was delighted. Here was all the water he wanted at two-thirds of the depth and at proportionately less cost. He ordered the well-sinkers to go a few feet deeper, and then stop.

For some years all went well; and then the great drought came, and the well ran dry. But the Professor, being an honest man, remembered the dowser's instructions, and blamed himself. *He had not dug deep enough.* Having learnt his lesson, he had the well-sinkers back, and increased the depth to the sixty feet originally ordered. And there, sure enough, was the living spring; and there have been no processions over the mountain-side with pails and buckets even in the most rainless summers since.

### The Experience of Modern Men.

Now, I imagine that this very much represents the experience of a great mass of us modern men in these last terrible months. We started life with something in the way of a belief, a theory, a programme of what we ought to do to live truly and make the best of ourselves. We had our moral principles; we even had our religious beliefs. They didn't go very far, and they were not very clear, but there they were, as a sort of background; and sometimes in an emergency we found they served very usefully as anchors as well. At the back of them all was a vague, but quite genuine belief in God, as the Law-giver behind the laws, the Person we had to deal with, in one way or another, if those laws were broken. We knew, moreover, that Religion, if you went to the bottom of it, meant *loving* God as well as believing in Him, *obeying* Him as well as looking to Him in trouble or need; and we saw that some people around us really did this, and said that it made the whole difference to life. And, of course, the Bible said the same in many passages that rather staggered us; as where our Lord tells His disciples that they must leave all in order really to follow Him, and that without Him they can do nothing, or where St. Paul, after learning the truth of both these sayings by experience, cries out: "I am able for *all* things through Christ who gives me the power."

But somehow *for us* it didn't seem necessary to go so far. It was as though the water came to meet us when we had only done two-thirds of the digging. People talked, and said: "You can't be happy unless you're a Christian"; but in our case it simply wasn't true. We *were* happy—except just now and then, when there would be a short, unaccountable interval of wretchedness; and on the whole, barring occasional lapses, we managed to keep fairly clean and straight. And so, for all practical purposes, we regarded ourselves as religious men, of the sort that "doesn't overdo things"; and we seemed to be succeeding admirably in making the best of both worlds.

### Why the Well has Failed.

And then the great crash and the change came. And as, in that very dry summer, the well dried up, just when the water was needed most, so perhaps to some of us it has seemed that, just when our religion might have and ought to have come in useful, it, too, has failed—the well of the water of life has run dry. But is that fair? Is it fair to blame the well if we ourselves have not driven it deep enough? We admit that our religion, in the old days, was not of a very pronounced or definite kind—we didn't "overdo things" that way. Isn't that really an admission that we didn't do them well enough, or go far enough? If we had gone far enough—digged deep enough—would the well have failed?

My friend the Professor, being an honest man, as a man of science should be, did make that admission, and then took the obvious next step. He dug down to the depth originally specified, and there he found all the water he wanted. Many men and women in these days of war and distress have been learning that lesson, the lesson that God is there not merely to be thought about, discussed, or vaguely believed in, but to be loved and obeyed *and used*—brought right into our lives as the controlling Fact in them, the Fact that gives them their whole direction. Those who have given Him the place He has all along claimed have found that now, at last, their faith does justify itself, their religion is "worth while." In fact, there are not a few who say that it was worth experiencing the thirst in order to be made to dig down to the springs that fail not.

### The Chief Lesson of the War.

But there are hundreds of thousands of others who need to learn that lesson still—the chief lesson (as we may yet come to realise) which the war has come to teach the world. The world, as a whole, has been reducing God more and more to a name or a shadow—a name treated (except for purposes of swearing) with more or less respect, a shadow kept (so to speak) in honourable confinement under a glass case. But God as a Power—the greatest of all—as a Person—the Father of us all—the world has been forgetting or pretending to forget. And now He has sent us a reminder that He is there still; and, as men watch the most stable and sacred of human institutions tottering, and human law and authority even in its highest forms being ruthlessly set aside, and human lives that perhaps meant more than life itself to them being suddenly swept into the unseen—nay, as they watch, some of them, for their own turn, and wonder "What comes afterwards?"—the thought comes in irresistibly, in the words of the Psalmist, "Verily there *is* a reward for the righteous, doubtless there *is* a God that judgeth the earth." And, as thought travels back to all that we used to be told about the nature of that God—His love and His forgiveness, even towards those who have treated Him worst—there follows also, if a man will only acknowledge it, the old, true impulse which led the Prodigal home from the far country: "I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, 'Father, I have sinned.'"

### Drinking of the Water of Life.

It is only then that a man has dug deep enough; but at that point he can and will begin to "drink of the water of life freely," and then, for the first time, he will know what life is, and will find himself twice the man he was. And if only the nation as a whole could be led to that point, it, too, would be twice the nation it is; and at present we have none too much to be proud of. We need to take to heart words used by Lord Roberts in a letter shortly before his death: "We have got the men, we have got the guns, we have got the money—what we now need is the nation on its knees."

But the nation is made up of individuals; and it is as individuals, one by one, go on "digging deeper," and helping others to dig deeper, that the nation at last will be brought to the feet of God.

There is some "mobilising" now to be done which every one of us can have his share in without waiting for Government or Government machinery. And the past history of nations shows that, of all forms of mobilisation, it is the most important. "For God is everywhere," as Emerson says, "having His will, and He cannot be baffled. Make His business yours, as did His Son. The man"—or the nation—"who works with Him is constantly assured of achievement."

# FOR THE MEN WHO MAKE THE SHELLS.

## *The Association's Great Scheme to Bring Brightness Into the Lives of the Munitions Workers.*

### AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. A. K. YAPP.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

DURING the last few months it has been increasingly apparent that if the Y.M.C.A. is to fulfil its high destiny it must hold itself in readiness for all the new demands that may be made upon it. The latest challenge, sounded only a few weeks ago, has been accepted with eagerness by the officials of the National Council. Briefly, it is to provide for the men who make the shells what the Association has provided, with such conspicuous success, for the men training in the new Army.

In order that I might find out some particulars of this great enterprise, I had a deeply interesting interview with Mr. A. K. Yapp last Wednesday afternoon, in which he briefly outlined the great scheme that is contemplated. Since the advent of the Minister of Munitions, the great question of shells has been prominently before the public, and it has been generally felt that the men who are working at such high pressure should receive the same kind of attention that the men have been receiving in camp.

I asked Mr. Yapp as to the origin of this new scheme, and was not surprised to learn that it was owing to the very success of the Y.M.C.A. work among the troops that the challenge of this larger enterprise had been given. As our columns have shown for many weeks, the Y.M.C.A. has been operating among men of all classes in the Army. It has extended the same spirit of friendship to the rough workers who have given up all for King and country as it has shown to the officers who have so eagerly welcomed its ministrations. It is therefore the friend of all, and it is peculiarly qualified to deal with the problem which is usually associated with the working man.

"There is no romance in the shell workers' life," said Mr. Yapp; "it is just a hard, steady monotony. They see nothing of the war, and they are working long hours, with little, if anything, to brighten their lives. It has therefore been felt that something *must* be done on our part to bring a little gladness into their otherwise drab existence. We are going with no preconceived notions," proceeded the general secretary, "but are going to face the situation for ourselves, find out exactly what is required, and commence the work. There are two departments, however, upon which we are quite clear; first, *the need of hostel accommodation.* In some centres large numbers of men have been imported from other places. One centre, for instance, usually employing 1,500 men, is now employing 25,000, and if these men are to receive what is their due, it is necessary to provide something on the spot for them where they can secure adequate sleep and rest. Second, *it will be necessary to provide food for these workers,* and already we are considering the catering question on a very large scale. This point has been very prominent in the minds of those who were keen that we should take up this work; and, indeed, it was suggested to us that we should provide food. Quite frankly, we did not want to do it, but there is no help for it. In addition to these two things, we are anxious to erect recreation and rest huts, so that men may obtain a little leisure in between their arduous duties."

It will not surprise my readers to learn that this great scheme will involve the help of a large number of ladies, and it is indeed a happy omen that the Y.W.C.A. is co-operating in this scheme with much earnestness. These ladies will make themselves responsible for music, and for such kindly service as may be required. It is also a fine tribute to the work of the Y.M.C.A. that responsible officials are extremely keen that the Association should undertake this duty, and I may mention that Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is the president of the new committee, in which work she is warmly supported by Mrs. Lloyd George, Lady Askwith, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lady Rodney, and other influential friends whose names have already been prominent in connection with the work abroad.

I was naturally keen to find out from Mr. Yapp what opportunities there would be of a religious nature. It must be remembered that the conditions are most unusual; that working men are never very accessible to direct spiritual appeals, and, further, that owing to the pressure of work they may be less inclined to listen to anything of a religious character. Mr. Yapp, however, with his customary optimism, felt that the opportunity was great indeed. "We shall rely principally," he said, "on the *atmosphere that will be created by the men in charge.* It will be a case of continually seeking opportunity. In some cases no organised religious meetings will be possible, but we are prepared for this difficulty, and our workers will do their best to arrange for such things as a ten minutes' talk to the men during the meal hour. Besides this, there will be individual effort, and an endeavour to establish Bible classes for groups of men. As in our military centres, we shall hope to establish a branch of the Pocket Testament League, and do what is possible by means of the printed page. Although the difficulties will be many in this direction, we believe that the essential value of our work will be in the atmosphere that we are able to create. We shall endeavour to relieve the intense weariness of the workers who are just as heroic as the men who have enlisted in the new Army. As far as may be possible, we shall endeavour to introduce a little romance into their daily lives, and thus show them that the Gospel of Christ is indeed a Power to be reckoned with in ordinary social life."

Before leaving I asked Mr. Yapp what the outlay of this great scheme would be, and I have his authority for appealing to my readers very earnestly for £25,000, which is the *immediate* requirement of the enterprise; but it must not shock those who are unaccustomed to large schemes to be told that £100,000 will be required to complete the whole scheme that has been planned. When we bear in mind how vitally bound up with the fortunes of war are these men; and when we realise that without them our gallant soldiers can do nothing; that without their aid the guns are empty and the gunners idle—it is surely incumbent upon us to practise rigid self-denial in order that these brave civil soldiers in the great munition areas may have what is their due at the hands of a grateful country. Gifts, both great and small, should be sent without delay to the Treasurer, at 13, Russell-square, W.C.

## WITH BOTHA'S ARMIES IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

MR. HARRY N. HOLMES and a group of Association workers are working amongst our South African forces in German South-West Africa. On the way up from Cape Town the party organised sports for the troopers. They were landed more than twenty miles from their base of operations, and had many difficulties to overcome in getting their supplies through that difficult patch. Two men sat up one whole night on guard over the goods, and in the end the party arrived at Swakopmund with everything complete, except flour and sugar, which had been lost *en route.* Chaplains, officers, and men have been the embodiment of helpfulness. The work is successfully running, and even in German South-West Africa the British Tommy can get his cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa for a penny.

Our workers there are always short of newspapers and magazines, and parcels sent to Y.M.C.A. Swakopmund will be most thankfully received. Reuter's telegrams are supplied every night, and hundreds of men listen with breathless eagerness for this news of the war.

The outside conditions are described as sand, sand, sand; heat, heat, heat; flies, flies, flies. The health of the workers is good, and the troops are in great heart.

Two hundred and seventy Montreal Association men are in training with the Canadian contingents or at the front.



# THE STORY OF NEUVE CHAPELLE.

## *A Stirring Account of the Historic Battle.*

### By a MEMBER OF THE DUBLIN Y.M.C.A.

A VIVID narrative of the battle of Neuve Chapelle is contained in a letter written by a member of the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association to Mr. Henry O'Connor, as follows:—

I am exceedingly sorry that I did not write to you long before this, and hope that you will accept my most sincere apologies for omitting to do so. Most probably you will have forgotten all about my friend, Mr. Grisot, and me and our visit to you before leaving Dublin to join our regiment at London on November 23. We were sent to Chatham after three days' stay at the depot, and posted in the 5th Battalion there. We were only in training a week when we received our rifles and equipment, and after another month or so when we were qualified as first-class shots. During our course of firing at the rifle range we were transferred to our headquarters at Lodge Hill. After a stay of about three days at headquarters we were drafted out to France, arriving at Rouen on January 7th; thus it only took us about seven weeks to get out. We left Rouen on the 19th, and after a day's travelling by train (ten times slower and easier than the D.S.E. Railway), we disembarked at a place called Merville, and from there we marched to the 2nd Battalion Headquarters, a distance of about twenty-two miles. We spent the night in an old barn, and the following day we were posted to our different companies, and, unfortunately, Mr. Grisot and I were separated, as I was posted in D Company and he in B Company.

#### Entering the Trenches for the First Time.

My first duties were ration-carrying into the trenches, one of the most dangerous experiences, which I held for three days. Once we got into the trench we were safe, but we had to carry the rations across two or three open fields, when we were liable to be seen going in and out by the Germans in the glare of their rockets, which light up the surrounding country for two or three miles. Unfortunately, we were caught going into the trench with sheets of corrugated iron one night, and the Germans turned a machine-gun on us, killing three and wounding four of the party. I then went with the platoon to our farthest away billet (a barn) at La Gorgue, near Laventee, about five miles from the firing line, and after three days I entered the trenches "on business" for my first occasion. We were three days and nights in the trenches up to our knees in mud and water, and I can tell you it is no joke, especially when the weather is similar to that at the North Pole; but I got hardened to it, and during the second day I received my first experience of being under shell-fire, and this was also very "pleasant," especially when the "Jack Johnsons" came over.

Whenever I stood upright in the trench, my head and shoulders came above the parapet on account of my tallness, so that in the daytime and most part of the night I had to double myself up in a back-breaking position. One morning at 9 o'clock, when on sentry, I stood upright in order to ease my back, despite numerous warnings, and I was no sooner up, when "Bang!" I felt something whiz through my hair, and by impulse I quickly ducked, and on examining my hat I found that a bullet had penetrated through the upper rim and came out at the top, and, needless to say, I was very cautious after that, for if that bullet had come quarter of an inch lower, I would have been killed instantly. These German snipers have marvellous patience and accuracy, and scarcely ever miss, for on seeing a head bob up two or three times at some particular spot, they train their rifles on that place, and use a telescopic sight. We always took good care to tell the new chaps that just came out to keep their heads down, and never to look over the parapet twice in succession in the same spot whilst on sentry, for, if they did so, most probably it would result in the death of their relieving sentries, who unconsciously might look over at that spot.

#### Friend Meets Friend Again.

We continued three days in and three days out of the trenches (nothing of importance occurring unless two or three massed attacks by the Germans, which we easily repulsed each time) until February 28, when we were relieved by the Cameronians (Territorials), and after two days in our La Gargue billet we had a forced march of twenty-five miles to a village named La Sart, near Hazelrouke. I met R. Grisot for the first time here since our separation. We remained in this village practising skirmishing across ploughed fields and ditches until 6.30 p.m. on March 7, when we marched to Estaires, a distance of sixteen miles back towards the firing line, and here we were billeted in the French people's houses until the 9th. During our stay here we received a lecture from our officers, who informed us that we were going to advance on our arrival back, and that our offensive was the town of Neuve Chapelle. We were also informed that there were very few of the enemy opposed to us, and that by the time our artillery had finished bombarding there would be practically none. But, at any rate, we prepared ourselves for a stiff struggle, as we had more respect for the Germans' fighting qualities than numerous of our papers at home have. At 11.30 p.m. on the 9th, under cover of darkness, we left for the trenches, after the following Army order had been circulated:—

> The attack which we are about to undertake is of the first importance to the Allied cause. The Army and nation are watching the result, and Sir John French is confident that every individual in the 4th Corps will do his duty and inflict a crushing defeat on the German 7th Corps, which is opposed to us.
>
> H. Rawlinson, Lieut.-Colonel,
> Commanding 4th Corps.
>
> Headquarters, 4th Corps,
> March 9, 1915.

#### The Madness Caused in War.

We entered the trenches at 4.30 a.m. on March 10 prepared for "business" à la bayonet. At 7.30 a.m. the battle began with the desultory boom of long-range artillery, until it developed into a positive inferno. The din was terrible. A perfect hail of shells from about 400 guns blew the German trenches to bits—earth, shelters, and men being shattered and scattered to pieces, and even although our trench was 120 yards from theirs, large pieces of débris came flying through the air over our heads. Then came the charge. At five minutes past eight the order was given to advance, and with cries of "Come on the Mids," "Give it to them now," our company, which was the first to start off, clambered over the parapet, and all that I can remember was that I ran like a hare straight for the German trench, roaring like a madman. Men were mowed down all around me by the fire of the enemy, especially their machine guns. We reached their wire entanglements, only to find that we could not get through, and although we hacked at it, it was of no avail, and we were ordered to retire a little and take cover, and our artillery again shelled the Germans' trench, and this time managed to blow the entanglements to pieces. We then charged through into the trench, and after a sharp scuffle, in which I bayonetted a couple of Huns, they surrendered, and altogether we captured about 100 Germans and two machine guns in their trench, thus certifying that there were five times more Germans opposing us than we expected. After a stay of thirty minutes in this trench (trampling on the remains of dead Germans, which was nothing to us at this moment, owing to madness) waiting for reinforcements, we advanced on their second line trench under artillery fire, but owing to the fault of our artillery, which kept on bombarding, we could not advance any further until it stopped, so we lay down, and it was whilst I was in this position that I got wounded. One of our shrapnel shells must have burst short, and I was hit in the back just below the spine by numerous pieces, two of which entered my back. The force of the blow absolutely paralysed me, and I could neither move nor speak.

#### Men Singing in Unconsciousness.

After lying here for fully half-an-hour, with bullets pattering against the ridge of ground I was lying behind, two men of the new reinforcements flung themselves down beside me, and commenced to take casual shots at the German trench, heedless of the danger which I tried to warn them of. After a few moments I heard a groan, and on looking round I saw that the man nearest me had been shot across the fingers of his left hand, and he commenced groaning. As regards his companion, he was, as I thought, taking aim at something, but after watching him for a few moments I realised that he was dead. All around me were men dead and dying. Never shall I forget the awful moans and shrieks of some of these men. Some were shrieking in their death agony, some were singing in unconsciousness, and others were moaning and cursing the Kaiser, and I myself could have moaned and shrieked in pain, but had no power to do so, and had to suffer in silence. The man next to me went raving mad, and commenced to shout and curse until he was foaming in the mouth. After a while I heard cheers coming from the Germans' second line trench, and on looking up I saw that the trench had been captured and prisoners were being escorted across the field.

In a frenzy of joy at the lull in the firing the madman got up and roared to me to come on and get back to our own trench, but it was not for some time I could make him realise that I was not dead, but alive, although unable to walk or speak. He then got hold of me, half-dragged, half-carried me back to our own trench, dropped me into it, and walked away muttering and shouting.

After dragging myself along the trench over many wounded men and through pools of blood, I suddenly saw R. Grisot, who was waiting to go out with reinforcements, running towards me, and he carried me to a bank and laid me down, took off my equipment, &c., and with the help of another man dressed my wounds. He then offered me his water and all the food he had, but I

refused to take it, as he was just going out himself, and might get wounded also, and in more need of it than I. He then left me, after doing everything he could for me. I was given instructions to crawl to an old ruined house just behind the trench, where I would be taken away. I did so with much trouble, and although I lay there until 6 p.m. that night, I was not taken away. Through the fault of some Territorials who were in a reserve trench close by, the Germans started to shell this house. I had got a German helmet with me which I had taken in the captured trench, but as things were getting pretty hot, I took the badge off the helmet (a large eagle belonging to the Prussian Guard, who were opposed to us), and, leaving the helmet behind, I quickly crawled out and into a road, and, to cut a long story short, I had to walk eight miles with the help of two other wounded men to the nearest dressing station, near Estaires. When about a mile from the dressing station the blood started to pour from my wounds, and they dragged me into a house by the roadside, where the French people bathed my wounds and stopped the blood as best they could, and on getting to the dressing station I fell unconscious, and, after recovering, I found myself in a hospital at Estaires. After staying here a night, I was sent to Merville, and put in a hospital train for Boulogne. After a night at Boulogne, I was put on a hospital ship, and after sleeping a night on board, we started, and, to cut a long story short, I arrived in Manchester on March 14, and went under an operation there on the 20th, two pieces of shrapnel being extracted. I was in this hospital for five weeks, and then in Holyhead Convalescent Home for a month, when I was sent home to Drogheda for a week's leave. Last Thursday I rejoined the 5th Battalion at Chatham, and am at present attending hospital, as one of the wounds has broken out again. Mr. Grisot is still out there, and, according to his most recent letter, he has gone in for a course of bomb-throwing, and I am sure that if you wrote to him he would be delighted, for he must be suffering a lot and be very lonely. His address is as follows . . .

I may add that I have still in my possession the small Active Service Testament which you presented to me before leaving, although it has seen better days. I have also numerous souvenirs at home, including the Prussian badge and the shrapnel.

---

Do you know that the Bible holds the distinction of being the first printed book, and that the King James or Authorised Version of the Bible is the best selling book in the world? Although the Bible may now be obtained in more than four hundred languages and dialects there are still more than half a billion persons who have never had a chance to read any part of it in their own language. Surely there is something to be done by some one, and there will never be a better time than now.

There is a Japanese legend which says that once upon a time a peasant went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange-looking upon it. "What is that?" he asked. "Those are ears," was the reply. "They belong to persons who when they lived on earth heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they did not pay any attention to it; so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not." After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it. "What is that?" he asked again. "These are tongues," was the answer. "They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so when they died their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

## DOING HIS BIT.

### Clergyman as Driver of Motor Ambulance at the Front.

THE Rev. E. Percy Greenhill, M.A., Rector of Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, is an ardent motorist; indeed, such a pace has he cultivated that some of his more elderly and staid parishioners have fears for his life—to say nothing about their own. The popular rector largely uses both the cycle-car and the motor-cycle for visitation purposes, and as meetings which he has to attend are sometimes held several miles distant, it stands to reason that he finds this form of locomotion not only pleasing, but enormously time-saving. Minor repairs present no difficulty to Mr. Greenhill, for he has a mechanical mind and revels in "tuning up," &c. In 1913, and again in 1914, Mr. Greenhill was asked by the Auto-Cycle Union to accept the office of chairman of the competitions committee, and he complied



REV. E. PERCY GREENHILL.

with their request. So keen is he on matters pertaining to the motor, that somtimes he allows his holiday to coincide with the Tourist Trophy Races and the Six Days' Trials—events well known to enthusiastic motorists. Mr. Greenhill thus finds frequent opportunity for speaking the word in season, and he is certainly brought in contact with a class he would hardly meet otherwise.

Readers of the *Y.M.* will be pleased to know that Mr. Greenhill's mechanical knowledge has been put to excellent use at the front, where, under the auspices of the British Red Cross Society, he is rendering splendid service as a voluntary driver of a motor-ambulance, and he is also able to give some attention to the sick and wounded.

From the comparative calm of Walton-on-the-Hill to Ypres, La Bassée, and La Touquet is a change indeed, but Mr. Greenhill rejoices in the fact that he is thus able to serve his country.

During the rector's absence the Rev. Canon C. E. Sanders, late Vicar of Betchworth, is taking charge of the parish.

---

Out of two thousand members of the Y.M.C.A. Friendly Society seven hundred have enlisted.

## THE "GREAT WHITE ROAD."

### By Pte. Frank Gee.

THERE'S a "Great White Road" which for ever grows.
It starts where the River of Freedom flows,
And down it Death, the Reaper, sows;
Oh! it's sad is that "Great White Road."
Its sadness is flooded with glory, too.
'Tis made of the hearts of the brave and true,
And each of us has his share to do
On that wonderful "Great White Road."

Its start was the birth of the British race.
It has stretched through the years and grown apace,
And proudly death they have had to face
Who have paid the debt they owed.
Justice and truth does that highway claim,
Backed up by Britain's honoured name,
And never a deed or a breath of shame
Has sullied that "Great White Road."

Stretching right out through the ling'ring years,
Hearts it has broken through hopes and fears,
Washed with the anguish of woman's tears,
Where Death with his scythe has mowed.
Waiting for sons whilst the tear-drops start,
Waiting, in vain, with an aching heart;
Women, who suffer, have played their part
In building that "Great White Road."

'Tis paved with many a brave man's soul,
Where the mists of mem'ry always roll;
Our Empire's sons have paid the toll,
Where their life's-blood swift has flowed.
They died for the cause when the fight was won;
Their bones lie there 'neath a bleaching sun;
They rest in peace, their great work done,
On that glorious "Great White Road."

Oh, Britain! we're proud of you to-day,
For the Right you fight, and you hold the sway,
Protecting those who mourn and pray,
And bravely bear their load;
Succouring those who are sore distressed,
Helping the weak and poor oppressed;
With God's good grace, we will do our best
To lengthen that "Great White Road."

---

When the first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great, was one day looking at the statues of some noted persons who were represented standing, he said, "I shall have mine made kneeling, for that is how I have risen to eminence." Humility is the only environment in which the law of prayer can effectually work. Without its influence, no one would be in a condition for the results of the workings of that law, should it be wrought out in them.

A little girl asked her mother "How old must I be before I can be a Christian?" The mother answered, "How old will you have to be before you can love me, darling?" "Why, mother, I have always loved you. But you have not told me how old I shall have to be before I can be a Christian." The mother replied with yet another question, "How old must you be before you can trust yourself entirely to my care?" "I have always trusted you, mother, and always shall." "Well, then," said the mother, "You can be a Christian, trusting and loving Jesus, now—this moment, without waiting, darling, until you are any older. Don't you want to be a Christian?" The girl whispered, "Yes, dear mother, I do." They both knelt, and the child, then and there, gave her little life to Christ's love and care.



# AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

*Some Observations and Reflections by the General Secretary on the Tasks of the Hour.*

By A. K. YAPP.

### A Father's Appreciation.

THE leader of the Y.M.C.A. hut at Chickerell Camp, near Weymouth, received a letter from a man in Fifeshire whose son is in camp at Chickerell. The following extracts will be of interest, and it should be understood that this is only one of many hundreds of similar letters that have been received by our leaders since the beginning of the war:—

"I have to express my thanks to you, not for what I received so far as myself is concerned, but what I saw you yourself were doing for the young men who were under your care. As a father I was content to leave my boy under your supervision, and his mother was at one with me. You have taken up a great work, and I am sure many parents will unite in remembering you in their prayers at the Throne of Grace that you will get sufficient strength to continue your good work, and that at least you may see some of the fruits. My own boy has been home, and as I know him to be of few words, yet he spoke well of you, and you have instilled great respect in him for yourself and work. We Scotch folk do not wear our hearts on our sleeves; we cannot parade our thoughts, but from what my boy said I am sure many a Royal Scot who left Chickerell camp, without perhaps shaking your hand, had a great deal of his big heart going out towards you for all you have done for them."

### A Farewell Concert at Pirbright.

We had the pleasure of being present at the farewell concert given to the troops who are just proceeding to the Near East. The large hut was absolutely packed from end to end. Mr. Francis Payne's scheme of decoration is simple but very effective. There are three rows of Union Jacks right down the centre of the hut.

One would emphasise once more the value of music. Even at this time of the year a crowd can always be got together to listen to good singing.

### A Song the Guns Could Not Silence.

A member of one of the French Y.M.C.A.'s records an interesting episode close to the firing line in the French lines. "I was on guard from midnight until two o'clock at the edge of a wood. It was a beautiful moonlight night in the springtime, and a nightingale near me in the hawthorn bush sang its trills in infinite variety. I tried to count the variations and did not succeed. The cannons boomed quite near, but this bird took absolutely no notice of them. And I thought how little man did, when the most powerful implement of violence that he has invented cannot even silence the song of a little bird."

### A Roman Catholic Officer

in the French Army wrote respecting the death of one of the active members of the Y.M.C.A. who was shot by his side:—"He was always on duty, always ready for danger, and sincerely loved his men. I had marked him out, and we were friends, and though of different religion I could not help admiring the strength which his faith in Christ had put into his heart. He did a soldier's act, a Frenchman's duty, but he died without anger or hate. We shall always remember him and seek to imitate him for the sake of France."

### Rheims.

The Y.M.C.A. building at Rheims was shelled and burnt down early in the war.

The Saint Die Association has lost heavily through the war. Its president, secretary, and some of its most active members have been killed.

### Military Service.

Mr. P. A. Shaw, who has been rendering splendid service to the Y.M.C.A. in France, has just returned to take a commission in the Coldstream Guards.

One of our leaders, a man of serviceable age, at one of the Winchester camps, was discussing his personal position with an officer serving in that camp, and the latter said to him: "I should hate to see you fellows in khaki. You are doing as much as we are—in fact, a great deal more." The same worker had an opportunity of discussing the matter with one of the commanding officers, who said to him: "I have done a hard day's work, but would gladly walk the six miles into Winchester to-night to stop you from enlisting."

### The Jelloid Company

has generously agreed to defray the cost of a Y.M.C.A. building to be erected near Waterloo Station. The gift represents £1,000, and we are exceedingly grateful. The company has taken a great interest in our work, and has already presented one of the buildings in which an excellent work is being carried on in the Remount camp at Havre. We hope many other firms will emulate this example.

### Advertisements.

Special attention is drawn to the series of Y.M.C.A. advertisements now appearing in the daily papers. We hope they will meet with generous response. The enormous work the Association is doing amongst the troops is appreciated everywhere, but we realise that we are only standing on the threshold, and that the Y.M.C.A. is face to face to-day with the greatest opportunity that has ever faced any Christian organisation. We bespeak the prayers and the practical support and co-operation of all who are interested in the young manhood of the Empire.

### Fovant.

The huge double hut in the No. 1 Camp at Fovant, on the extreme south-west of Salisbury Plain, was publicly opened on June 9 by the brigadier commanding. The hut was crowded with men, and in that out-of-the-way spot the Association is immensely appreciated.

### Dulwich.

Canvas marquees have been opened on a most suitable site, and the townspeople are rallying splendidly to our help. Colonel Fred Hall, the commanding officer, wrote recently to Mr. F. C. Bennett:—

"I have many claims upon me, and therefore regret it is impossible for me to contribute as generously as I would like to all worthy objects, but shall be glad if you will be good enough to accept the enclosed cheque for ten guineas towards the funds of the Y.M.C.A. I do so thoroughly realise the excellent work that your institution is doing, and I am sure it is unnecessary for me to tell you how deeply I appreciate the kindness of the Association in placing such an excellent marquee at the disposal of the men of the 33rd Division."

### In Memoriam.

We regret to announce the death of *Pte. H. W. Lodge*, of the 7th Battalion Leeds Rifles, who fell a victim to a German sniper. A letter to his parents from the C.O. states that he was placing a wind-gauge on the parapet of the trench when he was wounded in the head by a sniper, and he died an hour later. He joined the colours at the outbreak of the war, and prior to that time had been an active worker in the Y.M.C.A.

We also regret to report the death, on May 18, of *Pte. Robert Rankin*, of the Highland Light Infantry. He was well known in Y.M.C.A. circles at Aberdeen.

It is with a sense of personal loss we record the death of *Lieut. Reginald Marsden*, of the Manchester Regiment. He and his brother, Mr. W. A. Marsden, assistant chief goods manager of the L. and Y. Railway, had been keenly interested for many years in the Manchester Y.M.C.A. Lieut. Marsden was only in his twenty-fourth year, and was a good all-round sportsman. He was a strong swimmer, and played full back at Rugby for the Y.M.C.A. He was married as recently as January 12, in Cyprus, to the daughter of Archdeacon Spencer.

We regret also to report the death, on active service, of *Lance-Corporal Frank Blair Allen*, honorary secretary of the Sunderland Y.M.C.A., and *Pte. F. H. Batstone*, of the 2nd Monmouth Regiment, a member of the Wells Association; also *Pte. W. H. Fowler*, of Cork, who joined the first Canadian contingent early in the war, and was killed in action. His brother, Mr. J. C. Fowler, was wounded in the same action.

### Munitions.

The various centres in which munitions of war are being manufactured are being closely investigated now on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. We believe that what has been done in the camps can be done in many of the munition centres, though, of course, we shall need to be prepared to adapt our methods to meet local requirements. The two great problems seem to be sleeping accommodation and food, also temperance refreshments. We are experimenting in a number of different centres, and believe this work is likely to develop shortly into a great national movement.

*Mr. A. C. Harte*, who has done such valuable work amongst the prisoners-of-war in Germany, is now in Siberia, trying to ascertain what possibility there is of work amongst prisoners-of-war in the Russian Empire. We feel sure that Mr. Harte's efforts, particularly on behalf of our men who are unfortunate enough to be prisoners in Germany, will be followed with prayerful interest by our readers.

*Mr. T. R. Ponsford* has returned from India on furlough, and is shortly taking up a course of study in one of the **University** centres. He has done an exceedingly good work amongst native students in Bombay, and we are glad to have an opportunity of welcoming him back to England.

*A doctor writing from Heliopolis* to a member of the National Council says:—"The Y.M.C.A. are in great force here, and doing a great work. They have five large tents in this camp, with a post office, library, canteen, &c., and have the best men down from Cairo to give most interesting lectures on Egyptian subjects."

*22.—The Challenge of the Cross-roads.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

WHEN you are in a hurry cross-roads are something of an inconvenience. For one thing, they are an unpleasant challenge to our wills; there are two roads, and the immediate problem is which to choose. If we take the likely one, it may mean a considerable loss of time, and may turn out, after all, to be the wrong way to go. I suppose every cyclist who reads this page has wished with its writer that every forked way could have a sign-post; and while I gratefully admit that since the advent of motors there are now more sign-posts than formerly, there is still, however, need of more information along the road. Can anything be more irritating when cycling than to come to a forked road, dismount, run eagerly over to a promising sign-post, only to find that its once explicit directions have been rubbed out through much rain and old age?

• • •

DIFFERENT men have different ways of getting over the problem. Some spin a coin into the air; if it comes down heads they go left, if it comes down tails they take right. In fairness to this game of chance, I am bound to say I have occasionally found it work. Of course, it is quite unscientific, but the fact that the most sensible men have been known to spin a coin into the air at least suggests that we are ever in quest of guidance. It is somewhat curious, but when I spin a coin it invariably comes down tails, and in playing games where the spinning coin is the decisive factor at the beginning I have found tails to be usually on my side. Of course, mathematically, it may be likely that I start with tails upwards when the coin is resting on my fingers, and it may also be possible that I give it the same strength of toss each time; in which case, I suppose, could it be demonstrated, it would be necessary to review my theories concerning the ethics of cheating. But the fact that we do spin a coin when we come to the cross-roads at least indicates our desire for some practical guidance.

• • •

AS a matter of fact, all cross-roads are a challenge to our wills. Every young fellow when he has left school has to face the question of the future. What is he going to be? Sometimes, even when that question is answered in a fairly general way, the cross-roads remain. Thus a man decides to be a doctor; but no sooner has he so decided than he is faced with a number of other considerations. Shall he be a general practitioner, with the conjoint diploma allowing him to practise as physician and surgeon? Or shall he specialise in surgery, and take a degree in surgery and perhaps the Fellowship? Or shall he go in for medicine, pure and simple, and take a high degree as a physician? Or shall he become a dental surgeon, and devote all his ability to the mouth and teeth? Or shall he become an oculist, and spend all his time on the eyes? All these things are open to him, and, indeed, many more; so that when a man has decided to be a doctor, he is by no means out on the open road.

• • •

THE challenge of the cross-roads, on the whole, is a beneficent thing for the race. Through it we arrive at better results than we otherwise should, for we are compelled to look all round the subject and to seek all the guidance we can before we come to a decision. I am quite sure that for the most part the men who are really happy in their professions are the men who cheerfully accept the challenge of the cross-roads, and, having come to a decision, started a firm, strong pilgrimage along their destined way. After all, we are free, rational beings, endowed with the power of choice, and when we come to the cross-roads we ought not to murmur against the temporary inconvenience our freedom imposes upon us.

WITH every one of us there comes, sooner or later, the great and eternal challenge of religion. Every man, said Pascal, is incurably religious; which means, I take it, that every man possesses, in some degree, the religious instinct. We should never be weary of affirming that man at his worst is infinitely higher than the animal at its best. Man is akin to God, and although the early image is marred and defaced, the Divine *imprimatur* still remains. One of the noblest passages outside of Holy Scripture is to be found in Shakespeare, where he makes Hamlet say: "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension like a god!" And because we possess this high instinct, the spiritual cross-roads cannot be evaded. We must face them; we must choose the one and neglect the other, or remain for ever standing still. And if we seem to choose neither road, we *do* choose notwithstanding; we choose by refusing to choose.

■ • •

ONE of the most difficult qualities in life is the quality of neutrality. It is to me, from a philosophical point of view, a very serious problem. If an issue is clear-cut, or if it is possible of investigation, how can neutrality be an honourable estate? I am not thinking so much just now of America or Holland or any other country adopting an attitude of neutrality towards the war, but of the attitude of the individual to whom the question does not present so many ramifications. In the case of a country I think it is possible for neutrality to proceed along quite honourable lines. After all, a country is composed of millions of men and women, all of whom are involved in any course of action that may be taken. It is quite possible, therefore, that the country in question, seeing no cross-roads ahead, does not feel disposed to consider the question of choice at all. It assumes a certain justifiable indifference which goes by the name of neutrality. But in the case of an individual, the position is altogether different. The claims of God upon the human soul are clearly and expressly stated, and the seductions of the evil one are likewise apparent; and if a man is to be honourable and self-consistent, he has to choose this day whom he will serve. There is, in strict and accurate thinking, no such thing as "sitting on the fence." There is no such thing as being *neither* for *nor* against. If a man is not for Christ he is, *ipso facto*, against Him. As I write these words, four appealing lines are running through my head which I heard somebody sing many years ago:—

What will you do with Jesus,
*Neutral you cannot be;*
Some day your heart will be asking,
"What will He do with me?"

• • •

IF this were a sermon—which it is not—I should be very much inclined to press this issue upon my hearers. There is a certain shame in the attempted neutrality of which I have written, and it is unworthy of real men. We have no feelings of neutrality regarding the great European conflict. Having faced the cross-roads last August, we were persuaded of the way we should take; we made up our minds and commenced the long and, it may be, weary pilgrimage to victory. I wish we could be as resolute in our decision to follow Jesus Christ. For, after all, the Christian life is as truly a battle as the conflict in Flanders; it is a good fight of faith, and if we are persuaded that the cause of Christ is right we have no right to be neutral, when to be neutral is virtually to deny Him His claims. It is a very simple thing to take the right road, because at the cross-roads a Figure stands, and He not only points the way, but says, as He walks a few paces ahead to show us the road, "This is the way; walk ye in it." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."



## A NEW BUILDING FOR EDINBURGH.

**Preparing for New Activities in the Scottish Capital.**

EDINBURGH Association is preparing for larger activities. The old premises are to be demolished and a fine new building erected on the site. It is to be a seven-storey building, including basement, from plans prepared by Mr. G. Washington Browne, R.S.A., of Randolph Cliff, Edinburgh. The building has a narrow frontage, and will be treated in classical fashion. The provision will include a hostel, a gymnasium, and a billiard-room, special features that have not hitherto found a place in the work and interests of the Association. The basement floor, which will have a separate entrance from Meuse Lane, will provide a drill and recreation hall, a reading-room, and a handicrafts room. The ground floor will be occupied by a reception-hall, 53 feet by 35 feet, and lounge. The pillared hall will have an alcove, which will be utilised as a reading-room. To the left of the main entrance will be the secretary's room, and to the right the main staircase leading to the upper floors, which will also be connected by an automatic elevator for the use of the members. The first floor up consists mainly of a hall, 52 feet by 36 feet, for meetings, lectures, and concerts, which will have sitting accommodation for 350 people. There will be a platform at one end and a gallery at the other. En suite with the lecture-hall will be the platform-room, the board-room, the cloakrooms, and retiring-rooms, while on the gallery floor level will be a smaller hall.

The main hall will extend through two floors of the front building. On the second floor the front of the building will be devoted to the libraries, and the back portion to a billiard-room, with three tables. A feature of the third floor will be the gymnasium, 53 feet by 29 feet, and connected with it will be dressing-rooms, baths, an instructor's-room, and a physical examination-room. The top two storeys will be used for the purposes of the hostel accommodation. The construction throughout will be fireproof, and will have a special heating and ventilating system, and the premises will be fitted with electric light.

On the frontage to St. Andrew Street the two lower floors will be treated as a rusticated basement to support the upper part of the building, which is to be divided into three main bays between fluted Ionic columns, and the whole will be crowned by main cornice and superimposed balustrade. From the street to the top of the stonework the height of the building will be 68 feet, and above this, and rising to an additional height of 18 feet, will be the timbered and slated treatment of the two upper storeys. A drawing of the building finds a place on the walls of the present Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition in the Architectural Room.

## TRUE BRITISH PLUCK.

A CORRESPONDENT in a Bristol paper writes:—

As my readers know, my little household is interested in a soldier out there "somewhere." "George" was one of the first to go to try to stem the Germanic tide in Belgium, and he has had marvellous luck in not being hit during the many months he has been there. Weekly we received his postcards; then came a week when it was due and came not. Days passed. What had happened to "George"? We eagerly scanned the casualty lists, but his name was not there. Then we had a postcard, saying that he had been wounded, and was in hospital. After an interval came the return of a parcel that we had addressed to him at the front. There was a certain "bad luck" about that parcel. When we had made it up we found that it was just 13 lbs. instead of 11: the Post Office refused to take it, and so it had to come apart. And now it had been to the front and come back again, because it could not find "George" there, as he was in hospital "somewhere in France." Here were all those little goodies seemingly useless. Other friends of soldiers must have had parcels back under similar circumstances. An idea occurs to me. The next parcel I send will be addressed as usual, with this addition on the address label: "If addressee cannot be found, please hand to sergeant in charge of his company for distribution." That, at least, will prevent the parcel from coming back, and some brave khaki lads will, I trust, be all the better for it. To-day we received another postcard from "George." It had the letters "Y.M.C.A." on it, and read as follows: "Just a line to say I received your letter quite safely, and this leaves me in the best of health, ready to go back again. . . . I tell you, what we want is those men at home who are out on strike and breaking shop windows. Tell them to come out here if they want to get their own back. This is the place. If a man can stick at home now he is not a man. I am glad to say that we have someone in our family fighting for King and country." Such from "George." May that plucky lad pull through, and "come safe home again!"




# A Delicious Drink.

*COOLING. THIRST QUENCHING.*
*GOOD FOR THE BLOOD.*

The juice of fresh ripe lemons and white cane sugar make

# KIA-ORA
## LEMON SQUASH

**THE FINEST SUMMER DRINK**

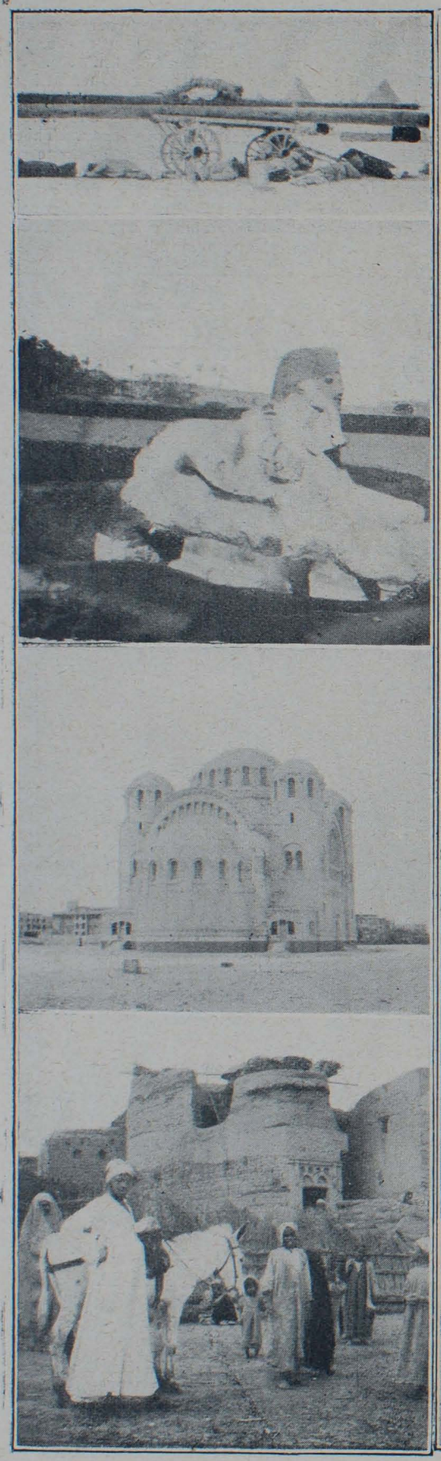
**Sold at all Y.M.C.A. Centres, at**

**Per Long Glass 1d. Per Long Glass**

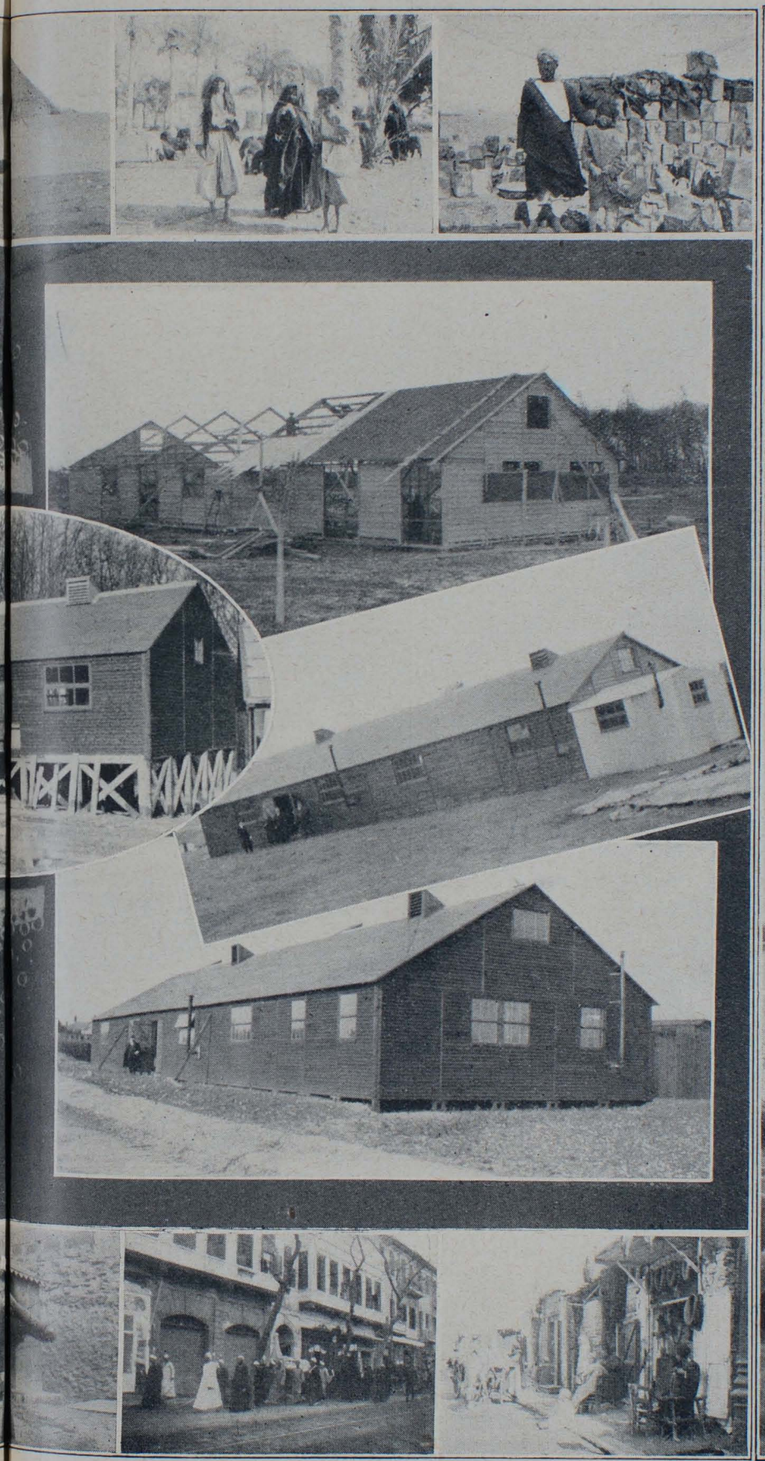
**And in Bottles at 6d., 10½d. and 1/6.**

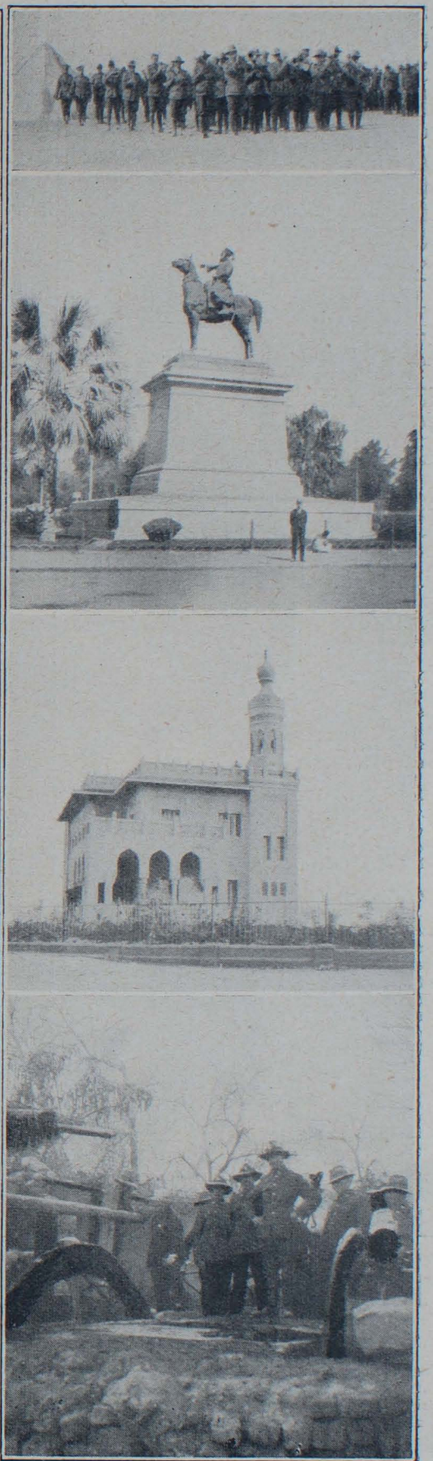
SOLE MAKERS, O-T LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

# WHERE THE OLD WORLD MEETS THE NEW, TOGETHER WITH SOME SCENES OF Y.M.C.A. ACTIVITY IN THE HOMELAND.









In the centre of this composite page are seen a few of the Y.M.C.A. buildings in the Winchester area, while surrounding these are a series of interesting views of Egyptian life. As our readers are aware, many of our home and colonial troops have been undergoing training on the sands of the Egyptian desert, coming in contact there with scenes of an ancient civilisation, some of which are represented above. The great sphinx is easily recognisable. On the left is seen a sphinx recently covered on the site of ancient Memphis; directly underneath is a photograph of the Greek church at Heliopolis. The band of the 13th Australian Infantry is shown at the top of the right-hand column; the statue of Ibrahim Pasha at Cairo stands underneath, while under that again is a photographic reproduction of a modern villa at Heliopolis.

SUMMER
**BREECHES**
**of DRILL**
COOL and STRONG.
WASHABLE KHAKI SHADES.
Cut to Measure.



**10/6** per pair
Strapp'ngs Included.
**SEND FOR PATTERNS**
KHAKI BEDFORD CORDS
10/6 12/6 15/11 20/11
24/11 & 30/- per pair.
**BEDFORD BREECHES CO.**
**29, GT. TITCHFIELD ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON.**
Dep Y.M.

# FROM THE BOYS IN FRANCE.

Q.M.S. RICHARDSON, 4th Siege Battery, Havre, writes:—"I could not get on without **ZEDEX**. It is a godsend to me and my pals out here, and we have all found it very helpful to us in our hard work. I don't know what I should have done without it."

Lance-Corporal RUSSELL, 2nd Remount Dept., Havre, writes:—"**ZEDEX** has been of great service to us. In the work we have to do it certainly gives us great assistance and keeps one's spirits up, and is very strengthening."

**ZEDEX** is prepared in dainty tasteless pellets (you can swallow them without a drink) in flat case. Takes up no room. **ZEDEX** is recommended by Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N., Dr. ANDREW WILSON and others, for increasing endurance, giving power, force, energy and bright spirits. Sold by all branches of BOOTS, CASH CHEMISTS, at 2/6 a box; or post paid, under cover, with full directions and advice, from **ZEDEX Co., Hove, Sussex.**

ARTHUR MCNICOL, the oldest soldier in the British Army, now nearly 100 years old, joined the 1st Foot Regiment in 1837, takes **ZEDEX** with great benefit. He can now sleep at night—a thing he has not done for years.

Price 6d. Net, post free, 7d.

**BRITAIN AT WAR THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.**

BY
**The Rev. LEN G. BROUGHTON, D.D.**

Containing four remarkable sermons preached by Dr. Broughton, at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and calling forth an extraordinary demonstration of popular enthusiasm.

**Sold by all Booksellers Everywhere.**

**MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., PUBLISHERS,**
47, Paternoster Row, E.C.; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; and 124, East 28th Street, New York.

## A FALLEN STANDARD-BEARER.

### A Tribute to the Life and Work of Sheriff Andrew Mitchell, M.A.

THE death of Sheriff-Substitute Mitchell, Stirling, constitutes a serious loss to the public and Christian life of Scotland. Sheriff Mitchell was a public man of the best type. He was a scholar and a member of a learned profession. His interests extended far beyond professional limits. He threw his energies into many causes—religious, social, and political—and these he served with ungrudging and unwearied labours to the end. Sheriff Mitchell's warm attachment to, and long connection with, the work of the Edinburgh Y.M.C.A. were distinguishing features in a life full of activity and usefulness. It is understood that Sheriff Mitchell was born in New York, but he was a Scotsman by family connection and upbringing. He attended Glasgow University for some time, and later entered Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. Thereafter he studied law in Scotland, and was in due course admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates. He co-operated in producing an edition of Goudy on Bankruptcy, now the standard work in Scotland on that branch of the law. For several years he acquired judicial training and experience by acting as interim Sheriff-Substitute in various towns in Scotland, and in June, 1906, he was appointed Sheriff-Substitute at Stirling, which position he held at the time of his death.

Sheriff Mitchell's public spirit early drew him into the congenial field of municipal work. He entered the Town Council of Edinburgh in 1891 or thereby, and, with a short break of about eighteen months, he was one of the City Fathers continuously until his appointment to Stirling made resignation necessary. In Church work he was always a zealous and efficient helper; and numerous religious and philanthropic societies received his support. He joined the membership of Edinburgh Y.M.C.A. in 1879, and was elected a director in the course of the same year. The quality of the service he rendered and the influence of his personality impressed the Association so favourably that when a vacancy occurred in the vice-presidentship in 1900 he was unanimously appointed to the position. In June, 1906, when he was compelled to leave Edinburgh on his appointment to Stirling, he was elected an honorary president of the Metropolitan Association in recognition of his varied and valuable services thereto. The Stirling Association thereafter enlisted his interest and support, and in many ways he continued to manifest his attachment to the Association movement, with which he had been connected for a period of thirty-six years. Sheriff Mitchell was a delightful companion, a true friend, a man whom to know was to respect and honour.

---

"I won't drink, because doing so would interfere with a certain commission I have," said a very young man when pressed by three gay companions to take a glass of beer in a social way. "A commission! What sort of a commission?" "A commission to prepare the way of the Lord and to make His paths straight. With work of that kind in view, I don't want to have impaired faculties."

Among the well-deserved honours on the King's Birthday was a knighthood for Brigadier-General G. K. Scott-Moncrieff. As Inspector of Fortifications, Sir G. K. Scott-Moncrieff has done highly valuable work. He presided, one may recall, at one of the services recently held in Queen's Hall by the Brothers Wood, and has often given an outspoken Christian testimony.



**Have you ever thought how little food is absorbed in illness,**

and how every grain must count for or against recovery?

In Benger's Food, *all is food,* in a form so bland and soothing, and so easily assimilated, as to fully justify its reputation as the safe Food in illness.

**BENGER'S FOOD**

differs from others, in its ability to partially digest, by self-contained and natural means, the fresh new milk with which it is prepared. Think how this helps the invalid through illness and convalescence.

Benger's is a pure natural food, most dainty and delicious, and highly nutritive. Many patients say it is the one food which never becomes monotonous.

Benger's is a most interesting food to prepare. The changes it undergoes teach a lesson in human digestion. It is all explained in our book, "Benger's Food and How to Use it." Post free.

Benger's Food is British made, and sold in tins by Chemists, etc. everywhere.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.
*Branch Offices:* NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 117, Pitt St., and Depots throughout CANADA.

Your Friend at the Front must have



The Famous "Tinder Lighter," enclosed in an Aluminium Case for the Pocket.

The result—THE TINDER CANNOT GET WET OR EVEN DAMP, and is always ready to ignite by a turn of the wheel.

Price Complete ... 1/6
In Solid Silver Case ... 10/6
Post Free.

*Wholesale Prices on application.*

**BOTLY & LEWIS,**
*Manufacturing Jewellers,*
**25, King St., READING.**
*Send for our Illustrated List of Regimental Badge Brooches, post free.* 'PHONE 172.



# — OUR — OUTLOOK.

THE tasks before the Christian Church are so stupendous at the present time that only the fullest possible measure of unity and co-ordination can overtake one-half of the opportunities that are now presenting themselves in all parts of the British Dominions. At home the Y.M.C.A. may claim to have formulated an unanswerable case to the British people when it made one appeal on behalf of war funds for Y.M.C.A. work amongst the soldiers. In other parts of the world a similar spirit has prevailed, as, for instance, in India, to which we alluded last week. In the present issue we refer to the position of affairs in Egypt, from which Mr. J. J. Virgo has returned this week. We rejoice to state that a strong combination of interests has been effected there which will enable Y.M.C.A. services to the Australian and British troops to be organised with efficiency and on a broad co-related basis.

***

IN order that the situation previous to Mr. Virgo's visit can be appreciated it should be stated that the ordinary work of the Y.M.C.A. in Egypt is under the control of the International Committee of North America, with headquarters at Cairo, and in charge of Mr. W. Jessop as secretary. When the war broke out and British troops arrived in Egypt, Mr. Jessop rendered most welcome assistance, but from the first it was evident that the task imposed upon him greater demands than the resources of the local work could meet. Then, as the numbers of soldiers transported from this country to Egypt rapidly increased, leaders from England and Scotland went out to organise similar services to those rendered to the troops at home. When the Australians arrived in Egypt they were accompanied by specially selected Y.M.C.A. secretaries from the four States in Australia, and deputed by their several constituencies to consider the special interests of the men from their own State. There were thus three representative groups of Y.M.C.A. men operating in distinct directions. Excellent results had been obtained in various ways, but under the circumstances it was impossible to grapple with the problem as a whole and direct operations from a common centre.

***

MR. VIRGO'S mission, therefore, was to try and bring the whole of the Y.M.C.A. forces on to a common platform. His long residence in Australia and his knowledge of Y.M.C.A. leaders from the Antipodes gave him unique qualities for grappling with the problem. It will be remembered that he left England at the end of April, and on arriving in Egypt one of his first duties was to call a conference of all the workers in Egypt to consider the whole situation. After several hours' discussion, it was unanimously agreed to unite forces, if the associations in Australia would consent. This was invited by cable, and by cable they agreed to the suggestion. Then a strong Egyptian National Committee for war work was formed. Sir Henry McMahon, the High Commissioner, accepted the chairmanship, and other members included Lieut.-Gen. Sir John G. Maxwell, in command of the British troops in Egypt, Sir Reginald Oakes, Col. Pridmore, Col. Ellgood, and Capt. Victor Trumper. So sympathetic and helpful was the High Commissioner that the meeting to discuss the situation was held in the Residency at Cairo.

***

AN excellent plan of operations was formulated by this strong committee. Before he left for home Mr. Virgo had the pleasure of knowing that marquees were to be erected at several new centres in and around Alexandria, and that the German Club in Cairo had been secured as a central rallying-place for the troops stationed in that city. Emphasis should here be laid on the necessity of this centre. Cairo is cosmopolitan in its characteristics. To the untravelled Territorial, or the unsophisticated colonial, it is a place of peculiar temptation. These conditions can only be met by wise plans for getting the men together for recreation and social and religious influences; and as we know they have proved so successful elsewhere there is every reason to believe that the Egyptian agencies will prove equally beneficial to the troops at present in Egypt.

***

ON the civilian side, it will be of interest to state that there are two local Y.M.C.A.'s in Cairo—one for British and American young men and the other for Arabic-speaking youths. Unfortunately, there is no provision whatever for thousands of young fellows, representing several nations, in the way of clubs of an elevating character and worked on Christian lines. The Cairo Y.M.C.A. is carried on in a large building in which the Association rents rooms situated several storeys above the ground floor. Steps are now, however, being taken to secure a central place—one is already under consideration—which will provide a hall as a rallying place, with rooms adjoining which can be devoted to the departments necessary for the various nationalities in the city. As Mr. Virgo says in describing the present opportunity, "This is a great scheme, and a representative man in the city has sailed for the United States in the hope of obtaining the interest of the International Committee and individual friends in securing the purchase of the building, which is so admirably suited to the purpose, and will give the Cairo Y.M.C.A. a fine uplift."

***

TURNING again for a moment to the war work of the Y.M.C.A. in Egypt, it must be remembered that the opportunities for Christian service are almost illimitable. Permission has been granted to the committee by the authorities to erect a building for the troops at one of the most central sites in Alexandria, which is an important intermediate base. Similar permission has been given to erect another building in one of the permanent barracks not far from the city. The hospitals have opened up a new avenue of Y.M.C.A. service. On all the grounds adjoining the hospitals tents are being erected, where the men can gather without being out of bounds, and thus enjoy the advantages offered by the Association in their camp work. "This is a great boon to the wounded soldiers," says Mr. Virgo, "and has tremendously impressed the authorities, who were concerned respecting the manner in which the men were to occupy themselves and yet still remain within bounds. At one convalescent hospital, fifteen miles from Cairo," he adds, "we have provided musical instruments for hundreds of men, who, but for this recreation, would find time hang idly on their hands."

***

OF the personal aspects of Mr. Virgo's visit to Egypt we shall probably take other opportunities to refer later. During his stay in Egypt the weeks were crowded with a variety of incident. He has seen and shaken hands with hundreds of his old friends from Australia and elsewhere, and he has addressed great gatherings at every centre he visited. In the few weeks he was away from England he spoke to tens of thousands of men, and their receptivity of the Gospel message was remarkable.

***

IT is an inspiration just now to listen to those of our workers who are visiting the camps, as they tell the story of their evangelistic work. Mr. Virgo has crowded the last six weeks with work in

England, Egypt, and France. Every evening that he has been within reach of a camp he has spoken, sometimes three and even four times. One of his most interesting stories is of a meeting at Mustapha Barracks, Alexandria, when the big tent was absolutely packed, and men stood twenty deep outside. The lighting failed, and that meeting took place in Egyptian darkness. After the meeting, inquirers were dealt with personally for more than an hour. One man said: "Fancy coming all the way from Australia to make the greatest decision of one's life."

***

ON another occasion, with more than 600 convalescents present, men listened in hushed silence to the "glad tidings," and sang together, "Lead, kindly light," under the silent stars. At the Lietoun Camp, Cairo, Mr. Virgo told the story of the terrible Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago, a story that he tells with great effect. Outside the tent afterwards a colonial trooper came up and said, "I was there, and my cousin was killed; but I managed to save my life." There and then he made me his vow of allegiance. Another deeply impressive occasion was when in a hospital 700 wounded men struggled hard to stand to "Attention," and sang, "God save the King." In one short week of meetings at Rouen nearly 400 men enlisted in the service of our Lord, and pledged their allegiance to Him. We are hearing daily testimonies to the attractive power of the truth as it is in Jesus. We are hearing wonderful stories of the readiness of men to hear and answer the great appeal. Let us thank God and take courage!

---

On the north coast of Cornwall is a lighthouse which first of all was placed high up upon the cliffs, where the mists and fogs often obscured and hid its brightness from the passing mariner in hours of the sorest need. So they took it down and built it afresh on a rock out at sea, amid the waves of that dangerous coast, *there to shine where it was most necessary.*

## COMFORT FOR THEM THAT MOURN.

**Words of Cheer in Time of War. By the Rev. H. Seeley, M.A., Vicar of Clacton-on-Sea.**

ISAIAH lxi. 1, 2, 3.

Has the Lord thy lot embittered — Ruth i. 20.
With the smarting rod? — Micah vi. 9.
Trust to Him with filial reverence— Hebrews xii. 9.
Trust thy gracious God. — Psalm ciii. 13.
Whom He loves He always chastens— Revelation iii. 19.
Love is over all: — Psalm cxlv. 9.
Patient love which never hastens Romans xv. 5.
Justice stern to call. — 2 Peter iii. 9.
Is thy path closed round with sorrow? Lamentations iii. 5.
He will not forget: — Isaiah xliv. 21.
Joy will come, a brighter morrow; Psalm xxx. 5.
Wait, believing yet. Lamentations iii. 25, 26.
There is One who sympathises Luke vii. 13.
With the mourner still: — John xix. 26, 27.
Touched with mortal griefs and burdens, Hebrews iv. 15.
And with human ill: — Hebrews ii. 18.
He has felt the heavy pressure Isaiah liii. 3, 4.
Of bereavement sore: — John xi. 33.
"JESUS WEPT"—how great the sorrow John xi. 35.
Which our Saviour bore! Lamentations i. 12.
Soon shall come the heavenly morning! 1 Thessalonians iv. 14.
Of unceasing rest, Psalms xvi. 11, xvii. 15.
When the Lord will give a welcome Psalm i. 5.
To His children blest. — Matthew xxv. 34.
Weep no longer, He will quickly 1 Thessalonians iv. 13.
Wipe away thy tears: — Isaiah xxv. 8.
*There* shall be no more complaining, Revelations xxi. 4.
No more gloomy fears. 1 John iv. 17, 18, 19.

## A CALL TO SERVICE.

**The Special Appeal of the Free Church Council.**

A SPECIAL appeal was recently read from the pulpits of the Free Churches as follows:—

"It has become increasingly apparent that we have reached a supreme hour in history, when the results of centuries of Christian civilisation are seriously threatened by the attack of an unscrupulous foe, whose military methods are both ruthless and inhuman.

"Britain stands in the forefront of the conflict, and is pledging the very existence of her Empire on behalf of the smaller peoples, and the maintenance of international freedom and righteousness.

"We have reason to congratulate ourselves, as Free Church people, on the magnificent response given from our churches, not only to the claims of the Army and Navy, but for all those other services which are demanded by the exceptional circumstances of our time.

"But the call on our country is so urgent that we are confident that our people are prepared to help the Government in any further demand it may make on our national resources.

"Every man who, for any reason, cannot enlist should seek to render national service in some other direction. Our women will not cease to devote time and strength to carrying on the work of the churches, especially by welcoming recruits to our homes and church premises, by nursing, by relief and temperance work, and by the care of refugees and of the bereaved.

"We urge also that throughout the country special meetings should be continued for regular and united intercession, that through all this turmoil the Divine Kingdom may come and the Divine Will be done as in Heaven so on earth.

"J. COMPTON RICKETT (President).
"F. B. MEYER and
"J. SCOTT LIDGETT (Hon. Secretaries).


**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6** and **12/6** ,,
All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**

THE COUNTRY OF THE FUTURE. THE ORCHARD OF THE EMPIRE.

**BRITISH COLUMBIA**

**POSSESSES VAST NATURAL RESOURCES AWAITING DEVELOPMENT.**

Canada's Mineral Province—Immense Timber Resources—Important Fisheries—Vast Water Powers—The Sportsman's Paradise—Offers Countless Attractions to Tourists—A Splendid Climate—Free Education—Good Laws.

**A SAFE COUNTRY FOR PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.**

Land and Climate eminently adapted for Mixed Farming, Fruit Growing, Dairying, Horse, Sheep, Hog and Cattle Raising, and Poultry Farming.

**PRACTICALLY FREE LANDS FOR SETTLERS.**

**Blocks of 160 acres costing only about 50/- inclusive.**

The Country for the Farmer with some capital, and Agricultural Workers.

**Estimated Population, over 500,000.**

Full information free of charge on application to—

**J. H. TURNER, Agent-General for B.C., Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C.**

**Always ask for**

**R. WHITE'S**

**Celebrated**

**MINERAL WATERS**

They are Brewed in Modern Factories under strictly Hygienic conditions . .

**GUARANTEED PURE**

**BREWED GINGER BEER**

**Soda Water, Lemonade, Lime Juice & Soda, etc.**

FACTORIES — Camberwell, Barking, Kingston, Watford Croydon, Windsor and elsewhere.







A happy group outside a Y.M.C.A. hut in Hursley Park, and members of a Bible class which meets in Camp.

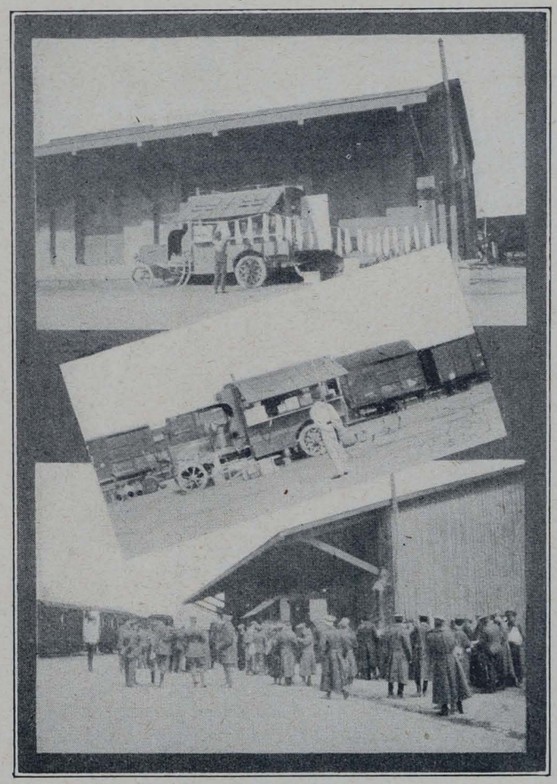
# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

Rev. James Nicholas, pastor of Moriah Chapel, Tonypandy, has been appointed to the section of the Y.M.C.A. ministering to the comforts of our fighting forces. He will leave this week for Pembroke Dock, where he will be stationed. It is understood that he will resume his pastorate of the church at Moriah at the completion of the war. Mr. Nicholas has had charge of Moriah since its inception in 1905, and during that period he has made himself extremely popular.

***

On Whit Monday, in an attack by the British on the Germans, followed by a counter-attack by the enemy, Lance-Corporal Frank Blair-Allen, of Sunderland, was mortally wounded and instantly died, somewhere in Belgium. Methodism can badly spare him. As an official in the church and an active worker among young people, he gave great promise of years of usefulness, and his loss will be deeply felt by the Sunderland Wesleyan Mission. Clean of life and limb, brimful of activity and serviceableness to God and man, radiant and joyous, he filled a large place in the hearts of multitudes of friends. At the call of duty, and without hesitation, he enlisted at the outset of the war as a private in the Durham Light Infantry, declining to seek a commission, and with his company he went in April to Belgium, where very hot fighting was soon experienced. He always kept his light shining for his Master. "The day before his death," writes a comrade in arms, "he and four others were sitting together in a trench, reading their Testaments and singing hymns together." Mr. Blair-Allen was the only son of the late Rev. Edward Blair-Allen, and was born at Winchcombe, in Gloucester, twenty-six years ago. He was articled as a solicitor to his uncle, Mr. John S. Nicholson, and was taken into partnership with him three years ago. He took an active part in the work of the Sunderland Y.M.C.A., and in many other movements, social and religious, and was the secretary up to his enlistment of the Sunderland Golf Club. His mother and eldest sister survive him, the younger sister having died four or five years ago.



The Threapwood Motor Kitchen, Colonel L. Noble in charge, which is doing such excellent service for our troops in France.

***

Special farewell services were held at Astley Bridge Baptist Church on Sunday, June 6, in connection with the impending departure of the Rev. H. Bury, B.A. (pastor), who has taken over the charge of the Bolton Y.M.C.A. hut in France. The pastor preached to good congregations throughout the day. At the Brotherhood service he spoke of the Y.M.C.A. movement and the work which it is doing in France. At the evening service, which was well attended, he briefly referred to his new sphere of work, and thanked all the members and friends at Astley Bridge for their support and kindness to him during his nine years' service as pastor. Many friends had been made, and he did not leave them without some feeling of sorrow. On Saturday evening a farewell social was held, and opportunity was taken to present to Mr. Bury a handsome travelling suit-case, and to Mrs. Bury a lady's handbag. The inscription on the former read: "Presented to the Rev. H. Bury, B.A., on the termination of his nine years' ministry, to engage in Y.M.C.A. work in France during the great European War, commenced 1914. 5th June, 1915." Mr. S. Kay (superintendent and secretary of the church) presided, and was supported by the Revs. W. J. Cleal (Claremont), J. Tinker (Zion), J. M. Thorpe (Farnworth), and the deacons. Councillor W. Cooper, J.P., made the presentation. He said that a large number of their people had a very high opinion, as well as great affection, for Mr. Bury. The call of right, liberty, freedom, and justice had, he said, led Mr. Bury to accept the call on behalf of the soldiers. Mr. Bury feelingly re-

plied. Tributes to Mr. Bury's work and ideals were paid by the Revs. W. J. Cleal, J. Tinker, J. M. Thorpe, and Messrs. G. G. Williams, S. Kay, G. Reason, and J. Mellor. During the evening the choir rendered selections of choice music, and solos were tastefully given by Misses F. Jackson, M. Nield, and M. Williams.

***

The lecture delivered by the Rev. Joseph Johnston, of St. James' Church, Paisley, in the Y.M.C.A. hall on a recent Monday evening attracted a very good attendance, and everyone must have been impressed. In the course of his itinerary he visited many far-flung "centres," the principal being Havre, Rouen, Boulogne, and Dieppe, and at every point he witnessed that spirit of practical utility which stands as the symbol of the Association's work. As giving some idea of the extent to which the Y.M.C.A. ministers to the creature comforts of the troops, the lecturer stated that at Havre alone the weekly turnover exceeds £1,000. This, however, represents but one side of our work, and as our emblem—a triangle—demonstrates, we have a triune purpose and object, viz., body, mind, and spirit. The object of the Y.M.C.A. out there is to create a social atmosphere, brighten the lives of the troops, and meet their spiritual interests. As everyone knows, Tommy is the complete personification of genial good humour, and, as Mr. Johnston said, the sing-song is the tit-bit. That gaiety, however, though real, is passing, and Tommy is very impressionable. Placed in such proximity to the borders of the Great Divide, a tense feeling is broadcast, and he is increasingly sensitive to the Gospel, preached in all its simplicity and directness. Amongst the workers out there sectarianism is annulled, denominationalism is absent, and a complete catholicity of spirit reigns supreme. So valuable has the Association work become that the military authorities welcome it as a very beneficial auxiliary. A collection taken at the close of the lecture realised the handsome sum of £13 4s. 5d., which will be disbursed by Mr. Johnston when he returns, shortly, to the Y.M.C.A. centres in France.

***

Miss Muriel Thomson, who was recently made a Chevalier de Leopold II. by the King of the Belgians for her splendid services at the front, was a Y.M.C.A. worker among the troops at the White City for more than two months.

***

Before reviewing a Brigade of Territorials on Middlewick Rifle Range, Colchester, General Rundle and staff visited the Y.M.C.A. refreshment hut established there. He asked the workers many questions about the use made of it, goods sold, &c., and expressed his approval of the work.

***

The rooms opened in Richmond, Yorks, are largely used by the workmen engaged in building the new camps there. Mr. Jos. Smurthwaite, our leader, co-operates with the Newry Mission and others in service for the workers.

***

Sir Andrew Pettigrew was the chairman when a down-town rest centre for the use of the troops passing through Glasgow was opened last week. Sir Joseph Maclay, who performed the ceremony, suggested that in the lower districts Corporations would do a wise thing if they opened many shops and halls as places of rest.

***

Speaking at the annual banquet of the Philadelphia Association, ex-President Taft, answering a jocular reference to his defeat in the last Presidential election, said: "Defeat isn't the worst thing that can happen to a man. It puts down the size of the head and builds up a sense of proportion. It is sometimes easier to get over a defeat than a victory."

***

"Tipperary" in Burmese:—

Te we ba la Tipperary
Ayauk te she the ahmu
Te we ba la Tipperary
Yisa le to ni tu.
Ma yauk daw bu Piccadilly
Thwa bi Leicester Square
Te we ba la Tipperary
Hohma, youngyo.

***

The camp-leader at our hut on Blackheath is a man of many gifts. He admitted recently having acted in his career as an amateur dentist, and has pulled out at least 500 teeth! Then, finding the Indian troops in France were eager to be shaved, he turned his adaptability in that direction. "I think I have shaved miles of Indian chins," he said, with a laugh. One of the lady helpers at the Blackheath hut—and the hut is specially fortunate in practical and devoted helpers—told an amusing story of a local inhabitant. He had spent the night in the hut, taking care of it. "But I couldn't sleep a wink," he said, "for the horrible noise of them *dromedaries!*" He referred to the mules which were at the camp near by!

***

It is characteristic of our British reticence that not a few Christians in the Army seem afraid to admit their faith for fear of being thought "pious." An officer, writing home recently, said that everyone of his brother-officers would be mortally offended at being thought religious, and yet, he added, each of them reads his Bible and prays regularly.

***

The magnificently equipped No. 1 hut at Fooant Camp was officially opened on Wednesday, June 9, by Brigadier-General Thomas, commanding the 78th Infantry Brigade, who was accompanied by brigade and battalion officers. The building was full of troops. The General said that he esteemed it a pleasure and honour and a privilege to preside over that gathering. He had often thought that none of them had fully grasped the enormous amount of work that the Young Men's Christian Association was doing for soldiers. Many of them would remember that when they were assembling at Codford last September, and camps were being hurriedly and hastily put up all over the country, there was a great outcry for accommodation of any sort for recreation, reading, and writing. The War Office was cram-full of work, and others had to meet the demand. Several societies helped, but he honestly thought that of all who came forward the Y.M.C.A. succeeded more than any of the others.

The more they thought of what the Association had accomplished, the more grateful should they feel. The Y.M.C.A. was helping their men, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in France, in Flanders, in India, Egypt, and South Africa. He did not know whether the Association had extended its work to the Dardanelles yet, but he thought they would very soon hear of it.

Wherever our soldiers were, the Y.M.C.A. was trying to help them. In declaring the building open, the General said that, so far as they could, they would make this work at Focant prosper and succeed.

In the evening the building was more than crowded for the concert arranged by the 9th Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, the instrumental music being rendered by the battalion band.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 19th.**—Gen. xxiv. 17-31. "*I am the daughter of Bethuel*" (verse 24). Our's is a very accurate God. In this case He led Abraham's servant, in answer to prayer, to the exact object of his search. Christ came into the world in order to teach us how to make life a business concern in which He is head of the firm, and in which prayer provides a means of consulting Him on every detail. He is honoured by our testing His faithfulness in this respect and by our venturing everything on the result.

**Sunday, 20th.**—Gen. xxiv. 32-49. "*The Lord before whom I walk will . . . prosper thy way*" (verse 40). One condition for confidence in God's guidance is that there shall be implicit obedience. Abraham was conscious that he was seeking to "walk" according to God's direction. Christ has come into the world in order to make this possible. The presence and power of God is assured to those who seek to obey Him. Any attempt to excuse ourselves is an act of dishonesty. The only remedy for failure is immediate confession to Him.

**Monday, 21st.**—Gen. xxiv. 50-67. "*When Abraham's servant heard these words, he worshipped the Lord*" (verse 52). His first act was to give the whole credit for the favourable outcome of his errand to God and to give Him thanks. This is the necessary and only safe course for a Christian in every successful transaction. Otherwise he is exposed to the danger of flattery and self-congratulation, which, like the asphyxiating gas used in the present war, works with deadly effect wherever it can find an entrance.

**Tuesday, 22nd.**—Gen. xxvi. 17-33. "*Fear not, for I am with thee and will bless thee*" (verse 24). Isaac had been through some very irritating experiences with his neighbours, and after showing much forbearance, had finally withdrawn from the neighbourhood, without allowing himself to be drawn into a quarrel. It was at this point that he was met by God with the assurance quoted above. The occasion illustrates the value of self-restraint in the interests of peace, even to the point of the surrender of our personal rights, as a preparation of heart for intercourse with God and ministry to those around us.

**Wednesday, 23rd.**—Gen. xxvii. 1-14. "*I shall seem to him as a deceiver*" (verse 12). Jacob's scruples over the proposed deception were being gradually broken down by argument. He unfortunately did not at once reject the thought, and allowed himself to be more concerned with the question of being found out than with the sin of the act. Thus a wrong suggestion, if nursed in the mind, will gradually infect the whole imagination with its poison, until finally all resistance is overcome, in spite of the feeble protests of conscience.

**Thursday, 24th.**—Gen. xxvii. 15-29. "*Art thou my very son, Esau? And he said, I am*" (verse 24). All hesitation had now gone. Jacob had been fortified, as he thought, against detection, and he told a deliberate lie. He left out of account that he had not for one moment deceived God. God is the God of Truth, and therefore a lie is an act of defiance against Him, and is the bold assertion that it can be made to pay in spite of Him. By an easy process of thought, it is then made to appear profitable even when employed against a parent.

**Friday, 25th.**—Gen. xxvii. 30-40. "*He cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry*" (verse 34). Esau is called in Heb. xii. 16, a "profane person," one who attached no value to spiritual things. To him the gratification of the moment was his chief concern (see xxv. 33, 34). Consequently, he had no heart for the spiritual side of the blessing which had been given to Abraham and his father, and which was to be fulfilled in the coming of Christ. Let every boy remember that regrets over the past, however bitter, are of no avail, unless they lead to the definite acceptance of Jesus Christ as his Saviour and King.



*Our Short Story.*

# FOLDED HANDS.

By LAURA KINGSCOTE, Author of "The Deserter," "His Father's Will," &c

I.

It was a fresh spring morning; the snowdrops and crocuses in the little window boxes gave out a delicate, if faint, perfume; the very air seemed redolent of rejuvenescence and hope, and to a sensitive imagination the faint rustle of Winter's dark skirts as he reluctantly shuffled away before the advent of his youthful rival could be heard.

Old James Cardwell heard it as he sat on the settle by the kitchen fire, and it added fuel to the discontent that burned within him.

He had got up early, as usual, much earlier than his daughter-in-law, who had the sweeping and dusting and fire-making to do, liked, but she had forgiven him this inconvenient habit since the war had been on, as the newspapers primed him with the latest news by the time they sat down to breakfast together, and as she longed for that news as eagerly as he, old soldier though he was, for was not Jim, her husband, among Kitchener's men, and might he not have marching orders any time now?

This morning she was later than usual, however, and the old man had devoured the news, and was gloomily ruminating thereon.

Was it the scent of the newly-born spring, or the story of Neuve Chapelle that so moved him? Perhaps both, for he pulled his great muscular body to its six feet of height brusquely up from the old wooden settle, and strode moodily over to the window.

"I can't bear this much longer, that I can't! It's more than flesh and blood can stand, 'specially that of an old soldier like me. 'Ere am I as 'as worn his Majesty's uniform forty years, and never 'ad no chance o' showing me mettle save in a few scraps in that Boer game that was child's play to this German do—'ere am I a-sitting on a settle while the biggest war this old world 'as ever seen is a-raging! Superanniated, and only sixty-five! It's maddening, that it is!"

Here, leaning forward to look out of the window, he brought his arm heavily down on the window-box, laying low some dozen slender-stemmed flowers as he did so. Realising the disaster, he lifted himself sharply, muttering, with renewed disgust:

"Bah! A soldier; only sixty-five; me country at war, and all the mischief I'm allowed—and I ain't allowed this neither, Bess'll be fine cross with me—is to crush a few crocuses! It's fair getting on me brain, this is! Forty year o' barracks and idleness, and now a kitchen and idleness again! What a life for nerve and muscle like mine!" and he looked across at a large old glass in an old-fashioned chiffonier, and surveyed his tall, large, taut figure with disgust rather than admiration. "I can't stand this superanniation any longer, and, what's more, I won't. I'll——"

"Hello, father, what's the matter? No bad news in the paper, I hope? Or maybe you're wanting your breakfast?"

The voice was cheery and youthful—the two qualities James Caldwell felt he could least do with that morning.

He greeted his daughter-in-law with a half-grunt, and replied, ungraciously:

"No, there's no special news this morning—that's to say, there is, but it don't affect us in pertiklar, and I'm not a-wanting breakfast all that much, but——"

"Then what is it? The post hasn't come, has it?" Oh, father, there's no news about—about Jim, is there? Tell me quick!" And the young woman's note of cheerfulness changed to one of sudden anxiety.

"No, girl, Jim hasn't written. Why, you heard yesterday! No, it's—it's summat else."

As Bess followed the old man's glance back to the window she turned sharply on him.

"Ah, I see what it is as has vexed you, and so it ought. You've broken my crocuses. Oh, father!"

"Yes, yes, I know. I guessed you'd be upset. I'm sorry, lass, but I didn't see 'em. Fact is it's superfluous energy as 'as got misdirected! I ought to be using me muscle and strength a-felling them Germans, and not your poor innocent flowers. A woman's kitchen ain't the place for me at my time o' life and this war on. I ought to be at the fighting line, where me 'eart is; and now you know what's the matter wi' me this morning. It's no use disguising the truth any longer. I'm fair sick o' this superanniation. Just over sixty!"

"But, father, you served your country for forty years, and you deserve to take things easy now." And young Mrs. Cardwell stooped down over her wounded flowers, and tried to lift their pale, bruised heads.

"'Take things easy' indeed!" the old soldier exploded, disgustedly; "yes, and it's about the very 'ardest work as I've ever done. I never sat wi' folded hands before. Never did much fightin' you say? No, worse luck, but it wasn't my fault as I didn't. And barracks life ain't play, I tell yer. Neither did I rise to the rank o' drill-sergeant wi'out doing some 'ard work. Folded hands! Bah! me fingers are fair itching to be 'andling me bayonet agen. I can't stand it, I tell yer, and, what's more, I ain't a-going to," and with the air of one coming to a sudden resolution, he seated himself stiffly at the little breakfast-table and roughly drew a loaf of brown bread towards him.

"Stay, father, your porridge is just ready," his daughter-in-law expostulated, gently, abandoning the window-box for the fireplace, and commencing to ladle out the hot oatmeal. Then, as she passed

THE SERVICE SOAP.

"SCOUT"

(Regd.

A medicated Toilet Soap made from the fruits of the palm and pine trees, and possessing a germicidal value equal to that of a soap containing 20% of Carbolic Acid, but it is luxurious to use and non-poisonous.

Invaluable for slight cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

PER 3d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., Ltd. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

a plate of it across the table, she added: "Strange as you should be longing to stop at home, while my poor boy is in training, and hates the very thought of it!"

"Jim don't know 'is privileges," grunted back the old soldier; then a few minutes later, during which he had steadily regarded the old sword nailed up over the kitchen door, he remarked:

"Don't keep dinner for me, my girl. I don't know when I'll be back. I'm thinking o' taking a big tramp round to get over some o' these feelings. Good-bye, lass. Hope as the crocuses ain't done for. Wish as they'd been Germans, that I do!"

II.

"Well, Jim, it's my opinion your poor old father has been and done away with hisself, and if he has it's all on account of this war."

Jim Cardwell had come home on a few days' furlough, and after the first few minutes of joyous greeting Bess had gently broken the news to him of the mysterious disappearance of his old father a few days before. He had left the house just after breakfast, and had never been heard of since.

"Turned his brain a bit-like, you think, Bess? Well, if it has he isn't the first as it's done that for. Its a cursed war! But somehow I hardly think as dad would do away with hisself. He was too fond o' life. No, no, there's some other reason for his disappearance, I feel sure. You don't remember if anything had happened to annoy him in any way that day, do you?" and the young man looked half-nervously across at his wife's genuinely disturbed face, and remembered uncomfortably that the high-spirited if kind-hearted girl had not always agreed very well with the autocratic, self-willed old soldier.

Bess flushed guiltily.

"Well, Jim, since you mention it, your father had a bit upset me that morning over some flowers in my window-boxes as he'd broken, and maybe I spoke a bit cross, but surely——"

"No, no, of course not! Father ain't a fool!" interrupted the young husband, sorry for the look he had brought to his wife's pretty face, which five minutes ago had been so radiantly happy. "No, it wasn't a trifle like that, I'm sure. Maybe he's had a lapse o' memory, as folks talk of, and forgot where he lives, and will be turning up. P'raps he's gone a bit doddery; he's getting on, you know, and —— Why, that's his voice, surely!" And Jim Cardwell sprang to his feet and ran to the door. "Dad, is it you?"

"Hullo, Jim, my lad, and Bess, too! Yes, it's me, right enough! Wondered what 'ad become of me, I suppose? Ha, ha! Well, you see what has become o' me. 'Ow do I look?"

James Cardwell might well ask the question, for he "looked" magnificent as he strode into the little kitchen, his tall, erect figure clad in all the glory of military uniform.

"Father!" exclaimed both young people, with incredulous surprise, "what does it mean?"

"It 'means' several things!" laughed the old soldier, gleefully, keenly enjoying their astonishment, and rejoicing in the fact that the surprise he had prepared for Bess alone was now, by a happy coincidence, shared by his soldier son too. "First of all, it means as I was dead sick o' superanniation, and sitting wi' folded 'ands while the biggest war this 'ere old world 'as ever seen was a-going on. Dead sick, I tell yer! Second, it means as I'm taken on by the War Office as a drill-sergeant. They looked up me record, and saw as I'd a good 'un, and as I was too old to join again they've sent me drilling! Ay, it's fine! Every time as I thrust me sword out I feel I'm sticking a blow for me King and country as surely as if I struck a German's 'ead off! Yes, I'm not too old for soldiering yet, but I'm a deal too old for a kitchen settle, and a-sitting wi' folded hands—a deal! I've some strength left yet to give to me King and country." Then, with almost a twinkle in his eye, "D'ye know what finally decided me? It was your box of poor little crocuses and snowdrops as I ruined, Bess. 'Twas a small thing, I know, but it served to bring things to a point wi' me. Yes, you all meant well by me, I know, and so did the War Office when it give me me discharge and me pension four year ago, but you all overdone the superanniation business; that was it—you overdone the superanniation business, that was all! And now, my lad, what's the news?"

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### "PLAYING THE GAME."

I LIKE the phrase. There is a very worthy ideal peeping out of it, for anyone who has eyes to see and a heart to understand. It means a great deal more than the inactive critic in his arm-chair probably realises, that a young fellow should be determined, whatever life may have to offer him of prizes or rebuffs, of hard knocks or hard work or temptation, that he will "play the game."

As youth's bashful way is, it says more than it seems. When a young man turns from an unworthy proposal or a tempting opportunity and closes the discussion with the cryptic phrase, "No! that isn't cricket," it is quite possible that he may not get credit from the casual listener for anything more than a regrettable tendency to slang. Certainly no one would call him pious. Yet he is simply asserting, in his own way, what the Hebrew prophet signifies when he says, "That is not righteous."

In the ideal of living which is described as "playing the game" there is the tacit recognition that in this big business of life we are all *on our honour*. The law of the land has made so many acts impossible for us, and public opinion has added a few more. But beyond that there is the great tract where we are left to our honour. And the man who has taken over his ideal from the field and his favourite sport to his daily life finds that, whether his friends should ever discover it or not, whether it costs him much or little, there are certain things which he cannot do. He cannot go back upon a verbal bargain, though without witnesses, he cannot—the examples are Ian Maclaren's—shirk from the post of danger or abuse, he cannot expose a woman's weakness, he cannot bring up the hidden catastrophe in a man private life, because, and simply because, that is not "playing the game." Is that not well? It is so well that there be many members of churches who would bring more credit on the name they bear if they did even as much. But, my brother, may I ask you—Whose side are you on? Is it a lonely game you are playing, simply for your own hand? If so, I know of a Captain who would be glad to have you on His side.

Further, our phrase prescribes a quite definite *relation to one's self*. At most games a man is not working for his own glory at all. He has to do his best for the honour and good of his side or his team. And if he would play well, he must sink self altogether. He may think himself a better man for the post than the other who gets it. He may wish he had been sent in to bat a little further from the "tail." But he may not grumble nor make a fuss. He must forget himself and stay where he has been put, for that is "playing the game." Is this a high ideal or not? I think it is so closely akin to the Christian ideal that the youth who will make Christ his Lord and Leader will find that He wants him to regard his life just from that point of view.

But what I like best about the ideal of "playing the game" is that it implies a certain element of *endurance with gaiety added*, a steadfastness that is not morose nor sullen, but cheerful and light of heart. The game is not finished till the whistle blows. No one player has anything to do with the final result. If his side is beaten, so be it; at least he must play his best to the end. Beaten or not, the game finishes then, and not before, and it is not sportsmanlike to slack because the issue is going against one.

And, again, I would like to take all that over, as it stands, and say—So ought we Christian men to live and serve our Lord and fulfil our calling. After all, we are only privates in His Army, set each at some post or other, easy or difficult, as He has chosen. We are not responsible for the plan of campaign. That is His business. His, too, is the ultimate responsibility for its success or failure.

What *we* have to do is to stick to our post till our guard is relieved. *Our* business is just to "plug away" cheerily in the corner where He has set us, till the whistle blows and the game is at an end.

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
"Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

We should like to recommend to the readers of *Y.M.* the striking testimonies to the value of Zedex which appear in our advertising columns. Prepared in dainty, tasteless pellets, Zedex is a splendid thing for increasing endurance, and those who have put it to practical test speak most highly in its favour. Many of our soldiers say that they could not possibly get on without it, and such testimony as that is, after all, the best recommendation.



Support BRITISH Capital and Labour
BY PURCHASING
CALEY'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
MANUFACTURED IN NORWICH.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

If you are Training in Camp,
ASK FOR
JACOB & CO.'S
1d. GINGERBREAD CAKES,
1d. DOLLY FRUIT CAKES,
TIPPERARY BISCUITS
(A very popular, rich, sweet variety),
1d. PACKETS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS,
AND
1d. CHOCOLATE TABLETS
You will find them most sustaining, and they can be obtained at all Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.



PUT LIFEBUOY SOAP ALONGSIDE THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S BATON YOU CARRY IN YOUR KNAPSACK.
L 97—11

LIFEBUOY SOAP
IT is the healthy soldier who is best fitted to serve his country. You can help your hero to keep healthy by sending him LIFEBUOY SOAP, the antiseptic properties of which protect him against the germs and microbes of Typhoid, Cholera and other infectious diseases.
*Send him a tablet to-day.*
MORE THAN SOAP—YET COSTS NO MORE.
*The name Lever on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity & Excellence.*
LEVER BROTHERS LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT.

## NOTES ON ST. MARK'S GOSPEL.

By G. A. GOLLOCK, Author of "Outline Studies on St. Mark's Gospel," "The Purpose of the Fourth Gospel," &c.

[Daily Readings from June 19 to 25: Mark vi. 30-44; Mark vi. 45-56; Mark vii. 1-23; Mark vii. 24-37; Mark viii. 1-9; Mark viii. 10-21; Mark viii. 22-33.]

MARK VI. 30-44. The only miracle recorded by all four evangelists. Combine the accounts. How to feed thousands of people far from regular supplies is a problem faced by the armies to-day. Micah v. 4 expresses the attitude of Jesus. (See John vi. 6.) What He had refused to do for Himself (Luke iv. 2-4) He does for the multitude. In this miracle the four rules of arithmetic are worked out: addition (vv. 40, 44), subtraction (vv. 38, 41—see parallel passages), multiplication and division (vv. 41, 42). The Lord and His disciples both saw the multitude, but with different eyes (vv. 34, 35). He was not satisfied till He drew the disciples into fellowship (v. 37, G.T.). He trained them through sacrifice and service (v. 41).

*Mark* vi. 45-56. Another "straightway" (v. 45). Jesus had just crossed the lake (John vi. 1). Why did He so quickly recross it? See John vi. 14, 15; the people wanted to give a political tone to His mission. How did the Master prepare Himself between two great miracles? Again by prayer (v. 46). Out in the middle of the lake in the middle of the night (the fourth watch began at 3 a.m.) the disciples toiled in rowing, seeing neither the shore they had left nor the shore they were seeking, nothing but leaping waves coming at them one after the other. It is the middle of things which costs, as brave men in the trenches know. It is easier to make a start or to rush a position than to go on and on in the dark. When the test for courage and endurance was hardest—Jesus came. They did not know Him, but "straightway" He spoke: "Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid" (v. 50, G.T.). For Peter's personal venture towards Jesus on the water, see Matt. xiv. 28-31. For the mixed effect of the miracle, see Matt. xiv. 33; John vi. 21; and here v. 51.

*Mark* vii. 1-23. A picture as dark as that of the demoniac (v. 1-5), and terribly true to life. These cavilling men (v. 5) were outwardly "correct"; they observed rites and ceremonies beyond what was ordained by the law of God (vv. 3, 4); but they evaded His commandments (vv. 8, 10), and repudiated responsibility for dependents (vv. 10-13, *i.e.*, they said they were giving to God what they owed to their parents). See the Lord revealing this hypocrisy first to the multitude, then to the disciples (vv. 14-23). The outside is not what matters, but the heart. It is the source of evil (v. 21, G.T.). Many of the thirteen sins enumerated in vv. 21-23 were committed by the Scribes and Pharisees against our Lord. How many have their home in our hearts? The first part of 1 Cor. vi. 11 is true; is the latter part true also? See the prayer in Ps. li. 10; the promise in Ezek. xxxvi. 25; Jer. xxiv. 7; the secret of continuance in Eph. iii. 17 and Ps. cxix. 11—"a good thing, in a good place, for a good purpose."

*Mark* vii. 24-37. Look up the circuit on the map. For Tyre and Sidon see Mar. iii. 8, Acts xii. 20, xxvii. 3. Only three miracles were worked from a distance—this, and John iv. 46-54 and Luke vii. 1-10. The woman (compare the fuller account in Matt. xv. 21-28) was of another religion and another race (v. 26). Jesus reminded her He had come to the family (the Jews, Rom. ii. 10), not to the little house-dogs (Gentile nations). Her answer of humble faith (v. 28) won as ready response from the Lord as the officer's answer in Luke vii. 1-10. There is no room for race prejudice in the Kingdom of God (Gal. iii. 28). See the lesson taught to Peter before he had to march and share quarters with a soldier from another country (Acts x. 1-48). The miracle in vii. 31-7 is told by St. Mark alone. The healing of the deaf was a sign that Jesus was the Messiah (Isa. xxxv. 5; Matt. xi. 5). Hatred to Jesus was growing in some hearts; others were bursting into praise (v. 37, G.T.). See Heb. xiii. 15.

*Mark* viii. 1-9. Also in Matt. xv. 32-38. This miracle is like that in Chap. vi. 30-44, but not the same. Compare the number of people, of loaves and fishes, of baskets,* of fragments. Cakes of barley flour of the cheapest and coarsest kind (Judges vii. 13), with a relish of fish, were the food of the working-men (see John xxi. 9, 13). Jesus knew exactly what hunger felt like (vv. 2, 3; Matt. iv. 2). The Lord understands how men suffer in weariness, hunger, and thirst. Here, as in the previous miracle, He who had all power worked through His disciples (v. 6, G.T.). Behind these two miracles lies the teaching of John vi.—"I am the Bread of Life," broken to give life to men. All who have tasted it are to hold it forth to others (Phil. ii. 16; 2 Cor. vi. 1).

*Mark* viii. 10-21. The Pharisees want a "sign" (probably something like 1 Kings xviii. 38; 2 Kings i. 10; Ex. xvi. 14-22). From His temptation onward our Lord refused all mere displays of power. His miracles were all manifestations of Himself (see Luke xi. 20; John xiv. 10, 11; also John ii. 11, with John i. 14, and Ex. xxxiii. 18, 19). Jesus began (v. 15) to warn His disciples against the false teaching of the Pharisees (like leaven working in bread—1 Cor. v. 6, 7, 8; Gal. v. 9); they were too much concerned about their forgotten loaves to understand (v. 16). Yet they might have trusted enough to listen (vv. 18, 19). Which costs the Master most to-day—those who challenge Him, like the Pharisees (v. 12), or those who fail Him, like the disciples (v. 17, G. T.)?

*Mark* viii. 22-33. Another miracle recorded only† by St. Mark. Our spiritual eyes often need a second touch from Jesus before we see "clearly" (vv. 24, 25). The direct question asked by our Lord (v. 29, G.T.) marks the turning-point in His life and teaching. This passage has been compared to a watershed, on reaching which we find the streams flow in reverse direction. After this solemn confession of His Messiahship, miracles are seldom needed (in St. Mark fifteen precede it and only three follow), and the revelation of the Passion and the Transfiguration become possible. For the full confession, combine with Matt. xvi. 16 and Luke ix. 20. Refer back to Chap. i. 1. Note "openly" in v. 32, and contrast with John ii. 19; iii. 12-16; vi. 47-56; Matt. ix. 15; Mark ii. 20. Note "must" in v. 31. The life of Jesus worked out a plan of God (Luke ii. 49; iv. 12; xxiv. 26; John ix. 4. St. Peter had advanced in faith (compare John i. 41), and made a great confession (have we come as far?), but he still lacked "the mind of Christ" (Phil. ii. 5). He wanted that outward success which his Lord had already refused (compare viii. 33, and Matt. iv. 10). He needed, like the blind man, a second touch. His epistles show that he received it (see, for instance, 1 Pet. i. 11).

* In Chap. vi. the Greek word means a wicker basket; here the word means a large hamper, like that in Acts ix. 25.

† It is worth noting that the evangelists *select* instances out of the many blind who were healed (Matt. xx. 30, 34; John ix. 1-41; and Mark viii. 22-26), which they alone record.

### A REMARKABLE RECORD.

THE Cleveland, Ohio, Association is one of the most active in the world. Its annual story is told in the following figures, which present a remarkable record:—

MEMBERSHIP.

6,886 members March 31, 1915.
11,883 men and boys have held membership in the Association during the year.
1,314 different men did committee work.
255 clubs, groups, and teams.

EDUCATIONAL.

1,510 students enrolled.
36 different subjects taught.
75 instructors.
13 business firms co-operated with Apprentice School.

EMPLOYMENT.

924 positions secured.

RESTAURANTS.

968 daily average number of meals served.
355,956 total meals served.

PHYSICAL.

42 different gym. classes.
4,832 men in Central Branch using department.
5,845 class sessions.
217,331 total gym. attendances.

RELIGIOUS.

108 different Bible-classes for Central men.
1,407 boys in Bible-classes.
2,878 Bible-class sessions.
68,818 Bible-class attendances.
454 other religious meetings.
39,148 attendances at other meetings.
115 business and professional men interviewing young men about personal and religious problems.
988 religious interviews.
516 referred to churches.

MISCELLANEOUS.

4 father-and-sons' banquets.
115 lectures and popular talks.
108,634 attendances at lectures.
56 receptions and social affairs.
6,563 attendances at receptions and social affairs.
7,054 attendances at paid entertainments.
892 boys used Association camp.
609 other events.
50,360 attendances at miscellaneous events.

Mr. S. E. Burrow, of the S.C.A., received an interesting letter from a sergeant-major, which we take the liberty of quoting:—"My battalion came out of their dug-outs to their billets on the 12th inst., their ranks thinned a good deal as a consequence of the heavy fighting. It was easy for me to arrange meetings, and every night we had two and sometimes three meetings, owing to the smallness of the billets, and not a few openly before their comrades, surrendered to Christ. I have seen men weeping this week on more than one occasion, coming home to Jesus 'out of darkness into light.' Many have come to my billet telling me of their burdens and wanting help. It has been a joy to point them to the Burden Bearer. Sunday night we held an open-air service, and had a splendid attendance; five of our regimental officers were present. Two men surrendered, and one on Monday morning came to my billet asking me for a Testament. When I asked him what he wanted it for, he replied, 'I gave myself to Jesus at the meeting last night.' Our men are once more in the firing line, and I believe every one is in possession of some Gospel message, which, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, will point them to the Lamb of God."




# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union:
HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS
FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square,
London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A.
(COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street,
Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**

**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."



## Board.

**DULWICH.**—Comfortable home for two young gentlemen with private family. Breakfast, late dinner, full board on Sundays. Near trains and trams. Sharing large room, 15/6 each.—13, Underhill Road, S.E.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W35

**79, BOUNDARY ROAD, N.W.**—Comfortable home, private study, large bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), large garden, bowls, billiards, organ, piano. Near 'bus and train. Terms, 18s. 93

**20, DEVONSHIRE STREET,** Queen Square, W.C. Bedrooms from 5/6. Board as required. Bed and breakfast, 2/6. Central, near tram, train and tube; terms moderate. 48

**BRUNSWICK SQUARE,**
**2, HUNTER STREET, W.C.**

**A COMFORTABLE HOME**
**(CENTRAL).**

**Terms from 21/- weekly, inclusive.**

## Situations Vacant.

**CLOTHING.**—Wanted Junior.—Full particulars, photo, first letter, Annetts, Branksome, Bournemouth.

**OUTFITS AND BOOTS.**—Young Man Wanted, for country trade, able to dress windows and solicit. Good Home.—Apply J. F. Hills, Edenbridge, Kent.

**DRAPERY.**—Wanted, smart Junior Young Men, for the Manchester department. Good opening for youths just finishing their apprenticeship. Permanent, progressive appointments.—Apply Sellers Bros., 150-152, Uxbridge Road, West Ealing.

**DRAPERY.**—Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, have openings for Young Men under military age who have served their apprenticeship in the drapery; also Boy Apprentices.—Apply personally or by letter.

**OUTFITTERS.**—Wanted, Youth as Junior or Improver General Outfitting, hosiery, ready-mades. Live out.—Delves & Son, Rye.

## Miscellaneous.

**STRAWBERRIES,** direct from the grower, sent to Y.M.C.A. Huts every morning any part of England, Ireland or Wales. Carriage paid.—Terms and prices apply, J. A. Smee, Mafeking Villa, Park Gate, Swanwick, Nr. Southampton.

**ARMY TROUSERS** converted into a smart pair of Breeches (laced) 2/9 carriage paid, within 24 hours. Post your trousers and enclose your measurement round calf (piece of string cut to the exact size will do); also state your height. Two pairs 5/-. C. LEWIS, Military Breeches Maker, Mill Road, Cambridge.

**CAMP LOCALISED POSTCARDS,**
**EXCLUSIVE FOR SOLDIERS & SAILORS.**
*Record Sellers.* *CAMP LEADERS NOTE,*
**25,000 SOLD IN TWO MONTHS at Hindhead Centre.**
Mr. ALLAN FROST writes: "These cards sell well to the troops, and are much appreciated."
**Free quarter gross sent as a trial.**
**Agents wanted in France, etc. Orders on sale or return**
**BENTON'S, 60, NORTH ROAD, BRIGHTON**



## THE COMFORT AND CONSOLATION OF THE PSALMS.

It has been suggested by one who knows, perhaps better than most, the real value of C. H. Spurgeon's great work on the Psalms,

**"THE TREASURY OF DAVID,"**

that the placing of a few of the parts of the new issue in hospitals and convalescent homes at the present time would be a boon deeply appreciated by those who, amidst their suffering, would be enabled to draw comfort, hope and consolation from these writings.

The Book of Psalms is to all of **us** a storehouse to be drawn upon at all seasons and under all conditions, but there are many who without the masterly exposition of the beloved Spurgeon would fail to perceive the depth of meaning, the sweetness of thought which underlie every Psalm

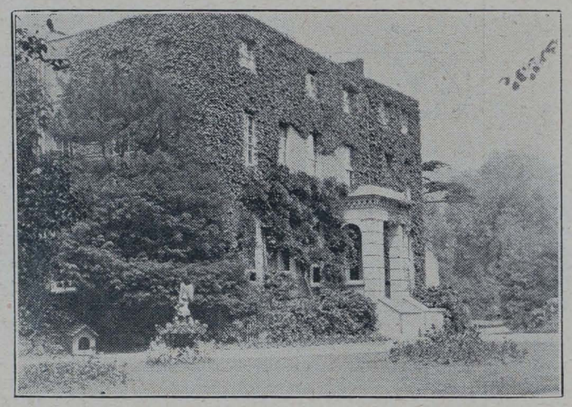
The new edition of **"THE TREASURY OF DAVID"** is being produced in 48 fortnightly parts, now nearly complete. Each part contains 48 pages of well printed matter in a large, clear type, on a light-weight paper. These parts could be handled even by those burdened with weakness, and who can tell the far-reaching result of but a few casual minutes spent in meditation in this way. Less than this has changed the whole course of a man's life. Here, then, is an opportunity for active service which should be rich in fruitfulness.

Six specially selected parts of the new issue of "The Treasury of David" will be sent, post paid to any address, on receipt of 3/6. The selection will be carefully made, holding in view the purpose for which the copies are required, or a complete set of the forty parts now ready would be sent, carriage paid, for £1 3s. 4d., whilst in each parcel, free of charge, a small selection of Spurgeon's best Gospel sermons would be enclosed.

All applications and correspondence connected with this special matter should be sent to Marshall Brothers, Ltd., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BOARD and RESIDENCE
*for*
# YOUNG STUDENTS
## BALMORAL LODGE
EFFRA ROAD, BRIXTON, S.W.

Owners and Directors: E. de VERE HILL, Esq. (retired tutor), and Mrs. E. de VERE HILL



BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS—SHADY LAWNS.
ACCOMMODATION FOR TWENTY.
PENNY FARES—TRAMS AND 'BUSES PASS GATES FOR LONDON GENERALLY.

Terms (Board and Residence) 10/- per Week
TO INCLUDE (if desired) INTERCHANGEABLE RESIDENCE AT SAME FIGURE FOR WEEK-ENDS & HOLIDAYS AT THE SAME OWNERS'

## Poultry *and* Vegetable Farm *in* Kent

(TWENTY MILES FROM BALMORAL LODGE)
BRACING AIR. 400 FEET ABOVE LEVEL OF SEA


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—June 18, 1915.

***Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.***


# Y. YMCA M.
## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 24. Vol. 1. JUNE 25, 1915. [Registered as a Newspaper.] Price 1d.



Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

**LIGHT DELIVERY VANS**

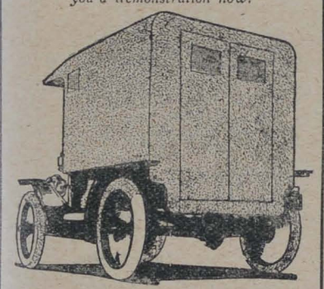
**IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK.**

**Special Bodies for all Trades.**

¶ ECONOMICAL ON PETROL.
¶ LIGHT ON TYRES.

LOW INITIAL OUTLAY AND SMALL DEPRECIATION.

*May we send you specifications and prices? We shall be pleased to give you a demonstration now.*



Standard FORD Van, £120, at Works, Manchester.

**AMBULANCE BODIES**

on FORD Chassis, as supplied to the British Red Cross Society.

**2 Stretcher, £130.**
**4 Stretcher, £135.**

From Stock. Photographs on application.

**W. HAROLD PERRY**

Capital Screen & Hood Co.,

**101, GRAY'S INN RD., W.C.**
**45, Horseferry Rd., Westminster**
AND
**32, High St., High Wycombe.**

TELEPHONES { 2637 CITY. 7494 VICTORIA.




LEAVING TORONTO FOR THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

In this striking picture General Sam Hughes is seen bidding farewell to a number of Canadian nurses before they leave Toronto for their arduous duties at the front. [*Photopress.*

## CHIEF CONTENTS.


WHAT WE THINK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 555
LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES. XXIII.—General Foch ... ... 556
THE NEGLECTED SHORTAGE. By the Rev. Maxwell R. Kirkpatrick, M.A. 557
AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE. By A. K. Yapp ... ... 559
THE WAR RECORD OF OUR ALLY ... ... ... ... ... 560
BETWEEN YOU AND ME: 23.—From Friends Far and Near ... ... 562
OUR OUTLOOK. Specially contributed by Oliver H. McCowen, K.I.H., LL.B. ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 567
Y.M. NEWS OF THE WORLD (Illustrated) ... ... ... ... 569

FOR ROUTE MARCHES.

Fry's

SUPERIOR

Chocolates

ON SALE AT THE

Y.M.C.A. Centres and Camps.

MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

CLARNICO LONDON

THE TRADE-MARK OF DISTINCTION.

There is such a fascinating distinction with

CLARNICO CONFECTIONERY.

Something exclusive, something unique; possessing that little extra "moreish" flavour which makes just the difference, so much appreciated by discriminating people. In the selection of over 1,000 different varieties there's a flavour for every palate.

*Sold in Y.M.C.A. Tents, and by Confectioners everywhere.*

*Made by*

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, Ltd.
LONDON.



MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

in place of ordinary coffee. No trouble. No waste. No milk or sugar wanted—only hot water. Made in a moment.

"Excellent."
"Delicious."
"Very satisfactory."
"We all like it very much."

So say some of those who have tried it.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT;
NO COMPLAINT OF GROUNDS.

Obtainable at all Grocers and Stores in 5½d. and 10d. tins.

BURBERRYS
GABARDINE KIT

Cool by Day—Warm at Night

GABARDINE, though airylight, is remarkably strong and provides, owing to Burberrys' system of proofing, wonderful protection against wet, yet it is the coolest and most comfortable wear under a blazing sun.

GABARDINE is available in every shade of Khaki, and Uniforms can be supplied on short notice at the following prices.

| | Unlined. | Lined Wool. | | Unlined. | Lined Wool. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Service Jacket.. | 52/6 | 63/- | Slacks .. .. .. | 21/- | 31/6 |
| K.B. Breeches .. | 31/6 | 42/- | Riding Breeches | 42/- | 52/6 |

BURBERRY WAR KIT includes The Burberry Weatherproof, lined Proofed Wool or Detachable Fleece; British Warms, Great Coats and every detail of Service Dress and Equipment.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.



BURBERRYS HAYMARKET LONDON

8 & 10, Bd. Malesherbes PARIS and Provincial Agents. *Gabardine Uniforms.*

IRON, WOOD, ASBESTOS & COMPOSITE BUILDINGS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

*Plans & Specifications free on application.*
*Surveyor waits on intending purchasers free of all charge. Distance no object.*



CHURCHES & CHAPELS
A SPECIALITY.

Mission & Parish Halls, Studios, Billiard and Reading Rooms, Motor Sheds, Bungalows, Cottages, Pavilions, Aeroplane Hangars, Coach Houses, Stables, Cinemas, Etc., Etc.

W. J. CEARNS, — SUCCESSOR TO — F. SMITH & CO.
CARPENTER'S ROAD, STRATFORD,
Telegrams: "IRONIARUM, LONDON." LONDON, E. Telephone: 594 STRATFORD.

IRON & WOOD BUILDINGS.



# Y. YMCA M.

## The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

No. 24. Vol. 1. JUNE 25, 1915. PRICE 1d.


## WHAT WE THINK

THE Rev. E. A. Burroughs, of Oxford, has followed up his appeal in our issue of last week with a spirited letter to the *Times*, which appeared last Saturday under the heading of "The Mobilisation of Faith." We have before now commented on the wisdom and sanity of this Oxford scholar's appeals, and we may well be thankful that we have such voices crying in the wilderness of war. In two previous letters on "The Eternal Goal" Mr. Burroughs made a stimulating plea for a new sense of the spiritual, and in this latest letter he strikes new ground and pleads for a mobilisation of our spiritual resources. At the beginning of the war we were greatly attracted by the phrase, "The mobilisation of the prayer forces"; but of recent months the phrase has lapsed altogether. We welcome, therefore, Mr. Burroughs's challenging letter, which we believe will do not a little to revive faith and hope in those things which, although unseen, are nevertheless eternal. If we can only get our spiritual forces organised and mobilised as we have organised and mobilised the Navy and Army, there can be no reasonable doubt as to the immediate issue of the great conflict in which we are all engaged.

***

"FOR some time," says Mr. Burroughs, "we have been called insistently to mobilise industry. More recently we have been asked to go a stage further—a stage higher—and mobilise invention too. But must we stop there? Most of us still believe that we are more than bodies with minds attached, and that in any human problem there are higher forces to be reckoned with than the intellectual and the physical. Is not that what Mr. Lloyd George himself implied when at Liverpool he said that the *spirit* of Germany is an even greater source of strength to her than her organisation and her readiness for the war? Is there not, then, room for a further appeal—an appeal for the mobilisation (if possible) of our spiritual forces? Last August such a spiritual stirring seemed to come unasked. Government and people were idealists, together, and walked by faith, not by sight. And the result was a perceptible inrush of new life—a harmony and uplift that actually transformed us. Since then our faith has wavered, and our light has failed. For many months past our political creed has been sheer opportunism—the refuge of the ill-grounded idealist when difficulties begin. First principles have been recognised and flouted alternately; eternal laws have been suspended to meet temporary emergencies. And, as any thorough-going idealist could have predicted, the spiritual difficulties resulting have been worse than the material ones which it was desired to avoid. Need we be surprised if such spiritual forces as were then at our command have broken and scattered, and, now that at last we realise our extremity, seem as though they could scarcely be recalled?"

***

CERTAINLY a change seems to have swept over the nation since last August. In the early months of the war the churches were crowded, and while we do not wish to run into the error of suggesting that full churches are a sign of deepening piety, we do feel that they resemble the proverbial straw, which indicates the way of the wind. Eight or nine months ago the moral issue was dominant. It drove our best young men into the Army; it compelled them to give up home and career for the sake of great principles. But of recent months the moral appeal seems to have been lost in the thought of ammunition. In the early months of war we twitted Napoleon's creed concerning Providence and the big battalion, but it would seem as though we were failing in the self-same direction. The air is full of talk concerning high explosives, as though the determining factor in the war were shells, and only shells. We are well aware that on its military side this is true, but to Christian people war has more than a military side; it has a spiritual side, a spiritual issue, and it is to a reconsideration of this aspect of truth that Mr. Burroughs's letter is directed. He affirms that we must get back to a new sense of spiritual values if we are to emerge triumphant from the conflict, and we are persuaded that his appeal is on eminently sane lines.

***

"CAN anything be done," he asks, "to meet the shortage of inspiration, as well as the shortage of shells? And does Government think it worth doing? Do we retain enough faith in the ideals we are fighting for, or can we recover sufficient faith in Faith itself to attempt, however tardily, to mobilise our spiritual as well as our material forces? It will, of course, be difficult—far more so now than it would have been last autumn. Yet surely it might still be done if only Government itself, as representing the nation, is prepared to make it possible by recognising the supremacy of the moral and the spiritual. We must, for instance, face moral issues as moral issues, and not apologise for attacks on old moral evils as merely necessitated by the military situation. And again, if we wish to share the blessing of the Christian, and still regard ourselves as fighting the battle of Christ, we must not, under whatever pressure of expediency, resort to the very principle of retaliation which He Himself most roundly condemned. All this will, for many of us, involve some eating of our own words; it will demand, in fact, the repentance which is always the previous condition of a genuine faith. But it is only in his own eyes that a man is lowered by admitting that he has been wrong. Does anyone, for instance, think the worse of those of our leaders who have lately been doing so. Besides, who cares about saving his face when all that he has is in danger?"

***

MR. BURROUGHS answers his own questions in words that are temperate and far-seeing. "The remedy for our trouble might normally, of course, be sought in education—one of the matters in which, as was pointed out in the *Times* ten days ago, we have been very sadly at fault. Convertibility into cash, not convertibility into character, has too largely become the standard for judging a curriculum; and we are paying the penalty to-day. But re-education is too slow a process to use in a crisis; our enemies began it fifty years ago. Our hope, if we have any hope, must lie not in education, but in inspiration; a remedy more accessible than it may sound

to some. I dare not ask for space to go into this further, but must content myself with asking abruptly three practical questions. Has the Christian Church (and I use the word 'Church' in the Christian sense) anything to contribute to the nation at the present time? Does the nation think that contribution worth claiming? And is it prepared to grant the conditions under which that contribution might be made? There are, I know, many who will be inclined to answer 'No' off-hand to all these questions; and I think I can understand their feelings. For myself, I would dare to say 'Yes' to the first with the utmost emphasis; not because I believe in the Church or in the churches, but because I believe in God. Others must answer the other two questions. Only I would venture to remind such as may need reminding of the testimony of an agnostic historian to the last great religious movement experienced by the English people. Lecky, writing of the Religious Revival of the 18th century, is not afraid to say that of all the causes which saved England from a counterpart of the French Revolution the Revival was the chief, and that it is 'of greater historical importance than all the brilliant victories of Pitt by land and sea.' If such a force is still available—and some of us know that it is far nearer the surface to-day than when Wesley and his followers began their up-hill task—it seems a pity not to utilise it. Perhaps, while everything else is being mobilised, Government may think it worth while to ask the Christian Church, as such in all its groupings, to put itself definitely on a war footing, and so make its full and intended contribution to the one high purpose before us all." There can be no question that all right-minded people will endorse every word of this highly spiritual interpretation of our need.

---

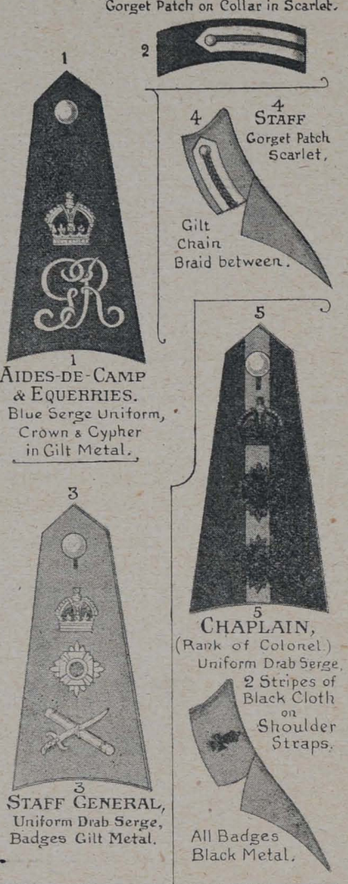
The day was dark and gloomy, but Phillips Brooks walked down Newspaper-row, and all was bright.—*Boston Herald.*

"You cannot coin anything, not even a dream, except out of the material you possess," and responsibility lies in this—that for the most part you have gathered the material. A brutish nature cannot evolve angelic visions, nor a shallow soul thrill at heroism; but the coarseness and the shallowness have been largely matters of choice. We are born into the natural world around us, but the world within us is of our own choosing; we gather the material which makes it a desert or a garden.

Motoring through a village the other night, a pleasant sight suddenly met one. In a picturesque churchyard a large crowd of soldiers was listening to a good address from a clergyman, whose rostrum was among the graves. It was easy to be serious in such surroundings, and the quiet interest with which the men listened was a proof of the usefulness of the work. Why should not similar brief addresses be given on these sweet summer evenings in many a village where soldiers are gathered? The men will not attend indoor gatherings quite so well now that the summer woos them out of doors. Here is a chance for the outdoor speaker to reach their hearts quite naturally on the highest themes.

## H.M. ARMY.

**Aides-de-Camp and Equerries to H.M. Staff Officers and Chaplains.**




At Wendover the Y.M.C.A. huts are in the midst of lovely parks. Lord Rothschild's park makes a beautiful setting for a camp, with its well-kept grounds and stately mansion. They have had some good entertainments in the huts, a concert party last week attracting a large audience. Some billiard tables have been greatly appreciated by the men. The display of small flags from the roof of the hut was greater than one has seen in any other Y.M.C.A. hut.

A matinée will be given by Madame Louise Dale (Mrs. Hamilton Earle) at Kent House, Knightsbridge, by permission of Mrs. Saxon Noble, on Thursday, July 1, at three o'clock, in aid of the funds of the Young Men's Christian Association recreation huts in France, of which Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is president. Her Highness has promised to attend. Madame Louise Dale will be assisted by Miss Ethel Levey, Miss Gleeson-White, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Tree, Madame Ada Crossley, Miss Maude Valérie-White, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Plunkett Greene, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mr. Robert Radford, and Solomon, a twelve-year-old pianist. Tickets can be obtained of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W.

## LESSONS FROM LEADERS' LIVES.

### XIII.—GENERAL FOCH.

UNTIL this war the name of General Foch was hardly known outside French military circles. But to-day his fine achievements have given him a fame only second to that of the French Commander-in-Chief, to whom he is second in command. Sixty-three years of age, he has a quiet personality, which might suggest a man of only ordinary ability. But those grey eyes of his manage to see through an intricate problem of military strategy with a swiftness that has proved invaluable to the cause of the Allies.

At the time when war came General Foch was commanding the 20th Army Corps at Nancy. Previously he had been Director of the War School, and had trained many of the gallant French officers who have done good service in the war. He had a fascinating way of lecturing, illustrating his points with ease and appropriateness from the stories of military history, with which he is well acquainted. One idea he always enforced upon the young officers at the School of War, and that was the great importance of personality in a campaign. He laid stress on the value of an officer's character in inspiring his men to deeds of daring. General Foch would paint a vivid contrast between the personality of Napoleon and that of Moltke, showing how the brilliance of the one man was countered by the machine-like method of the other.

Field-Marshal Sir John French knew General Foch before the war made them close collaborators. The French General was in England a year or two ago, and it is interesting to recall his opinion of our forces. He said on his return to France, "Excellent is the British cavalry and the artillery, but the infantry! I would rather fight with the British infantry any day than against it!" The General has emphasised his opinion of our infantry since he has seen them in action.

In General Foch France has a great soldier, who prepared for his life-work by unwearied study. Behind all great success will be found the infinite capacity for taking pains.

---

For millions of men the war has put new meaning into the Bible. God's Book is never more at home than amid great tribulation. We are all discovering afresh its awful, heart-piercing reality. We can feel with the trooper in a Scottish cavalry regiment who said: "Every time I use this sword of steel it gets the blunter; but every time I use this Sword of the Spirit it gets the sharper."

Rifleman B. J. Booth, Middlesbrough, of the 1st K.R.R., writing from the front, says:—

"The last attack we were in our fellows did a lot of good work, capturing two lines of trenches, which were held until other troops went further on next day.

"Of course, that was what we were set out to do, and we did it up to the mark, taking the Germans completely by surprise. You should have seen some of them, they were absolutely cowed, shouting for mercy. I am very proud to say that I never got a scratch.

"The Germans seem to have a liking for shelling churches. When we were passing through one place I saw a crucifix still intact on one of the walls.

"I have seen several instances where the Saviour's image has remained untouched, and very nearly all the other parts of the church in ruins. Such a thing makes one think, doesn't it?"



# THE NEGLECTED SHORTAGE.

By the REV. MAXWELL R. KIRKPATRICK, M.A., Minister of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Dulwich.

***One of the most creative thinkers in the Congregational Ministry, Mr. Kirkpatrick is well qualified to deal with the temper of the hour. After a successful period of service as assistant secretary of the Association at Glasgow, in the University of which city he was educated, Mr. Kirkpatrick has taken a sure place in Free Church circles, enjoying considerable popularity in Manchester before coming to the Metropolis.***

WHEN Wordsworth was a student at Cambridge his imagination was inflamed by the ideals of the French Revolution, which was just beginning; its spirit was as wine to him, and with a sense of intoxication he sang:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
And to be young was very heaven.

It requires no pessimist to mark the contrast between that joyousness and our temper to-day. We are not intoxicated with a sense of bliss; we are dour, sullen, determined as becomes the phlegmatic temperament that moves slowly and with deficient imagination. It is not that the cause is less vital, but because we have become engrossed with the externalities of the situation. Men, money, and material—these are the things that employ our pencils and evoke our speculation. We eagerly compute the opposing forces, making liberal allowance for the enemy's wastage, and then plume ourselves upon the surplus left in our favour. And, of course, these are considerations we cannot neglect. Yet it is possible to overlook something of no less importance, and which arithmetic does not suggest.

### The Moral Snare of Numbers.

I well remember how Lord Kelvin's students were startled one morning by the statement that 2 and 2 make 5. We poked fun at the aged savant, and whispered to each other that he was so absorbed in the infinities that actualities were ignored. But I have lived to revise my impression, and to believe with John Stuart Mill that there is a "state of things in which two and two do not make four." This belief was confirmed the other day as I came across a story of the Law Courts told by a colonial essayist with delicious relish. An insurance case was being argued before a bench of seven judges, and one of the advocates was reeling off a string of statistics, when one of the judges quietly interpolated, "But two and two, you know, do not always make four!" "If two and two do not make four, what on earth are we here for?" snorted a second. And just when the Bench seemed to rise up against itself another occupant came to the assistance of the first. "It all depends," said he, "there must be a certain unity and conformity between them; you could scarcely say that two candles and two tons of coal make four!" Of course, that is just it. Numbers may be elusive and misleading. It was possible for 30,000 plus something to more than equal 100,000 at Bannockburn, and who shall say that the handful that held the pass at Thermopylæ were not equal to those who attacked them? Have we not seen it in this war? Last August we saw Germany as the one expert in a world of amateurs, with perfect knowledge, perfect weapons, and numbers far beyond those which any combination of Powers could bring against her for many months.

### An Element with which We Must Reckon.

On the basis of numbers Paris, Warsaw, and Calais would long since have been at her mercy; but something happened. What was it that turned the tide at the Marne? What was it that changed the aspect of Ypres when the day was not ours? Was it Von Kluck's mistake, or Joffre's skill, or French's luck? There is an element we may not compute, and yet without which all reckoning is vain. It is this something which is seen as angels on our side at Mons; and as horses and chariots of fire at Dothan; that something which destroyed the Armada by storm, and broke the power of Napoleon by snowflakes. Not long since we launched a ship that was to be the pride of the seas. An expectant company waited to make merry because all maritime records were broken, and lo! a sudden grating, a cry for help, and the pride of man was in the mud. And since then we were moved to a man by the story of Captain Scott and his companions—a story of calculation, organisation, endeavour; and yet, there was something. Some call it Fate, accident. Perhaps one may be forgiven if he thinks that there was just that reality in it that is found in the mist that saved the pious Moorsman from Claverhouse, or in the story of Pharaoh and his army dwindling down to a few bubbles in the Red Sea.

### Days that are Big with Destiny.

Now, it is the recovery of this that we greatly need to-day. We set out in August with high faith and hopes; it seemed as if the nation had rediscovered God. Eleven months of war have brought home to us that life is no picnic demanding only lamps for a summer evening, but a thing that assumes the aspect of crisis, and tests our wisdom by the demand it makes upon our staying power. Our armies are just where they were, the enemy is still arrogant, defiant, merciless. Our hearts are apt to fail us for fear. I do not say the light has failed; but I do suggest that the hours through which we are passing are discriminating the wise and foolish among us by just this power to hold while the darkness deepens to midnight. I do not suggest that we shall surrender our quest. We shall hold on as bulldogs do. But there is a diviner purpose in this crisis than just that. The days are big with destiny. This is a great day of the Lord if ever there was one. Humanity is being flung back upon itself to discover where it has gone wrong, and to rediscover the right way. It is the day of the earthquake, the fire, and the storm, and though God may not be found in any of them, but in the still small voice a little further on, yet our readiness to hear that voice depends just upon the day of chaos and crisis. But for the fire and the storm we might not be willing to listen to it.

And because the issues are so vital, this confidence in the unseen Power must also become vital.

It is just the critical character of the days that makes faith so essential. In olden days the catastrophes that came upon the wicked were all accurately timed and overwhelmingly convincing. The children of that day were lured along the road of faith by promises of what God would give them—a new playground called Canaan. In those days religion was linked with sheep and camels, milk and honey. To-day it is linked with a Cross. The flames that would not burn Shadrach break out to-day where our sons are staked for Christ. It is a day that demands faith.

### The Faith that Does Not Shrink.

And the faith we need must be no shallow thing. It must be the profound confidence that the battle is not for the strong, because we have an invisible Ally. It must be a conviction that the world in which we live is a moral world, where however much and however long wrong may seem to work better than right, it cannot do so for ever. It must not stagger when the long pent up storm begins to break, and civilisation seems to totter. It must be able to see through the gloom a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. It must be a faith that can see Stephen with the dying glory in his face under the flying stones, and that can see in the furnace heated seven times one like unto the Son of God.

---

Growing always includes outgrowing; we may as well accept that, to begin with. Going forward means leaving some things behind, things endeared by tender memories and associations oftentimes, but we cannot linger by the wells of Elim and still march on to the Promised Land. "Strike tents" is life's ever-recurring order, and learning to obey it bravely, in loving trust that He Who provided for to-day will take care of to-morrow, is one of life's greatest lessons.

A German settler in the Canadian North-West bought an English-German Testament in order to learn English. Meeting the colporteur a few months later, he said: "That little book has turned our lives to serve the Lord. We want a Bible." And when the Bible was handed to his wife, she exclaimed: "This is the Bread from heaven."

# MUNITION WORKERS' AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.

*Formed to Supplement the Work of the Y.M.C.A. in the Munition Centres.*

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: RIGHT HON. LORD KINNAIRD.

PRESIDENT:
H.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

COMMITTEE:
The Marchioness of Londonderry.
Lady Henry Grosvenor.
Countess Fitzwilliam.
Viscountess Ridley.
Lady Rodney.
Lady Askwith.
Lady Hamilton.
Lady Procter, of the Y.W.C.A.
Mrs. Lloyd George.
Mrs. Winston Churchill.
Mrs. Bertram Corbet.
Mrs. Mackay Edgar (*Hon Sec.*)
Mrs. Williams, of Misken.
Mr. Maguire (*Hon. Treasurer*).
Mr. A. K. Yapp, of the Y.M.C.A.

ORGANISING SECRETARIES:
Mr. J. Faulkner, of the Y.M.C.A.
Miss ————, of the Y.W.C.A.

### The Y.M.C.A. and the Munition Centres.

The work of the Y.M.C.A. has passed the experimental stage. In a thousand camps and billeting centres it has proved that its methods can be adapted to meet the needs in war time of men of every class and creed.

After careful and systematic inquiry, it is evident that similar work would be quite as much appreciated by those employed in the manufacture of munitions of war as by our soldiers and sailors.

There is not the same romance or variety about their work. Their toil extends over long hours, and is often very monotonous.

The Y.M.C.A., by means of a voluntary effort, will seek to brighten the lot of many of these Empire toilers, and thus increase their efficiency.

### The Field of Work.

There are hundreds of works engaged in the manufacture of munitions. The most urgent need for such service as the Y.M.C.A. can render is in the centres where imported labour is employed. In some centres there are as many thousands of employees now as there were hundreds a year ago.

Here is a unique opportunity for social service and for rendering a national service of the highest class.

The Government fully realise the value of the service the Y.M.C.A. can render, and a letter dated June 17 makes this quite clear:—

"I am directed by the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) to inform you that the Board have heard with much interest of the steps which the Young Men's Christian Association have taken, and the plans which they have in view, for the establishment of canteen accommodation and recreation huts in the munition centres.

"2. The Board desire me to say that they are fully in sympathy with the Young Men's Christian Association in taking action for the supply of good food and drink at a reasonable price to men employed on Government work.

"3. The Board are anxious that no time should be lost in making provision for the establishment of canteens where the existing facilities for the supply of food and drink to the workmen are inadequate. They would be glad if the Young Men's Christian Association would keep them informed from time to time as to the arrangements which they make for this purpose (with a list of the places where canteens or other facilities are actually set up), and as to the extent to which the workmen take advantage of the new facilities."

### Methods of Work.

The general plan of the Association's activities will be adapted to meet the requirements of each individual centre. Usually the recreation common room, with facilities for games, music, correspondence, reading, and social intercourse, will be the central feature.

Amongst other methods to be adopted in the Munition Y.M.C.A.'s may be mentioned the following:—

Hostel accommodation.
Providing meals at moderate cost.
Temperance refreshments.
Athletics: Football, cricket, &c.
Rifle ranges.
Educational classes and lectures.
Training in first-aid.
Savings banks.
Religious and temperance meetings.
Training in Christian work.

### Organisation.

The Auxiliary Committee will be responsible for the general organisation of the temperance canteens and refreshments departments, and for assisting in opening up work in new centres.

The Y.W.C.A. will provide the leadership for work undertaken amongst female workers.

An urgent appeal is made for voluntary service. It is computed that from sixty to eighty per cent. of the members of the Y.M.C.A. have joined the forces, and there is an urgent need for male helpers between the ages of 40 and 45, particularly those who have had previous experience of Christian and social work.

The help of capable and experienced ladies is also urgently needed.

### Finance.

£25,000 will be needed to meet the cost of the initial programme of munition work by the Y.M.C.A.

£100,000 will be required to carry the full programme into effect.

Donors of £300 and upwards may name a building. The first two gifts of £500 each were given as a memorial to a young officer who met his death at the front in a flying accident.

Gifts may be ear-marked to any centre desired by the donor.

Cheques should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to—

Mr. R. L. Barclay, Hon. Treasurer,
Y.M.C.A. National Council.

or to—

Mr. Rochford Maguire, Hon. Treasurer,
Y.M.C.A. Munition Workers'
Auxiliary Committee.

Further information may be obtained on application to—

Mr. A. K. Yapp, Secretary,
English Y.M.C.A. National Council,
12 and 13, Russell-square, London, W.C.

## NOTES ON DAILY READINGS.

**For the Junior Department Branch of the Scripture Union.**

By SIR MATTHEW DODSWORTH, Bart.

**Saturday, 26th.**—Gen. xxvii. 41-46, xxviii. 1-5. "*God Almighty bless thee . . . and give thee the blessing of Abraham*" (verses 3, 4). Jacob had much to suffer as a result of his unhappy habit of scheming and acting in independence of God. Yet deep down in his heart there seems to have been a place for God, which God honoured. It was this point of contact between himself and God which made it possible for this blessing to come to him. How little does many a boy realise the immense importance of those quiet thoughts about God which he sometimes turns over in his mind and which are the echo of God's voice speaking to his heart.

**Sunday, 27th.**—Gen. xxviii. 10-22. "*If God will be with me and will keep me . . . and will give me bread . . . and raiment . . . then shall the Lord be my God*" (verses 20 and 21). There comes a point in the life of every boy who has had a Christian home, when he has to decide whether he has a true personal faith in God or merely a habit of looking on religion from the home point of view. Jacob was beginning to think this question out to a right conclusion at that important point in his career when he was leaving the shelter of his house and was preparing to face the outside battle.

**Monday, 28th.**—Gen. xxix. 1-20. "*Jacob went near and rolled the stone from the well's mouth and watered the flock*" (verse 10). An act of civility and kindness is never lost. A man's strength is given him for the service of others, particularly the weak. One of God's ways of testing men and boys in this right exercise of their powers is by placing them in control of animals. Cruelty to an animal is not only a wrong to the sufferer, but is also a serious damage to the manliness of the one who commits the wrong.

**Tuesday, 29th.**—Gen. xxxi. 14-29. "*Take heed that thou speak not to Jacob either good or bad*" (verse 24). God is always working His purpose out, and it is very necessary that we should study God's mind so as to be able to fall into line with His wishes. He appeared to Laban and spoke to him in a dream, but we have a far fuller source of information in the Bible, and in the wonderful revelation of God's heart and mind, provided through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, let our first waking thoughts be always directed to the Bible.

**Wednesday, 30th.**—Gen. xxxi. 36-50. "*The Lord watch between me and thee*" (verse 49). When machinery is running all the parts have to be kept working smoothly together, and a man is generally on duty to watch it and keep everything in order. Similarly, in all relationships, it is of the highest importance to secure that best of safeguards which consists in the introduction of Christ as master engineer. He can add a value which would otherwise be lacking, and He can prevent the friction and mutual damage which can so easily arise.

**Thursday, July 1st.**—Gen. xxxii. 1-16. "*Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good*" (verse 12). It invariably pays to remember God's statements and to act upon them. In the case of God's promises, it is honouring to Him to remind Him of them, and to reckon that He means what He says. The reason why faith in God is often so weak is because boys and men do not take the trouble to study their Bibles and discover the rich promises that it contains, and which, like bank cheques signed with His Name, wait to be filled in according to men's needs.

**Friday, 2nd.**—Gen. xxxii. 17-32. "*As a prince hast thou power with God and with men*" (verse 28). Jacob had tried to resist this mysterious visitor, until at last the latter by a touch of his superior power rendered him lame and helpless. In his weakness Jacob could only cling to the one with whom he had been wrestling, and who was probably none other than Christ Himself. In an instant the spiritual power of his Victor flowed into Jacob's heart, and he experienced that oneness which enables the Christian in like position of dependence to exclaim, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."



# AT THE SIGN OF THE RED TRIANGLE.

*Some Observations and Reflections by the General Secretary on the Tasks of the Hour.*

By A. K. YAPP.

### A Message from the Trenches.

WE had a letter the other day from one who, had it not been for the war, would in all probability have been occupying an important official position in connection with the National Council. Writing from the firing line, he said:—

"Many a time whilst I sit in my dug-out I wonder how things are going with the Y.M., and the work which I should have been doing now if it had not been for this war. If you ever have a spare minute, I should welcome a short letter. I am here with my old regiment—the 6th Duke of Wellingtons. We are in the 49th Division. Of course, in the trenches we see no huts, &c., as they are not allowed so far up. My men are boys I collected last August, who joined to serve under me from my father's place. My job is signalling officer. We have telephone stations with each company in the trenches, connected by wires to headquarters and the artillery. The dangerous part lies in mending the wires when broken by shell or bullet. But one gets hardened in time to it, and now there is better weather it is not so bad. Every night a few of us meet for prayers, and on the last two Sundays we have been able to go to a place three miles off to a Communion service at 8 a.m. It is held in the loft of a mined brewery—a real "upper room." But each week takes a further toll of our number, and we all feel it may be our turn next. The spirit of the men is fine, and however horrible this war may be, I am sure it will do more towards purifying England than anything. Well, I must return to duty—this is a scrappy letter, but I hope it finds all well in the old land."

*An excellent little house*, half-way between Farnham and Frensham, has been handed over as a gift to the National Council for work amongst the troops. It is expected this will be opened up very shortly.

### Munition Centres.

Rapid progress is being made in connection with the work in the munition centres. The new building at Crayford is to be opened up early next week, and we anticipate new centres will be opened up week by week afterwards. Altogether we are now operating, or have plans to commence work, in more than twenty centres in all parts of the country. Sir George Askwith, the industrial peacemaker, has promised to take part in a conference dealing with Y.M.C.A. work in munition areas at Edinburgh on July 2.

On another page we give full particulars of our preliminary plans for the development of the munition work department.

### Sportsmen's Battalion.

After considerable delays, the work was in full going order by last Sunday, when early Communion was arranged in the morning by the chaplain, and in the evening the hall was absolutely packed by the members of the battalion for sacred song-service. A young officer gave an admirable address. Several solos were rendered by members of the battalion, and a committee was organised to take charge of the religious meetings and concerts, formed from a representative of each hut. The men all expressed their great appreciation for what the Y.M.C.A. were doing, and the outlook is decidedly favourable to our doing a splendid and positive religious work at Hare Hall Camp.

*Ralph Connor*, the famous author of "The Sky Pilot" and other books, is actively co-operating with us in the Canadian camp at Shorncliffe.

At his request we are supplying a large marquee and complete equipment for the camp of which he is the chaplain.

*Doctor Gordon* is very keen on the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and we hope later to have the opportunity of publishing a series of articles from his pen.

*Mrs. Church*, who has rendered such valuable help to the Y.M.C.A. since the beginning of the war, is now quite well again, and is helping us day by day at headquarters.

*A general officer* called a few days since at a garage in a small town in Hampshire; the owner of the garage is actively co-operating with us in the local work for the troops. He happened to pass the remark to the general that there seemed to be a lot of troops in the town just at that time. The general replied: "I don't know anything about the movements of troops, that is only known to the Young Men's Christian Association; they know more about the Army than anyone else."

*Lady Brassey performed the opening ceremony* at the fine new Y.M.C.A. hut in Crowborough town. In the course of an admirable little speech she referred to the fact that her husband, Lord Brassey, was prevented from being present that day as he had just been entrusted with a special mission to the Dardanelles on behalf of the Government.

It should be an inspiration to all of our readers to realise that at the age of eighty Lord Brassey is fitting out his yacht to go to the Dardanelles to convey wounded men to hospitals many miles distant.

*The Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute* at Portsmouth has been handed over to the Young Men's Christian Association National Council by the S.C.A.

It was founded many years since by Miss Robinson, who carried on a magnificent work for our soldiers and sailors from that centre.

We believe this new building will be of the greatest possible service to the Y.M.C.A. We shall hope to carry on the work there on very similar lines to what is being done at present. The premises are thoroughly up-to-date, and will make a fine centre for our work in Portsmouth. In addition to the institute we have three huts right in the centre of Portsmouth, three others in camps in outlying districts, and six large canvas institutes. A recent visit has convinced us that all these centres are very much appreciated by the troops.

*Retford is one of the latest towns* to take up work for the troops. Mr. J. W. Scholefield, of Huddersfield, is in charge, and he has succeeded in gathering round him a band of splendid helpers. There are three honorary secretaries, one a clergyman of the Church of England, another a Free Church minister, and the third a leading layman. We congratulate all concerned on the admirable way this work has now been organised.

It is well from every point of view to make the utmost use of local friends. Apart altogether from the enormous help they can render us while the war is on, it is laying the foundation for a permanent work after the war, and we would commend this to Y.M.C.A. workers all over the country.

### The Use of Athletics.

We would once more make use of this page to urge upon leaders and workers in all parts of the country, and in the French camps, the importance of making the utmost use of athletics as an adjunct to our work.

With careful organisation we believe it may be possible to get all the outfits that are necessary, and no feature of the work could be of greater value to the troops.

How would it be to arrange athletic sports in all the camps (there are a very large number of them) for August Bank Holiday? We shall be glad to have the opinions of leaders on this subject. A splendid arrangement has been made at Bishop's Stortford, where athletic sports are being arranged one day soon under the joint auspices of the camp Y.M.C.A. and the town. The matter is being taken up with enthusiasm, and a splendid programme is being arranged.

We are also inviting the co-operation of some of the big public schools, as far as this department is concerned, in the British camps. The idea is that half a dozen of the elder boys in one of the big public schools should go under the direction of one of the masters to an individual camp, say, for instance, Perham Down. The work of the Public School Contingent would be to thoroughly organise athletics for that particular camp. They would arrange cricket or football competitions, matches, &c., as well as endless practice games, and would fix up athletic sports on an adequate scale.

The idea would be that each school should provide the materials, and, of course, pay the expenses of the workers.

From some points of view it would be better if older men could undertake this service, but there is a scarcity now of men of serviceable age who could undertake work of this kind. We believe that the prestige attaching to the fact that the lads come from public schools would see them through.

In any case, we believe that this work, thoroughly organised, will be an immense boon to the men.

*Religious work should not be neglected* in summer. Some people seem to take it for granted that when the summer comes we have an excuse for slacking down as far as our spiritual agencies are concerned.

If we only look for them we have even greater opportunities for carrying on spiritual work in the summer than in the winter.

The men amongst whom we are working now will soon be face to face with death, and we want to do everything we possibly can to bring to them the inspiration of strength that comes through a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

---

A trooper in a Chilean cavalry regiment was on duty on the outskirts of Iquique, when he picked up from the ground a printed leaf, which had been torn from a Spanish Testament. He carried it away, and read it carefully. That single leaf removed the prejudice which had hindered him from accepting an invitation to service in the Evangelical church. He went there and became converted—and after the service bought himself a Bible.

# THE WAR RECORD OF OUR ALLY.

## *What the French National Committee of the Y.M.C.A.'s is doing in War-time.*

AS soon as the mobilisation began, every thought, for a few weeks, was focussed on the leave-taking of loved ones and organising matters as well as possible in the sudden overturning of normal conditions. During this period and in the absence of the greater number of young men, our Y.M.C.A. Boy Scouts (Eclaireurs Unionistes) rendered remarkable service as messengers and orderlies at railway stations, in every variety of relief work and assistance to refugees. They were used in different regions by the municipal and military authorities, who have officially testified to the real help given in this time of stress. Since then the adult members of our Associations have been called to the army, class after class, so that to-day nearly all are at the front or preparing for service in garrison or camp. The older members meet for prayer and work for the soldiers, often with the families of these, but, outside of the building of the Paris Central Association, transformed into a Red Cross hospital, and a few other premises for like uses, nearly all of the direct work of our Associations aims above all at helping, encouraging, and strengthening those who have left their homes to bear the brunt of the warfare.

### Some Phases of the New Activity.

The president of our National Committee re-enlisted as officer in the first days of the war. The president of one of our district committees has died of typhoid fever, the result of overwork in his devotion to his hospital duties. One of our most devoted honorary members, a pastor, was killed by a shell as he was bending over the wounded, giving help. Several members of our committees have lost their sons in battle, or have only this report: "Missing." Of our general secretaries, only three have not been enrolled (one over age, one on sick leave, one too slight in build). All the others are with the flag, either as fighting men (our national secretary is in the trenches in Lorraine) or in the ambulance corps and other services. One has left as chaplain to the French forces in the Orient. The secretary at Havre is working as interpreter with the British Y.M.C.A. headquarters there; the secretary at La Rochelle acts as chaplain in the military hospitals of that region, as well as in the camps of prisoners of war and "undesirables." Another is near the eastern frontier in charge of one of the troops' recreation halls organised by Mr. Sautter. One of our younger secretaries was seriously wounded at the beginning of the war and is still under treatment. A former secretary was killed in action. The list of Association members killed and wounded is a very long one already, and among these a number of our most trusty workers have given up their lives for the good cause.

Our National Committee was happily not unprepared for the special work thrust upon us, and in spite of upheavals and departures the work was not interrupted. Our secretary-stenographer took charge of the office, and, aided by voluntary workers, equally devoted, and by new employees, continued the activity of our committee.

In time of peace we had already organised systematic work among our soldiers who are members of our Associations, and all others recommended to us or influenced by our men. As no religious work could then be done officially, we had organised a sort of friendly circle by means of a card system by introducing the soldiers to friends, pastors, helpers, and to each other, by regular intercourse with them and the publishing of a small journal for their special needs. Thus in war time we only had to extend this service, and we made this the basis of our "spiritual reinforcements," always keeping our work as personally helpful as possible, trying to surround each with a network of correspondence, sympathy, and friendship, so that, as our president has voiced it, "What Christian solidarity is has been exemplified in this war; the soldiers have shown by their replies how sure they are that we are all but one family, and that our Y.M.C.A. is a rallying point" for guidance, help, and courage to strive, endure, and be a help to brother soldiers.

### Work Hindered Through the Invasion.

We have sent Bibles, Gospels (a number contributed by the Scottish Bible Society), hymnbooks, prayer-books, tracts, and Christian publications and journals of great variety, both bought and contributed. Lately we have grouped and sent to the World's Committee a large consignment of books for prisoners of war in Germany. We need not, of course, dwell on the correspondence received and sent in behalf of these; it enters into our general work. During the Christmas season, in addition to publications and correspondence, we offered to those who wished a special remembrance a "soldier's parcel" with some cheering help of underclothing or other necessary article, chosen from a list by the soldier himself. About 400 parcels were sent—these, of course, in addition to what was sent by the Associations themselves to their members. One of our devoted honorary members has taken charge of the Boy Scout work, and has lately visited several groups in Eastern France. The building of the Association at Rheims was shelled and burnt down at the time of the first shelling of the cathedral. The Saint-Die Association has had its president, secretary, and best active members killed. In the North of France the work has, of course, been interrupted through the invasion (for a short season only, we hope). An older member of one of our Associations was "concentrated" in a prisoners' camp in Germany. He promptly organised a Y.M.C.A. there, and presides over it.

### With Comrades in the Open-Air.

We know of some of our Association men meeting for prayer with comrades in the open air, holding Bible meetings under the sky. We know of the Christian influence of many, whose faith is a stronghold to their comrades. A secretary writes: "I have never had such an occasion to exert an influence on the most diverse kinds of men. How true our old Gospel is!" Others, more or less indifferent heretofore, have in time of danger resolutely turned towards the eternal light and become out-and-out Christians. "This terrible war has led me to God, I have never felt so near Him as on the battlefield; without the sense of His presence I would never have been able to keep calm before shell and gunfire."

A captain writes: "Your envelope addressed to D. arrived to-day. He was killed in Alsace, between T. and C. I have read the letters and they have been a comfort to me." Here is a letter from a Roman Catholic officer, on the death of one of our best active members, shot at his side:—

"Always on duty, always ready for danger, sincerely loving his men, I had marked him out; we were friends, and, though of different religion, I have not ceased to admire the strength which his faith in Christ had put in his heart. He did a soldier's and a Frenchman's duty, but he died without anger or hate; it remains for us to remember him in our hearts and to imitate him for the sake of France."

* * * *

These are the men for whom we are working, as well as for those they meet and influence. We can have no better reason for asking for co-operation than by showing what they are.

And we find a symbol of our work in this most recent letter of one of our faithful workers:—

"I was on guard from midnight to two o'clock on the edge of a wood. Moonlight, spring-time—and a nightingale near me, in a hawthorn bush, sang its trills in infinite variety. I tried to count the variations and did not succeed. The cannons boomed quite near, but this bird took *absolutely no notice* of them. And I thought how little man is, when the most powerful implement of violence that he has invented cannot even silence the song of a little bird."

It is the unsilenceable and eternal song of faith, their courage and strength, that our National Committee is in many ways working to bring into the hearts of our soldiers, in life and in death, in strife and in victory.

---

### OUR OPTIMISTIC SOLDIERS.

Corporal W. E. Richards, a member of the A.S.C., writing from a point near the firing line to his father in Somersetshire, describes a "sing-song" held by our men in the square of a French town. He writes:—

"Dear old home hymns we had, and as our chaps sang them, often low and sweet, many eyes were filled with tears.

"At the end we sang the National Anthem, and a shrill shout of 'Vive l'Angleterre!' came from the French soldiers who were listening. So, to cheer them up, we gave three real English cheers to convince ourselves as much as them that we were not downhearted.

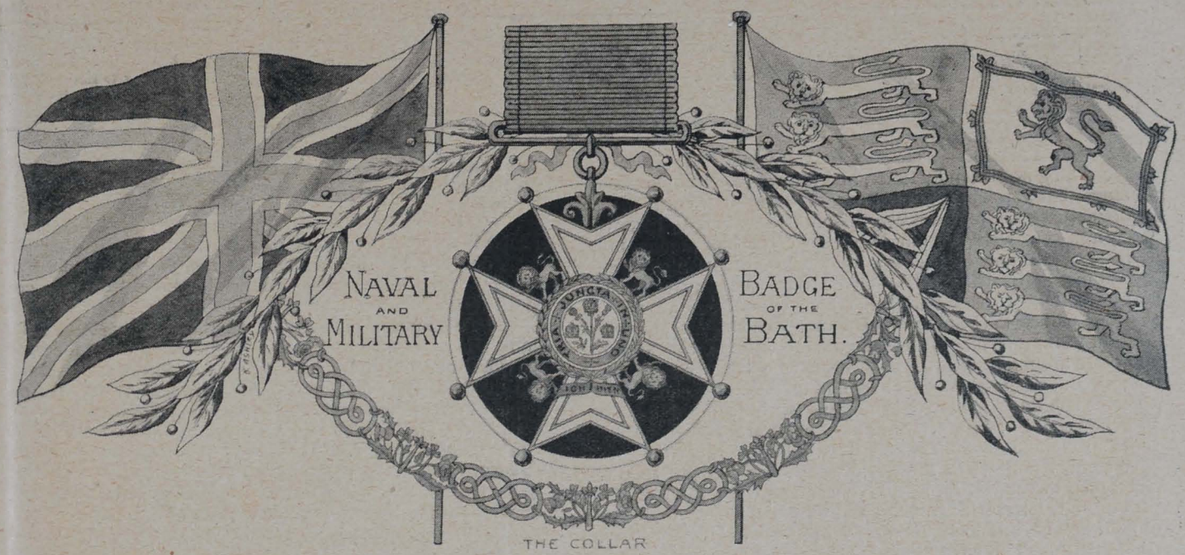
"People here can't understand the cheerful way we take the war. The English soldier is a fine specimen of the genus optimist, though he grumbles at most things.

---

A missionary in India was walking through the jungle when he came upon an Indian funeral—a company of forty persons, met to burn the dead. They were all, however, sitting in a circle at some distance from the pyre, and one of them was reading a Gujarati Gospel aloud to the rest.

Mr. John A. Stelling, A.L.A.M., the well-known elocutionist, who gained the first prize of the British Empire Shakespeare Society, and who, for physical reasons, is unable to take an active part in the war, has generously offered to serve any Y.M.C.A. camp in any part of Great Britain. In addition to giving recitals, he will be happy to do Gospel work among the men, either from the platform or in personal work. Mr. Stelling is used to sleeping in the huts, and has already co-operated with workers in many centres. He is willing to give his services for nothing, and requires only travelling expenses and hospitality at the huts. We can highly recommend Mr. Stelling as a brilliant elocutionist and a worthy Christian brother, and camp leaders may enlist his aid with every confidence. His address is "Modena," 60, Peckham-road, London, S.E.






# THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH.

ONE of the most interesting orders the badge of which may be seen on the breasts of some few officers of high rank and attainments is "the most honourable Order of the Bath." This was created in the reign of Henry IV., and is believed then to have been the restoration of an older order of knighthood. In an old book on the subject we find the following description:—

"In the reign of Henry IV. there was a degree of knighthood specified under the express appellation of Knights of the Bath. That king, on the day of his coronation, in the Tower of London, conferred the honour on forty-six esquires, who had watched all the night before and had bathed themselves. Mr. Selden thinks this order more ancient than the time of Henry IV., and Mr. Ashmole is of opinion that the said king did not constitute, but rather that he restored, the ancient manner of making knights, for formerly knights bachelors were created by ecclesiastics with the like ceremonies, which, however, were by King Henry IV. made peculiar to the degree of Knights of the Bath."

The order fell into disuse after the coronation of Charles II., who created sixty-eight Knights of the Bath. It was again revived by George I., who reorganised it, making it consist of the Sovereign, Grand-Master, and thirty-six Companions; he also arranged for the chapel of King Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey to be the chapel of the order, directing that each knight's banner with plates of his arms and style should be placed over the several stalls, where they may still be seen. They have not been added to, however, as in January, 1815, extensive alterations were made in the order to commemorate "the auspicious termination of the long and arduous contests in which this Empire had been engaged," when the number of admissions was largely increased.

The order is composed of three classes. The first consists of Knights, called "Knights Grand Cross" (G.C.B.); these are of the naval, military, and diplomatic services, and wear a special star formed of a golden Maltese cross laid on rays of silver or jewels, and with the same device in centre as that on the badge.

The second-class consists of Knights Commanders (K.C.B.), also of the three services; the star worn in this case is different to that in the first class, being in itself the form of a cross with centre as in the badge.

The third class (C.B.) are not entitled to be called knights, and wear the badge only.

The badge, which is of gold enamelled white with green laurel wreath and red centre with motto, the lions and bands being gold and the riband with "Ich Dieu," blue, is worn pendant from a broad red riband across the left shoulder by the G.C.B., by a narrower red riband from the neck by the K.C.B., and by a still narrower red riband from the buttonhole by the C.B. There is a special little oval badge embodying the design in the centre of the badge represented, which is worn by the diplomatic and civil department.

The collar, also given in the illustration, is used on special occasions and is of gold, being 30 ounces in weight.

There have been several presentations of these orders recently made by his Majesty.

K. ASHLEY.

---

### WITH ROTHERHAM HOWITZERS.

IN opening a new Y.M.C.A. outfit for soldiers in Clifton Park, Rotherham, where the newly formed Rotherham Howitzer Brigade are in training, the Mayor of Rotherham (Alderman P. Bancroft Coward, J.P.) said: "It was now recognised that the more sober and pure in life an Army could become, the more efficient an instrument it would be for the welfare of the nation. It was with these aims and objects in view that the Y.M.C.A. tents had been established. At a time like the present, when the whole energies of the nation were being devoted to the successful prosecution of the war, it behoved all at home to do their utmost for the welfare and comfort of the soldiers in training."

On the occasion of the opening of the tent Mr. Robert Dyson, J.P. (president of the Rotherham Association), occupied the chair, and a large number of influential people were present.

Mr. Dyson mentioned that the rooms of the Rotherham Association were already overcrowded by soldiers night after night, and that the Association was endeavouring to meet its responsibility by providing the further accommodation afforded by the tent.

Colonel Gundry received the equipment on behalf of the Rotherham Howitzer Brigade and other soldiers training in the town, and was sure that all the N.C.O.s and men would thank the Rotherham friends for their kindness.

The general secretary (Mr. Edwin J. Parker), in proposing a vote of thanks to the Mayor, the president, and the colonel, gave an address on the many phases of work which the Association was engaged in during the war, and expressed his indebtedness to the ladies of the local branch of the B.W.T.A. who had come forward so readily and undertaken the working of the Rotherham Tent.

Dr. G. Lodge, J.P. (local treasurer of the Y.M.C.A. War Emergency Fund), seconded the vote of thanks, and Colonel Gundry called for three cheers from the men of the Howitzer Brigade for the Mayor. These were most heartily given, and another three added for the Mayoress, who accompanied his Worship.

The work of the tent then immediately began in real earnest, and each day sees the tent filled many times by men who come in to spend their rest half-hours.

An important feature of the work is a Sunday evening service for soldiers, which is well attended. Local friends are most willing to help by providing speakers, soloists, and refreshment.

---

The Prisoner: "There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?"

Policeman Casey: "Phwat? Run away and niver come back again? You shtand here an' Oi'll run afther yer hat."

At Campo Formoso, in the State of Bahia, the sacristan of the church borrowed a Portuguese Bible, and after getting his priest's permission read it with keen interest. He told the colporteur that it contained "the very fountain of truth from which everyone might drink."

*23.—From Friends Far and Near.*

# BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

*By JULIUS JUST.*

I AM very much obliged to you, **H. A.** (Sydney, N.S.W.) for your long and friendly letter, and it also gave me pleasure to notice that you had reprinted one of these articles in your magazine. These links are very helpful. Yes, indeed, I know Mr. Virgo very well, and am happy to count him among my friends. He is one of the few men whose life is a genuine help to me. This is no reflection on the generality of mankind; it is only to say that some men have more influence over one person than another. I do not wonder that you feel grateful to him for his "paternal guidance," and I can assure you there are many fellows over here who could confess as much. But does not this fact remind us that "*We* can make *our* lives sublime"? There is nothing so objectionable as a wretched copyist; but, after all, most of us are influenced by some strong and good man, and it is a happy thing that we have some examples in the world whose lead we can follow. Good luck to you, H. A., in all your good work. I like the tone of your letter; it is human and natural. There are heaps of fellows who will look upon you in the coming days as a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

* * *

YOUR views on Sunday travelling **A. L.** (Clapton), are, on the whole, very temperate and sane. I think most of us are "against travelling on Sunday," even though we are compelled to do the thing that we hate. It is not possible to lay down an absolute rule on the matter, but perhaps, in response to your invitation, I may set down a few general principles which cover the ground. First of all, I take it for granted that no Christian would willingly use Sunday for a day of pleasure which involved Sunday travelling. It is the thin edge of the Continental wedge, and, besides, it is abominably selfish. The fact that so many thoughtless people raid the Sunday as a day of pleasure deprives millions of people from the rest that is theirs. Then I take it that no sincere Christian would select Sunday for visiting purposes should this involve Sunday travelling. Of course, there are cases where week-day visiting is almost impossible, but most of us get one half-day a week when we can visit our friends at a little distance. I am sorry to say, however, that of late years there has been a serious increase of Sunday travelling on the part of Christian people for no other purpose than visiting friends, and it is high time the vicious habit was checked.

* * *

THERE are certain cases, however, which make Sunday travelling imperative. For instance, the visitation of the sick or special service for Christ may compel us to travel on the Lord's Day, although I think it is possible to reduce these things to a minimum. It is astonishing what a lot of work is done for Christ by those who refuse to travel on the Sunday. I know one man who thinks nothing of walking five miles there and five miles back rather than support any Sunday labour. But, after all, it is very difficult to lay down dogmatic rules. The Sunday question gets more and more complicated, and it increasingly appears that the only safe rule is for individual Christians to follow their own conscience. But while I write thus, I am obliged to say that many sane and thoughtful men view with much alarm the great output of Sunday newspapers and the great increase of Sunday desecration. And it would seem that unless we are careful, we shall be in the same ridiculous position as the pot who called the kettle black. Personally, I think the view of Dr. Alexander Whyte is the most satisfactory. He counsels us to keep one day a week holy unto the Lord; to read only such books as make for deep spiritual culture; to set aside the novel and the secular interest. And when we remember that we are spiritual beings, this does not seem a great demand. Alas that war has so rudely upset all our peace programmes! But it still remains for all sorts and conditions of men that "a Sabbath well spent brings a week of content."

* * *

PRAY forgive the delay, **G. H. C.** And as you forgive my delay, I will forgive your impatience! I am obliged to you for your suggestions, some of which are quite good. With regard to the text in 1 Corinthians vi. 4, I give you Canon Teignmouth Shore's note on the passage, which I think will supply all you need. "The last words show that the questions which are alluded to are pure worldly, and not spiritual matters. The Apostle subsequently urges that such disputes ought not to arise at all amongst Christians, and that if they do, they ought to be settled by the interposition of some mutual friend. Here he says, with something of sarcasm, 'The very meanest of those who are to be exalted above angels, and to be judges of spiritual existences, is of sufficient authority to settle such matters as you are bringing before legal tribunals.'"

* * *

IF **M. P.**, who wrote to me some time ago regarding some lonely soldier to whom she might send things will communicate with Mrs. Nicholas, Regent House, St. James's-court, Buckingham Gate, S.W., I think she will be able to fulfil her desires. I am much obliged to **M. B.** for giving me the information.

* * *

THE cutting you send me (**Grateful Reader**) I have already seen. I may tell you that it has caused a good deal of annoyance to our officials at headquarters, who, of course, know nothing about it, and are not identified with it by any means. I do not know the man who sent it, although I am bound to say I imagine he sent it with the best motives and with the purest intentions. Alas! I know, with you, what harm may spring from such beginnings. You will notice that we allow no such advertisements to appear in this paper. We are most careful over such matters, but with so many thousands of friends and supporters it is not easy to control every opinion. You may be very sure, however, that we shall let it be known, as opportunity serves, that the view expressed is the view of an individual and not of the Association. I am glad you like our paper and send it to distant friends; it says something for the confidence you have in us that you venture to write as you have done. Far from thinking you a carping critic, I think you a very loyal friend, whose one desire is to see the Y.M.C.A. an ever-increasing power among the young manhood of our land.

* * *

I WONDER if my readers can send me some good suggestions about **Summer Holidays**? There are many of us who, although not in the Army, have been working at very high pressure for some months, and therefore need a rest. How shall we spend our holiday this year, with war raging just across the Channel? I shall be very glad to receive ideas and suggestions from my readers in reply to this question. The subject might be discussed, perhaps, in this order:—(1) Shall we *have* a holiday this year? (2) Shall it be an *ordinary* holiday? (3) *What* shall we do and *where* shall we go? I shall give extracts on this page from the letters I receive, and I believe that such a discussion will clear the air a good deal. Many people are quite undecided as to their attitude this year, and the variety of opinions which my readers know so well how to express will do not a little to give light and guidance to those who are perplexed. It will then be possible to sum up the general conclusions as indicated in the letters received. All letters on this subject, as well as general correspondence, should be addressed, as usual, to Julius Just, 13, Russell-square, W.C.



## BETWEEN LONDON AND BOMBAY.

### A Son's Racy Letter to His Father About a New Experience.

ONE of the sailors simply flabbergasted me. He started off talking without my knowing anything about it, and appears to have read most of the things I have and a lot I haven't. He discoursed learnedly about Darwin, and one thing and another, but confessed he stuck at Kant, so I was one up on him there. Another fellow more or less desired me to explain to him about heaven and hell, all of which makes you sit up and set your brains to work, being no doubt what they all meant by "experience." Discussed the Pharisee and the Publican last night with the sergeant-major and two chief petty officers. The sergeant-major says he is going to have a talk with me later on, when it is too hot to do anything else. Stand from under and be prepared to receive orders! One officer, Captain Jay, told me he admired our job as much as anything that is being done just now. The chief petty officers are the most frightful collection. They would do admirably for a comic opera chorus without any making-up whatever. They are mostly about fifty, and mainly retired men called up again. They call each other "Mr. So-and-So," and are tremendously exercised about their daily pot of rum (which is dealt out with much pomp and circumstance) and the failings of their officer, who is a volunteer reserve, and who, as they consider, "knows nothing abaht it." They are all getting out at Gib with 140 or so of the seamen for gunnery. The old lady and her daughter are tolerable, and so also is a youngish person with two babies. There is another woman in our saloon and two small boys (moderately odious, one absolutely rotund), and four women and eight children, mainly girls of the third class. Then there is a chap of about forty or so, who is something in the Civil Service, and a theatrical to boot. There are a few unattached officers and about six or seven ladies in the first class, but "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans," though the officers are always affable. I am sure you would be greatly edified if you could follow your son through all the vicissitudes and commonplaces that this life presents. We got into Gibraltar about six in the morning of the 12th and left about 12.30. Nobody went ashore at all, which was a pity; better luck on the way back! The Rock is a tremendous place—higher, I should say, than the sugar-loaf at Rio, and a lot more of it. We could see a few of the guns and batteries, but the great majority are carefully concealed by bushes and things. The town is at the foot of a rock, and goes up the slope of it. There is an old square Moorish tower on one side. The guns command the whole of the Straits, and there is also an electrically worked mine field, so you can't get through unless you are a submarine, and then not very lightly. The African coast can be seen quite clearly, mountains and hills, especially one big cap with clouds. I couldn't remember the name of the spot in question. The only excitement was a fancy dress dance in the first class, of which we caught small and fleeting glimpses. I felt rather like a small child outside a toy-shop. We had a flood in the middle of the night, caused by the swabbing of the deck above, whereby the water came into our port-hole on to Newell's bed, and he retired to a place of safety for the rest of the night. I woke up and gave him a lot of good advice, but did not feel called upon to get up. Reith, as usual, slept peacefully. All the misfortunes seem to fall on the unlucky head of Newell, but he bears it well. Yesterday afternoon he dropped his shaving soap into the tank of the wash-basin, and spent quite a lot of time in attempting, with the assistance of a couple of stewards, to dislodge it with a soup ladle, but all their efforts resulted in discovering that someone else had played that game before. I suppose the tank will gradually get filled up with foreign bodies of this kind. In the Red Sea, church parade as before in section. The colonel officiated at the one I went to; except that he read the Absolution by mistake, instead of the General Confession, he did all right. By the side of a great hill in Bombay we found a small Hindu temple. It is strange how one realises almost with a shock, though one has known it all one's life, that there are heathen. When you see people actually engaged in their prayers to the sun, and worshipping at an idol shrine, walking about the streets with paint marks on their foreheads to show whether they worship Siva or Vishnu, you get hold of the thing much more than by photographs and books. Another strange thing is the feeling of familiarity I have all the time, even with things I have never as much as heard of. It makes you silent when you see people going about in a pair of bathing drawers and the children often with a piece of string or less. All this, of course, mixed up with trams and native European clothes, so you will realise it is a quaint place that I have come to.

---

A sum of £2,046,126 is contributed annually to the maintenance of missions overseas, the Church of England raising £1,041,543; the Church of Scotland, £29,205; the Free Churches, £834,509; and inter-denominational societies, £140,869.


WHAT DO THE SOLDIERS DRINK?
"KIA-ORA" LEMON SQUASH.

*Why is it called "Kia-Ora" Lemon Squash?*

That's the Trade Mark of the 'O-T' Company, and it is the New Zealand Maori's way of saying "Good Luck."

*Is it a good drink?*

It is just fresh lemon juice and sugar, not too sweet, and makes an A1 drink; cooling, refreshing, and thirst-quenching; and it is good for the inner man too, at least, the Director of Victualling for the Navy says it's good enough for the Navy, so it's good enough for me.

*That sounds fine. Where can we taste "Kia-Ora" Squash?*

Come with me to the Y.M.C.A. and have one. You can't mistake "Kia-Ora," it has got bits of lemon fruit in it, just like you get at home, and it isn't a yellow coloured syrup, made from goodness-knows-what. You can buy it at all the Canteens if you ask for "Kia-Ora." Take it from me it is the real thing.

PRICES: LONG GLASSES, 1d. BOTTLES, 6d., 10½d. & 1/6.

'O-T' LTD., BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

# SOME FRESH GLIMPSES OF THE FERVENT PATRIOTISM THAT HAS UNITED A WHOLE EMPIRE IN RESOLUTE ACTION.



Loyal to his patriotic impulses, the Rev. Norman D. Bower, Vicar of New Hutton, Westmoreland, has enlisted, with the special permission of the Bishop of Carlisle, in the Motor Transport of the Army Service Corps.



The famous London Scottish have already covered themselves with glory in the great European struggle, and we have pleasure in giving this illustration of the 3rd Battalion returning from a route march from Richmond to Buckingham Palace. Our picture shows the battalion marching over Hammersmith Bridge with the regiment's dog "Wolf" at their head.



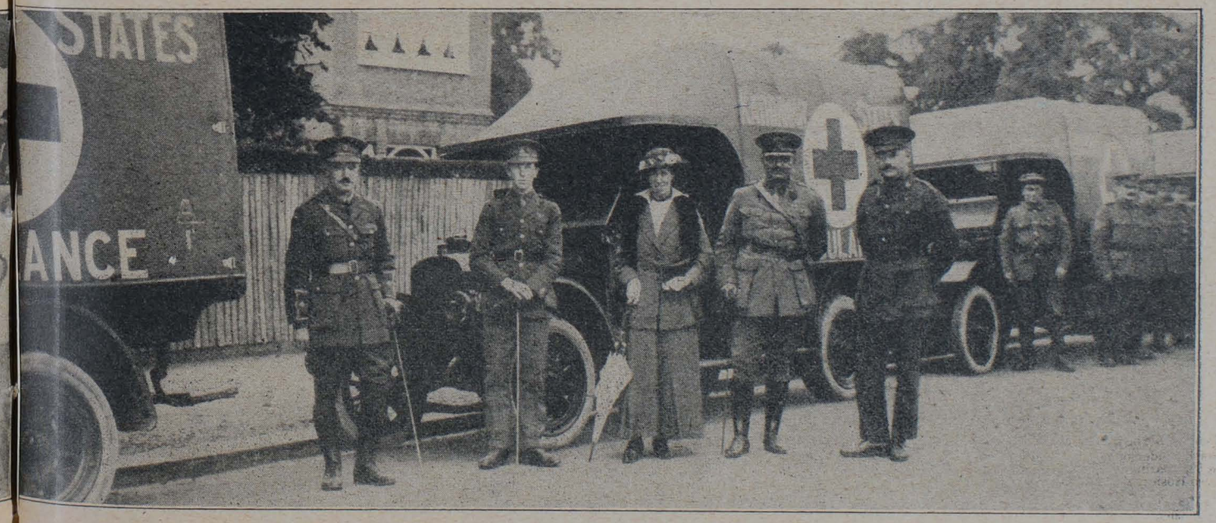


In this illustration we show another clergyman, in the person of the Rev. R. E. Skene, M.A., of Raveningham, who has also volunteered as a motor transport driver. His object is to set a good example to others.



This unusual picture sets forth in graphic fashion the whole of the Mohammedan community of Calcutta praying for the success of the British Army, on the Maidan, Calcutta.

*[Pictures by Photopress.*




A famous cricketer and a fervent patriot, Prince "Ranji" is here seen inspecting a large fleet of motor-ambulances presented by the States of Kathrawar for service at the front.

# TO Y.M.C.A. MEMBERS IN LONDON & BIRMINGHAM.

**Why not combat the increased cost of living by joining**

# The Civil Servants' & Bankers' Association?

Formed in 1912 to enable Civil Servants and Bank Clerks to share profits with well-known firms by obtaining, on production of membership ticket, a discount on purchases. ***Membership now extended to all clerks.*** Subscription 1/6 per annum. Tickets now being issued available until May 31st, 1916. If you desire to become a member, fill up the form at the foot hereof and send it to the General Secretary as soon as possible. A membership ticket and the Association's Handbook, containing instructions to members and full particulars of discounts allowed, will then be forwarded.

## LONDON FIRMS.

**Athletic Outfitters.** — Discount.
Benetfink & Co., Ltd., 107, 108, and 110, Cheapside, E.C. .. 5%

**Bag, Portmanteau, & Dressing Case Makers.**
Clark, Alex., Co., Ltd., 125-6, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; 188, Oxford Street, W. .. 15%

**Bedstead & Bedding Manufacturers.**
See Handbook.

**Book Dealers.** (New or Secondhand Books.)
Foyle, W. G., 121-3, Charing Cross Road, W.C. .. 5%

**Bootmakers.**
Abbotts, Ltd. (Phit Eesi Shoe Co.), 121, High Holborn, W.C.; 434, Strand, W.C.; 54, Regent Street, W.; 7, Poultry, E.C.; 24, Liverpool Street, E.C., and other Branches .. 5% 10%
Lennards, Ltd., 30 Branches in all parts of London .. 5%

**Brush & Broom Manufacturers.**
Harrisson, Jas. S., & Sons, 8, Foster Lane, Cheapside, E.C. .. 10%

**Carpet & Linoleum Manufacturers & Importers.**
Holden, B., & Co., 228, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. .. 10%
Treloar & Sons, 68-70, Ludgate Hill, E.C. .. Special quotations.

**China & Glass Ware Dealers.**
See Handbook.

**Coal Merchants.**
Earley, W. J. (all branches) .. 7½%

**Confectioners.**
Clarke, Nicholls, & Coombs, Ltd., 134, Bishopsgate, E.C.; 49, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; 10, High Street, Norwood Junction, S.E. .. 10%

**Cutlers.**
Buck, J., 56, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. .. 15%
Clark, Alex., Co., Ltd., 125-6, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; 188, Oxford Street, W. .. 25%
Tyzack, S., & Son, 343-5, Old Street, E.C. .. 15%

**Cycle & Motor Cycle Dealers.**
Benetfink & Co., Ltd., 107, 108, and 110, Cheapside, E.C. .. 5%

**Furniture Manufacturers.**
Hawkey & Gifford, Ltd., 46, Curtain Road, E.C. .. 33⅓%
Swire & Co., 18, Featherstone Street, City Road, E.C. .. 33⅓%

**Furriers.**
Wholesale Fur Co., 145, Cheapside, E.C. .. 10%

**Garden Seed & Plant Dealers.**
Carter, Page, & Co., London Wall, E.C. .. 5% to 12½%

**Hardware & Ironmongery Merchants.**
Harrisson, Jas. S., & Sons, 8, Foster Lane, Cheapside, E.C. .. 10%

**Hatters.**
Bourn & Tant, 121, Tottenham Court Road, W.; 150, Holborn, E.C.; 23, Lime Street, E.C.; 56, Uxbridge Road, W.; 1a, Seven Sisters Road, N.; 31, Aldgate High Street, E.C. .. 10%

**Hosiers & Outfitters.**
Bayley, F. C., 34, Strand, W.C.; 19, Green Street, Leicester Square, W.C. 10%
Bourn & Tant, 121, Tottenham Court Road, W.; 150, Holborn, E.C.; 23, Lime Street, E.C.; 56, Uxbridge Road, W; 1a, Seven Sisters Road, N.; 31, Aldgate High Street, E.C. .. 10%
Drake, W., & Co., Ltd., 148, Cheapside, E.C.; 64, Westbourne Grove, W.; 43, New Bridge Street, E.C.; 181, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. .. 5%

**Insurance Companies.**
Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd. (£100 Free Policy). .. See Handbook.
Phœnix Assurance Co., Ltd. .. See Handbook.

**Jewellers, Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, & Watchmakers.**
Clark, Alex., Co., Ltd., 125-6, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; 188, Oxford Street, W. .. 15%
Saqui & Lawrence, 28-30, Liverpool Street, E.C.; Piccadilly Circus, W.; 54, Strand, W.C.; 276-7, Pentonville Road, N.; 3, King Street, Hammersmith, W. .. 15%
Wales & McCulloch, Ltd., 20, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 56, Cheapside, E.C. .. 10%

**Leather Goods Manufacturers.**
Clark, Alex., Co., Ltd., 125-6, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; 188, Oxford Street, W. .. 15%

**Linoleum Manufacturers & Dealers.**
Holden, B., & Co., 228, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. .. 10%
Treloar & Sons, 68-70, Ludgate Hill, E.C. .. Special quotation

**Mackintosh Manufacturers.**
Anderson, Anderson, & Anderson, Ltd., 37, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; 58 & 59, Charing Cross, S.W. .. 10%
(See also Hosiers and Outfitters.)

**Pianoforte Makers.**
Metro Musical Supply Co., 54, City Road, E.C. .. 33⅓%

## LONDON FIRMS (*Continued*).

**Tailors.** — Discount.
Birch Bros., 164, Strand, W.C. .. 10%
Hall, S., & Barkham Bros., 25, Leadenhall Street, E.C. .. 10%
Phillips Bros. (easy payments), 156, Strand, W.C. .. 10%
Quatermain, A., Ltd., 38, Walbrook, E.C. .. 10%
Rous, H., 220, Edgware Road, Hyde Park, W. .. 10%
Towell, David, 191, Victoria Street, S.W. .. 10%
Wadden, G., 34, Poultry, E.C.; 86, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; and other Branches .. 7½%
West End Clothiers Co., Ltd., 4, Oxford Street, W.; 37, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 66, Regent Street, W.; and other Branches .. 10%

**Tailors (Ladies').**
Firms marked thus * above .. 10%

**Tool Manufacturers.**
Buck, J., 56, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. .. 10%
Tyzack, S., & Son, 343-5, Old Street, E.C. .. 10%

**Umbrella & Walking Stick Makers.**
Cox, B., & Sons, 89, Queen Street, E.C.; 411, Oxford Street, W.; 75a, Victoria Street, S.W.; 189, Aldersgate Street, E.C. .. 10%

**Watermen.**
Messum & Sons, Richmond .. Special reduction

**Waterproofs. Oilskins, &c.**
Anderson, Anderson, & Anderson, Ltd., 37, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; 58 & 59, Charing Cross, S.W. .. 10%

## BIRMINGHAM FIRMS.

**Athletic Outfitters.**
Stockwin, A., & Co., 16, Worcester Street. .. 10%

**Bedstead & Bedding Manufacturers.**
See Handbook.

**Bootmakers.**
Brough, G. & S., 336, Newtown Row; 25, Spring Hill; 108, Hockley Hill 5%
Hopkins, S. J., & Co., Long Street and Stratford Road, Sparkbrook .. 10%

**China & Glass Ware Dealers.**
See Handbook.

**Coal Merchants.**
Boston, T., & Son, Ltd., 25, Paradise Street .. 2½%

**Costume & Mantle Makers.**
Style & Mantle, 99, Bull Street .. 10%

**Furniture Manufacturers.**
See Handbook.

**Hatters.**
Bliss, H., 7, Snow Hill, and 13, Navigation Street. .. 5%
Scruton, T. K., & Co., 92 and 93, New Street .. 10%

**Hosiers & Outfitters.**
Bliss, H., 7, Snow Hill .. 5%
Scruton, T. K., & Co., 92 and 93, New Street .. 10%

**Mackintosh & Oilskin Manufacturers & Dealers.**
Macintosh, C. & Co., Ltd., 1 and 2, Dale End .. 10%
Scruton, T. K., & Co., 92 and 93, New Street .. 10%

**Silversmiths & Electro Platers.**
See Handbook.

**Tailors.**
Dean, G. C., Corporation Street .. 10%
Hopkins, S. J., Long Street & Stratford Road, Sparkbrook .. 10%
Scruton, T. K., & Co., 92 and 93, New Street .. 10%

**Umbrella Dealers.**
Scruton, T. K., & Co., 92 and 93, New Street .. 10%

**Waterproof Goods Manufacturers.**
Macintosh, C., & Co., Ltd., 1 and 2, Dale End .. 10%

## HOLIDAY BUREAU.

**Hotels, Boarding Houses,** etc., in the following Towns: Blackpool, Bournemouth, Bude, Ilfracombe, Llandudno, Margate, Plymouth, St. Ives, Shanklin.

*Special Terms to Members.*

**These are GENUINE DISCOUNTS. There is no necessity to disclose the fact that you are a member of the C.S.A., and thus intend to claim the discount, until the actual time of paying the bill.**

*To the General Secretary*

**The Civil Servants' and Bankers' Association,**
**23, Wydehurst Road, Croydon.**

*I hereby apply to be registered as a member of the above Association. I enclose P.O. for 1/6, my subscription for the year ending* **May 31st, 1916.**

*Name* .....

*Private Address* .....

*Where Emp'oyed* .....

Y.M.




# OUR — OUTLOOK.

THE large transport has drawn up on the quay side. The decks are packed with men, and hundreds are getting their first glimpse of the land they have come to fight in, and perhaps to die. The gangways are lowered, the great steam winches are at work, and in a few minutes everything has become a scene of orderly activity. The troops pour down the gangways fully equipped for war. Their quarters have been cramped, and a large majority are landing hungry, and with some recollections of *mal-de-mer*. Across the end of the great receiving shed they see written on a canvas screen the letters "Y.M.C.A.," and in a short time the enclosure is packed from end to end with hungry men. One who has helped can never forget these days—the ceaseless stream of men filing past the centre in perfect order, each man laden with his accoutrements and with his rifle slung on the shoulder. His first care is to obtain a steaming-hot mug of tea; for convenience' sake he fills his cap with buns or rolls, then he means to have his woodbines and a few sheets of note-paper and envelopes. He elbows his way cautiously to some corner where he can set down his things, and here he enjoys his first five minutes of absolute comfort in a strange land.

***

WE lose sight of him for a while, and next meet at one of the great rest camps, where he spends his first night in France, and most thoughtful men are wondering what France is going to mean to them. The Y.M.C.A. is packed from end to end with such men, and to all without exception there is a special fitness in the evening hymn, which soldiers love above all, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." How can we give you the true mental picture of the work as it goes on in the huts night after night?—the atmosphere of cheerfulness, good fellowship, and tobacco smoke; the queues of men waiting their turn to get to the tea counter; the band of hard-working ladies behind that counter, hard at it for hours on end; crowds of men who have been fortunate enough to get sitting room enjoying their game of draughts or sprawling over the table inditing a letter to mother or sister—or someone else's sister. At the end the familiar evening sing-song or perhaps it is the evening of one of our larger concerts, and those on the platform look down on a scene of appreciative faces that they can never forget; some have come back from the trenches, and are forgetting for a brief hour the hell from which they escaped. Others have preferred the atmosphere of the Y.M.C.A. to the temptations of the neighbouring town or village. All return to their tents or huts better men for the way they have spent the evening and better fit for the duties of next day.

***

EVERY branch of the service is being looked after: the fighting men—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—the Army Service Corps, who have done such splendid work in this war, the Army Ordnance Corps, the bakers, who send half-a-million loaves to the front daily, the labourers and the mechanical transport—all these look on the Y.M.C.A. as their show. Without exception, their behaviour has been perfect; no single complaint of rudeness to any of our ladies in any camp in France has come to our notice. Everywhere the ladies' verdict is "Tommy is a gentleman." While our work in France is on the same general lines as in this country, there are some features peculiar to the other side. For instance, at one of our centres some time in the evening notice comes of the arrival of a convoy, and a little while after three or four hundred dust-begrimed men pour into the hut. They have come in a convoy of fifty or one hundred motor lorries over a dusty road of sixty or seventy miles, and their clothes are saturated and their faces are caked with white dust, and their throats are parched and dry. Our workers have a very busy time, and then in half-an-hour everything is quiet again. The men have passed out to a bath or to sleep, for which they are ready.

***

AT an important railway junction our work is amongst men at the Advanced Fodder Base. Here from morning to night, seven days a week, the men live and have their being amidst bales of hay which are being loaded for the front. The camp is miles from anywhere, and, needless to say, the Y.M.C.A. marquee is crowded nightly. A solitary young Scotsman is in charge, and enjoying the work to the full. He is guide, philosopher, and friend to these men, and is as happy as the day is long. All that we have said has had to do with Tommy in the glory of his strength, waiting for his first brush with the enemy, or having returned safe and sound, but there is another side, and I want you to come with me to one of those cities of snow-white tents that have sprung up here and there in France. It is a glorious day of sunshine, and the walls of these tents are down; on the beds inside or resting on the grass around are men who have come back wounded by shrapnel or shell, some suffering from only slight wounds, for others it is going to be a long struggle back to normal health. The surroundings are depressing, but you will find a bright side there. In the large Y.M.C.A. marquee, comfortably boarded, bedecked with flags, and set out with comfortable deck chairs, the men are being helped to forget the horrors and pain of the past, and are building resources of strength and nerve for a further part in our great task.

***

AN evening spent in the Queen Mary Hut in one of our convalescent camps will not soon be forgotten. The verandah is full of men enjoying the last few hours of sunshine. The interior is full from end to end with men from every regiment in the Army, some with bandaged heads or arms, many hobbling with their sticks or crutches, but all are cheerful and appreciative. In some days these will be drafted back to the reinforcement camps to rejoin their regiments. Meanwhile we are trying to make their convalescence as happy and as profitable as possible. Another picture which remains with one is that of the work being done at railway stations when hospitals, according to military language, are "evacuated." The motor kitchen has drawn up in a shady place; preparations are being made for an hour's work. The Red Cross train is on the rails close by, and in a little while ambulances, 'buses, and chars-a-banc—the latter still bearing the names they were known by at holiday resorts in England—begin to arrive with their loads of men for home. Tea, cake, cigarettes are distributed, and a few words of cheer spoken, and all start on their journey a little happier because our Association has been given the privilege of helping them.

***

UNFORTUNATELY, some are too ill to return home, and will probably never live to get there. There are anxious ones in the homeland whose one desire is to get to the bedside of those who are suffering, and, perhaps, dying. Here, too, we have a great privilege of being of service, as we have undertaken, at the invitation of the War Office, to entertain free of charge those who come out on War Office permit to visit their relations, and who are not in a position to bear the expense entailed. It would be difficult to exaggerate the gratitude of these poor people, who arrive in a strange land after

the discomforts of a long journey, and are wondering how they will find their loved ones, for having been met and cared for by our workers. At one centre, a small hotel has been rented for providing hospitality for these, and in other places comfortable rooms are engaged, and everything is done to ease the anxiety and grief of those who come on so sad an errand.

***

ONE other picture comes to one's mind of work in a hospital camp with those all of whom are suffering as a result of their own sin. Here also our workers are in touch with needy men. There is no more responsive audience at our religious meetings than in this camp of men who have sinned, and whose sin is known to everybody. It is no easy task for the worker, but is one requiring infinite tact and brotherly love, coupled with unswerving faithfulness to high ideals. This work has been made possible by the generosity of the Bolton Y.M.C.A., who have also made it possible for one of their workers to act as leader. In closing, a word of appreciation should be said of those who carry on this work—over 200 men and women workers, whose devotion and zeal are so genuine and enduring. What more can anyone wish to have said of him or her at this time than that which may be said of all our workers in France: "They are doing their bit"?

OLIVER H. McCOWEN.

"What boat is that?"
"A destroyer. The K9."
"The K9, eh? A dog of war, sure enough."

Lady: "I want some studs, please, for my son."
Shopman: "Yes, madam, for the front?"
Lady: "No. Home defence."—*Punch.*

"What is a man-of-war?" said a teacher to his class.
"A cruiser," was the prompt reply.
"What makes it go?"
"Its screw, sir!"
"Who goes with it?"
"Its crew, sir!"

You will find, as life goes on, that the amount of time you spend alone with God, and with your own soul, has no little to do with your comfort, and your strength, and your fruitfulness.—DR. ALEXANDER WHYTE.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you will never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—LYDIA M. CHILD.

"You mentioned the 3rd City of London Regiment. They have been with us for a long time now; they charged with us at Neuve Chapelle. They are a fine, brave lot of chaps; don't care a hang for anything. They were the first lot of 'Terriers' we had seen in action, and they did as good as any Regular battalion."

This striking tribute is contained in a letter received from an officer in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.


# £4: 10s. % WAR LOAN, 1925-1945.

## ISSUE OF STOCK OR BONDS,

**bearing interest at 4½ % per annum, payable half-yearly on the 1st June and the 1st December.**

**Price of Issue fixed by H.M. Treasury at £100 per Cent.**

**A full half-year's Dividend will be paid on the 1st December, 1915.**

**The Stock is an investment authorised by "The Trustee Act, 1893," and Trustees may invest therein notwithstanding that the price may at the time of investment exceed the redemption value of £100 per cent.**

Applications, which must be accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent., will be received at the Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and may be forwarded either direct, or through the medium of any Banker or Stockbroker in the United Kingdom. Applications must be for even hundreds of pounds.

Arrangements are being made for the receipt of applications for smaller amounts than £100 through the Post Office.

Further payments will be required as follows:—

£10 per cent. on Tuesday, the 20th July,
£15 per cent. on Tuesday, the 3rd August,
£15 per cent. on Tuesday, the 17th August,
£15 per cent. on Tuesday, the 31st August,
£10 per cent. on Tuesday, the 14th September,
£10 per cent. on Tuesday, the 28th September.
£10 per cent. on Tuesday, the 12th October,
£10 per cent. on Tuesday, the 26th October.

The Governor and Company of the Bank of England are authorized to receive applications for this Loan, which will take the form either of Inscribed Stock, or Bonds to Bearer, at the option of the Subscribers.

If not previously redeemed the Loan will be repaid at par on the 1st December, 1945, but His Majesty's Government reserve to themselves the right to redeem the Loan at par at any time on, or after, the 1st December, 1925, on giving three calendar months' notice in the *London Gazette*. Both Capital and Interest will be a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

The books of the Loan will be kept at the Bank of England and at the Bank of Ireland. Dividends will be paid half-yearly on the 1st June and 1st December. Dividends on Stock will be paid by Warrant which will be sent by post. Dividends on Bonds will be paid by Coupon.

Inscribed Stock will be convertible into Bonds to Bearer at any time without payment of any fee; and Bonds to Bearer will be exchangeable for Inscribed Stock on payment of a fee of one shilling per Bond.

The instalments may be paid in full on or after the 20th July, 1915, under discount at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum. In case of default in the payment of any instalment by its proper date, the deposit and the instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to bearer, with Coupon attached for the dividend payable on the 1st December, 1915, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts. As soon as these Scrip Certificates have been paid in full they can be inscribed (*i.e.* can be converted into Stock); or, they can be exchanged for Bonds to Bearer (as soon as these can be prepared) in denominations of £100, £200, £500, £1,000, £5,000 and £10,000. Inscribed Stock will be transferable in any sums which are multiples of a penny.

CONVERSION
OF
£3 10s. per Cent. War Loan, 1925-1928.
£2 10s. per Cent. Consols.
£2 15s. per Cent. Annuities.
£2 10s. per Cent. Annuities.

Holders of £4 10s. per Cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, will have the additional right, in respect of each £100 Stock (or Bonds) held by them, and fully paid in cash, to exercise one or other of the four following options of conversion, provided application for conversion is made not later than the 30th October, 1915.

OPTION 1. CONVERSION OF £3 10s. PER CENT. WAR LOAN, 1925-1928.

To exchange Stock (or Bonds) of £3 10s. per Cent. War Loan, 1925-1928, to an amount not exceeding £100 nominal, for fully-paid Stock (or Bonds) of £4 10s. per cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, at the rate of £100 of the former, with a cash payment of £5 per cent. thereon, for £100 of the latter.

Persons who exercise this option will receive the dividend of £1 10s. 11d. per cent. payable on the 1st September, 1915, in respect of the £3 10s. per cent. War Loan, 1925-1928, surrendered, and a full half-year's dividend of £2 5s. per cent., payable on the 1st December, 1915, in respect of the £4 10s. per cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, issued in lieu thereof.

OPTION 2. CONVERSION OF £2 10s. PER CENT. CONSOLS.

To exchange Stock (or Stock Certificates) of £2 10s. per cent. Consols, to an amount not exceeding £75 nominal, for fully-paid Stock (or Bonds) of £4 10s per cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, at the rate of £75 of the former for £50 of the latter.

Persons who exercise this option will receive the usual quarter's dividend of 12s 6d. per cent., payable on the 5th October, 1915, in respect of the £2 10s. per cent. Consols surrendered, and a full half-year's dividend of £2. 5s. per cent., payable on the 1st December, 1915, in respect of the £4 10s. per cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, issued in lieu thereof.

OPTION 3. CONVERSION OF £2 15s. PER CENT ANNUITIES.

To exchange Stock (or Stock Certificates) of £2 15s. per Cent. Annuities, to an amount not exceeding £67 nominal, for fully-paid Stock (or Bonds) of £4 10s. per Cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, at the rate of £67 of the former for £50 of the latter.

Persons who exercise this option will receive the usual quarter's dividend of 13s. 9d. per cent., payable on the 5th October, 1915, in respect of the £2 15s. per Cent. Annuities surrendered, and a full half-year's dividend of £2 5s. per cent., payable on the 1st December, 1915, in respect of the £4 10s. per Cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, issued in lieu thereof.

OPTION 4. CONVERSION OF £2 10s. PER CENT. ANNUITIES.

To exchange Stock (or Stock Certificates) of £2 10s. per Cent. Annuities, to an amount not exceeding £78 nominal, for fully-paid Stock (or Bonds) of £4 10s. per Cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, at the rate of £78 of the former for £50 of the latter.

Persons who exercise this option will receive the usual quarter's dividend of 12s. 6d. per cent., payable on the 5th October, 1915, in respect of the £2 10s. per Cent. Annuities surrendered, and a full half-year's dividend of £2 5s. per Cent. payable on the 1st December, 1915, in respect of the £4 10s. per Cent. War Loan, 1925-1945, issued in lieu thereof.

In the event of future issues (other than issues made abroad or issues of Exchequer Bonds, Treasury Bills, or similar short-dated Securities) being made by His Majesty's Government, for the purpose of carrying on the War, Stock and Bonds of this issue will be accepted at par, plus accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash for the purpose of subscriptions to such issues.

A commission of one-eighth per cent. will be allowed to Bankers, Brokers and Financial Houses on allotments made in respect of cash applications for this issue bearing their Stamp; but no commission will be allowed in respect of applications for conversion.

Application Forms for Cash Subscriptions may be obtained at the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland; at any Bank or Money Order Office in the United Kingdom; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 13, George Street, Mansion House, E.C., and of the principal Stockbrokers.

Application Forms for Conversion will be forwarded with each Letter of Allotment.

The List of Applications will be closed on or before Saturday, the 10th July, 1915.

Bank of England,
London,
21st June, 1915.






As our columns have shown, Mr. J. J. Virgo has had a most successful stay in the land of the Pharaohs. In the right-hand picture he is seen talking to some wounded soldiers, who are quite at home with one who says he comes "from London"; and in the left-hand illustration Mr. Virgo is seen paying respect to the dead who sleep in the little cemetery he is visiting.

# "Y.M." NEWS OF THE WORLD.

*Notes and News from many Centres in which the Association is at Work.*

The Isle of Wight is unwontedly busy just now, being a training centre for large numbers of troops. Last week the Royal Governor, Princess Henry of Battenberg, opened a recreation hut for the use of the troops at Parkhurst. Mr. Yapp, when calling upon her Royal Highness to declare the hut open, referred to the fact that among the two hundred and sixty individual donors of similar huts, Queen Alexandra was one of the first. Brigadier-General Curteis, in moving a vote of thanks to the Princess, remarked that in this war everyone ought to be doing his little bit, and the "little bit" of the Y.M.C.A. had undoubtedly taken a happy and most commendable form.

***

"Lookers-on see most of the game." Certainly keen observers of the Y.M.C.A. from many angles leave few of its activities unnoticed. The universal appreciation that they express is enhanced by the fact that few of them are without "games" of their own. The week's post brings a characteristic set of comments. Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., who is working with the Red Cross in France, says: "I have often seen the excellent work of the Y.M.C.A. recreation huts for soldiers in France. The more we have of them the better; in every sense of the word they are a godsend, and the soldiers know it as well as we do." Any patient will tell you that the dullest time is when the worst of the pain is over. Doctors say that one of the hardest tasks in the course of getting a man fit again is to keep him free from the nervous depression that delays recovery. The Y.M.C.A. is doing great service as a direct auxiliary of the Red Cross.

***

From another point of view is the recent utterance of Lieut.-Col. Fred Hall (also an M.P.), in a speech at the official opening on June 10 of the two marquees erected by the Y.M.C.A. on Goose Green for the men of the Camberwell Artillery Division. The marquees, he said, were a godsend to the men, who at times were packed therein like sardines. After all, soldiers were only human, and when their day's work was done they wanted rest and pleasure. At such institutions as these they obtained their recreation under helpful conditions, and the influences were of the best. . . . *He thought he might say that there was no non-combative work that was more successful and gratifying than that of the Y.M.C.A.* Their efforts met with the warm appreciation of men of both services. And Lieut.-Col. Hall spoke as an officer who hopes very soon to take his men across the Channel, and realises the importance of having every man at his best.

***

Upon this follows very appropriately the message to his congregation of a Bristol minister, the Rev. F. H. King, of Kensington Tabernacle. "Since the beginning of the war I have wanted to be doing something definite for our nation, and especially for our soldiers, in this serious crisis. Active foreign service not being possible, some of us have taken an ambulance course, and I am glad to say fifteen of us have passed and secured certificates. But the opportunity for real service came most unexpectedly last month. Being in Wiltshire (for my dear mother's funeral), Mr. Fedarb motored me round about a dozen military camps on the edge of Salisbury Plain, and I was struck by the immense work being done by the Y.M.C.A., and when I saw three large huts erected, but unopened for lack of workers, I felt the call for our church to supply the workers for at least one of these. On return home, both diaconate and church unanimously agreed to release their pastor for as much time as may be necessary to devote to the work, and so Kensington has become responsible for the R.F.A., No. 1 Camp, Boyton. Already the secretary and Mr. W. Fillingham have visited us, and Mr. Rowland Wright has given his ten days' holiday to it, while our friend Mr. Montague Davey has returned from Canada in the nick of time, and is established there as our permanent representative. Time and space fail me to tell of the good work being done, but more details next month."

***

Earl Brassey, in opening the Y.M.C.A. pavilion at the R.A.M.C. camp at Eastbourne, referred to the work of Lord and Lady Willingdon, the Governor of the Bombay Presidency and his wife. Lady Willingdon, who is Lord Brassey's daughter, has been working with unsparing devotion for the welfare of the soldiers in India and for that of the Indian soldiers in Flanders. She was included in the last Birthday Honours list, being awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind medal for public service in India. Lord Brassey said, in the course of his speech:—

"The Presidency embraces all classes and all creeds—many tongues and many forms


**REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES of THE BRITISH ARMY**

A REMARKABLE PRODUCTION.

**Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.**

Over 200 different Badges are in stock and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in Training.

**GILT and ENAMEL** ... ... ... ... **1/6** each.
**SILVER** (without Scroll Border) ... ... ... **2/6** ,,
**GOLD, 9ct.** ,, ,, ,, ... **10/6** and **12/6** ,,

All Post Free. Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

'Phone: 172. **BOTLY & LEWIS, Jewellers, 25, King St., Reading.**

of religion—and under the personal influence of my son-in-law and daughter the people have been brought to work together harmoniously and with intense zeal in the common cause. What you are endeavouring to do in England is not being neglected far away in India. I can close my brief observations to you by reading the last few words of Lady Willingdon's report:—'Looking back on the activities of these six months a spirit of service and sacrifice is abroad, permeating every part of the Presidency, and animating every community. We know from the thousands of letters we have received that we have been able to do much to lighten the burden of the brave men who are fighting the Empire's battles. With confidence I appeal to you all, my sisters, not to allow our efforts to relax, but to continue to do all that is in the power of woman to alleviate the sufferings and the hardships caused by this great war.'"

***

The Mayor of Eastbourne (Councillor C. W. Bolton, C.S.I.), who also spoke, said: "I should like, as an old Indian official, who served for thirty years in responsible positions in India, to confirm what Lord Brassey says of the great demand on the tact and judgment and sympathy of the rulers in discharging their duties in governing provinces of that great country. I have no doubt whatever from my own personal acquaintance of Lord Willingdon that those qualities of tact, judgment, and sympathy are possessed in a high degree by him, and are being used for the benefit of our Empire in India. May I say also that I am sure that in Lady Willingdon he has a most helpful, a most sympathetic, and a most kind consort? We have heard the concluding words of Lady Willingdon's report, and fully realise how nobly she is taking her share of the duties which fall to the wife of the Governor of a great Indian province."

***

The debt of the Y.M.C.A. to women workers like Lady Willingdon is so great that a note recording the general impressions of a recent visitor to the front—the Rev. Everard Digby, vicar of St. Agatha's, Finsbury—may well be added here, especially because so much has been said about "useless women at the front."

"The ladies were splendid. All sorts of women, some well known in Society, others just dear motherly souls with boys of their own fighting in the ranks, they all worked like navvies. I have seen ladies with well-known titles washing cups and serving coffee hour after hour until they were fit to drop, yet always giving a cheerful smile and word to the home-sick Tommy who paused for a minute's conversation. One man at the Queen Mary Hut at Boulogne told me what a Godsend it was to be able to speak a few words to an English lady when he felt homesick and down, and how it helped him to keep straight, too."

***

Mr. E. Rowlands, Y.M.C.A. organiser for the Western district, addressed a meeting of some 300 social workers in the Y.M.C.A. hut at Park Hall Camp, Oswestry, on June 9, describing the varied nature of the service that may be rendered in connection with Y.M.C.A. huts up and down the country. He was able to quote the example of Mrs. Lloyd George, who, he said, whenever she visited Criccieth, always helped to serve tea and coffee and other refreshments to the troops, and also helped to wash the cups and saucers. She had told their organiser there more than once how much Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues appreciated the work of the Y.M.C.A., and that her husband said the work done by the Association had been a Godsend.

Mr. Rowlands said that he did not know what the Y.M.C.A. would have done if it had not been for the ladies. There had been such a terrific strain on their staff that if the ladies had not come to their assistance he believed half their buildings would have had to be shut down. The work was interdenominational; men of all creeds worked in the Y.M.C.A., and there was nothing the War Office would not do to give them facilities. Lord Kitchener had said more than once how much he appreciated the work of the Association amongst the soldiers.

***

At the very outset of the war the Plymouth Y.M.C.A. "mobilised" for work among the camps that so speedily sprang up in the neighbourhood. The report just received tells how a Y.M.C.A. volunteer corps for special service was formed, over thirty men enrolling. The Y.M.C.A. building was thrown open free to all men of H.M. services. Marquees were erected. The general secretary, Mr. Edgar B. Hallett, who had already been in charge of the two Y.M.C.A. marquees with the Devon Fortress Royal Engineers (Territorials), was released for camp work in the district. All was done in close co-operation with the South-Western District Union and the National Council, Mr. Savage, organising secretary of the District Union, taking general command. The ordinary outdoor athletic clubs and evening activities gave way to such special business as running a rifle range, organising concerts, Dickens recitals, &c. The splendid health of the Association is evident from the way in which Sunday meetings, fortnightly soldiers' teas, followed by evangelistic services, lantern services, and family prayer have been more vigorous than ever, while a Tuesday evening rally, chiefly for service men, has been started.

***

On Salisbury Plain Mr. J. W. Moodie, whose work has been described in recent numbers of *Y.M.*, experienced great things at the beginning of the month. He writes:—"You will be pleased to hear that we had a real good time at this great camp, Larkhill, where there are over 50,000 troops encamped, and where there are five Y.M.C.A. huts. At No. 1 hut we had three very good services, but at No. 4 that was the crowning hut of all. Every night for three nights we had 1,000 men and more, and during the three nights not one less than 600 men, in deep solemnity, rose, after a solemn appeal, to give themselves to God. They are just on the eve of going off to the front, and I am deeply thankful that I have had this splendid opportunity of having, perhaps, the last message to deliver to them."

***

The method of the Pocket Testament League has been put on its trial during the past ten months as never before, and from every quarter comes glad testimony to its efficacy. "One sergeant is gradually bringing all his men," says a letter just received at the League headquarters from a military camp in England, and in that one sentence is presented a picture of what is happening, not in one place, but all over the country. For the Pocket Testament League is not a mere distributing agency. Every Testament given out is presented on the distinct undertaking, signed by the recipient, that at least one chapter will be read each day. The habit of reading the Scriptures is thus started, and again and again it leads to conversion. Furthermore, the presenting of the Testament and the appeal for the daily reading of the sacred Word opens up the way for a talk, providing that introduction which the worker for Christ finds so valuable.

***

The news from France continues to bear witness to the splendid work that is everywhere in progress among the men. One correspondent says that when the Canadians, in a recent engagement, were surrounded by fire, and realised that they were facing death, they asked one of their gunners to read to them from the Word of God, and by trusting the Lord Jesus they became new men—to use their own words. From all parts the cry is for more Testaments. Surely when so many doors are open to the truth, God's people will not fail to rise to their opportunities, but will provide the necessary funds for this great work. All donations and communications should be addressed to the hon. secretary, Miss E. Wakefield MacGill, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

***

On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the huts at Harwich had a third visit from the Rev. Tom Collings, so well known in the East-End of London. Mr. Collings is now acting-chaplain to the hospitals for receiving wounded soldiers, and on Saturday evening addressed a large meeting at the Co-operative Hall, Dovercourt. On Sunday morning he preached in the parish church at Harwich, and, as an old Y.M.C.A. secretary, paid a magnificent tribute to the work in the camps, especially to the spiritual work. Men in the hospital straight from the trenches had spoken with great gratitude of the Y.M.C.A. As a religious force they did a greater work than all other agencies together. The preacher was very emphatic on this.

***

In the afternoon our visitor talked to the S.S.A.M. at Dovercourt, and at 5.45 spoke at the new naval hut at Harwich. At 7 p.m. a memorable address was given at the Co-operative Hall, and finally an address at the Royal Naval Institute. On Monday Mr. Collings visited five huts, and concluded with a sparkling address at the new naval hut. We are looking forward to a return visit, and to promised lantern lectures in the winter. As a men's speaker Mr. Collings is a real power, and the soldiers quickly recognise this.

***

An interesting competition was held in the Y.M.C.A. bungalow, Ballykinlar, on Saturday, 19th inst., prizes being offered for the best bouquet of wild flowers from each of the four battalions. These were generously provided by Mrs. Crozier, wife of Major Crozier, 9th R.I.R., and the camp leader. Mrs. Crozier efficiently acted as judge of the competition, the successful competitors being Corporal S. Moore (13115), A Company, 8th R.I.R.; Rifleman R. Geddis (14695), A Company, 9th R.I.R.; Rifleman B. Hamilton, B Company, 10th R.I.R.; and Signaller C. Irwin (12301), 15th R.I.R. Miss Crozier distributed the prizes in a very graceful manner; hearty cheers were then given for Mrs. and Miss Crozier for their kindness. It is hoped to have further competitions, and prizes will be gratefully received at the Y.M.C.A., Ballykinlar. The efforts of the Y.M.C.A. to cater for the comfort of the men in camp continue to be much appreciated. It is gratifying to know that numbers of the men are professing faith in Christ, receiving active service copies of the New Testament. Friends interested in this good work could assist us greatly by presenting us with a bagatelle table, gramophone with records, or magazines; these may be sent to T. Fred. Wilson, Y.M.C.A. Bungalow, Ballykinlar.



# "BIGLAND'S BEBINGTON BIRKENHEAD BANTAMS."

By the Rev. W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND.

SUCH is the alliteration and familiar designation of the 15th and 16th Cheshires, with whom it has been my good fortune to spend several days of a recent week, and of whom it is now my pleasure to write a few stray notes and impressions. But first things first, and that brings me straight up against a personality of quite unique disinterestedness, charm, and usefulness—Mr. C. J. Proctor, J.P., of Oxton, Birkenhead. I have sometimes cynically described myself as an optimist by profession and a pessimist by predisposition, and while company and work always make me hopeful, loneliness and inactivity always bring in depression and despair. So that incidentally the Y.M.C.A. have been doing me a far deeper service, by making me one of their emissaries and advocates, than, alas! I am able to do them. To come into contact with the president of the Association in this western part of England—from Carlisle to Chester his parish runs—is to subject yourself to a severe and humiliating castigation for ever having yielded to moral panic or spiritual despair. Mr. Proctor received me, on my reporting myself to him, in his beautiful garden, and as his hands sought mine I was pathetically reminded of his failing eyesight, which, however, he bears so courageously, and refuses to limit his manifold labours. For more years than I can count he has been the inspiration of the local Association at Birkenhead, where Mr. W. H. Ralston has been for over twenty years in charge as secretary. Taking me into his bedroom, he pointed with pride to some splendid photographic groups on the walls of the Boy Scouts and the work of the junior movement generally, which has been such a marked feature of the Y.M. at Birkenhead. For all work among boys and girls Mr. Proctor has an intense love, so that we were soon at one in ideals for youthful physical and moral training. When war was declared Mr. Proctor at once put his whole energy into the task of organising recreation and sheltering centres for the new troops, and, as Mr. Ralston declared to me, "We have been at it incessantly, doing all we know, day and night, without a break ever since." Personally, I was only able to visit and speak at three camps, but of other work which I will mention in a moment I heard most encouraging accounts. On the Tuesday evening we went to the large ex-furniture works known as Gamlings, where the 3rd Cheshires were billeted. The Birkenhead Glee and Madrigal Society were giving a concert, and at the interval room was made for me to address the men. It is not one of our own huts, but the ordinary Army canteen, and at the end of the room the men were getting what refreshments they needed, or thought they needed. This made the situation a little unusual, though maybe we were doing as excellent work as anywhere in taking our songs and Christian words into the military public-house. One of the most impressive and thrilling sights I have anywhere witnessed occurred here. At 11.30 a draft of some sixty men were leaving for the front, to reinforce their regiment in Flanders that we knew had been recently very badly cut up. After a good hot supper the men lined up down the centre of the great shed. All around them their comrades were lying in bed, though wide awake to shout their good-byes when the colonel had spoken his parting good wishes and the drums should beat. We moved among them as they saw to their kit, giving copies of the New Testament and saying such words of cheer and comfort and admonition as we could. Very gratefully they acepted all we had to give, putting the little printed prayers in the inside of their caps, and some eagerly asking for booklets, and making requests that we would write to them, and also keep an eye on their dear ones at home. It was a most moving sight, and I shall never forget it. Then the time grew near for their departure, and the colonel began to move down the gallant lines, shaking hands with his boys and wishing them the best of good luck. "God bless you, colonel," they said, as they clutched his hand, "we're not downhearted, no!" "Take care of your rifles, and don't put your head above the parapet," was the chief officer's very practical parting advice, "and don't run unnecessary risks—one live soldier is better than twenty dead heroes." "Draft! Attention! Quick march!" The band struck up, and out into the darkness of the cheering streets they went. The following evening I visited the 14th Cheshires at Prenton. Here we have a schoolroom, and it is under the dual management of the Y.M. and the B.W.T.A. The room was tastefully decorated and most comfortable, and the ladies had charge of the refreshments. One of the best concerts I have listened to was given to the men, and my doctor brother-in-law, of Liverpool, contributed an improvised conjuring entertainment. Mr. Ralston took charge, and when my turn came I found the men most attentive and appreciative. Many of them had signed the Roll and given evidence of being throughly Christian fellows. Thursday found me at the Bebington Show Ground, with Mr. Bigland, M.P.'s, notorious "Bantams." I believe they were the first of such regiments to be formed, and they boast proudly of the fact. The huge show ground is excellent for the purpose to which it has been put, and our own hut stands well. Mr. Robert Eady is in charge here, and a more hardworking and genial leader could hardly be found. He is assisted by a committee of seventy ladies, nine of whom take it in turn to come two nights a week each. I found the hut crowded, though as it was the King's birthday and a whole holiday had been given in celebration of the event, our concert had to be a scratch one, and my own meeting was somewhat informal. The ladies told me of the immense change in the manners and general conduct of the men since formation, and personally I found them, as I always do, well-conducted and attentive, and delightful to get on with. Mr. Eady tells me that over 700 Testaments have been given to the men, and, as he was most careful to impress on me, given in response to requests from the men themselves, and not indiscriminately distributed. More than this, over 400 have signed the War Roll. On Sunday afternoons there is a Bible class, and on every Tuesday evening, which are both well attended and appreciated. By the way, I saw in use at the counter here a capital system of disc checks, designed by Mr. Eady himself. The men buy these discs, and then use them as coins for purchasing what they require at the counters. Mr. Ralston told me that at first the men fought shy of our Prenton room—"it's too swanky for us chaps," they said. But now they pack it night after night, and, as it was put to me, "our difficulty is not to get them to come, but to get them to go away." The men who have been billeted in such great numbers at Southport had left, I found, on reaching that town, but we are doing good work with them at Meols, Rock Ferry, in our two huts at New Ferry, at the four depots at Heswall, and at St. Ann's.

Mr. Ralston told me of 200 who had signed

THE SERVICE SOAP.

"SCOUT"

(Regd.

A medicated Toilet Soap made from the fruits of the palm and pine trees, and possessing a germicidal value equal to that of a soap containing 20% of Carbolic Acid, but it is luxurious to use and non-poisonous.

Invaluable for slight cuts and bruises. Order from your Chemist Now.

PER 3d. TAB. IN METAL BOX.

EDWARD COOK & Co., LTD. The Soapery, Bow, London, E.

SUMMER!!!
BREECHES
of DRILL
COOL and STRONG.
WASHABLE KHAKI SHADES.
Cut to Measure.
10/6 per pair
Strapping Included.
SEND FOR PATTERNS
KHAKI BEDFORD CORDS
10/6 12/6 15/11 20/11
24/11 & 30/- per pair.
BEDFORD BREECHES CO.
29, GT. TITCHFIELD ST.,
OXFORD ST., LONDON.
Dept. Y.M.



Your Friend at the Front must have
The Famous "Tinder Lighter,"
enclosed in an Aluminium Case for the Pocket.
The result—THE TINDER CANNOT GET WET OR EVEN DAMP, and is always ready to ignite by a turn of the wheel.
Price Complete ... 1/6
In Solid Silver Case ... 10/6
Post Free.
Wholesale Prices on application.
BOTLY & LEWIS,
Manufacturing Jewellers,
25, King St., READING.
Send for our Illustrated List of Regimental Badge Brooches, post free. 'PHONE 172.



IMPORTANT.
Razors, Shaving Brushes, Strops, Mirrors, Briar Pipes, Pouches, Watches, Regulation Canes, Badges and all Camp Requirements at WHOLESALE PRICES. Complete Illustrated Trade Catalogue, postage 3d.; abroad, 6d. Cheapest House Established Half-a-Century.
FRANKEL BROTHERS, Y.M. Dept.,
129, 130, HOUNDSDITCH, LONDON.

Price 6d. Net, post free, 7d.
BRITAIN AT WAR
THROUGH
AMERICAN EYES.
BY
The Rev. LEN G. BROUGHTON, D.D.
Containing four remarkable sermons preached by Dr. Broughton, at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, and calling forth an extraordinary demonstration of popular enthusiasm.
Sold by all Booksellers Everywhere.
MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., PUBLISHERS,
47, Paternoster Row, E.C.; 99, George Street, Edinburgh; and 124, East 28th Street, New York.

the Roll at Prenton, and Mr. Eady talked to me of a good purity campaign they had had with the "Bantams," conducted by Mr. R. Middleton Hill, and of many who had signed the Purity Pledge—"I promise to treat all women with respect and courtesy, and will do all in my power to maintain a high standard of personal purity."

And so these jottings come to an end, and how poorly they tell the story of all that is being done for the Christians, both by ladies and our voluntary workers, among whom I forgot to name Mr. Griffith, who had just been sent from Scotland by the Rev. Samuel Chadwell. And so the Bigland Bantams and the other Cheshire regiments took their place in my rich gallery of soldier boys for whom I shall always cherish an affectionate regard. I wish Mr. Proctor and Mr. Ralston, and all the ladies and our Association workers God-speed.

## FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D., Ayr

(Author of "The Glory in the Grey").

### DO IT WELL, AND DO IT NOW.

IN popular and condensed form, that is the golden rule according to Ecclesiastes. His own words are:—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

That is to say, first, DO IT WELL. Among all the lesser joys of life there are few that thrill one with a more pleasurable sense of satisfaction than that which goes with the bit of work finished, rounded-off and done, as well as one can do it. No matter what the job may be, if it is worth doing at all, or if it be one's business to do it, it is not difficult to recognise in the curious inward glow over its honourable completion a token of God's good pleasure, some far-off echo of His "Well done!"

No one who has the eyes to see can fail to observe that it is those who have done their bit with all their might who have left the records behind them. What magnificent examples are coming to us every day just now from sea and battlefield of the good old British virtue of sticking in gamely to the end, and "seeing the thing through"! If the stories of English admirals of bygone days are calculated, as Stevenson says, to "send bank clerks back with more heart and spirit to their book-keeping by double entry," shall not the story that unfolds, day by day, of what our own kith and kin are doing, nerve and inspire us all to do *our* bit, to face up to *our* duty, humdrum and ordinary though it be, with the same grit and energy, with the same determination to see it through and make as good a job of it as we can?

But further, DO IT NOW. The amount of suffering and remorse that is due to putting off the God-given impulse or generous purpose to some other season is simply incalculable. If all the kind letters had been written when the thought of writing was fresh and insistent—ah me! how many burdened souls would have been the braver and the stronger! If only the friendly visit had been paid when we thought about it—and why wasn't it? "Never suppose," says Bagshot, "that you can make up to a neglected friend by going to visit him in a hospital. Repent on your own deathbed if you like, but not on another's."

An old writer on agriculture says that there are seasons when, if the husbandman misses a day, he falls a whole year behind. But in life the result is often more serious still. When you miss a day, you miss it for ever. So, my brother, if you have a kind purpose in your heart toward any living soul, put it in practice now. If you think of beginning a better way of living, begin now. If you propose to end your life a servant and soldier of Jesus, sworn and surrendered, volunteer now.

It is said that a great English moralist had engraved on his watch the words, "The night cometh," so that whenever he looked at it he might be reminded of the preciousness of the passing moment. That is not morbid; it is merely wise. It is our Lord's own reason for our seizing every present opportunity for doing good. The night cometh, He said, when no man can work. There is a time to work. And there is a time when, however much a man may desire or need to redeem the lost working hours, it is impossible. That time is the night, and it cometh. How far away it may be, or how near, no one knows. But near or far it cometh with unhalting step. Wherefore, whatsoever the thing be that is in your heart to do, great or little, for yourself or others, for man or for God—do it **now**.

He: "Why do the Germans spell 'Kultur' with a 'K'?"

She: "Because the Allies have possession of all the C's!"

It is of importance that when the civil population of the country is very largely employed in the manufacture of munitions and supplies for the Army in the field the workers should study their health and food, in order to keep their physical energy at the highest point of efficiency. In this connection too much stress cannot be laid upon sustaining beverages. The invigorating and sustaining properties of good coffee are well-known, and Messrs. Branson and Co., the old-established makers of "Spade Coffee" Extract, are supplying large quantities of their coffee in centres where the workers are engaged in concentrated effort. In keeping a bottle of Branson's coffee extract in the house, the worker can ensure a cup of strong coffee at any hour of the day or night, as it can be made in a moment. Its economy is also an advantage, as the price has not been advanced, and is still at pre-war prices.

## FROM THE BOYS IN FRANCE.

Q.M.S. RICHARDSON, 4th Siege Battery, Havre, writes:—"I could not get on without ZEDEX. It is a godsend to me and my pals out here, and we have all found it very helpful to us in our hard work. I don't know what I should have done without it."

Lance-Corporal RUSSELL, 2nd Remount Dept., Havre, writes:—"ZEDEX has been of great service to us. In the work we have to do it certainly gives us great assistance and keeps one's spirits up, and is very strengthening."

ZEDEX is prepared in dainty tasteless pellets (you can swallow them without a drink) in flat case. Takes up no room. ZEDEX is recommended by Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N., Dr. ANDREW WILSON and others, for increasing endurance, giving power, force, energy and bright spirits. Sold by all branches of BOOTS, CASH CHEMISTS, at 2/6 a box; or post paid, under cover, with full directions and advice, from ZEDEX Co., Hove, Sussex.

ARTHUR MCNICOL, the oldest soldier in the British Army, now nearly 100 years old, joined the 1st Foot Regiment in 1837, takes ZEDEX with great benefit. He can now sleep at night—a thing he has not done for years.



## WITH YOUNG MEN IN JAPAN.

By GALEN M. FISHER, of Tokyo.

ONE of the most encouraging recent tendencies among Japanese students is the determination of a number of the Imperial University graduates to enter Christian service. Mr. Fujita, secretary of the Tokyo Imperial University Association (Y.M.C.A.), says in a recent article that the theological seminaries in Japan cannot be expected to turn out enough highly trained leaders, and he points to Christian graduates of the Imperial Universities as a supplementary source of supply.

He tells of one graduate of the Law College last year who was given a fine Government position, but he had no sooner entered upon it than his conscience compelled him to resign and enter Mr. Uemura's theological seminary. A class-mate of the above who received a watch from the Emperor for scholarship was offered a place in the Department of Finance—generally considered one of the plums in Government service—but he asked to be appointed to another department where he would be sure of direct contact with the people, in order that he might more effectively do voluntary religious work.

The most notable instance, however, is that of Mr. Matsumoto, who graduated two years ago from the Imperial Agricultural College. In spite of being disowned by his family, he decided to give his life to the Okayama Orphanage Farm at Chausubara. It was just after Father Ishii's death, when the orphanage was having a hard time. Already Mr. Matsumoto, by his faith and devotion, has become a leading spirit in the orphanage.

There are also two under-graduates who are definitely looking toward entering the ministry, and at least five graduates already in the pastorate, and others studying in theological seminaries. Besides these, there are five graduates of Imperial Universities in the Association secretaryship. All of these recruits for the ministry and secretaryship have been won since Mr. Komatsu entered the secretaryship ten years ago.

We believe that the work of the theological seminaries is indispensable, but they ought to be greatly strengthened so that even graduates of the Imperial Universities would find it attractive and profitable to enter them. The Association is seizing every opportunity to keep the dignity and opportunity of the Christian ministry before Government students.

Another very encouraging thing is the way some of the Christian graduates are letting their light shine in their various professions. One man, who is a close friend of mine, has inherited considerable wealth. Instead of living on the interest, he has invested it in various industrial enterprises. He now employs 130 or 140 men and women, and he constantly strives to help them personally, and to lead them to understand and enter the Christian life. His own home is truly Christian. His aged mother was, a few years ago, hostile to Christianity, but upon coming to live with him and his Christian bride she was so impressed by their life that she began to take an interest in the Bible. At that time she could not read, but in order to understand the Bible she finally mastered the simplest form of Japanese characters, and now she is a happy Christian. Her mind no less than her heart has been quickened, so that she seems ten years younger than before, when she had no purpose in life.

It is interesting how in Japan, as in America, the most certain results come from personal contagion. I have in mind now a young senior in Waseda University, who last summer found himself at a summer hotel next-door neighbour to an earnest Christian young man whose father is a well-known physician. The Waseda student was brainy, and thought that Christianity was out of date, but after a few days of intercourse with the Christian man he was so deeply impressed that he began to read the New Testament, and a fortnight later, upon his return to Tokyo, he asked Mr. Yamamoto, the city secretary here, if he could not join his Bible-class. Then his faith developed so rapidly that three weeks later, quite without pressure from anyone, he applied for baptism in one of the Episcopal Churches, and has ever since been a working Christian. He is the best tennis player in Waseda University, and is now serving as head of the physical department committee for the city Y.M.C.A., with the expectation of giving his life to the secretaryship.

We have very little railway work in Japan directly connected with the Y.M.C.A., but almost all the aggressive railway club work in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, covering 150,000 employees, is directed by men who are now, or have in the past been, Y.M.C.A. secretaries, and all the work is dominated by the Christian spirit. In Korea one of our national secretaries, Mr. Niwa, has supervised the work among the railway employees so ably that the Japanese Governor-General has asked him to take complete control, and has given him enough money to employ six associate workers. In Japan proper the head of the Railway Association work is a very loyal Christian, whom I have known ever since he was in college.

FROM THE TRENCHES!
A Soldier writes in praise of
BRANSON'S COFFEE
". . . . A splendid asset while awaiting a German attack in the early hours of the morning. It is so invigorating."
Sample and prices on application to
BRANSON & Co., Ltd.,
Chase Works, Clapham, S.W.

ORGANS £4 17 6 ORGANS
The Finest Organ for the Home, the Mission Hall or Small Church.
£786 THE UNIVERSAL FOLDING ORGAN. £896
Full Illustrated Lists free on application.
INSTALMENT PAYMENTS.
Sole Agents for Great Britain:
Marshall Brothers, Limited - - - 47, Paternoster Row, E.C.
ORGANS £10 12 6 ORGANS

BY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.
To H.M. King George V. To H.M. Queen Alexandra.
150 MEDALS AND OTHER AWARDS.
Jeyes' Disinfectants
FLUID—POWDER—SOAP.
Jeyes' Fluid
Best and Safest for all Purposes.
Jeysol
Identical in composition with original German LYSOL, and equally efficient.
Jeyes' Guide to Practical Disinfection sent free on application to:—
Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., 64, Cannon St., London, E.C.

## NOTES ON ST. MARK'S GOSPEL.

By G. A. GOLLOCK, Author of "Outline Studies on St. Mark's Gospel," "The Purpose of the Fourth Gospel," &c.

[Daily readings from June 26 to July 2: Mark viii. 34-38; Mark ix. 1-13; Mark ix. 14-29; Mark ix. 30-37; Mark ix. 38-50; Mark x. 1-12; Mark x. 13-31.]

MARK viii. 34-38. Standing, as it were, on the hill-top of His acceptance as Messiah by the Twelve (viii. 29), and looking across to the great heights of the glory of His coming in the power of the Father (v. 38), Jesus marks out the costly pathway which He and "whosoever" would follow Him (v. 34) must tread through the valley between. He makes no false promises to His recruits. He bids them weigh the daily cost (vv. 35-38). See Matt. x. 39; Luke xvii. 33; John xii. 25; xvi. 33. When Garibaldi called young Italy in 1849 to rally to his colours, he said, "I do not offer pay, provisions, or quarters; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death." And the deep heart of Italy responded to his call. It is the call which has rallied thousands of the men who follow the colours of King George to-day. Does it not summon us also to a greater Leader, in a greater warfare, at a greater cost? Who would share His glory must share His Cross.

*Mark* ix. 1*-13. Add further points from Matt. xvii. 1-13, Luke ix. 28-36. See reference in 2 Pet. i. 16-18. The "high mountain" was probably snowclad Hermon, its slopes covered with brushwood from which "tabernacles" might be made. Of what did Moses (representing the law) and Elijah (the prophets) talk with Jesus? Luke ix. 31. Compare Luke xxiv., xxvi., xxvii. Where did the "glory" (v. 2) come from? Moses' face shone (Ex. xxxiv. 29) by reflection; we may shine by reflection, too (2 Cor. xiii. 18), but with Jesus it was the breaking out of the Divine glory which was in Him as the Son of God (John i. 14). His miracles had let gleams of this shine through (John ii. 11); as soon as the disciples by faith had confessed Him (viii. 29) He was able to give them this overwhelming evidence of His Godhead. Miracles were needed no more. Would Peter, dazzled and bewildered, have felt it "good" (v. 5, G.T.) to see the Transfiguration if he had not previously had the courage to confess Jesus as the Christ? Suppose he had faltered then, what would have been his feelings now?

*Mark* ix. 14-29. Three lessons—let us apply them as they may fit us—in the wonderful patience and power of the Lord. First, with the disciples, tested directly after fresh spiritual revelation had been given; they still understood Him very dimly (ix. 9-13), and lacked the faith and prayer (v. 29) by which the "authority" they had received could be made effective (iii. 15). Second, with the father, whose faith was only in formation; Jesus did not cast him aside as unbelieving, but cured his half-faith (vv. 23, 24, G.T.) before He cured his son. Third, He dealt with the diseased boy. Matt. xvii. 14-18, and Luke ix. 37-43 add further vivid details. For the effect of the miracle see Luke ix. 43.

*Mark* ix. 30-37.†. Two pictures of Jesus at work. 1. By the way (vv. 30-32). Probably to avoid notice, the disciples walked in little groups, Jesus now with one, now with another, but noting what passed in all (v. 33). The subject He "began" in Chap. viii. 31 is continued, but now the betrayal is indicated (v. 31). With v. 32 combine Matt. xvii. 23; Luke ix. 45. 2. In the house (vv. 33-37)—possibly of Simon or of Levi (i. 29; ii. 15). How like us the disciples were (vv. 33-34). The lovely picture of vv. 35, 36 should be printed on our minds. Instead of seeking self-prominence men who would be great should seek to serve (v. 35, G.T.). He who can reverence a little child as Jesus did, seeing in it the type of character which Jesus exhibited and approved, is capable of receiving the Eternal Father in his heart (v. 37).

*Mark* ix. 38-50. John‡ breaks in to ask about another incident of the walk, his conscience stirred by the words of the Lord. They had rebuked a man (v. 38)—again, how like ourselves. Jesus corrected their error (v. 39, G.T.)—acts must be judged by their relation to "the Name," and not to ourselves—then He resumed His teaching (vv. 41-50). The peril of sin against the least brother is unfolded (42); self-discipline is urged in order to avoid penal consequences in this life or in the next (vv. 43-48). The close of our passage cannot be briefly interpreted; v. 50 may be taken to mean "Let faithfulness to your covenant relations to Christ ('salt,' Lev. ii. 13) fulfil itself in brotherly relations to one another. Do all 'in His Name,' 'for His sake.'"

*Mark* x. 1-12. The Pharisees in Judæa asked questions to entangle Jesus (v. 2); in answering He took the law they recognised (v. 3), deepened its meaning, and took them back to marriage as a primal law of God (v. 6). To Jesus home life was sacred, and all the relations of life were to be maintained (see home, Matt. viii. 14, 15; ix. 18, 26; Luke ii. 51; x. 38-42; fatherhood, Luke xi. 11-13; xv. 11-32; John, 46-53; motherhood, Luke vii. 12-15; John xix. 25-27; children, Luke xviii. 15-17; xxiii. 27-29). St. Paul teaches that the relation of husband and wife is a symbol of the relation of Christ to the Church (Eph. v. 23-33). The world cannot afford to set aside or weaken the teaching of v. 9 (G.T.).

*Mark* x. 13-31. Following the exaltation of wedded life comes the exaltation of children, rich in comfort to fathers absent in trenches or in huts. Contrast the attitude of Jesus and the disciples (v. 13). The friends of the children prayed Jesus to "touch" them; but see v. 16. The child-spirit of trustful simplicity was necessary for entrance to the Kingdom (v. 15, G.T.). See Matt. xviii. 3. The young ruler who "trusted in riches" (v. 24) lacked it. He was attractive (v. 21), and lived a straight life (v. 20), but he was not prepared to face self-denial and service (v. 21), two conditions of discipleship. The cost of discipleship was too great (v. 22), and so (for the time at least), he missed its reward (vv. 28-30). Contrast his first condition and his last (so far as we know) with that of the man in Chap. v. 1-19. See ii. 17.

* The interpretation of chapter ix. 1 should not be confined to one event. It may include the thought of the Transfiguration, of Pentecost, and of the final close of the Jewish dispensation at the destruction of Jerusalem.

† The Galilean ministry began at Capernaum (i. 21), and it now ends there (ix. 33). The next journey is southward into Judæa (x. 1). Not until after the Resurrection is Galilee revisited (John, xxi.; Matthew, xxviii. 16).

‡ Here alone is St. John sole spokesman for the rest. See chapters x. 35 and xiii. 3.

A Russian princess wondered that the Psalms should bring such comfort to wounded men in hospital at Petrograd. "Why are you so fond of them?" she asked. "I had a Psalter with me at the front," replied a soldier. "It was in my pocket during many battles. We read the Psalms in our company before we went out to fight. They helped us. They prepared us to die. Many of us are dead."


# Y. M.

The British Empire Y.M.C.A. Weekly.

Organ of the Y.M.C.A. in GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President: The Rt. Hon. LORD KINNAIRD.
Chairman British & Colonial Union: HOWARD WILLIAMS.

NATIONAL COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS FOR ENGLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND
12 & 13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Hon. Secretary: MAJOR FRANK YOUNG, R.A. (COL. LEONARD NOBLE Acting).
Gen. Secretary: A. K. YAPP.

FOR SCOTLAND,
30, South Castle Street, Edinburgh.

Chairman: SIR ANDREW H. PETTIGREW.
Treasurer: A. M. BURNIE.
Secretary: JAS. MACKENZIE.

*The Editorial Offices of "Y.M." are at 13, Russell-square, London, W.C., and to that address all communications relating to Editorial matters should be addressed.*

*The Editor will be pleased to receive for publication interesting news items and topical photographs. Articles and short stories sent for his consideration should in all cases be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

*Secretaries and members of Associations, as well as others interested in the movement, can do much to promote the success of "Y.M.," by bringing it to the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The "Y.M." is the official organ of the Y.M.C.A., and every member has, therefore, a personal responsibility for its welfare. The "Y.M." is intended to help the members, who, in turn, have it in their power to help the "Y.M." Become a subscriber yourself, and get others to subscribe as well.*

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining the "Y.M." through the bookstalls or newsagents, please communicate with the publishers, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. For the small sum of 6s. 6d. the paper will be sent, post free, each week for one year, to any address in the United Kingdom.*

*All communications with regard to business and advertising matters should be addressed to the "Y.M." Publishing House, 47, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*







"BLANCO" Regd. Trade Mark.

**Clean and Handy 'Blanco.'"**

One reason for the great popularity of "Blanco" is its cleanliness in application. It is put up in handy cup shaped blocks in non-corrosive zinc boxes. It is applied without dust or mess, dries quickly and evenly.

*'Blanco" is sold at every Canteen, Ironmongers, Saddlers and Stores.*

**Made in 3 Kinds.**

**"BLANCO"** for WHITE Belts, Sun-helmets, etc.
**"KHAKI-BLANCO"** for khaki-coloured Rifle Sling, Leather Belts, Sun-Helmets, etc.
**"WEB-BLANCO"** for cleaning and renovating the new Web Equipment. Maintains the **correct colour**—keeps it **waterproof.**

*The use of "Web-Blanco" for this purpose is permitted and*
**APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE.**




*Made by*
**JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Ltd., SHEFFIELD, Eng.**



## Subscription Rates.

POST FREE.

1 Copy, Six Months ... ... 3/3
1 Copy, Twelve Months ... 6/6

*Payable in advance.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Wednesday Morning is the latest time for receiving communications and advertisements for insertion in the current numbers.

**ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES.**
**BOARD AND RESIDENCE. SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.**
**30 words for 2/-.**
**6d. for each 8 words beyond.**
*Reduction for a Series of Insertions.*

**DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS,**
**According to space occupied.**
**All business correspondence to be addressed to**
**MANAGER, Advertising Department,**
"Y.M." PUBLISHING HOUSE, 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TELEPHONE: 1316 HOLBORN.
TELEGRAMS: "GRAPHO, LONDON."



## Board.

**GARIBALDI RESIDENTIAL CLUB** for Young Men, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W. Central for City and West-End. Reading, Smoking and Billiard rooms. Bath (h. and c.). Bed and Breakfast from 10/-; Full, 17/6 per week. Visitors, Bed and Breakfast, 3/-; Full, 4/6 per day. W55

**DULWICH.**—Comfortable home for two young gentlemen with private family. Breakfast, late dinner, full board on Sundays. Near trains and trams. Sharing large room, 15/6 each.—13, Underhill Road, S.E.

**70, BOUNDARY ROAD, N.W.**—Comfortable home, private study, large bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), large garden, bowls, billiards, organ, piano. Near 'bus and train. Terms, 18s. 93

**50, DOUGHTY STREET,** Russell Square, W.C. Comfortable Board and Residence (central to all parts) from 18/6. Breakfast, late Dinner, full Sunday. Reduction Share. Bed and Breakfast 3/-. Good attendance (no Extra).

**COOGEE HOUSE,**
**10, Montague Street, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.**
A FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL HOTEL.
Has a charming situation and stands on the grounds of the British Museum, overlooks Russell Square—the Prettiest, Most Central, and Select District of London.
**Terms from 35/- per week, 6/- per day. Bed and Breakfast, 4/-.** Separate Tables.
**Mr. & Mrs. BEAL.**

**BRUNSWICK SQUARE,**
**2, HUNTER STREET, W.C.**
**A COMFORTABLE HOME**
**(CENTRAL).**
**Terms from 21/- weekly, inclusive.**

## Situations Vacant.

**TO BAKERS.**—Man required to assist in bakehouse, do a round if required. Apply with references, wages, &c. HENRY ADLAM, LTD., Alton, Hants.

**DRAPERY.**—Messrs. Hitchcock, Williams, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, have openings for Young Men under military age who have served their apprenticeship in the drapery; also Boy Apprentices.—Apply personally or by letter.

## Miscellaneous.

**ARMY TROUSERS** converted into a smart pair of Breeches (laced) 2/9 carriage paid, within 24 hours. Post your trousers and enclose your measurement round calf (piece of string cut to the exact size will do); also state your height. Two pairs 5/-. C. LEWIS, Military Breeches Maker, Mill Road, Cambridge.

**STRAWBERRIES,** direct from the grower, sent to Y.M.C.A. Huts every morning, any part of England, Ireland or Wales. Carriage paid.—Terms and prices apply, J. A. Smee, Mafeking Villa, Park Gate, Swanwick, Nr. Southampton.

**A Strongly recommended Gift Book.**
**POWER THROUGH PRAYER,**
**By E. M. BOUNDS.**
**It has been truly said of this book, "It carries a blessing wherever it goes."**
Price **2/6**, post free. Obtainable from all booksellers or from the
**Publishers: MARSHALL BROTHERS, Limited, London, Edinburgh and New York.**

**"A FATHER'S LETTERS TO HIS SON."**
The cordial reception given to these letters when published in "The Life of Faith" has been fully extended to the volume form. Already a large number is in circulation.
**MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Publishers, 47, Paternoster Row, E.C., 90, George Street, Edinburgh, and 124, East 28th Street, New York.**

**CAMP LOCALISED POSTCARDS,**
**EXCLUSIVE FOR SOLDIERS & SAILORS.**
*Record Sellers.* *CAMP LEADERS NOTE,*
**25,000 SOLD IN TWO MONTHS at Hindhead Centre.**
**Mr. ALLAN FROST** writes:—"These cards sell well to the troops, and are much appreciated."
**Free quarter gross sent as a trial.**
**Agents wanted in France, etc. Orders on sale or return**
**BENTON'S, 60, NORTH ROAD, BRIGHTON**


Mr. Rudyard Kipling's famous lines have been much quoted of late:—

"Oh, where are you going to, all you big steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?
We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter,
Your beef, pork and mutton, eggs, apples and cheese.

"And where will you fetch it from, all you big steamers?
And where shall I write you when you are away?
We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec, and Vancouver,
Address us at Hobart, Hong-Kong, and Bombay.

"But if anything happened to all you big steamers?
And suppose you were wrecked up and down the salt sea?
Why, you'd have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,
And you'd have no muffins or toast for your tea."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

At the beginning of the war (or, within a few weeks of the beginning) Britain had 74 submarines; France, 60; Russia, 30; Germany, 36; and Austria, 9.

Visitor (to Facetious Farmer): "I'd like to know why on earth you call that white pig 'Ink'?"

Facetious Farmer: "Because he's always running from the pen."

The men who met him rounded on their heels
And wonder'd after him, because his face
Shone like the countenance of a priest of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven, so glad was he.
—TENNYSON.

"Can you lay down a rule and abide by it?" This was declared by a great thinker to be the test of a young man's life. Weakness of purpose is the worst foe a man can have. A will to serve God means victory and power.

We draw special attention to the advertisement appearing on page 566, which indicates the many advantages to be derived from membership in the Civil Service and Bankers' Association. Formed in 1912 to enable Civil Servants and Bank Clerks to share profits with well-known firms through discount on all purchases, the Association is fulfilling a worthy object, which we cordially commend.

# For duration of War.

Every purchaser of a half-guinea 7 o'clock safety razor is entitled to have an identical set sent FREE to any friend on service.

## INSTRUCTIONS.

In every set which you buy you will find a voucher. Send that voucher duly filled in, together with the dealer's receipt for the "7 o'clock" razor which you have bought, and another set exactly similar will be promptly despatched with your card or a message, free of all charge (except postage) to the soldier or sailor whom you specify on the voucher.

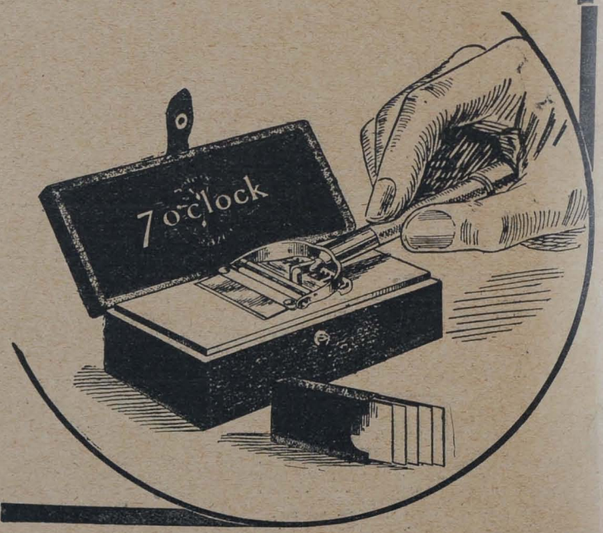
**7 o'clock**
SAFETY RAZOR

ensures a quick, easy, smooth shave. It is the only safety razor costing less than a guinea which can be stropped without removing the blade. For quality of material, beautiful finish and thorough efficiency it has no equal at the price. The set comprises safety razor, special strop, and enough blades to last for a year, all neatly packed in a leather case, and costs

**10/6.**

**BRITISH MADE WITH BRITISH CAPITAL.**

**You strop it in the way shewn by illustration—a few days' practice makes you perfect, and it is equally easy to clean. No projections. Nothing to take apart for stropping or cleaning.**




Heavily silver-plated razor, complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated).

**Price 10/6.**

**Proprietors of the 7 o'clock Safety Razor,**
**61, NEW OXFORD STREET,**
**LONDON, W.C.**


PRINTED AT ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD., NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C., AND PUBLISHED BY MARSHALL BROTHERS, LTD., 47, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., 99, GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH, & 124, EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK.—June 25, 1915.
*Advertisements for this Paper to be sent to MARSHALL BROTHERS, Ltd., Advertising Dept., 47, Patern ster Row, E.C*